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THE

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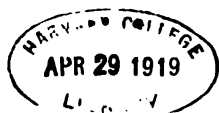
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6. Comic Miscellanies in Prose and Verse. By the late James Smith, Esq., one of the authors of "The Rejected Addresses;" with a Selection from his Correspondence, and Memoir of his Life. Edited by his brother, Horace Smith, Esq. Second Edition. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Henry Colburn. 1841.

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**Correspondents of the Editor will please address their communications to him thus:—**

**EDITOR, IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW,  
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***Private.***

THE

# IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW.

No. IX.—MARCH, 1853.

## ART. I.—FINE ART CRITICISM.

*The Prize Treatise on the Fine Arts Section of the Great Exhibition of 1851. Submitted to the Society of Arts in Competition for their Medal.* By Henry Weekes, A.R.A. London: Vizetelly and Company. 1852.

MR. WEEKES' very clever treatise, written during the period of the Great Exhibition, was submitted anonymously to the Society of Arts, in competition, for the gold medal, which it obtained; and, being applicable, as well to the Fine Arts generally, as to the particular collection of which it was the exponent, it has been published by the author; who modestly pleads in excuse, that "nothing tends more to improvement in the Arts, than a promulgation of their principles, and a familiarization of the public mind, with those general rules by which they are guided;" and if the rules differ in some respects from what are generally deemed orthodox opinions, he submits that, "the truth may perhaps be elicited by comparing opinions derived from practical knowledge, with what has already been advanced by the mere theorist." In this we heartily concur—we have strong suspicions that of late there is over much theory prevailing.

The work is thoroughly practical, written mostly in a clear intelligible style, for the author being perfectly conversant with all the details of his subject, has had no necessity, either to mystify, or appear excessively learned, in order to conceal the want of such a requisite. It needs no dead men to come from their graves to tell us that the author is a Sculptor, his partiality to his own branch of Art, is but too apparent—as also an overweening anxiety to exalt it; this is perhaps natural enough, but a writer should endeavour towards what Locke designates

"a state of indifferentism, as to which be the right," or he cannot decide impartially, or instruct to good purpose. It is also most natural, that being an Associate of an Academy, he should have marvellous faith in the utility of such bodies; but those who are in a less interested position may, possibly, question his assertions. Mr. Weekes makes it appear that the Royal Commissioners, "essentially, if not wholly, rejected Paintings from the Crystal Palace, and exalted Sculpture to a position it never before occupied." The fact is, the Royal Commissioners were most anxious to have paintings, and solicited the co-operation of the Royal Academy, who replied, that they could only support the Great Exhibition to the neglect of their own Institute—established expressly to sustain Art—and they conceived, very justly, we think, that the Royal Academy had a prior claim. This attempt to unnecessarily elevate Sculpture, at the expense of Painting, pervades the entire work. Such innuendoes, for instance, as "Sculpture, more haughty than her sister Painting, rarely condescends to depict the lower order of beings." We wonder he would even allow them to be sisters, though he says "Architecture and Sculpture are twin sisters." The common consent of mankind, has long ago determined the precedence of the Arts, as Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture, and Mr. Weekes will scarcely succeed in making an alteration.

In a former paper\* it was shown that a Painter has many difficulties to overcome, and various studies to pursue, with none of which a Sculptor has need to trouble himself—he has only to study form, and very little arrangement, as sculptural compositions are necessarily simple. The Painter has not only to study color, light, and shadow, aerial and lineal perspective, but both form and composition; the latter including the arrangement of middle and extreme distance, whereas, in a sculptural subject there is never any background to be considered, and as the real form of objects, and not their appearance, is imitated, the Sculptor has a much easier task. Sculpture had been practised and brought to great perfection, while Painting was but half developed. Bas reliefs are at best but a barbarous imitation of a picture, and it is probable, that such sculptural delineations, in low relief, when partially colored, first suggested painting; specimens of

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\* IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, Vol. II. p. 132.

both are amongst the Egyptian remains ; and it is tolerably certain that the ancient Grecian paintings were without landscape or scenic backgrounds, the figures standing isolated from each other, with, sometimes, a second row over head, to represent what any modern Artist would place in his middle distance : to this day, many of the conventionalities which cling to Painting, are derived from Sculpture.

He has all a Sculptor's antipathy to color, and to sustain his assertion, that color is nothing without form, he makes a comparison of it with sound, which is anything but a happy illustration—for he tells us that—

“ Neither color nor music can of themselves convey to the eye or ear more than general and indefinite notions or impressions ; it is only when the one is allied with form, and the other with language, that distinct ideas are brought forth ; whereas by form or outline alone, unassisted by anything else, can be expressed almost all that Art is capable of, whether it be the imitation of physical shapes, the indication of intellectual thoughts, or the depicting the passions or feelings.”

Oh Shade of Mozart ! what would you say to this—oh Music ! that we are told is the only thing heavenly we have on earth, can it give us nothing but indefinite notions, until language is brought to its assistance ! Has he never heard any of our beautiful old Irish airs, that excite almost to tears, and which made a celebrated foreign composer say, that it must be the music of a people, who had either suffered great calamity, or were in slavery ; or, has he never felt the quick excitement of a lively waltz or gallop ; has he not heard of that Swiss air, which awakened such powerful associations of home and kindred, that the bands of the Swiss regiments in the French service were forbidden to play it, as it caused an irresistible impulse to return to their loved country ? Again, has he not heard of the spirit stirring effect which the National airs of the first French Revolution had on that most excitable people ? We can detect from various passages in his book, that Mr. Weekes is a most loyal man—has our National Anthem God save the Queen no effect on him—unless words are joined to that glorious air ? For our part, we have always inclined to the idea, that words rather injured than improved beautiful music ; and with regard to color being nothing unless united to form, does not a brilliant and cloudless sunset call up other than indefinite ideas of the grand and beautiful ?

and surely there is very little form in the sky; or does the charm of the rainbow consist chiefly in its shape? are not the most beautiful similes of poets taken from color? Mr. Weekes quotes farther on, "blue-eyed daughter of Jove"—"ox-eyed Juno"—not seeing, that in supporting one position he pulls down another. In nature, wherever we see form, there, also, is color; and it is bootless striving to exalt one above the other—they confer a mutual charm; amongst Painters, it is true, color is often studied to the neglect of form, and Mr. Weekes is quite correct in stating this to be a fault of the English school of Art, in which a want of correct drawing is very prevalent; whether he is justified in making Rubens and Vandyke the fathers of this mischief, we know not, but there is some appearance of plausibility in the surmise. Painting has necessarily much conventionality, but Sculpture is nearly all conventional—nothing is represented as it appears, for instance, hair, all kinds of drapery, and small, natural, or ornamental objects, are rendered by a set method, which departs more or less from the exact resemblance. Color is always absent; we agree thoroughly with Mr. Weekes, that its introduction is to be deprecated; those who visit Madame Tussaud's wax works, will see what effect it produces, and that the closer, or rather the more servile approach to nature which is made by Art the more it deteriorates. He is fond of musical comparisons, for we find another equally far-fetched, to the effect, that a Sculptor modelling in clay, with his "finger and thumb," has "the same species of feeling as a fine pianoforte player, who draws expression from the instrument, not barely from correctness of note, but from a *mental absorption* in the music, which imparts itself to his touch, and this affinity between head and hand is interrupted in the Sculptor when the modelling tool intervenes between the surface of his work and the delicate sensation with which his hands are endowed." We have heard of an artist who cast aside his brushes, and resolved in future to paint only with his finger. According to the above, he must have been "a real artist; nevertheless, the success of his efforts was not such as to induce other parties to do likewise. We opine that Sculptors trying their finger and thumb on the marble, would find the mental absorption somewhat intercepted.

The author seems deeply imbued with the national feeling which regards all that is English as excellent, and when any-

thing foreign happens to jar with some favorite John Bullism, he waxes wroth; we do not think he has at all made out his case against the Milanese sculpture room, which he designates as a "sink of Art iniquity," and we think, that having made such sweeping charges and harsh condemnations, when fighting what he calls "the battle of British Art," (a phrase which denotes a foregone conclusion) he was bound to support them by instances; he only gives one—The Fainting Ishmael; and yet he describes it as "a truthful copy of attenuated nature, but painful the more so for its truth, being so literal as to convey the idea of its being a cast taken after death;" now this seems to us very like commendation; he adds that "by representing the boy alone without the mother, M. Strazza has missed that which in Sculpture must always form the pathos of the story;" this may be true, but nevertheless, the artist has adhered to the text, which is thus—

"And she went, and sat her down over against him a good way off, as it were a bow shot: for she said, Let me not see the death of the child. And she sat over against him, and lift up her voice, and wept."

There are so many representations of Ishmael with the mother, that for very variety one without might be tolerated, and when correctly rendered, as this is, it appears to us, as fit a subject as many others we have heard praised, and that highly; from our recollection of it in the Great Exhibition, we think his remarks on the Milanese sculpture unnecessarily severe, although we do not parade our judgment with such a travesty of infallibility as the following:—

"It would be mock modesty were we to admit the possibility of our being mistaken on this question, viewed generally, for had we not taken credit to ourselves for some power of judgment, as well as some experience in Art, it would have been the height of presumption to have attempted the writing of a general treatise on the subject.

The historical sketch of modern British art, up to the present time, contained in the second chapter is excellent, the critical remarks are most judicious, and it merits, and will repay, an attentive perusal. Also, the observations upon Public Statues are in the proper spirit, and show that Mr. Weekes is a sound thinker, and that, however captivated by the manifold excellencies of ancient sculpture, he will not allow his

enthusiasm to outrun the dictates of common sense : rightly deeming that works of sculpture are intended, as much for the pleasure and instruction of future ages, as for our own times ; he points out the absurdity of representing the statues of our great men, like Grecian or Roman heroes—or else in a nondescript envelope of drapery, that is like no costume ever worn by mankind.

“ This is called idealizing a statue, and idealizing it is, there is no doubt, in one way of speaking ; for but little of the individual character of the original enters into the composition. It is, however, a mistaken view of the question ; for the primary object in Portraiture, whether in Painting or Sculpture, must be to record, in a pleasing and appropriate manner, the personal resemblance of the original ; to hand down to posterity the bodily form, in which is contained those mental powers that make him admired or beloved ; to give to the eye permanently that which no history or biography will be able hereafter thoroughly to convey to the imagination. For the accomplishment of this, he must be represented surrounded by those circumstances that mark the time in which he lives, and the employments in which he is engaged. . . . By removing the peculiarity of the general form, and depriving the figure of its dress and customary accessories, the individuality of the face becomes more apparent and incongruous. The work, under this sort of treatment, amounts at the best but to a sort of bastard idealization.”

Mr. Weekes does not, however, advocate a mere literal copying of costume, as if the statue was to commemorate the dress and not the man. He shows the necessity of selecting and arranging judiciously—that a great deal of modern costume, even to the every day street dress, presents excellent and graceful forms under skilful treatment ; and we entirely concur in the remarks thrown out, that “ an artist of right feeling finds no great difficulty in this, though perhaps nothing serves so much to distinguish his works from that of inferior men, as due attention in this particular.” It reminds us of Sir Joshua Reynolds’ remark, “ that rules are fetters only to the man of no genius ;” we have ever found the incapables ready to shelter themselves behind the difficulty of making anything effective out of the stiff modern costume.

The chapter descriptive of the materials and processes used in the Fine Arts will prove highly entertaining, as well as instructive, to many readers, because, unless amongst the artistic class, very little is known of the *modus operandi*.\* It will also show how little change there has been or is likely to be,

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\* See also a paper on Modern Water Color Painting in IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, Vol. I., p. 318.



in the procedure of Art—notwithstanding the extraordinary discoveries in physical science—experimental philosophy, and chymistry—Art remains unchanged—new discoveries having only for their object the multiplying of copies by a saving of time and labor, and a consequent cheapening of cost. “In a word,” as Mr. Weekes writes, “mechanism may increase Art imitations, but the only power from which Art itself can draw excellence, is that power of volition imparted through the nerves, at whose command the muscles of the hand depict the image that exists within the brain.”

The lamentable deficiencies in the ornamental art of silver modelling and chasing are well pointed out, and also the reasons of the defects. We commend this chapter to the especial perusal of all silver-smiths, and of those who mean to employ them. The most expensive, as well as the most execrable, specimens of ornamental art we have ever seen, were of silver, and especially when of English workmanship; indeed, from Mr. Weekes’ description of their procedure, it would be strange if it were otherwise. But we differ with him as to the reasons for the superiority of the foreigner. The true cause is the want of a general diffusion of the power of drawing, and by consequence, a want of taste in the mass of the public. And until drawing becomes a part of elemental education, and is as general as the ability to write (for it is little more difficult, at least to a moderate degree), matters will not be materially mended. The Schools of Design lately established will achieve nothing, at present they are not teaching design so much as teaching drawing. Mr. Weekes would appear to have somewhat similar ideas with ourselves on this subject. He observes :—

“Ornament, to be useful, must be simple, and be produced by means within the power of the many. A few costly articles, made to suit the luxurious habits and extravagant wants of an over-wealthy patronage, will not mark us as a nation possessing taste. To really deserve that title, the commonest thing which we use, the simplest object with which we are surrounded in our daily walks of life, must display it. Taste must find its way into the cottage as well as the palace, and show itself, as with the ancient Greeks, not the result of occasional efforts, but as if it had grown up with us until it had become part and parcel of ourselves, necessary for our enjoyment, and inseparable from our existence.”

Viewed altogether, the excellencies in Mr. Weeks’ book much outnumber any deficiencies; and as we have not spared the latter, so the former are justly entitled to our highest

commendation. The work appears very opportunely, and it gives us unfeigned pleasure to find that, originally intended for private circulation, it has excited so much interest, as to call for a more general publicity.

The critical chapter on the Sculpture in the Great Exhibition is not the best portion of the *Essay*. We are almost tempted to exclaim with Launce—"Oh! would that were out." He appears over anxious to say kind things of his contemporaries in the arts, and abounds with odd and affected phraseology, such as—"The marble not only breathes but the very heart palpitates within"—"It is not so much the bodily likeness that is here given, as the outward visible sign of the inward soul and spirit of the original." "He carves out new thoughts on the marble, stamps it with new impressions—gives us, &c." "With all its affectation of dress the head teems with thought." There is also a passage which savors exceedingly of one of the Chadband discourses so admirably presented by Dickens:—

"How great, and yet how little, in Sculpture, are the distinctions between the work of genius and mere handicraft; the material, the subject, the form, the treatment, the attitude, the combination of parts, the arrangement of lines, in both shall be all but alike; and yet the one shall express thought, feeling, impulse, emotion, passion, sentiment, life, action, power; shall gain for itself admiration, love, sympathy; shall breathe, speak, persuade, inspire us, win us, lead us by its silent eloquence to new ideas, new associations, new pleasures, and obtain at last a permanent mastery over the soul, which we in vain resist, and are the gainers by acknowledging; while the other, with all the care bestowed upon it, with all its correctness, without even a fault, shall be incapable of moving us towards it, of gaining for itself either our respect or our affection; and why is this difference? It is dependent neither on the study, the experience, or the knowledge, of the artist; it is simply a question of the sources from whence the work has sprung; of whether the stream has flowed from the hot-springs, or the ice-bergs of humanity."

It is by no means an easy task to write critiques on Art, and Mr. Weekes' *Essay* has set us considering many of the errors commonly prevalent in such. The approaching Irish Industrial Exhibition will, no doubt, evoke much artistic criticism—for the Managing Committee seem particularly anxious to collect pictures and statues.

The critiques on literature are far in advance of those on the Fine Arts. To do the Press justice, it is most anxious to repair the deficiency; but there is much

difficulty in finding writers competent to discharge it is onerous duty, as it requires a considerable amount of artistic knowledge—we might even add, skill in Art—combined with literary power, to achieve it successfully; and this “happeneth rarely.” The fact that literary men, as a class, are non-artistic, has been already observed upon; and this truth is singular, inasmuch as no two classes of mankind so nearly resemble in their tastes, feelings, and habits, as artists and authors. Many Painters have, however, been very tolerable writers, and the best dissertations upon Art are by them; but, for obvious reasons, their pens are seldom critical.

Thackeray has occasionally written some papers upon Art which are admirable; at one time, we believe, he practised as an artist, which sufficiently accounts for their excellence. He complains that “editors send their reporters, indifferently, to a police-office or a picture-gallery, and expect them to describe Corregio, or an alarming fire, with equal fidelity.” For the most part this is true enough, but is often reluctantly submitted to from the difficulty of procuring better critics. We have known many instances where editors have taken infinite pains in this particular, and gone much out of their way to enlist efficient co-operation. The public, unquestionably, evince an increasing taste for Art, and a readiness to acquire just ideas of excellence, shown by a distrust of its own judgment, and a readiness to adopt opinions put forward by what it deems authority. It is, therefore, lamentable that public opinion should be in this particular mis-directed, of which there is but too much likelihood, from the multitude of false prophets teaching absurd doctrines. In many respects, it would be better that the public followed the dictates of its own common sense, in preference to the dicta of dilettante scribblers, who often do not themselves know their own meaning. A painter, in the true sense of the word, would infinitely prefer the unstudied criticism of a humble mechanic, to the would-be artistic lore of the half connoisseur. Algarotti, writing upon the importance of the public judgment for the guidance of artists, seems to have entertained some such opinions, for he instances it as the tribunal to which the most accomplished artists, ancient as well as modern, have alike submitted; a tribunal which, being free from partiality, and guided generally by a certain natural good sense, is enabled ultimately to arrive at a just estimate of the talents of artists: not but that, occasionally, through the novelty of a

subject or the tricks of those who exhibit it, mistakes are committed. Still, he goes on to say—without knowing anything of contrast, light and shade, richness of coloring, ideal form, or, in short, how this or that particular effect is produced, the public judge, and from its judgment there is no appeal. It was this, that encouraged Titian to follow the paths of Giorgione and nature; that solemnly belied, and turned to their shame, the judgment which certain Canons, assembled in Chapter, had pronounced concerning a work of Vandyke; that placed the Communion of St. Jerome on a footing with the Transfiguration of Raphael, in spite of the clamor which was at first raised by the rivals of Domenichino against that magnificent performance;—that multitude who, properly speaking, are the first masters of a painter, as well as his sovereign judges. Had Algarotti lived in our times, he would certainly have advocated the Money Prize System for Art Unions, instead of the Committee of Selection and Taste.

It were well if the critics of the Press would also act more on their own judgment; they do, too often, what Algarotti describes painters as prone to—judge of Art according to Paolo or Guercino, as writers do according to Boccaccio and Davanzati, rather than according to nature and to truth. This, the besetting sin of newspaper critics, has been so excellently described by Thackeray, that we cannot resist quoting it, especially as the article appeared several years back:—

“ You will observe that such a critic has ordinarily his one or two idols that he worships; the one or two painters, namely, into whose studios he has free access, and from whose opinions he forms his own. There is Dash, for instance, of the *Star* newspaper; now and anon you hear him discourse of the fine arts, and you may take your affidavit that he has just issued from Blank’s atelier all Blank’s opinions he utters—utters and garbles, of course; all his likings are founded on Blank’s dicta, and all his dislikings: ’tis probable that Blank has a rival, one Asterisk, living over the way. In Dash’s eye Asterisk is the lowest of creatures. At every fresh exhibition you hear how ‘ Mr. Blank has transcended his already transcendent reputation; ’ ‘ Billions have been trampled to death while rushing to examine his grand portrait of Lady Smigsmag. ’ ‘ His picture of Sir Claude Calipach is a gorgeous representation of aldermanic dignity, and high chivalric grace. ’ As for Asterisk, you are told, ‘ Mr. Asterisk has two or three pictures—pretty, but weak, repetitions of his old faces and subjects in his old namby-pamby style. The committee, we hear, rejected most of his pictures: the committee are very compassionate. How *dared* they reject Mr. Blank’s stupendous historical picture of So-and-So ? ’ ”

Another ill effect of this kind of partiality is, that where the artist favored by the critic happens to possess inferior abilities—the whole tone of the critique, however excellent in other respects, becomes injured: as there is no weight attached to the praise which is equally apportioned to some execrable daub. Nothing ought to induce the critic of the Press to fall into this weakness of favoritism: he is discharging a duty to the public; and to praise or censure unjustly is a most woful dereliction. As to censure, severity is not a desirable procedure, although infinitely easier than to praise with discrimination. Much pretension, or affectation, unaccompanied by any ability, demands exposure—it earns the lash, and has an indubitable right to its wages; but in most cases it would be the better course to pass mediocrity by in silence—it is keener punishment than is imagined; and if there be latent ability, it is not a discouragement to budding effort, but rather an incentive. Dr. Wolcot, in his *Lyric Odes to Painters*, describes—

“What rage for fame attends both great and small,  
Better be *darned*, than mentioned not all.”

The philosophic and transcendental style of criticism is in great favor with some writers, and is, perhaps, about the most fulsome of all; “High Art,” and “the Ideal,” are their favorite themes; they commonly use the pedantic term *æsthetic*, and discourse very learnedly indeed, to all appearance. A little learning in Art is a most dangerous thing—better far have none. With them the painter is a species of high priest whose sacred mission is to regenerate mankind, he speaks to the holier instincts of our nature, &c. &c. Such writers see beauties in pictures which those who painted them never dreamt of, and discover wants that Art never can, never did—never will supply. Such rhapsodies convey about the same amount of information as Burke’s essay on the *Sublime and Beautiful*; or Ruskin’s chapters upon *The Ideal*. Every body knows that there is vulgar and refined Art. It is the property of genius to refine all it approaches. Nothing, howsoever homely, that it will not invest with a charm. There is not so much in the choice of a subject as in its treatment. In poetry and painting, all subjects, from the lowliest to the most exalted, have alike, by their delicacy of expression, gained the admiration and applause of mankind. Genius seems possessed of an instinct

that enables it to grasp that which is excellent, and reject the unsuitable; and, like other instincts, it defies definition—he who has it, is mostly unaware of his possession; nor can he impart to another, that, which to him seems so easy of acquirement; thus, all attempts to embody it in rules, or prescribe its line of action, is labor misdirected. The province of Art is to select appropriately and with judgment, but not to create; when it attempts the latter it fails miserably—the clumsy, leaden effort is of the earth, earthy: it seems a glorious thing to soar above the clouds; but when man makes his *coup d'essai* and falls meanly prostrate like fabled Icarus, no feeling save of the ridiculous occurs to the spectator of his abortive effort. The very greatest intellects have not been free from this striving after the impossible—often endeavouring to convey in Painting and Sculpture what is incapable of representation. Michael Angelo, in his great statue of Moses, attempts to represent the resplendent glory which the Israelites besought him to veil, by—Oh ye gods!—a pair of bull's horns! and there are not wanting men of superior endowments to tell us that it is a sublime rendering of the attribute of Divinity. Poetry, too, abounds with similar absurdities, but the poet can often explain his language as merely figurative; the Painter, however, converts the Eastern imagery of a trumpet blast into a brazen reality. There is an immensity of conventional tradition encumbering Art, that has been increased by succeeding ages. Many of the untutored and half savage ideas of mankind, in his early efforts at civilization, form, at this moment, revered canons in Painting and Sculpture, and from use, long habit, and early association, their incongruities do not strike us. Thus, to most people, the representation of a winged figure blowing a trumpet, is a classic and ideal representation of Fame, but if the orthodox trumpet was converted into a cornet-a-piston or ophicleide, every body would laugh, and yet one is not less ridiculous than the other. All these are gross and sensual ideas—strange it is that those who are the greatest advocates for such symbolizing, lay claim to most intellectuality and etherialism. In mediæval times, mankind were pleased, even awe struck, by what are now deemed barbarous representations; those in our own times who are gratified by what they call High Art, have a right to their enjoyment, but they have no presumptive right to indoctrinate us with their hallucinations—endeavouring to divert public taste

towards objects foreign to its sympathies, creating a pseudo classic taste, instead of the national tone and feeling for Art in unison with our habits, institutions, and climate.

All styles of Art have something good in them : and that species which flourished during various ages in different climes, was better suited to the genius of the people amongst which each succeeding style was gradually developed, than that of any other which preceded it—climate and race have their influence on Art, and although it unquestionably has a spontaneous origin amongst mankind, and is as universal as the religious feeling, yet it also derives something from the past age. Indian art, supposed to be the most ancient, appears again in the Egyptian ; the remains of Sculpture in Nineveh, show a great improvement upon that of Egypt,—although behind Greek Art, from which again the Romans derived much ; still each of these epochs had distinctive characters of their own, indissolubly connected with the genius of each people : thus also, the Art which gradually gained vitality, as Europe emerged from the barbarism which overwhelmed the Roman Empire, had distinctive features utterly dissimilar from any that went before, and yet powerfully strengthened and stimulated by ancient examples. It is, however, unfortunate, that when a critic acquires a fancy for any particular style, he can see no excellencies in any other ; and hence most opposite opinions and dicta are vehemently propounded, to the utter consternation, alike of those who do, and those who do not, know any thing of Art.

A distinguished writer\* gives his opinion of Greek art thus :—

“ The contemplation of such specimens of it as we possess hath always, to tell the truth, left us in a state of unpleasant wonderment and perplexity. It carries corporal beauty to a pitch of painful perfection and deifies the body and bones truly, but, by dint of sheer beauty, it leaves humanity altogether inhuman—quite heartless and passionless. Look at Apollo the divine : there is no blood in his marble veins, no warmth in his bosom, no fire or speculation in his dull awful eyes. Laocoon writhes and twists in an anguish that never can, in the breast of any spectator create the smallest degree of pity. Such monsters of beauty are quite out of the reach of human sympathy : they were purposely (by the poor benighted heathens who followed this error and strove to make their error as

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\* W. M. Thackeray.

grand as possible) placed beyond it. They seemed to think that human joy and sorrow, passion and love, were mean and contemptible in themselves. Their gods were to be calm, and share in no such feelings. How much grander is the character of the Christian school, which teaches that love is the most beautiful of all things, and the first and highest ornament of beauty in art!"

At utter variance with this we have the following, from the *Rise and Progress of the Fine Arts*, by Allan Cunningham :—

"That the sculpture of Greece surpasses the art of all other nations, can be proved by all who choose to assert it. We need only point to some half dozen groups and statues, and ask what productions of our latter days can be compared to them. A divine spirit seemed to have entered into the loveliest of all created shapes, the beholder felt a lifting up as he gazed; the statues of the gods were the poetry of a land charmed into marble. The actions which the gods performed were done with a divine ease which cost the body no exertion. The actions of men demanded muscular effort, and were accomplished with labour and difficulty. Apollo and Bacchus were celestial conquerors, yet look at their smooth and elegant forms; men with such bodies could not have prevailed in the strife as they did. Apollo slays the Pythian serpent with the ease of a god and seems unconscious of doing anything uncommon."

In Mr. Weekes' *Essay* he tells us that—"the Apollo Belvidere is like nothing that we have ever seen or met with in nature, it is only so far like him that it in no way affords a physical impossibility."

When Benjamin West, afterwards President of the Royal Academy, visited Italy, there was much anxiety felt to witness his emotions at beholding some of the Greek masterpieces of Art, and with some little form the statue of the Apollo Belvidere, was suddenly revealed to the gaze of the young American—but the group which surrounded him were horrified by his sudden exclamation, of "Oh! a young Mohawk." He afterwards explained in some degree the unfavorable impression which his involuntary criticism had caused, by describing the native dignity and grace of a young Indian warrior. But his description was excellent, and no doubt the statue was imagined from similar types of humanity. The achievements of Homer's heroes are the doings of a tribe of Blackfoot Indians, very little poetized; for the every day life of such people is infinitely more poetical, than a more advanced stage of civilization, and affords much better scope both for artist and poet. Contrast an English soldier in heavy marching order, having the semblance of a flower pot on his head, and a box on his back,



with a half naked Kaffir, girded with a tunic of leopard tails—which is the most graceful or dignified? But place a modern regiment in all the panoply of war, in juxtaposition with a horde of Kaffirs and the scale turns directly; emotions of grandeur and power are suggested by the one, and mere savagery by the other. Thus the aim of modern Art ought not to be directed to the imitation of ancient, for that is already perfect of its kind, it should aspire to new and untrodden paths. All the opinions on Greek Art which we have instanced are equally descriptive of the peculiar emotions, or line of thought suggested to each spectator in viewing them, but they in common with most other critics, make the works responsible for what is solely in their own minds, every thing depends on the temperament of the spectator. Viewing a work of Art is like seeing faces in the fire, and what may not be suggestive to one individual, will to another; but the worst of it is, that some critic with high wrought sensibilities, who does not find himself touched by what was probably never meant to touch such as he, falls foul of the unfortunate artist directly. Critics are of various tastes and likings, and one class has pretty nearly as good reason to be gratified as another, but they are all unanimous in this respect—each thinks his own taste is the only true one, and that all others should give way.

Certain critics of the above stamp are usually fond of telling us that sentiment is all and everything in a picture; meaning thereby, that artistic learning, skill, or power of hand are as nothing, and that what commonplace unintellectual people would call an execrable daub, is by virtue of this so called sentiment, a high class production—a writer from whom we have already quoted, gives, in all earnestness, the following description of the feeling. “That sentiment is the first quality in a picture; second, that to say whether this sentiment exists or no, *rests with the individual entirely*, the said sentiment not being capable of any definition.” So if it exist at all, it is only in the crotchety brain of the onlooker, just as grotesque resemblances to certain faces or other objects are sometimes observed in trees, rocks, &c. The absurdity of making this quality, (if indeed it can so be called) compensate for bad drawing, color, and composition, requires we think no further comment. Pictures afford pleasure to the individual by the same rule that gratification is, or

is not derived by him from the varieties and phases of nature; and anything in nature is a fair subject for the painter, but he must treat it naturally, and with discrimination. His composition must not look like a lot of properties brought together and settled out for show, and over all should prevail a certain refinement, adopting the happy medium between the excess of mock sentimentalism, and the vulgarity of literal representation. In the words of the elder Disraeli—"unaccompanied by enthusiasm, genius will produce nothing but uninteresting works of Art. Enthusiasm is that secret harmonious spirit which hovers over the productions of genius, throwing the reader of a book or the spectator of a statue, into the very ideal presence whence these works have really originated."

There is another species of criticism, which has of late years risen up, and is now in full perfection—it is that of print publishers; their notions of relative excellence are mainly guided by the consideration of whether it will sell to the public when done into a print; but their style of criticism does not fully develop itself until the work is published, or about to be published. Then all the praises which language is capable of embodying are lavished upon "the talented artist," and his "highly effective and most meritorious production." Sometimes they issue little pamphlets, crammed with commendations, generally concluding with the announcement that the picture is now being engraved in the finest line manner, &c. &c.—a significant conclusion in the spirit of the epitaph at Père la Chaise, "erected by the inconsolable widow, who still carries on the business at the corner of the Rue"—something or other—we forget the name. It would be merely harmless puffing, were it not that the mass of the public are greatly influenced by it, and are often brought to think that in the highest degree excellent, which is frequently but respectable mediocrity. There is no counsel to be heard upon the other side, as the press, not liking to damage a pecuniary private speculation, generally refrain from any censures. It would be well, however, if the example set by *The Times* were more frequently followed—of heading certain praises, both of books and pictures, by the significant word—[ADVERTISEMENT].

This digression has brought us quite away from Mr. Weekes' *Essay*, and we cannot better conclude than by recommending a perusal of it to all interested in Art and its progress.

## ART II.—THE STREETS OF DUBLIN.

### NO. V.

GRAFTON-STREET received its name from Henry Fitz Roy, first duke of Grafton, son of Charles II. by the duchess of Cleveland; the duke, who is described as a "tall black man," was born in 1663, and married Isabella, daughter and heiress of Henry Bennett, earl of Arlington. The duke of Grafton acted as high constable of England at the coronation of James II., whom he deserted on the landing of the prince of Orange, and received his death-wound while leading the grenadiers at the assault on Cork in 1690. On the western side of Grafton-street a reminiscence of the times of the Restoration is still preserved in the name of "Tangier-lane," so styled from the fortress of that name in Africa, which formed portion of the dowry of Catherine of Braganza, queen of Charles II., by whom in 1662 it was made a free port and endowed with many commercial privileges, the expense of maintaining it being charged upon the Irish revenue. The total annual cost of this establishment appears from an official manuscript to have amounted to £42,338 12*s.* 2½*d.*, and it was specially ordered that all necessaries for the soldiers there garrisoned, as clothes, shirts, shoes, stockings, boots, belts, &c., should "be always bought in Ireland, and no where else, and that at as easy rates as may be;" the lord lieutenant or other chief governor of Ireland being directed "to appoint some fit persons to supervise the buying of the said clothes and necessaries for the soldiers, so as the same may effectually be furnished good in kind and at the cheapest rates." We also find the commons of England in their address to the king in 1680, complaining that "Tangier had been several times under Popish governors, that the supplies sent thither, had been in a great part, made up of Popish officers and soldiers, and that the Irish Papists had been the most countenanced and encouraged."

The English treasury not being able to defray the expense of the maintenance of Tangier, and the Irish having repeatedly complained of the injustice of taxing them for its support, the fortress was demolished by the king's orders in 1683.

The earliest official reference to Grafton-street occurs in a statute of the year 1708 ; the street had, however, been partially formed some years before the close of the seventeenth century, at which period a considerable portion of it was set as wheat land, at the annual rent of two shillings and six pence per acre. Sir Thomas Vesey, the benevolent and religious bishop of Ossory, died in Grafton-street in 1730 ; and Louis Du Val, proprietor of Smock-alley Theatre, and manager of that establishment previous to the Sheridan régime, resided here as early as 1733. Mrs. Rebecca Dingley, the friend of Swift and the companion of Stella, dwelt in this street till the year 1743, at the house of Mrs. Ridgeway, daughter to Mrs. Brent, housekeeper to the dean ; after the death of Stella, Swift used frequently to dine here, with Mrs. Dingley, whose peculiarities he has detailed in several poems, and to whom, conjointly with Mrs. Johnson, he wrote the celebrated "Journal to Stella." Gabriel Jacques Maturin, prebend of Malahidert, who in 1745 succeeded Swift as dean of St. Patrick's, resided in Grafton-street. He was born in 1700 at Utrecht, and was the son of Pierre Maturin, a Huguenot priest of Paris, who fled from the persecution of Louis XIV. to Holland and thence to Dublin, where his son received his education. Of the origin of this family the author of "Bertram" gave the following account :—

"In the reign of Louis XIV. the carriage of a Catholic lady of rank was stopped by the driver discovering that a child was lying in the street. The lady brought him home, and, as he was never claimed, considered and treated him as her child : he was richly dressed, but no trace was furnished, by himself or otherwise, that could lead to the discovery of his parents or connexions. As the lady was a devotee, she brought him up a strict Catholic, and being puzzled for a name for him, she borrowed one from a religious community, 'les Mathurins,' of whom there is mention in the 'Jewish Spy,' and who were then of sufficient importance to give their name to a street in Paris, 'le Rue des Mathurins.' In spite of all the good lady's pains, and maugre his nom de caresse, my ancestor was perverse enough to turn Protestant, and became pastor to a Huguenot congregation in Paris, where he sojourned, and begat two sons. While he was amusing himself in this manner, the king and pere La Chaise were amusing themselves with exterminating the Protestants ; and about the time of the revocation of the edict of Nantz, Maturin was shut up in the Bastille, where he was left for twenty-six years ; I suppose to give him time to reflect on the controverted points, and make up his mind at leisure. With all these advantages he continued quite untractable : so that the Catholics,

finding the case desperate, gave him his liberty. There was no danger, however, of his abusing this indulgence: for, owing to the keeper forgetting accidentally to bring him fuel, during the winters of his confinement, and a few other agremens of his situation, the poor man had lost the use of his limbs, and was a cripple for life. He accompanied some of his former flock, who had been grievously scattered, to Ireland, and there unexpectedly found Madame M. and his two sons, who had made their escape there via Holland. Here he lived and died; his surviving son obtained the deanery of Killala, and his grandson that of St. Patrick's: the dean of St. Patrick's was my grandfather. An old French lady, who lived in Bishop-street a few years since, was in possession of some of his infant finery; and I have heard that the lace, though sorely tarnished, was remarkably fine. I possessed formerly an immense mass of the emigrant's manuscripts: they were principally in Latin, a few in French. He certainly was a man of very various erudition. The dean of St. Patrick's was an able mathematician."

Maturin died in November, 1746, having held the deanery for little more than twelve months.

John Hawkey, admitted a scholar of the University of Dublin in 1723, and one of the most profound classical critics produced by Ireland, opened a school in 1746 in Grafton-street, near the college. His first publication, a translation of Xenophon's *Anabasis*, was followed by editions of the following classics: Virgilius, 1745, dedicated "*viris admodum eruditiss, egregisque literarum fautoribus, preposito sociisque senioribus academice S.S. et individue Trinitatis, juxta Dublin, ob insignem erga se munificentiam;*" Horatius, 1745, dedicated to primate Hoadly; Terentius, 1745, dedicated to the earl of Chesterfield; Juvenal et Persius, 1746, dedicated to Mordecai Cary, bishop of Killala; and Sallustius, 1747. Harwood and Dibdin, the most competent classical bibliographers, have highly extolled the beauty and accuracy of these editions, which were issued "*E typographia Academicæ,*" containing the author's text, together with the "*lectiones variantes notabiliores.*" Hawkey also projected the publication of the works of Cicero in twenty volumes, uniform with his previous editions; this work was not, however, executed. In 1747 appeared his edition of "*Paradise Lost, compared with the authentick editions and revised by John Hawkey, editor of the Latin classics,*" which was followed in 1752 by the "*Paradise Regained,*" and smaller poems of Milton; both these editions, according to the learned English critic, the rev. Henry J. Todd, are "highly to be valued for their ac-

curacy;" and it is worthy of remark as indicative of the state of literary taste in Ireland at the time, that six editions of Milton's works were published in Dublin between 1747 and 1752. Hawkey\* died in Grafton-street in 1759; his son, the rev. Samuel Pullein Hawkey, was appointed master of the free school of Dundalk, and published in 1788 a translation of the "Gallic and civil wars of Cæsar," dedicated to the bishop of Derry. Although the most learned critics have concurred in eulogizing Hawkey's erudition, so neglected has our literary history hitherto been, that the present is the only account extant of the works published by him and his son.

In Grafton-street was the residence of Richard Colley, esq., of Castle Carberry, created baron of Mornington in 1746, and deserving of notice as grandfather of the late duke of Wellington. His lordship, who was the first of his family who assumed the name of Wellesley, died at his house here in January, 1758, and was succeeded by his more talented son Garret, first earl of Mornington, who resided in this street until the year 1763.

Of the residents in Grafton-street in the last century few were better known in the city than Samuel Whyte, of whom no account has hitherto been given, although he published several works, and founded a school which maintained a high reputation for nearly seventy years.

Samuel Whyte, natural son of captain Solomon Whyte, deputy governor of the Tower of London, first saw the light about the year 1733, under circumstances chronicled as follows by himself:—

"Born premature, such the all-wise decree,  
Loud shriek'd the storm, and mountains ran the sea;  
Ah! what, sweet voyager! in that dreadful hour,  
Avail'd thy blooming youth; thy beauty's pow'r?"

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\* Hawkey's wife was sister of the rev. Samuel Pullein, A.M., author of "An Essay on the culture of silk; treating, 1. Of planting mulberry trees; 2. On hatching and rearing silk-worms; 3. On obtaining their silk and breed; 4. On reeling their silk pods; for the use of the American colonies," 8vo. London, 1758. "Observations towards a method of preserving the seeds of plants in a state fit for vegetation during long voyages," 8vo. London, 1760. "A new improved silk-reel," *Philosophical Transactions*, 1759; "Of a particular species of cocoon, or silk pod from America," *ib.* In consequence of these publications, considerable numbers of mulberry trees were planted in the county of Dublin, for the purpose of propagating silk-worms. Pullein was author of several poetical productions, including a translation of Vida's "*Bombyx*" or the silk-worm, 8vo. Dublin, 1750; and London: 1753: his version will not, however, bear comparison with that published some years since by another Irish writer, the rev. Francis Mahony.

She died !—her breast with double anguish torn,  
 And, her sole care, I first drew breath forlorn.  
 Her nurse, when female aid was most requir'd,  
 Faithful to death, kiss'd, bless'd her and expir'd ;  
 The stout ship braved the elemental strife,  
 And the good crew preserv'd my little life.  
 Lerpool receiv'd and foster'd me a while,  
 Call'd, thrice repuls'd, thence to Hibernia's isle."

Solomon Whyte's sister married Dr. Philip Chamberlaine, prebend of Rathmichael, archdeacon of Glendaloch, and rector of St. Nicholas without ; their daughter, Frances Chamberlaine, who became the wife of Thomas Sheridan in 1747, is well known as authoress of "Sidney Biddulph," and "Nour-jahad." Samuel Whyte received his education from Samuel Edwards, the most eminent Dublin schoolmaster of his day, at whose academy in Golden-lane he was placed as a boarder, after leaving which he paid a visit to London, of which he has left the following reminiscence, which is the more interesting as being, we believe, the only account preserved of the latter days of the benevolent laureate's daughter :—

"Cibber, the elder, had a daughter named Charlotte, who also took to the stage ; her subsequent life was one continued series of misfortune, afflictions and distress, which she sometimes contrived a little to alleviate by the productions of her pen. About the year 1755, she had worked up a novel for the press, which the writer accompanied his friend the bookseller to hear read ; she was at this time a widow, having been married to one Charke, a musician, long since dead. Her habitation was a wretched thatched hovel, situated on the way to Islington in the purlieus of Clerkenwell Bridewell, not very distant from the new river head, where at that time it was usual for the scavengers to leave the cleansings of the streets, and the priests of Cloacina to deposit the offerings from the temples of that all-worshipped Power. The night preceding a heavy rain had fallen, which rendered this extraordinary seat of the muses almost inaccessible, so that in our approach we got our white stockings involved with mud up to the very calves, which furnished an appearance much in the present (1790) fashionable style of half boots. We knocked at the door (not attempting to pull the latch-string) which was opened by a tall, meagre, ragged figure, with a blue apron, indicating, what else we might have doubted, the feminine gender. A perfect model for the Copper captain's tattered landlady ; that deplorable exhibition of the fair sex, in the comedy of Rule-a-wife. She with a torpid voice and hungry smile desired us to walk in. The first object that presented itself was a dresser, clean, it must be confessed, and furnished with three or four coarse delf plates, two brown platters, and underneath an earthen pipkin and a black pitcher with a

snip out of it. To the right we perceived and bowed to the mistress of the mansion sitting on a maimed chair under the mantle piece, by a fire, merely sufficient to put us in mind of starving. On one hob sat a monkey, which by way of welcome chattered at us going in; on the other a tabby cat, of melancholy aspect! and at our author's feet on the founce of her dingy petticoat reclined a dog, almost a skeleton! he raised his shagged head and eagerly staring with his bleared eyes, saluted us with a snarl. 'Have done, Fidele! these are friends.' The tone of her voice was not harsh; it had something in it humbled and disconsolate; a mingled effort of authority and pleasure. Poor soul! few were her visitors of that description—no wonder the creature barked! A magpie perched on the top rung of her chair, not an uncomely ornament! and on her lap was placed a mutilated pair of bellows, the pipe was gone, an advantage in their present office, they served as a succedaneum for a writing desk, on which lay displayed her hopes and treasure, the manuscript of her novel. Her ink-stand was a broken tea-cup, the pen worn to a stump; she had but one! A rough deal board, with three hobbling supporters, was brought for our convenience, on which without further ceremony we contrived to sit down and entered upon business. The work was read, remarks made, alterations agreed to and thirty guineas demanded for the copy. The squalid handmaiden, who had been an attentive listener, stretched forward her tawny length of neck with an eye of anxious expectation! The bookseller offered, five! Our authoress did not appear hurt; disappointments had rendered her mind callous; however some altercation ensued. This was the writer's first initiation into the mysteries of bibliopolism and the state of authorcraft. He, seeing both sides pertinacious, at length interposed, and at his instance the wary haberdasher of literature doubled his first proposal with this saving proviso, that his friend present would pay a moiety and run one half the risk; which was agreed to. Thus matters were accommodated, seemingly to the satisfaction of all parties; the lady's original stipulation of fifty copies for herself being previously acceded to. Such is the story of the once admired daughter of Colley Cibber, poet laureate and patentee of Drury-lane, who was born in affluence and educated with care and tenderness, her servants in livery, and a splendid equipage at her command, with swarms of time-serving sycophants officiously buzzing in her train; yet unmindful of her advantages and improvident in her pursuits, she finished the career of her miserable existence on a dunghill. The account given of this unfortunate woman is literally correct in every particular, of which, except the circumstance of her death, the writer himself was an eye-witness."

At Dublin, where his father had fixed his residence, Samuel Whyte found attached friends in his relatives the Sheridans, with whom he lived on terms of close intimacy. The affair of the Douglas medal, of which Whyte gives the following ac-



count, shews that Sheridan entertained no mean idea of the talents of his young relative :—

“ When the tragedy of *Douglas* first came out, Mr. Sheridan, then manager of the Dublin theatre, received a printed copy of it from London, which having, according to custom, previously read to his company, he cast for representation ; for it is true he highly admired it, and apprized the performers, it was his intention to give the author his third nights, as if the play had been originally brought out at his own house ; an unprecedented act of liberality in the manager, which, it was thought, would be wonderfully productive to the author. The first night, as the play had received the sanction of a British audience, the house was crammed, and the second night kept pace with the first. The printers meanwhile were not idle ; it now issued from the Irish press, and, unfortunately for the poor author, a dissenting clergyman, with an ecclesiastical anathema against him annexed. Things instantly took a new turn ; the play was reprobated, and considered as a profanation of the clerical character ; a faction was raised against it, and the third night, which was expected to be an overflow, fell miserably short of expenses. The manager was in an awkward predicament ; he was the cause of raising expectations, at least innocently, that could not be answered ; and stood committed to the author and his friends in a business which unforeseen accidents had utterly defeated. An unfeeling mind might have let it rest there ; but it was not an unfeeling mind that dictated the measure. Something must be done : and though the writer of this account was at the time a very young man, Mr. Sheridan was pleased to communicate to him his difficulties on the occasion. The first idea was to write a friendly letter to the rev. author, and accompany it with a handsome piece of plate. To this I took the liberty to object, for, as I understood he was not a family man, it might run him to expence in showing it ; which, in such a case, was a very natural piece of vanity, and surely in itself no way reprehensible. I rather thought something he could conveniently carry about with him would answer better ; suppose a piece of gold in the way of a medal. Mr. Sheridan thanked me for the hint, and advising with Mr. Robert Calderwood (of Cork-hill), a silversmith of the first eminence, a man of letters also and good taste, he threw out the very same idea, influenced by pretty much the same reasons. It was executed accordingly ; the intrinsic value somewhere about twenty guineas. On one side was engraved a laurel wreath, and on the reverse, as nearly as I remember, at the distance of almost forty years, the following inscription : ‘ Thomas Sheridan, manager of the Theatre royal, Smock-alley, Dublin, presents this small token of his gratitude to the author of *Douglas*, for his having enriched the stage with a perfect tragedy.’ Soon after I carried it with me to London, and through the favor of Lord Macartney, it was delivered to the minister, Lord Bute, for his countryman, the author of *Douglas*. But even this also he was near being deprived of ; on the road, a few miles from London, I was stopped by highwaymen, and preserved the well-meant

offering, by the sacrifice of my purse, at the imminent peril of my life. It was considered merely as a sort of compensation for the disappointment in regard of the third night's profits, and certainly no proof of ostentation in the manager."

Johnson's mistaken view of this subject, and his ungracious conduct towards Sheridan, to whose exertions he principally owed his pension, have been detailed as follows by Boswell under the year 1772 :—

"*Johnson.*—Sheridan is a wonderful admirer of the tragedy of Douglas, and presented its author with a gold medal. Some years ago, at a coffee-house in Oxford, I called to him, 'Mr. Sheridan, Mr. Sheridan, how came you to give a gold medal to Home, for writing that foolish play?' This, you see, was wanton and insolent; but I meant to be wanton and insolent. A medal has no value but as a stamp of merit. And was Sheridan to assume to himself the right of giving that stamp? If Sheridan was magnificent enough to bestow a gold medal as an honorary reward of dramatic excellence, he should have requested one of the Universities to choose the person on whom it should be conferred. Sheridan had no right to give a stamp of merit: it was counterfeiting Apollo's coin."

Solomon Whyte's estates in Longford passed after his death in 1757 to Richard Chamberlaine, his nephew. Samuel Whyte being thus left but ill provided for, was induced by Thomas Sheridan to entertain the idea of establishing a school chiefly for the instruction of youth in the English language, the cultivation of which had been strenuously advocated by Sheridan in his lectures on oratory, noticed in the first paper of this series. The influence of the Sheridans and their relatives having been actively exerted in favor of Whyte, he was enabled to open his "English grammar school," at no. 75, Grafton-street,\* in 1758, with considerable éclat, and among his first pupils were Richard Brinsley and Alicia, the children of his relative Frances Sheridan, who was "the friend and parent of his youth." Whyte's elementary treatise on the English language, printed in 1761, though not published till

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\* This house is at present numbered 79 Grafton-street; Whyte's school-rooms were in Johnston's-court. Moore's father resided in that court before his removal to Aungier-street, and the locality figured conspicuously in the scandalous chronicles of Dublin during the first thirty years of the reign of George III. On the opposite side of the street stands "Little Grafton-street," which was originally styled "Span's-lane," from a family of that name who resided close to it in Grafton-street in the middle of the last century.

1800, exhibits his qualifications for the profession he adopted, and his talents were so fully recognized that he was solicited in 1759 to accept the professorship of the English language in the Hibernian Academy, founded in that year on the plan laid down by Sheridan. Conceiving, however, that the latter had not been honorably treated by the managers of the institution, he declined the proffered chair, and applied himself assiduously to the business of his own establishment, which advanced so rapidly in reputation that before it had been many years founded he was enabled to reckon among his pupils the sons and daughters of the principal families in Ireland. When the pressure of accumulated difficulties obliged Thomas Sheridan to retire to France, Whyte endeavoured to repay the obligations which he owed to his chief friend and benefactor. He not only rendered him pecuniary assistance while abroad, but also, although himself a principal creditor, by great exertions in 1766 procured for Sheridan the benefit of a statute then pending for the relief of debtors. Having failed to obtain the signatures of any of the other creditors Whyte presented his petition, signed only by himself, to the house of commons, by whom it was unanimously referred to a parliamentary committee, which Whyte was ordered to attend :—

“The late lord viscount Doneraile, and the present (1800) lord viscount Northland, his earliest and most steady patrons, then in the Commons, received him at the door, and taking him by the hand announced him to the committee, saying, ‘Here comes the worthy petitioner for Mr. Sheridan.’ This was an encouraging reception, and the prelude to a more signal instance of favor in the sequel. Standing at the foot of the table, the book, as is the usage, was handed to him; but the test of an affidavit was dispensed with. Mr. Tottenham immediately rose, and addressing the chair, expatiated at some length on the purport of the petition before them, and the extraordinary circumstance of its introduction to the house. A creditor petitioning the legislature in behalf of his debtor, he observed, was very much out of the usual course, and the single instance of the kind, he believed, that ever solicited the attention of parliament. Among other encomiums, of which he was by no means sparing, he said, it was a spirited and laudable exertion of friendship, evidently proceeding from a disinterested principle, and in his opinion merited particular consideration and respect, adding, ‘I therefore move you, that petitioner shall not be put to his oath; but the facts set forth in his petition admitted simply on his word.’ His motion was seconded by an instantaneous ay, ay! without a dissenting voice. A few questions were then put, purely as it were

for form's sake, and petitioner was dismissed with repeated testimonies of applause and congratulations of success. The creditors, most likely, either did not wish or imagine he would carry his point; for when they found the business effected, they appeared in a combination to abuse him; and not only reproached him for meddling, as they called it, but affected to look upon him as responsible to them for the whole of their respective demands; because, as they alleged, he had without their concurrence had recourse to parliament to their prejudice, and deprived them of the means of prosecuting their just claims. Some of them actually consulted counsel, and took steps for the purpose of compelling him to pay them out of his own pocket. The idea may be now laughed at; but the thing was very seriously menaced: and in his situation, unhackneyed as he was in the ways of men; of a profession too of all others the most exposed to anxiety and trouble, with at best very inadequate compensation, it must have been an accumulated grievance, and their vindictive malice not a little alarming."

Whyte's son gives the following details of the subsequent relations of his father with Sheridan, whose difficulties were perpetually augmented by his own unswerving principles of rectitude:—

"The point being unexpectedly obtained, Mr. Sheridan quitted France, where he had been deserted by all his wealthy and protesting friends, whom his warm prosperity had graced; and was once more happily restored to his native land. He arrived in Dublin the latter end of October 1766, and on Monday, February 2nd following, appeared at Crow-street in Hamlet, and continued performing there for fourteen nights, with his usual eclat, ending with Maskwell in the Double Dealer, for his own benefit. That day, after dinner, he consulted my father, on the subject of calling a meeting of his creditors, a point he had sometimes in contemplation. My father warmly opposed it; conceiving it likely to involve him in fresh embarrassments, by exciting expectations which could not be gratified, and by implicated promises again endanger his personal safety, notwithstanding the measures recently adopted; upon the whole, as savoring more of ostentation, to which my father was in all cases particularly averse, than any good it could possibly produce. Perhaps his sincere wishes for the real honor of Mr. Sheridan, coinciding with a disposition naturally zealous, made him over earnest in his remonstrances; some friends present not seeing, or, in compliment to Mr. Sheridan, not choosing to see the affair in the light my father took it, over-ruled the arguments he offered, and confirmed Mr. Sheridan in his purpose; however he acknowledged the propriety of being guarded; and on Tuesday, March the 24th, 1767, the following advertisement appeared in Faulkner's Journal: 'Mr. Sheridan desires to meet his creditors at the Music-hall, in Fishamble-street, on Thursday the 2nd of April, at one o'clock, in order to concert with them the most speedy and effectual method for disposing of his effects and making a dividend.'

My father attended, as Mr. Sheridan made it a point; but purposely delayed till the business of the congress was nearly settled, that he might not be called on for his opinion. Soon after his entrance, Mr. Sheridan, who was on the look out, accosted him, 'Sam! I am glad to see you are come'—my father bowed—'I perceive you are not satisfied with the measure.' 'Indeed, sir, I am not.' Mr. Sheridan paused, and perhaps on reflection, when too late, was convinced he had taken a precipitate step. A coolness succeeded between the two friends; this was fomented by the officiousness of others, which occasioned a disunion of some continuance; but not the smallest appearance of animosity or recrimination occurred on either side; their spirit was above it; on the contrary, many acts of kindness and mutual good offices took place in the interval, which showed a wish for the restoration of amity on both sides, if any one about them had been honest enough to promote it. My father, still bearing in mind the obligation he owed to Mrs. Sheridan, who was the friend and parent of his youth, continued, without abatement, his attachment to her children; they, on a proper occasion, interposed; the parties were brought together, and their difference no more was remembered. It is to this difference between Mr. Sheridan and him, my father alludes in his elegy on the instability of affection, which stands the third in order in the new edition of his poems:—

'One friend, one chosen friend, I once possess'd,  
And did I in the hour of trial fall?  
Still be his virtues, his deserts confessed;  
But e'er his lapses, Memory, drop the veil.'

The last office of kindness he had it in his power to render him, was at his lodgings in Frith-street, Soho. He supported him from his apartment down stairs, and helped him into the carriage that took him to Margate, where, the ninth day after, death obliterated every thing—but his virtues."

His illustrious pupil, Moore, has left the following notices of Whyte, whom he addressed in one of his earliest poetical attempts as the "heaven-born votary of the laurel'd Nine:—"

"As soon as I was old enough to encounter the crowd of a large school, it was determined that I should go to the best then in Dublin,—the grammar school of the well known Samuel Whyte, whom a reputation of more than thirty years' standing had placed, at that time, at the head of his profession. So early as the year 1758, a boy had been entrusted to this gentleman's care, whom, after a few years' trial of his powers, he pronounced to be 'a most incorrigible dunce.' This boy was no other than the afterwards celebrated Richard Brinsley Sheridan; and so far from being ashamed of his mistake, my worthy schoolmaster had the good sense often to mention the circumstance, as an instance of the difficulty and rashness of forming any judgment of the future capacity of children. The circum-

stance of my having happened to be under the same schoolmaster with Sheridan, though at so distant an interval, has led the writer of a professed memoir of my life, prefixed to the Zwickau edition of my works, into rather an amusing mistake:—‘His talents,’ he is pleased to say of me, ‘dawned so early, and so great attention was paid to his education by his tutor, Sheridan, that,’ &c. &c. The talent for recitation and acting which I had so very early manifested, was the talent, of all others, which my new schoolmaster was most inclined to encourage; and it was not long before I attained the honor of being singled out by him on days of public examination, as one of his most successful and popular exhibitors,—to the no small jealousy, as may be supposed, of all other mammas, and the great glory of my own. As I looked particularly infantine for my age, the wonder was, of course, still more wonderful. ‘Oh, he is an old little crab,’ said one of the rival Cornelias, on one occasion of this kind, ‘he can’t be less than eleven or twelve years of age.’ ‘Then, madam,’ said a gentleman sitting next her, who was slightly acquainted with our family, ‘if that is the case, he must have been four years old before he was born.’ This answer, which was reported to my mother, won her warm heart towards that gentleman for ever after. To the drama and all connected with it, Mr. Whyte had been through his whole life warmly devoted, having lived in habits of intimacy with the family of Brinsley Sheridan, as well as with most of the other ornaments of the Irish stage in the middle of the last century. Among his private pupils, too, he had to number some of the most distinguished of our people of fashion, both male and female; and of one of the three beautiful misses Montgomery\* who had been under his tuition, a portrait hung in his drawing-room. In the direction of those private theatricals which were at that time so fashionable among the higher circles in Ireland, he had always a leading share. Besides teaching and training the young actors, he took frequently a part in the dramatic personæ himself; and either the prologue or epilogue was generally furnished by his pen. Among the most memorable of the theatricals which he assisted in, may be mentioned the performance of the ‘Beggars’ Opera,’ at Carton, the seat of the duke of Leinster, on which occasion the rev. dean Marley, who was afterwards bishop of Waterford, besides performing the part of Lockit in the opera, recited a prologue of which he was himself the author. The Peachum of the night was lord Charlemont; the Lucy, lady Louisa Conolly; and Captain Morris (I know not whether the admirable song writer) was the Macheath. At the representation of ‘Henry the Fourth,’ by most of the same party, at Castletown, a prologue written by my schoolmaster had the high honor of being delivered by that distinguished Irishman, Hussey Burgh; and on

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\* Daughters of sir William Montgomery, bart. Eliza, the eldest, married lord Mountjoy; Barbara, the second, became the hon. Mrs. Beresford; and Anne, the youngest, was subsequently marchioness of Townshend. Moore’s above remarks, relative to himself, are confirmed by the reference to his acting in the verses quoted at p. 32.

another occasion, when the masque of Comus was played at Carton,\* his muse was associated with one glorious in other walks than those of rhyme—the prologue of the piece being announced as ‘written by Mr. Whyte, and the epilogue by the rt. hon. Henry Grattan.’ It has been remarked, and I think truly, that it would be difficult to name any eminent public man, who had not, at some time or other, tried his hand at verse; and the only signal exception to this remark is said to have been Mr. Pitt. In addition to his private pupils in the dilettante line of theatricals, Mr. Whyte was occasionally employed in giving lessons on elocution to persons who meant to make the stage their profession. One of these, a very pretty and interesting girl, Miss Campion, became afterwards a popular actress both in Dublin and London. She continued, I think, to take instructions of him in reading even after she had made her appearance on the stage; and one day, while she was with him, a messenger came into the school to say that ‘Mr. Whyte wanted Tommy Moore in the drawing-room.’ A summons to the master’s house (which stood detached away from the school on the other side of a yard) was at all times an event; but how great was my pride, delight, and awe,—for I looked upon actors then as a race of superior beings,—when I found I had been summoned for no less a purpose than to be introduced to Miss Campion, and to have the high honour of reciting to her ‘Alexander’s Feast.’ The pride of being thought worthy of appearing before so celebrated a person took possession of all my thoughts. I felt my heart beat as I walked through the streets, not only with the expectation of meeting her, but with anxious doubts whether, if I did happen to meet her, she would condescend to recognise me; and when at last the happy moment did arrive, and she made me a gracious bow in passing, I question if a salute from Corinne, when on her way to be crowned in the Capitol, would in after days have affected me half so much. Whyte’s connection, indeed, with theatrical people was rather against his success in the way of his profession; as many parents were apprehensive, lest, being so fond of the drama himself, he might inspire too much the same taste in his pupils. As for me, it was thought hardly possible that I could escape being made an actor; and my poor mother, who, sanguinely speculating on the speedy removal of the Catholic disabilities, had destined me to the bar, was frequently doomed to hear prognostics of my devotion of myself to the profession of the stage.”

“On our days of public examination which were, if I recollect, twice a year, there was generally a large attendance of the parents and friends of the boys; and on the particular day I allude to, all the seats in the area of the room being occupied, my mother and a few other ladies were obliged to go up into one of the galleries that surrounded the school, and there sit or stand as they could. When

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\* Moore is here mistaken: of the performance above alluded to, which took place at Marlay, the particulars will be found in the *IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW*, Vol. II., 312.

the reading class to which I belonged, and of which I had obtained the first place, was called up, some of the boys in it who were much older and nearly twice as tall as myself, not liking what they deemed the disgrace of having so little a fellow at the head of the class, when standing up before the audience all placed themselves above me. Though feeling that this was unjust, I adopted the plan which, according to Corneille, is that of '*l'honnête homme trompé*,' namely, '*ne dire mot*,'—and was submitting without a word to what I saw the master himself did not oppose, when to my surprise, and, I must say, shame, I heard my mother's voice breaking the silence, and saw her stand forth in the opposite gallery, while every eye in the room was turned towards her, and in a firm, clear tone (though in reality she was ready to sink with the effort), address herself to the enthroned schoolmaster on the injustice she saw about to be perpetrated. It required, however, but very few words to rouse his attention to my wrongs. The big boys were obliged to descend from their usurped elevation, while I, ashamed a little of the exhibition which I thought my mother had made of herself, took my due station at the head of the class."

Whyte's taste for the drama and for poetry was early developed. In 1761 he had prepared two tragedies, the first of which was founded on the story of Abradatas and Panthea, in Xenophon's *Cyropædia*; the plot of the second was identical with that of Walpole's "*Mysterious mother*." A character in one of these plays had been written expressly for Sheridan, who undertook to perform it and to have the whole advantageously cast for representation, but Whyte committed both tragedies to the flames, together with some treatises which he had composed on English grammar. He could not, however, so readily divest himself of his attachment to poetry; and at night, after the labors of his school had been concluded, he spent many solitary hours in composing what he vainly supposed would become "*immortal verse*." The first fruits of these labors appeared in 1772 in a large quarto volume of more than 500 pages, entitled "*The Shamrock: or Hibernian cresses*. A collection of poems, songs, epigrams, &c. Latin as well as English, the original production of Ireland. To which are subjoined Thoughts on the prevailing system of school education, respecting young ladies as well as gentlemen, with practical proposals for a reformation. By Samuel Whyte, Principal of the English grammar school. Dublin: Printed by R. Marchbank, in Cole's-alley, Castle-street." This work was published by a very large subscription, and the editor boasted that two-thirds of the verse and the entire of the prose and



notes had been contributed by himself. At the annual examinations, Whyte\* usually had a play performed by his pupils, and in general the specimens of youthful proficiency exhibited on those occasions were quite marvellous. Thus, in the prologue to the tragedy of Cato in 1771, the speaker in addressing the audience, says—

“ We plead our years too—I am, sirs, only seven,  
Our Marcia's nine, her father scarce eleven:  
But with great Cato's sentiments impress'd,  
Honor and filial reverence fill each breast.”

Whyte's pupils first performed this play on Christmas-eve, 1771, at the little theatre in Capel-street, for the entertainment of their private friends. “The marquis of Kildare one morning on the stage started the thought, that if these boys repeated their play for the public at large, and money were taken at the doors (which was not done at first), the profits might be applied to some of the charitable institutions of

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\* A Dublin writer in 1586 eulogises as follows another schoolmaster of the same name: “In the west end of the churchyard (of St. Canice, Kilkenny), of late have been founded a grammar schoole by the right honorable Pierce or Peter Butler, erle of Ormond and Ossorie, and by his wife the countesse of Ormond, the ladie Margaret fitz Gerald, sister to Girald fitz Girald, the earle of Kildare that last was. Out of which schoole have sprouted such proper impes, through the painefull diligence and the laboursome industrie of a famous lettered man, M. Peter White (sometime fellow of Oriall college, in Oxford, and schoolemaister in Kilkennie) as generallie the whole weale publike of Ireland, and especiallie the southerne parts of that island, are greatly thereby furthered. This gentleman's method in training up youth was rare and singular, framing the education according to the scholer's veine. If he found him free, he would bridle him like a wise Isocrates from his booke; if he perceived him to be dull, he would spur him forward; if he understood that he were the worse for beating, he would win him with rewards: finally, by interlasing studie with recreation, sorrow with mirth, paine with pleasure, sownesse with sweetnesse, roughnesse with mildnesse, he had so good successe in schooling his pupils, as in good sooth I may boldlie bide by it, that in the realme of Ireland was no grammar schoole so good, in England I am well assured none better. And because it was my happie hap (God and my parents be thanked) to have been one of his crue, I take it to stand with my dutie, sith I may not stretch my abilitie in requiting his good turnes, yet to manifest my good will in remembering his paines. And certes, I acknowledge myseife so much bound and beholding to him and his, as for his sake I reverence the meanest stone cemented in the wals of that famous schoole.”

Dublin. Stuart, an actor, and a great oddity, clapped the marquis on the shoulder, with 'a good move, my lord.'— 'Why, I think it is, Mr. Stuart,' repeated lord Kildare, with the sense and good humor of his natural character. The plan was adopted, and succeeded to the delight of every feeling mind."

The dramatis personæ were as follow :—

"THEATRE ROYAL, CROW-STREET.

"For the relief of the confined debtors in the different Marshalsea, on Thursday, the 2nd of January, 1772, will be performed, by the young gentlemen of the English grammar school, Grafton-street, the tragedy of CATO. Cato, Master Whyte. Lucius, Master George Carleton. Sempronius, Master John Bird. Juba, Master Anthony Gore. Syphax, Master Marnell. Marcus, Master William Holmes. Portius, Master Lynam. Decius, Master William Irvine. Lucia, Master Gibson. Marcia, Master Nugent. With an occasional prologue, by Master Richard Holmes. Dancing, between the acts, by Master M'Neil; and singing, by Master Bird. After the play, by particular desire, Dryden's Alexander's Feast, to be spoken by Master Whyte. Boxes, 11s. 4½d. Pit, 5s. 5d. Gallery, 3s. 3d. Second gallery, 2s. 2d. Stewards to the charity: Marquis of Kildare, earl of Bellamont, and lord Dunluce."

The three Misses Montgomery, usually styled "the three Graces," superintended the decorations; the band was entirely composed of gentlemen, and captain French and captain Tisdal stood sentry on the stage. The receipts of the night, amounting to £262 5s. 8d., were applied to procuring the liberation of eighty poor debtors from the Marshalsea. The annual dramatic performances at Whyte's academy, and the subsequently distinguished career of many of the juvenile actors who engaged in them, are alluded to as follows in Master Benjamin Nun's address to his school-fellows, at a public July examination (1790), the speaker having just completed his tenth year :

"How many here, these thirty years, have been  
The little actors in this busy scene!  
Here as the friend, the hero or the sage,  
Given the fair prospect of their future age!  
How many here performed the mimic play,  
Like Tommy Moore, the Roscius of the day!  
Or, from this height, harangued the admiring train;  
While echoing plaudits shook that crowded plain!

Less pleasing cares their present thoughts engage ;  
 Less pure ambition rules their riper age.  
 Some, rais'd aloft, who in the state preside,  
 To their own gain the nation's councils guide.  
 Some, on whose lips a crowd of clients dwell,  
 Swallow the fish and give to each a shell.  
 On India some, or Afric's groaning shores,  
 From human sufferings heap their guilty stores :  
 While some at home obnoxious places hold,  
 And part with honest fame for ribbands, chains, and gold !  
 But happier some a better task pursue,  
 With gospel showers the barren land bedew,  
 Among the sick their healing cares dispense,  
 Teach the young mind to ripen into sense,  
 Extract its riches from the generous soil,  
 Or crowd their native ports with foreign spoil ;  
 On formless matter life and shape bestow,  
 With new delights the paths of science strew,  
 Or active, urge the manufacturing band,  
 While hundreds hang on their supporting hand."

Whyte's gratification in thus publicly exhibiting the results of his scholastic labors, was alloyed by the knowledge that the ill-success in life of some of his pupils had been ascribed to the taste for theatricals with which they had early been imbued at his academy. With a view of discountenancing such aspersions, he wrote and published in 1790 a poem entitled "The Theatre, a didactic essay ; in the course of which are pointed out the rocks and shoals to which deluded adventurers are inevitably exposed." In 1792 Whyte's collected poems were published by subscription under the editorship of his son Edward Athenry Whyte, who became a partner with his father in the management of the academy ;\* this volume, which passed through four editions, was the premium generally pre-

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\* In addition to his poems, Whyte also published the following works : " *Miscellanea nova* ; containing, amidst a variety of other matters, curious and interesting, remarks on Boswell's Johnson ; with considerable additions, and some new anecdotes of that extraordinary character : a critique on Burger's *Leonora* ; in which she is clearly proved of English extraction ; and an introductory essay on the art of reading and speaking in public," 1800. " *The Beauties of History*," 2 vols. 12mo, addressed to the Hon. Mrs. Beresford. " *The Juvenile Encyclopædia*." " *Matho* ; or, the *Cosmotheoria puerilis*," edited by S. Whyte, and addressed to Mrs. Tisdal. Holberg's *Universal History*, edited by S. Whyte. " *A short system of rhetoric*." " *Hints to the Age of Reason*." " *Practical Elocution*," &c. &c.

sented by the author to the most distinguished of his pupils at the annual examinations; the prizes given to the less successful candidates consisted of neatly-framed portraits of their master, engraved by Brocas from a painting by Hamilton. Whyte felt severely the consequences entailed on Dublin by the removal of the resident nobility and gentry subsequent to the Union, which event he survived eleven years, and died in Grafton-street on the 4th of October, 1811. His son Edward A. Whyte continued to conduct the business of the academy until the year 1824, when he finally closed the establishment, and retired to London where he ended his days.

In the year 1766 a building styled the "Navigation-house" was erected on portion of a vacant plot of ground on the Western side of Grafton-street, for the use of the commissioners of inland navigation, in pursuance of a statute passed in 1765 enacting: "That it should be lawful to and for the corporation for promoting and carrying on an inland navigation in Ireland, to apply so much of the duties vested in them by act of parliament, as should be necessary for building and furnishing a convenient house within the city or county of Dublin, and furnishing the same with proper accommodations for the reception of the said corporation and assistants to meet and assemble in for putting in execution the several powers and authorities vested in them by law."

These commissioners had been incorporated in 1752 and provided by government with a large annual revenue for the purpose of opening the navigation of the Shannon. The mismanagement and incompetency of the members of the corporation were soon rendered apparent by their undertaking, at nearly the same time, twenty-three different works, scarcely any of which were accomplished; it having also been found that their expenditure of nearly six hundred thousand pounds was attended with comparatively unimportant results, the board was dissolved, and an act of parliament passed in 1786 vested the Navigation-house in the crown. Shortly after this enactment, the Irish Academy, which so early as May, 1785, had held meetings in the Navigation-house, presented a memorial to the duke of Rutland, lord lieutenant, praying that government would allow them to occupy the vacant building, and in June, 1787, having received notification that their petition had been granted, the Academy received possession of the house, which it continued to hold till the year 1852. This institu-

tion was incorporated for the study of polite literature, science, and antiquities by letters patent, dated 28th January, 1786, which recite that Ireland was "in ancient times conspicuous for her schools and seminaries of learning, and produced many persons eminent in every branch of science," and that "lately several persons in the city of Dublin had met together for their mutual improvement in the above studies, to which encouragement should be given everywhere, especially in Ireland."

"The first society of this kind established in the University about the year 1782, was called the 'Palæosophers.' Their object was the investigation of ancient learning, particularly the fathers of the church. Dr. Perceval had just returned from the Continent, and introduced the new system of chemistry, then almost totally unknown, and little attended to in this country. The investigation of this had excited a kindred zeal in the pursuit of other sciences, and Dr. Percival proposed to Dr. Usher to establish a new society to promote it. In the year 1785, therefore, another association was formed. Their object was the investigation of science and modern literature, and they denominated themselves 'Neosophers:' into this, the 'Palæosophers' in a short time merged. They met at each other's houses, dined together once every fortnight, read essays, and debated: they kept regular journals of their proceedings, but published no transactions. From these emanated the Royal Irish Academy, combining and enlarging the objects of both the former, and having distinct committees for the investigation of science, antiquities, and polite literature. The original 'Neosophers' were, Drs. Usher, Marsh, B. Stack, Hall, Young, Hamilton, Waller, Kearney, F.T.O.D., Drs. Perceval and Purcel, M.D., Messrs. W. Ball and W. Preston, barristers."

The Rev. Robert Burrowes, F.T.C.D., by authority of the Academy, in 1787, gave the following account of the origin of the institution:—

"In the year 1683 William Molyneux was instrumental in forming a society in Dublin similar to the Royal Society in London, of which he was an illustrious member: much might be expected from an institution of which Sir William Petty was president, and Molyneux secretary,\* had not the distracted state of the kingdom dispersed them so soon as 1688. Their plan seems to have been resumed without success about the beginning of the present century, when the early of Pembroke, then lord lieutenant, presided over a philosophical society established in Dublin college. In the year 1740 the Physico-historical society, two volumes of whose minutes are

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\* Molyneux's account of this society will be found in the third paper on the *Streets of Dublin*, IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, Vol. II.

still extant, was instituted : under their patronage Smith published his history of Waterford. And in the year 1772 the antient state of Ireland attracted the attention of the Dublin Society, who appointed a committee for the express purpose of enquiring into its antiquities. The favourable reception their proposals of correspondence met with abroad evinced a disposition in foreign nations to assist the cultivation of this branch of literature, of which the Royal Irish Academy acknowledge with gratitude they have already received valuable proofs. The meetings of the antiquarian committee\* after about two years ceased ; but the zeal of a very

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\* The following reports of the two initiatory meetings of the antiquarian committee of the Dublin Society are now for the first time published from the manuscript records: "Dublin Society, May, 14, 1772. Resolved, That a standing committee be appointed to enquire into the antient state of arts and literature, and into the other antiquities of Ireland; to examine the several tracts and manuscripts in the possession of the society which have not been published; and also, all other tracts on those subjects, of which the said committee can obtain the perusal. Resolved, That the said committee do consist of the president, vice presidents, the secretaries, the treasurer, and the following members of this society; Lord Charlemont, Lord Moira, Sir Lucius O'Brien, bart., Lord Bishop of Cloyne, Lord Bishop of Derry, Right Hon. Speaker of the House of Commons, Robert French, Esq., Rev. Dr. Leland, — Caldwell, esq., Major Vallancey. Resolved, That our worthy member, Sir Lucius O'Brien, bart., be requested to preside as chairman in the said committee.

"Monday, 18th May, 1772. At a meeting of the select committee of antiquarians, Sir Lucius O'Brien, bart., in the chair—Resolved, That the rev. Dr. Thomas Leland, and Charles Vallancey, esq., be appointed secretaries to the committee for the present year. Resolved, That the Rev. Dr. Peter Chaigneau be appointed assistant secretary and librarian to this committee for the present year. Resolved, That the members of this committee will each subscribe the sum of three guineas annually towards the expense of this undertaking, and that the same be paid into the hands of our assistant secretary, Dr. Chaigneau. Resolved, That this committee will employ Maurice O'Gorman as their amanuensis at the rate of five guineas per quarter. Resolved, That the appointment of this committee be notified to the publick by an advertisement in the Dublin Journal, and that a request of the committee be made in the said advertisement, that such persons as are desirous and have it in their power to assist the committee in their researches, and contribute to this national undertaking, will communicate the titles of such ancient Irish manuscripts as may be in their hands, and an account of such other materials as they are possessed of, and which they think may be useful in forwarding the designs of the committee; directed to Dr. Chaigneau at the Dublin Society's house in Grafton-street." Having been informed by the chevalier Thomas O'Gorman, that the Irish college at Paris possessed some ancient Irish manuscripts, the committee communicated with that institution, which warmly entered into its views, and convened a public meeting at their college on 11th March, 1773, presided over by Richard Dillon, archbishop and primate of Narbonne, and to which all persons connected with Ireland were invited. These proceedings resulted in the appointment of an auxiliary branch at Paris, and

few of their members still continuing has given to the public several essays, since comprised into four volumes, entitled *Collectanea de rebus Hibernicis*. About the year 1782 the society from which this Academy afterwards arose was established: it consisted of an indefinite number of members, most of them belonging to the University, who at all weekly meetings read essays in turn. Anxious to make their labours redound to the honour and advantage of their country, they formed a plan more extensive; and admitting such additional names only as might add dignity to their new institution, or by their publications had given sure ground to hope advantage from their labours, became the founders of the Royal Irish Academy."

The following report of the earliest meeting on record of the Irish Academy, is now printed for the first time from the original document:

"At a meeting of the original members of the Irish Academy of sciences, polite literature and antiquities, held at lord Charlemont's, April 18, 1785.—The following resolutions were agreed to. I. That the Irish Academy of sciences, polite literature and antiquities, do consist of a president, a council of eighteen, and an indefinite number of members. II. That the council be divided into three committees, each consisting of six members, which committees shall have for their objects, respectively, the departments of science, polite literature and antiquities. III. That each of these committees meet every third week, and be empowered to form bye laws for the regulation of their several meetings, at each of which meetings every member of the Academy shall be invited to assist. IV. That a committee of finance be appointed consisting of six members, two to be chosen out of each of the aforementioned committees. V. That there be two public general meetings of the Academy in the year, at which meetings the titles of the publications, which have been approved of by the several committees, shall be read, and candidates shall be balloted for, such as shall have signified their intentions of

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although the college of the Lombards had promised only a transcript of the book of Lecan, which was the sole valuable manuscript in their possession, that important document has finally found its way to this country, and is now in the custody of the Irish Academy. Among those who took an active part in the proceedings of the Dublin committee were Dr. Carpenter, R. C. archbishop of Dublin, Sylvester O'Halloran, and Charles O'Connor; to the latter was committed the task of preparing for the press the manuscript of O'Flaherty's "*Ogygia vindicated*," purchased by the committee for twenty guineas from a Mr. Wilton of Galway, and published in 1775. The committee compiled a set of sixteen queries on subjects connected with the objects of their investigations, and ordered two thousand copies of them to be printed for circulation among the clergymen and most respectable inhabitants of the various parishes in Ireland. The meetings of the committee were generally held at 7 p.m. in the College library, and they assembled for the last time on the 24th February, 1774.

proposing themselves as members six weeks at least before the public meeting. VI. That each fellow, on his election, do deposit two guineas in the hands of the treasurer, to be continued annually, or twenty guineas as a life subscription. VII. That the president and council, with a treasurer and secretary, be elected by the original members of the Academy at lord Charlemont's, and that the first Monday in May be appointed for that purpose. VIII. That an extraordinary general meeting be held on Monday, the sixteenth of May, for the purpose of electing members who shall have been proposed on Monday, the second of May. IX. That the right reverend the lord bishop of Dromore, be requested to apply to the Antiquarian Society of London, and the Edinburgh Society, for copies of their regulations, and that the lord bishop of Killaloe and Doctor Ussher be requested to apply to the Royal Society of London and the Academy of Berlin, for the same purpose. X. That an extraordinary meeting of this Academy be held at Col. Conyngham's on Monday, the twenty-fifth of April, at eight o'clock in the afternoon. List of original members: Earl of Charlemont. Lord Rokeby, primate of Ireland. Earl of Clanbrazil. Earl of Moira. Bishop of Killaloe. Bishop of Olonfert. Bishop of Waterford. Bishop of Dromore. Right Hon. John Hely Hutchinson, secretary of state. Right Hon. Denis Daly. Right Hon. Burton Conyngham.\* Col. Vallancey. Doctor Murray, vice-provost of T.C.D. Rev. Hugh Hamilton, dean of Armagh. Richard Kirwan, Esq., London. Edmond Malone, Esq. Rev. Michael Kearney, D.D. Adair Crawford, M.D. London. Rev. Thomas Leland, D.D. Rev. W. Hales, D.D. F.T.C.D. George Cleghorne, M.D. Rev. Henry Ussher, D.D., S.F.T.C.D. Rev. John Kearney, D.D., S.F.T.C.D. Rev. John Waller, D.D., F.T.C.D. John Purcell, M.D. Robert Perceval, M.D. Rev. Matthew Young, F.T.C.D. Rev. Digby Marsh, F.T.C.D. Rev. George Hall, F.T.C.D. Rev. Richard Stack, F.T.C.D. Rev. W. Hamilton, F.T.C.D. Laurence Parsons, Esq. William Preston, Esq. William Ball, Esq. Rev. James Archibald Hamilton, D.D. William Deane, I.L.D. Sir Joseph Banks, London. R. Lovell Edgeworth, Esq. (Signed) Charlemont."

\* This individual has occasionally been confounded with Timothy Cunningham, of Gray's Inn, barrister, who bequeathed in 1789, to the Royal Irish Academy of Dublin, "the sum of £1,000, to be laid out in such funds as they shall think proper, and the interest of it to be disposed of in such premiums as they shall think proper for the improvement of natural knowledge, and other objects of their institution." He also bequeathed to the Academy all his botanical books and books of natural history, and desired that all the residue of his library should be disposed of, and the produce of them expended under the direction of his executor in purchasing books for the Academy. Cunningham died in 1789; from his will, registered in the prerogative court of Canterbury, it appears, that his relatives were chiefly residents of Clonmel, Carrick-on-Suir and Waterford. By a strange error, the Academy, in its official publications, always styles Cunningham's bequest the "*Conyngham fund*;" and as nothing appears to be known of the donor, we here subjoin a catalogue of his principal publications: "A new treatise of the laws concerning Tithes, containing all the statutes, adjudged cases, resolutions, and judg-



This Academy has already published twenty-two volumes of "Transactions," and formed considerable collections of manuscripts and organic remains; no attempt has, however, yet been made to give to the public a history of the institution, nor to analyse the merits of its contributions to science, literature, and archaeology.

Next to the "Navigation-house" in Grafton-street, another large edifice was erected in 1766 by the Royal Dublin Society, whose early history we noticed in a former paper. The Society assembled for the first time in Grafton-street on the 3d of December, 1767, and from an unpublished map, executed by Thomas Sherard in 1796, we find that their house here had a frontage of forty feet in a style similar to that of the Irish Academy's house. Of the schools, which were located at the rear and entered through a gateway which still exists, a late writer gave the following particulars:—

"This Academy consisted of three schools, with a master appointed to each, for the instruction of pupils in drawing,

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ments relating thereto," 8vo. London: 1748, fourth edition published in 1777. "Law of bills of exchange, promissory notes, bank notes, and insurances, containing all the Statute cases at large, &c., methodically digested," 8vo. London: 1761, sixth edition published in 1778. "The Merchant's Lawyer, or the law of Trade in general," London: 2 vols. 8vo, 1762, third edition published in 1768. "Practical Justice of the Peace," 1762, 2 vols. 8vo. "New and complete Law Dictionary," London: 2 vols. folio, 1764, third edition published in 1782-3. "New Treatise concerning the laws for the preservation of game, containing all the statutes and cases at large," 12mo, 1764. "Report of cases argued and adjudged in the court of King's bench, in the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th of George II., to which is prefixed, A Proposal for rendering the laws of England clear and certain, humbly offered to the consideration of both houses of parliament," folio, 1766. "Maxims and rules of pleadings in actions, real and personal, or mixed, popular and penal," 4to, 1771. "History of the customs, aids, subsidies, national debts, and taxes of England, from William the Conqueror to the year 1778," third edition published in 1778. "History and antiquities of the Inns of Court and Chancery," 8vo, 1780, republished in 1790 under the title of "Historical memoirs of the English laws." "Historical accounts of the rights of election of the several counties, cities, and boroughs of Great Britain, containing the time when each of them was first represented in parliament, and by what authority; to which is prefixed, An Inquiry into the origin of elections to Parliament," 2 vols. 8vo, 1783. "Law of Simony, containing all the statutes, cases at large, arguments, resolutions and judgments concerning it, particularly the case at large in the House of Lords, between the Lord Bishop of London and Lewis Fytche, esq.," 8vo, 1784. "Introduction to the knowledge of the laws and constitutions of England," 8vo. Cunningham also compiled the general index to the Journals of the English house of Commons, and published "Magna Charta libertatum civitatis Waterford," with an English version and notes, 8vo, Dublin: 1752.

free of expense. One for the human figure, one for landscape and ornament, and one for architecture; and many excellent painters have been made under the creditable protection of the Dublin Society. The names of those I recollect, during my time, I shall set down, apologising to such as have escaped my memory, lest they should think me unmindful or negligent, wilfully. In figure—Barry, Tresham, Peters, Hamilton, Shee, Oregan, R. L. West, Foster, Danby, Rothwell, Cuming; in miniature, chalk, and crayons—F. R. West, Haly, Sullivan, Collins, Madden, Pope, Stokers, Comerford, Cullen, Murphy, Byrne, Dunne, S. Lover; in landscape and figure, including drawing masters—Barrett, Carver, Butts, the two Roberts, Ashford, Fisher, O'Connor, Ellis, the three Mulvanys, four Brocasses, Tracy, Doyle, Moreau; in architecture—Ivory, Sproule, A. Baker, Semple, Berrell, Taylor, Morrison, Byrne, young Baker. There has been a fourth school added to the academy for sculpture and modelling, where Behnes studied; two promising young students, Panormo and Galaher, have also made great progress in this school. Mr. Smith, master.—When I was sixteen years old, I obtained three tickets from a member of the Royal Dublin Society, to admit me as a pupil to be instructed in drawing; this was the usual mode of introduction. I first went to the architectural school. Mr. Ivory was master, a gentle urbane character, but he appeared in a delicate state of health; he consigned me to his apprentice, Mr. H. A. Baker; he became at Ivory's demise the master, and has remained in that station to the present time (1836). Mr. Baker looked rather sternly at me, at least I thought so at that time, and said, 'Ho! I must get you into geometry.' I did not know what geometry really was, but I thought it was to get into trouble; however, he, seeing my plight, assumed a cheerful look, which was his natural look, and said, 'Come, I'll show you what geometry is.' He then put me to draw, and showed me the manner of using the instruments; we have been ever since that time good friends, and I hope will continue so. I next went to the landscape and ornament school, Mr. Waldron the master. His appearance was not flattering, nor did his severe look and habitual frown encourage me to stay long at his beck; for he seldom spoke, which was, I thought, a fortunate thing for me, his manner was so truly cheerless. I remained at his school about a month, and then I repaired to the figure school. When I entered the figure room, I was struck with the number of casts from the antique, the Hercules, Laocoon, &c., and felt a wish and hoped to be able to draw from those; in some time I delivered my card to the master, Mr. Francis Robert West, a worthy good-hearted man, but of peculiar manner. In person he was a smart, little, dapper man, very voluble in speech and rapid in delivery, used much action—even his features underwent many changes—opening his eyes wide—raising his eyebrows considerably and extending his mouth; his language good, yet he was subject to digression and habitual conclusive words, such as 'yes, yes'—'doubtless, no doubt'—and other pet phrases, which seemed to carry decision in all his harangues. Add to these a peculiar quaintness of manner, an averted eye, and a simplicity of look, rendered him quite a cha-

acter. I presented my card; he just looked at it, then glanced at me, and with head averted, said, 'So, you are come to draw the human figure.'—I then directed his attention to the back of the card, on which was written, by the gentleman who gave it me, an order to be furnished with drawing materials, and he would pay for them. During his reading he was assailed by a number of boys with their sketches for his opinion; he dispatched them quickly, with—to one, the nose more in, the chin more out; to another, your head is too large—yours has not got the turn—you must place your figure in the centre—dash it out, and begin again! Your mouth is too much open and your eyes shut—you must shut your mouth and open your eyes; having in routine given directions, he finished the reading of the card. Another boy, with a finished drawing as he thought, submitted his production, 'Oh! you have no character—you must labour until you get it, compare it, and amend—es, es!' His yes, yes, was like sounding the letter s twice, the first a long s, the second a small one. Then leaving his desk, he walked to the folding doors which opened to the figure-room, and calling John, he returned in quick pace to his post.—John returned with the materials, and Mr. West sketched a profile of a head, before me, to show me how to begin; he did it very expertly, and with great freedom of hand; he then desired John to place me at a desk with master Shee. So John led me to the desk, and I was most happily placed; for master Shee, though some years my junior, was capable and willing to assist me.—We also drew together at the architectural school, and I was induced to put up a sheet of geometry for the medal, but it was adjudged to master Shee, as was every medal he looked for in any of the schools."

The student here referred to was Sir Martin Archer Shee, author of "Rhymes on Art," subsequently elected president of the Royal Academy of London.

The Dublin Society continued to meet in Grafton-street regularly until the year 1796, when, having erected more extensive buildings in another locality, they sold their interest in their house here for £3,000, and the buildings known as 112 and 118, Grafton-street have since been erected on its site.

The Provost's house, built on a portion of the College gardens, was occupied for a considerable part of the last century (1774 to 1794) by the Hutchinson family, in addition to which the following peers also resided in Grafton-street: Lord Kinsale (1778), Viscount Grandison (1783); the Earl of Dunsany (1786); Lord Newhaven of Carrickmayne (1791), and Lord Massey of Duntryleague. James Beilly, a water-color miniature painter of some eminence, resided at no. 17 Grafton-street from 1774 to his death in 1788; and in the year 1776 Edward Hudson, a native of

Castlemartyr, Co. Cork, the most eminent dentist of his day in Ireland, removed from George's-lane to number 69, Grafton-street,\* nearly opposite to Anne-street, where he continued to reside for many years. Distinguished no less for intellectual acquirements than for professional skill, he became the associate of the leading characters of his time, and on the formation of the "Monks of St. Patrick" the important office of bursar to that fraternity was conferred upon him. Curran, in his early struggles, was much indebted to the friendship and liberality of Hudson, who, in predicting the future eminence of his despondent youthful friend, failed not to inculcate such sentiments as we find in the following extract:—

"Consider now and then, Jack, what you are destined for; and never, even in your distresses, draw consolation from so mean a thought, as that your abilities may one day render your circumstances easy or affluent; but that you may one day have it in your power to do justice to the wronged—to wipe the tear from the widow or orphan, will afford the satisfaction that is worthy of a man." "It would be injustice," says Curran's son, "to suppress another passage. Having a little before chided his friend for neglecting to inform him of the state of his finances, Mr. Hudson goes on:

"I think I shall be a man of no small fame to-morrow or

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\* From the period of the opening of Carlisle bridge, the private residences in Grafton-street became gradually converted into shops. The "Black Lyon Inn" was located at the corner of Anne-street (1762), and the "City Tavern" (1787) also stood in Grafton street. The "Incorporated Society for the promotion of Protestant schools" held their committees in this street, previous to the erection of their house in Suffolk-street (1758); the Tallow chandlers, or "Guild of St. George," had their hall in Grafton-street (1783); and there were also several lottery offices here, of which the best known was the "Lion's office," no. 101, corner of Suffolk-street. The noted Catherine Netterville (1770) had a magnificent residence in Grafton-street, which was the scene of the frightful suicide of Mr. Stone of Jamaica, her insane paramour. A forcible illustration of the popular error relative to the value of the farthings of Queen Anne was furnished by the consequences of the discovery, in 1814, of one of those coins by George Home, an assistant in the shop of J. Miller, confectioner, no. 3 Grafton-street. Home's refusal to surrender the coin, received in his employer's shop, was made the ground of a criminal prosecution, and he was sentenced by the Recorder to be confined for twelve months in Newgate, and subsequently imprisoned until he gave up the farthing; the court being ignorant that the scarcest of Queen Anne's farthings is not worth more than five pounds, the generality of them not exceeding a few shillings in value. The wealth subsequently accumulated by the industry of Home enabled him to erect the "Royal Arcade;" his success was, however, popularly ascribed to his having found a farthing of Queen Anne.

next day, and though 'tis but the fame of a dentist, yet if that of an honest man is added to it, I shall not be unhappy. Write speedily to me, and if you are in want, think I shall not be satisfied with my fortunes—believe me I shall never think I make a better use of my possessions than when such a friend as Jack can assist me in their uses." With Edward Hudson in Grafton-street resided his cousin and namesake, Edward Hudson, the younger, who gave early indications of superior talents. Moore, who became acquainted with him in 1797, tells us "that he was a remarkably fine and handsome young man, who could not have been at that time more than two or three and twenty years of age," and adds that,

"Though educated merely for the purposes of his profession, he was full of zeal and ardour for everything connected with the fine arts; drew with much taste himself, and was passionately devoted to Irish music. He had with great industry collected and transcribed all our most beautiful airs, and used to play them with much feeling on the flute. I attribute, indeed, a good deal of my own early acquaintance with our music, if not the warm interest which I have since taken in it, to the many hours I passed at this time of my life tête-à-tête with Edward Hudson,—now trying over the sweet melodies of our country, now talking with indignant feelings of her sufferings and wrongs."

This young dentist became one of the most intimate of Moore's friends, and was the only person entrusted with the secret of the latter having contributed political essays to the leading Irish journal of the day. Moore has himself enabled us to judge how far the origin of his Irish melodies is attributable to Edward Hudson, erroneously, however, stating that the latter was the nephew of his elder name-sake :

"It was in the year 1797 that, through the medium of Mr. Bunting's book, I was first made acquainted with the beauties of our native music. A young friend of our family, Edward Hudson, the nephew of an eminent dentist of that name, who played with much taste and feeling on the flute, and unluckily for himself, was but too deeply warmed with the patriotic ardour then kindling around him, was the first who made known to me this rich mine of our country's melodies;—a mine, from the working of which my humble labours as a poet have since then derived their sole lustre and value."

Edward Hudson, the elder, had repeatedly declined pressing solicitations to join the society of United Irishmen; his cousin, however, became deeply involved in their plans, and was appointed one of their provincial delegates, in which capacity he

was sitting in council when arrested in March, 1798. Of his imprisonment Moore has left the following reminiscence :—

"When, in consequence of the compact entered into between government and the chief leaders of the conspiracy, the State Prisoners, before proceeding into exile, were allowed to see their friends, I paid a visit to this gentleman in the jail of Kilmainham, where he had then lain immured for four or five months, hearing of friend after friend being led out to death, and expecting every week his own turn to come. As painting was one of his tastes, I found that, to amuse his solitude, he had made a large drawing with charcoal on the wall of his prison, representing that fancied origin of the Irish harp, which, some years after, I adopted as the subject of one of the melodies :—

' 'Tis believ'd that this harp, which I wake now for thee,  
Was a Syren of old, who sung under the sea ;  
And who often, at eve, thro' the bright waters rov'd,  
To meet on the green shore, a youth whom she lov'd.' "

The beautiful allegorical design here commemorated was not conceived in the gloomy cell of Kilmainham, the sketch made by the prisoner being merely a reproduction of a vignette drawn by the elder Hudson and prefixed to an ode for St. Cecilia's day, written by him and printed for private circulation. The younger Hudson formed one of the Irish state prisoners confined in Fort George, after his liberation from which he retired to America, where he married the daughter of Patrick Byrne, the exiled publisher.

The elder Hudson wrote several small political and scientific treatises ; by his skill dental surgery was in Ireland first elevated to the rank of a profession ; and mainly from his instructions his nephew, Blake,\* was enabled pre-eminently to advance our country's reputation in this branch of science. Surgeon Hudson died in 1821, at the age of 79, and those who are acquainted with the modern history of Irish literature, can testify that his intellectual and enlightened tastes have not been impaired in their transmission to his descendants.

Wolfe Tone details as follows the origin of his alliance with his wife Matilda, who subsequently exhibited so noble an example of female fortitude and self-devotion :—

"About the beginning of the year 1785, I became acquainted with my wife. She was the daughter of William Witherington, and

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\* Author of the highly valued "Essay on the structure and formation of the teeth in man and various animals by Robert Blake, M.D., being principally a translation of his inaugural dissertation published at Edinburgh, September, 1798," 8vo. Dublin: 1801.

lived, at that time, in Grafton-street, in the house of her grandfather, a rich old clergyman, of the name of Fanning. I was then a scholar of the house in the University, and every day, after commons, I used to walk under her windows with one or the other of my fellow students; I soon grew passionately fond of her, and she, also, was struck with me, though certainly my appearance, neither then nor now, was much in my favour; so it was, however, that, before we had ever spoken to each other, a mutual affection had commenced between us. She was, at this time, not sixteen years of age, and as beautiful as an angel. She had a brother some years older than herself; and as it was necessary, for my admission to the family, that I should be first acquainted with him, I soon contrived to be introduced to him, and as he played well on the violin, and I was myself a musical man, we grew intimate, the more so, as it may well be supposed. I neglected no fair means to recommend myself to him and the rest of the family, with whom I soon grew a favorite. My affairs now advanced prosperously; my wife and I grew more passionately fond of each other; and, in a short time, I proposed to her to marry me, without asking consent of any one, knowing well it would be in vain to expect it; she accepted the proposal as frankly as I made it; and one beautiful morning in the month of July, we ran off together and were married. I carried her out of town to Maynooth for a few days, and when the first ecstacy of passion had subsided, we were forgiven on all sides, and settled in lodgings near my wife's grandfather."

By a singular coincidence, the informer Reynolds became the husband of the sister of Tone's wife; to the latter Lucien Bonaparte alluded as follows in his public oration in 1799:—

"It is precisely one year since, on the same day and in the same month, a court martial was assembled in Dublin, to try a general officer in the service of our Republic.—You have heard the last words of this illustrious martyr of liberty. What could I add to them? You see him, under your own uniform, in the midst of this assassinating tribunal, in the midst of this awe-struck and affected assembly. You hear him exclaim, 'After such sacrifices in the cause of liberty, it is no great effort, at this day, to add the sacrifice of my life. I have courted poverty; I have left a beloved wife, unprotected, and children, whom I adored, fatherless.' Pardon him, if he forgot, in these last moments, that you were to be the fathers and protectors of his Matilda and of his children.—A few words more—on the widow of Theobald; on his children. Calamity would have overwhelmed a weaker soul. The death of her husband was not the only one she had to deplore. His brother was condemned to the same fate; and with less good fortune, or less firmness, perished on the scaffold. If the services of Tone were not sufficient, of themselves, to rouse your feelings, I might mention the independent spirit and firmness of that noble woman, who, on the tomb of her husband and her brother, mingles, with her sighs,

aspirations for the deliverance of Ireland. I would attempt to give you an idea of that Irish spirit which is blended in her countenance, with the expression of her grief. Such were those women of Sparta, who, on the return of their countrymen from battle, when, with anxious looks, they ran over the ranks and missed amongst them their sons, their husbands, and their brothers, exclaimed, 'He died for his country; he died for the Republic.' "

Patrick Byrne,\* an eminent bookseller, removed in 1784 from College-green to no. 108, Grafton-street, next to the

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\* The other booksellers and publishers in Grafton-street before the Union were, William Ross (1765); Samuel Watson, no. 71 (1785); George Draper (1790); John Milliken, no. 32 (1791); Bernard Dornin, no. 33 (1792); William Porter, no. 69 (1796); Alderman John Exshaw, no. 98 (1782), publisher of "Exshaw's Magazine;" on St. Patrick's day, 1797, the first regiment of "Royal Dublin Volunteers," commanded by this bookseller, was presented by Miss Exshaw, at his house, with two elegant stands of colors, richly embroidered by herself, and accompanied with an address. John Jones, bookseller, of no. 111 Grafton-street, opposite to the College, was the publisher of the "Sentimental and Masonic Magazine," commenced in July, 1792, and concluded in August, 1795. This periodical was edited by William Paulet Carey, a portrait painter and engraver, who first became known by his political prints, among which was one published in 1787, depicting Father O'Leary and the Presbyterian Dr. Campbell joining hands at the altar of peace. In 1791 he established the "National Evening Star" on the principles adopted on the foundation of the society of United Irishmen later in the same year. This paper, written almost entirely by himself, soon gained popularity from its tone, and Carey was styled the "printer of the people;" his essays most attractive to the public taste were those signed "Junius Hibernicus," and his poetic contributions under the name of "Scriblerius Murtough O'Pindar," were subsequently collected and entitled "The Nettle, an Irish bouquet, to tickle the nose of an English viceroy; being a collection of political songs and parodies, dedicated to the Marquis Grimaldo (Buckingham), governor of Baratania, by Scriblerius Murtough O'Pindar, now hanging about in the first circles of fashion, and sung to some of the most favorite airs. To which are added, the Prophecy, an irregular ode, addressed to his Excellency shortly after his arrival: and the Triumph of Freedom, addressed to the Right Hon. Henry Grattan, by the same author." Carey became notorious by the decided opinions he promulgated relative to the various political points then being agitated, and he devoted a considerable space in his paper to the advocacy of Tandy, while the latter was under prosecution. Considering it his duty to censure Dr. Theobald Mac Kenna for differing with the Catholic committee, he assailed him in a series of letters published under the name of "William Tell." Mac Kenna, in retaliation, succeeded in having Carey rejected when proposed a member of the United Irish Society by Rowan and Tandy; however, on a second ballot time he was elected by a large majority. In 1792 Carey was prosecuted for having published certain political documents issued by the United Irishmen, for which the society promised him indemnification, but finding himself deserted by them when in difficulties, he was obliged in self-defence to give evidence on the trial of Dr.



Irish Academy house, where he published the principal pamphlets in favor of parliamentary reform and Catholic emancipation. Among the works issued by Byrne, was Wolfe Tone's second essay in pamphleteering published in 1790, under the title of "An inquiry how far Ireland is bound, of right, to embark in the impending contest on the side of Great Britain: Addressed to the members of both houses of parliament;" relative to this production its author has left the following anecdote:—

"On the appearance of a rupture with Spain, I wrote a pamphlet to prove that Ireland was not bound by the declaration of war, but might, and ought, as an independent nation, to stipulate for a neutrality. In examining this question, I advanced the question of separation, with scarcely any reserve, much less disguise; but the public mind was by no means so far advanced as I was, and my pamphlet made not the smallest impression. The day after it appeared, as I stood perdue in the bookseller's shop, listening after my own reputation, Sir Henry Cavendish, a notorious slave of the House of Commons, entered, and throwing my unfortunate pamphlet on the counter in a rage, exclaimed, 'Mr. Byrne, if the author of that work is serious, he ought to be hanged.' Sir Henry was succeeded by a bishop, an English Doctor of Divinity, with five or six thousand a year, laboriously earned in the church. His lordship's anger was not much less than that of the other personage. 'Sir,' said he, 'if the principles contained in that abominable work were to spread, do you know that you would have to pay for your coals at the rate of five pounds a ton?' Notwithstanding these criticisms, which I have faithfully quoted against myself, I continue to think my pamphlet a good one; but, apparently, the publisher, Mr. Byrne, was of a different opinion, for I have every reason to believe that he suppressed the whole impression, for which his own Gods damn him."

Hamilton Rowan selected Byrne to publish the authorized report of his trial in 1794, which, with Rowan's usual

Dreanan in 1794, and appealed to the public in justification of his conduct. Carey engraved several of the plates, and wrote the majority of the verse in the "Masonic Magazine;" his assistants in the latter department being John Brennan, M.D., W. E. O'Brien, and Thomas Moore; the latter tells us that Carey desired to have his portrait engraved, a proceeding prevented by the interference of his mother. We find that, although not elsewhere noticed, Moore contributed to this Magazine the following pieces, not included in any edition of his works: "Anacrostique to a bee;" "Myrtilla, to the unfortunate Maria, a pastoral ballad;" "The Shepherd's Farewell, a pastoral ballad;" and a poem styled "Friendship." Jones, the publisher of the Magazine, was succeeded in Grafton-street in 1797 by a bookseller named Rice. Carey died in America; his sons were long the most wealthy booksellers in Philadelphia, where they published in 1819 M. Carey's elaborate "Vindiciæ Hibernicæ."

philanthropy was sold for the benefit of the distressed manufacturers.

"There is not a day," said Curran, "that you hear the cries of your starving manufacturers in your streets, that you do not also see the advocate of their sufferings—that you do not see his honest and manly figure, with uncovered head, soliciting for their relief; searching the frozen heart of charity for every string that can be touched by compassion, and urging the force of every argument and every motive, save that which his modesty suppresses—the authority of his own generous example. Or if you see him not there, you may trace his steps to the abode of disease, and famine, and despair, the messenger of heaven, bearing with him food, and medicine, and consolation."

The following dialogue took place between Byrne and the chief justice of the king's bench relative to the publication of the trial of Rowan:—

*Lord Clonmel.* 'Your servant, Mr. Byrne; I perceive you have advertised Mr. Rowan's trial.'

*Byrne.* 'The advertisement, my lord, is Mr. Rowan's, he has selected me as his publisher, which I think an honour, and I hope it will be profitable.'

*Lord Clonmel.* 'Take care, sir, what you do; I give you this caution; for if there are any reflections on the judges of the land, by the eternal G— I will lay you by the heels!'

*Byrne.* 'I have many thanks to return your lordship for your caution; I have many opportunities of going to Newgate, but I have never been ambitious of that honour, and I hope in this case to stand in the same way. Your lordship knows I have but one principle in trade, which is to make money of it, and that if there were two publications giving different features to the trial I would publish both. There is a trial published by M'Kenzie.'

*Lord Clonmel.* 'I did not know that; but say what you may on the subject, if you print or publish what may inflame the mob, it behoves the judges of the land to notice it; and I tell you by the eternal G—, if you publish or mis-state my expressions, I will lay you by the heels! One of Mr. Rowan's advocates set out with an inflammatory speech, mis-stating what I said, and stating what I did not say. I immediately denied it, and appealed to the court and gentlemen in it, and they all contradicted him, as well as myself. These speeches were made for the mob, to mislead and inflame them, which I feel it my duty to curb. If the publication is intended to abuse me, I don't value it; I have been so long in the habit of receiving abuse, that it will avail little; but I caution you how you publish it; for if I find anything reflecting on or mis-stating me, I will take care of you.'

*Byrne.* 'I should hope Mr. Rowan has too much honor to have anything mis-stated or inserted in his trial that would involve his publisher.'

*Lord Clonmel.* 'What! is Mr. Rowan preparing his own trial?'

*Byrne.* 'He is, my Lord.'

*Lord Clonmel.* 'Oho, Oho! that is a different thing. That gentleman would not have been better used by me, standing in the situation he did, if he was one of the princes of the blood.'

*Byrne.* 'My Lord, Mr. Rowan being his own printer, you know he will publish his own trial; I stand only as his publisher.'

*Lord Clonmel.* 'Even as his publisher, I will take care of you; and I have no objection to this being known.'

*Byrne.* 'I return your Lordship many thanks.'

Byrne's shop in Grafton-street was the usual literary rendezvous of the United Irishmen, and the publisher, himself a member of that association, was the first Roman Catholic admitted into the guild of booksellers,\* after the relaxation of the Penal laws in 1793. One of the most constant visitors to his establishment from the year 1796 was captain John Warneford Armstrong, of the king's county militia, whose regiment was stationed in 1798 at the camp at Loughlinstown. Armstrong, then about twenty-nine years of age, openly avowed anti-monarchical principles, and was in the habit of purchasing at Byrne's publications of republican and deistical tendencies. Having led the bookseller to believe that his political sentiments coincided with those of the United Irishmen, he procured from him in 1798 an introduction to the brothers Sheares, who were then engaged in maturing their revolutionary organization.

"Armstrong, on leaving Byrne's on the 10th of May, immediately proceeded to his brother officer, Captain Clibborn, and informed him of what had passed. The latter advised him to 'give the Sheares a meeting.' He then returned to Byrne's late the same day, and remained there till Henry arrived. Byrne led him to the inner part of the shop, toward a private room, and introduced him to Sheares, in these terms: 'All I can say to you, Mr. Sheares, is that Captain Armstrong is a true brother, and you may depend on him.

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\* Previous to the declaration of independence in 1782, the company of Dublin booksellers was the first corporation which publicly associated to wear Irish manufacture, in which they appeared dressed at their anniversary banquets. John Exshaw, bookseller and high sheriff, presided over the general meeting of the freemen and freeholders of the city of Dublin, at which they resolved: "That we will not, from the date hereof, until the grievances of this country shall be removed, directly or indirectly import or consume any of the manufactures of Great Britain; nor will we deal with any merchant, or shopkeeper, who shall import such manufactures; and that we recommend the adoption of a similar agreement to all our countrymen who regard the commerce and constitution of this country."

They remained at the entrance of the private room; but Henry Sheares declined any conversation, 'except in the presence of his brother.' Armstrong said, 'he had no objection to wait until his brother came.' Henry, however, declined to wait; and shortly after, John Sheares arrived, and was introduced to him by Byrne. John Sheares told Captain Armstrong, 'he knew his principles very well.' He then solicited him 'to join the cause by action, as he knew he had done by inclination;' and Armstrong replied, 'he was ready to do everything in his power for it, and if he could show him how he could do anything, he would serve him to the utmost of his power.' Sheares then informed him, he states, that the rising was very near; 'they could not wait for the French, but had determined on a home effort;' and the principal way he could assist them, was by gaining over the soldiers, and consulting about taking the camp at Lehaunstown. John Sheares then made an appointment with him for the following Sunday, at his house in Baggot-street; and on that day he went and found Henry only at home. He apologised for leaving him on the former occasion, 'having had to attend a committee that day.' The informer states, he then asked about the camp, where it was most vulnerable? how to be most advantageously attacked? John came in, and spoke about the necessity of gaining over the soldiers, and then informed Armstrong, that their intention was to seize the camp, the artillery at Chapelizod, and the city of Dublin in one night: there was to be an hour and a half between the seizing of the camp and Dublin; an hour between seizing Dublin and Chapelizod; so that the news of both might arrive at the same time. The 13th, on Sunday night, at eleven o'clock, by appointment, Armstrong had another interview with the brothers at their house, for the purpose of getting the name of some soldiers in his regiment who were known to the United Irishmen."

Having thus insinuated himself into the confidence of his victims, he carefully noted down their conversations, which were immediately reported to government. "I never," said he, "had an interview with the Sheares, that I had not one with colonel L'Estrange and captain Clibborn, and my lord Castlereagh." Not satisfied with the amount of information so obtained, Armstrong obtained admission to the domestic circle of the Sheares, and within a few hours after quitting their table lodged depositions, which led his hosts to the scaffold. Byrne, whose integrity to his party was unimpeachable, was arrested in his own house by his neighbour, alderman Exshaw, conducted to the castle, subjected to a strict examination, and committed to Newgate on the 21st of May, 1798. He was subsequently permitted to retire to America, whence he never returned to his native land.

### ART. III.—CHARLES KENDAL BUSHE.

UPON the mind of him who, in the full tide of Term, stands, as we have just stood, in the Hall of the Four Courts, how many melancholy thoughts rush back, as he contemplates the present condition of the Irish Bar, and then recalls its past glories.

Fifty-three years ago Ireland possessed a Bar, brilliant, witty, eloquent, and national. Proud of their profession, which, as Sir William Jones wrote, was "the only road to the highest stations in the country;" proud of their country, as in it they were the equals of the highest noble; careful of its liberties, and jealous of the integrity of its institutions, as in them they saw the best security for freedom, and for the stability of the commonwealth; sternly consistent in the support of the party to which they attached themselves; seeing in *la noblesse de la robe*, a dignity higher than that of him who was but the accident of an accident, (a patrician by birth), they were ready, according to the custom of the time, to back their quarrels in the field; and an active fancy, and a ready pen, frequently required support from the quick eye, or the steady hand, upon the pistol or the rapier.\*

Like their brethren of France, the Irish lawyers were jovial, gay, and literary; they never thought that "The Lady Com-

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\* Egan, Chairman of the county Dublin Quarter Sessions, fought the Master of the Rolls at Donnybrook, and fought Jerry Keller at the Waterford assizes upon a point of law. Fitzgibbon when Attorney General fought John Philpot Curran. Scott, Lord Clonmel, fought Lord Tyrrawley, the Earl of Llandaff, and half a dozen other antagonists. Metge, a Baron of the Exchequer, fought three duels, one with his own brother-in-law. Grady, first Counsel to the Revenue, fought Maher and Campbell and many others. Curran fought many duels, and challenged Lord Buckingham, the Chief Secretary for Ireland. Bagnal Harvey, afterwards hanged for being a rebel, fought Sir Hardinge Gifford, subsequently Chief Justice of Ceylon. The Right Hon. G. Ogle, a rampant Orangeman, a Privy Councillor, fought Barney Coyle, a distiller. Henry Grattan fought Lord Earlsfort, and the Hon. Isaac Corry. The Hon. J. Hely Hutchinson, Provost of Trinity College, fought Doyle, a Master in Chancery, and his son, the Hon. Francis Hutchinson, Collector of Customs for the port of Dublin, fought Lord Mountnorris. The Hon. Patrick Duigenan, a Fellow and Tutor of T.C.D. fought two duels. Patterson fought three duels. Lord Norbury, John Toler, fought "Fighting Fitzgerald."

mon-Law should lie alone," and they always joined the study of their profession with that of general literature.—The famous flea which, in one of the *Grands Jours* of Poitiers, Pasquier saw, *parquée au beau melieu du sein de Mademoiselle Catherine des Roches*, and which set him, and President de Harlay, and Brisson, and Pithou, and Claude Binet, and Nicholas Rapin, and Pierre de Solfour, President of the Parliament of Paris, and even Joe Scaliger, rhyming in Latin, Greek, French, and Italian,\* would, in the old Irish Bar, have found ready, witty, and melodious panegyrists. They never considered that their profession required they should become prigs; and they could apply to themselves the quaint lines of old Maynard, in his *XII. Wonders of the World*:—

" The law my calling is,  
My robe, my tongue, my pen,  
Wealth and opinion gaine,  
And make me judge of men.  
The knowne dishonest cause  
I never did defend,  
Nor spunne out sutes in length.  
But wisht and sought an end,  
Nor counsaile did bewray,  
Nor of both parties take,  
Nor ever tooke I fee  
For which I never spake."

Thus the old Irish Bar was constituted, but as times passed on, as our Custom-house became a nest of offices for English clerks, and its stores became unoccupied, save by rats and vermin; as our Exchange became the mouldering and deserted proof of our decadence, as our squares became tenantless, and as the mansions of our nobility were subdivided or sold—so our national Bar, as a body, took a lower tone, and whilst its

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These very curious poems were collected and published in a small quarto volume, in the year 1582. It bears the title—"La Puce; ou Jeux Poëtiques Francois et Latins: composez sur la Puce aux Grands Jours de Poitiers l'an 1579: dont Pasquier fut le premier motif." It is dedicated to the President Harlay, in a very clever sonnet. The book is very rare. There is a copy in the British Museum, to which Robert Southey first drew our attention, and it certainly shows a state of society as bizarre as any ever witnessed. Grave judges, and lawyers, and scholars, writing about a flea—how the world would stare if Hodges and Smith or Longman should announce, "Poems upon a Flea, by Lord Chancellor Brady, Lord St. Leonards, Sir A. Cockburn, and Dr. Whewell."

members, as individuals, continued, in many points, as of old, the *esprit de corps* was extinguished, never to be revived.

If we listen in the Hall or in the Library of the Four Courts, in place of the dashing, racy, conversation of former days, we hear nothing but the bald talk of budding betting men, who can tell you all the odds at Tattersall's or at Dycer's, and who can canvass the last letter of "Littleleg's," and speculate upon the next run with the "Ward." We see Judges' sons and nephews looking with contempt upon their brother barristers, and introducing the cliquism of their mothers' drawing-rooms into that place, where every man who bears himself as a gentleman, and wears a gown, is fully their equal. We perceive legal exquisites, who come down to court at one o'clock, in patent leather boots and Haubikant's gloves, and who are known only as the patrons of the Almack's subscription balls at the Rotunda, or as the habitués of Merriion-square, and as *flâneurs* at the bands on Kingstown jetty, where they prove their belief in Paul de Kock's maxim, "*C'est si gentille d'avoir une belle cousine!*" No thought of professional learning, or of Ireland, ever crosses their minds; they can tell you all the petty scandal of the city, and appear as if meant by nature for men-milliners rather than for barristers, and all their empty chatter is of the absurd, would-be, exclusive coteries of Dublin. They know nothing of pleas or of declarations, but are deeply versed in all the mysteries of the Polka, and from long practice in it, and from the propinquity which the dance requires, can name to their confreres the women whose hair is kept *crêpé* by bandoline, and with whom it continues so naturally; and can tell whose figure owes its undulating outline to nature, and who is indebted for it to the stay-maker. Doubtless, this all arises from the present position of the Bar and of the country. Family, or party, or clever time-serving meanness, or political scoundrelism, secures so much and so quickly, whilst merit, excepting after years of toil, commands so little in the legal profession in Ireland, that young men cannot be much condemned if they enjoy the six years probation which must elapse before the Assistant Barristership can be claimed.

But the older members of the Bar have also fallen off from the spirit of the nobler age; there is nothing more amusing than to watch the seniors in the Hall when a change of ministry is reported—The hurry, the anxiety, the distraction, the

whispering in quiet passages, the confabulations in retired corners, are all the very perfection of the light comedy of real life, and remind one most vividly of the *Beggar's Opera*, and of the famous scene between Peachum and Lockit. We do not refer to these instances of anxiety for self-advancement as crimes: to expect that men will not look for place, and desire all the position and patronage which place can give in this country, is a simple absurdity. Office in the legal profession in Ireland is, but too often, the reward or price agreed on for services performed, and for which, in many cases, a special action of assumpsit would lie were the promisee but sufficiently shameless to bring it. Queen's counselships have become as plentiful in Ireland as were crosses of the Legion of Honor in France during the rule of Louis Philip, and they have, in some cases, been distributed in a manner so lavish and so indiscriminate, that one feels inclined to apply to the appointments the epigram of Samuel Lover:—

“Of modern Queen's Counsel this truth may be said,  
They have silk on the back—but stuff in the head.”

But the glories of the Irish bar are not entirely annihilated; doubtless, there are still men in the profession whose merit half redeems its fall—whose genius glorifies it, and by whose eloquence it is enobled. Law, in Ireland, from a great science, may, by modern and adventurous legislation, become no more than a simple craft. The great text books may be rendered useless; our Chancellorships and our Judgeships may be abolished; those courts in which wisdom has presided, in which learning has unfolded all its hoarded treasures, in which eloquence has persuaded, or terrified, or charmed; those courts in which Pennefather, and Wolfe, and Burton, and Plunket, and Bushe, and O'Loughlen have sat as Judges; those courts in which Curran, and Plunket, and Bushe, and O'Connell, and Sheil, and Whiteside, and Butt have flashed the brilliant glories of their genius, may be abolished; the galling stigma of degraded provincialism may be still more deeply branded on unhappy Ireland, and our national Forum, the last remaining monument—the proudest record—of Irish independence, may become the occasional seat of an English Judge—Irish law may be rendered so simple as to require no greater space than that afforded by a legal hand-book, whilst the principles of an English County Court may regulate the



legal requirements of the Irish nation. Thus centralized, and the Lord Lieutenancy abolished, the record of Ireland's wrongs will become so foul, so base, so horrible, that if the most deeply damned fiend could read our history by the blaze of hell's fiercest fire, he would shudder at the degradation of a people who, year by year, have suffered themselves to be bullied into slavery and bribed into patient acquiescence. But deep as this degradation might be, there are old recollections—dreams now, but, in brighter and better times, glowing realities—which, despite all the decay that has, and yet may, come upon us, give, and must ever give, a golden ray to the decline of the Irish Bar. Even at this day there are men who, like Macdonough, and Fitzgibbon, and Brewster, and Christian, illustrate it by their learning and ability; men who, like Whiteside and like Butt, make it glorious by an eloquence and by a power of advocacy which rise with the importance of the subject, and swell in grandeur, in intensity, and in earnestness, as difficulties gather round the client. Young men who, like Armstrong, and Meagher, and Ball, make the junior ranks of the profession junior only in their years, and in the period of their call—These and others, are men who worthily represent the brave, proud old days of Ireland, in which the gown of the lawyer was as honorable as the ribbon of a peer, and when the profession of an Irish barrister was, as the great Chancellor D'Agessseau writes of that of the French advocate—"Nobility without title, rank without birth, and riches without an estate."

Amongst the most brilliant of all the brilliant lawyers who have distinguished this country within the last seventy years, Charles Kendal Bushe was the most remarkable—as a patriot, whilst patriotism was virtue; the most national whilst life continued—the equal, if not the victor, of Plunket, as a lawyer and as an advocate; his equal—few men since the creation of the world were his superiors—as an orator. He was born before patriotism was looked upon as the creed of an Utopian, or as a marketable commodity to be sold for money, or bartered for place and title. Springing from respectable, but not from patrician parents, he rose to high offices in the state; and after years of party strife, of political turmoil, and of official and judicial service, no man can point to his grave and call

him a traitor, a time-server, a renegade to his early principles, or a self-seeker in any portion of his long career.

Charles Kendal Bushe was born on the 13th day of January, 1767, at Kilmurry, about a mile from Thomastown, in the county of Kilkenny. The family of Bushe are stated to have first settled in Ireland under the Viceroyalty of Lord Carteret, and their founder was Secretary in this country during part of the reign of William III.; but we have been informed that some branch of the family was resident in the county of Kilkenny so early as the reign of James II.

Secretary Bushe, however, purchased, or acquired by grant, very considerable property in the neighbourhood of Thomastown, including Kilfane, now the estate of Sir John Power, which came into the possession of the late, and first, baronet by marriage with Harriet, daughter of Gervais Parker Bushe, of Kilfane. About the year 1690, the member of the Bushe family who was then proprietor of Kilfane, married Eleanor Wandesford, sister of the first Viscount Wandesford. By her he had two sons who inherited, Amyas, the elder, Kilfane, from whom the Kilfane Buses sprung. To Arthur, the younger, was left Kilmurry, a not very considerable property, and severed from the family estates.

Thomas Bushe, the eldest son of Arthur, entered into holy orders and married Catherine Doyle, sister of the late General Sir John Doyle, who was Colonel of the 87th Regiment, and afterwards governor of Guernsey. The owners of Kilmurry had unfortunately encumbered it, and the Rev. Thomas Bushe was compelled to either sell or mortgage the property, and to accept the rectorship of Mitchelstown in the county of Cork, and the chaplainship of Kingston College.\*

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\* Kingston College is a handsome and extensive range of building raised in the lifetime of the founder, James Lord Kingston, who endowed it with £25,000, to be vested as trustees, in the Archbishop of Cashel, and the Bishops of Cloyne, Waterford, and Limerick, and to be devoted after the completion of the buildings to the support of a chaplain, of twelve poor gentlemen, and eighteen poor gentlewomen, with preference to such as had been tenants on the Kingston estate. The duty of the chaplain is to read morning and evening prayers daily, to preach a sermon every Sunday morning, and to administer the sacrament at Easter, Whitsuntide, and Christmas, for which he receives the sum of £120 per annum, with a house and garden: the inmates must be members of the Established Church: they each receive £40 per annum, and to every two a house. The buildings are sixteen dwelling-houses, with a chapel in the centre of the row, and beneath the chapel is placed the vault of the Kingston family.

Before leaving Kilmurry two children were born to him—a daughter named Elizabeth, and Charles, called also Kendal, which name was given to him in memory of Mr. Kendal, who had left by will to the Rev. Thomas Bushe, the property entitled Mount Juliet, then, and afterwards, occupied by Lord Carrick. Charles' first school days were passed at Ballytore, in the county Kildare, where the great Edmund Burke received his early instruction,\* and his later in the academy of Mr. Craig, a clergyman who resided in Henry-street, Dublin. At this school his companions were Theobald Wolfe Tone and Dr. Miller, the author of the *Philosophy of History*. Of his boyish years nothing very remarkable is related; he was not notorious for stupidity like Swift and Sheridan; he was not remarkable for ability like Erskine or Scott. After the usual school probation, he entered Trinity College in the month of July, 1782. His career there was honorable to his ability, and he carried off the gold medal from very able and remarkable competitors, and in the year 1783 he obtained a scholarship, with eight first best marks.

At the period of his entrance into College the Historical Society was in the full zenith of its reputation. It had been founded by Grattan and by his coevals, and with Bushe, the speakers were Plunket, Miller, Graves, and Magee. But it was ever viewed with jealousy and distrust by the Board. It is unnecessary here to refer at any length to the history of its expulsion from the College. It is sufficient to state that the expressed reasons were as follow:—Miller, when junior Dean, and whilst walking in the Old-square one evening during the summer vacation, observed the entrance of a carriage from which there descended three young men and two women. He knew that these men occupied the rooms of some students who were then absent, and he thought it his duty to complain to the Board that the women had been brought within the walls. The Board, of course, took all proper steps, and ordered that the men who had thus offended, should not again be admitted. So the affair ended; but in the succeeding session Miller saw one of the parties thus forbidden to enter the College, present at a meeting of the Historical Society. He drew his attention to the fact of the prohibition, and requested him to leave the room; the request was refused, upon which Miller mentioned the facts to the

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\* The school was established in 1726 by Abraham Shackleton, grandfather of Mary Leadbeater.

officers of the Society, desiring that they would direct the intruding party to quit the apartment. Neither President nor officers would obey, and Miller was compelled to state all the facts to the Board, who, to prevent a recurrence of such scenes, prepared a certain code of rules, and ordered that unless they were accepted and considered binding, the Society could no longer meet within the walls of the College. The acceptance of the rules was refused; the Society was excluded, and thenceforth held its meetings in the Exhibition Rooms in William-street.

Thus, the society was prohibited from again meeting within the precincts of the College, and whilst, in the House of Commons, eloquence and patriotism had compelled the British minister to do justice to the nation, whilst Grattan and Flood night after night hurled their scathing and bitter invectives against the government; and, although a gallery of the House of Commons was specially set aside for the students of Trinity College, yet debates within the College upon those same subjects which had engaged their attention in the House, were strictly forbidden to the students.

As Bushe had been an ardent supporter, and the chief leader of that party who were most anxious that the society should continue to hold its meetings within the College, he was, as a mark of respect, requested to deliver the address at the close of the first session held without its walls.\* This address was eloquent, heartfelt, and glowing. It may want the thought, the gravity, or the severe finish which in after years distinguished the orator, but he had formed himself upon Grattan, and this speech displays most of the beauties, and few of the blemishes of the illustrious patriot; he cried :—

I have now remarked upon those slanders uttered against an institution which originate in malignity of heart: but malice was not our only foe, it called in dullness and bad taste to its aid, and from this triple alliance, from this mischievous conclave issued that rescript of barbarism, viz. 'That we were to be suppressed because oratory was an anti-collegiate study.' If oratory is not detrimental to mankind it cannot be anti-collegiate, except it be proved by college *logic* that what is honourable and useful and dignifying to *man* is unfit for the study of *youth*, that everything eligible is best taught negatively, and that no instruction is equal to learning by contradictions: but there are men who have even put it to issue whether

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\* Peter Burrowes spoke the closing address of the *last* session of all.

oratory has been useful to mankind, and have reasoned eloquently against eloquence; in what department of life, then, lies the danger of this fascinating destruction? Did St. Paul mistake the spirit of Christianity when he spake with the tongues of angels and of men? Has religion, has charity, suffered by the eloquence of Kirwan? That great man revived, if he did not create, pulpit eloquence:—The dulness of mankind had conspired with their vices to fetter the pulpit in the shackles of inaction. The smallest attempt at composition was spurned at as conceited—any attempt at oratory derided as theatrical—stupidity became orthodoxy—and genius reluctantly bridled itself at the peril of heresy:—but the mighty powers of that man, and a few more, broke down the despotism of prejudice—and what was the consequence—churches overflowed, religion disdained not the aid of talents—with a holy indignation he smote the haughty ones of the earth and denounced them before their God. Pride, like Felix, trembled before him: his eloquence, at once pathetic and commanding, opened all the sources of compassion and forced all the fortresses of vice—silly avarice, callous profligacy, selfish ambition, saucy presumption, all melted before him, their tears and their alms flowed plentifully; captivity was released, the fatherless and orphan were adopted, the widow's heart sung for joy.—Nor did it end here, the example was infectious, a sanctified emulation ran through the profession; universal exertion took place, and universal benevolence has followed it, and public charity has become the characteristic of this country. Bring me, then, the muddy-headed and cold-hearted divine who tells you that oratory is anti-collegiate and anti-clerical, and I will tell him that he is unfit for his high calling because his soul warms not his intellect in the discharge of it. He will never do that good to others which is the essence of his duty.—He may serve out dull homilies with phlegm of a Dutchman, and the graces of an automaton. He may laboriously entangle the simple beauties of the Gospel in the embarrassing mazes of a learned controversy, and profane its mysteries by presumptuous explication—he may make the Prophecies a riddle book, and the Revelations a conundrum, and think himself like *Oedipus* entitled, in virtue of his blindness, to solve the enigma, but he is not the sanguine, the zealous, the efficient, officer of the Almighty that is to turn many to righteousness, and whose reward is promised to be, that he shall shine like the stars for ever and ever. Bar eloquence, I hear, is also cried down—to study it is anti-collegiate, to practice it is anti-professional—good English induces suspicion of shallowness—but oratory is *prima facie* evidence of ignorance—the *black letter* and the *Belles lettres* are uncongenial—ornament is misdemeanour, and eloquence high treason. Such is the vile and senseless cant that assails the most liberal professions, and labours to illiberalize and degrade them. Such an opinion is the offspring of a vulgar and technical mind—

' Whose genius never soared beyond  
The narrow rules of art his youth had conned;  
And to long practice obstinately warm,  
Suspects conviction and relies on form.'

Such a man deprecates the genius which he does not possess ; and over-rates the handicraft he is equal to ; he would shear a splendid profession of its beams, and cut it down to trade ; but such a man has mistaken his trade : let him article himself to an attorney, or confine himself to special pleading ; and at his desk range through the variety of forensic intricacy ; on that foundation let him build his trade, and enjoy it too, "anything herein contained to the contrary thereof, in anywise notwithstanding." But I will not believe that the profession I preferred, because I thought it most liberal, is such a low mechanic craft as this. I will not give up the Burghs, and the Erskines, and the Currans of the profession, to those fair jurisprudents and learned applicants of the law who scorn the genius that scorns them. The orations of such men will live while the language does, when the skulls and the parchments of the others shall have mouldered together, and the saucy grave-digger, and saucier critic will say, ' This *might* have been the head of a lawyer—where now be your quipps and your quiddities—is that the fine of your fines and the recovery of your recoveries ? ' The orations of Cicero are young at this day, almost in their two thousandth year. Peilius Corvinus atque Poplicola, who were, I suppose, the black letter men of their days, *qui excidavere causas latine*, are only known or preserved by a line in a poem, which perhaps, their gravity would have despised. To elicit the fair and lovely forms of justice and equity from technical imprisonment—to dig out the ore of the *principle* from the rubbish of the *practice*—to polish the severity and decorate the nakedness of law—to call in the feeling of the heart to the aid of the understanding bewildered by professional intricacy—to preserve the invaluable trial by jury, by working and keeping alive the feelings and passions of jurors—to advocate the oppressed—to vindicate the persecuted—to thunder a terrifying eloquence into the ear of a hard-hearted, corrupt, or weak judge ; or when a high-handed and inflated prerogative *lawyer* from the bench threatens public liberty in the person of the individual, to make the cause of the client the cause of the country, and shield the constitution from the abuses of the law—these are the high behests of legal eloquence—this the high calling of the advocate. I shall tremble for my country when the practice or the study of oratory is cried down—its glory and its liberty will not long survive. He is but a poor official politician, and his heart cannot embrace a comprehensive conception, who can see danger in the exercise of public talent. Such politicians, however, there are, who, with the talents of a gauger, would grasp or direct the sceptre with that hand which should yield the dipping rule. Politics would be to such men as narrow a science as law, and eloquence would be little necessary in either ; they would feel much fastidiousness but little inspiration. When the British senate rung with the eloquence of Burke or Sheridan, proclaiming the wrongs—advocating the liberties—and clamouring for the redress of the distant millions of Africa and Hindostan—when England, building a new character upon the genius of her sons, not raised upon the spoils of a sordid commerce, or the trophies of a destructive conquest, rose over the

admiring world the arbitress of justice—the emporium of humanity. What would the enemy of eloquence feel when Grattan, asserting the independence of a nation, and adjusting the unbalanced liberties of an empire, with the magic of his fire-touched tongue, terrifies one country into justice, and inspirits another into freedom—when the awfulness of his virtues rushing majestic and overbearing upon the wings of his genius, impresses and controuls—and the flashes of his mind, like the lightnings of heaven, rapid and luminous, dazzle and astonish.

In Michaelmas Term 1790 he was called to the Bar, when in his twenty-third year; but two years before, upon attaining his majority, he had joined his father in securing the payment of that father's debts, and thus rendered himself liable for the sum of thirty thousand pounds. Shortly after his call, being intimate at the house of Mr. Crampton, of Merriion-square, he became attached to the daughter of his host, but found that his embarrassed circumstances formed an obstacle to his union with her. He retired for a while, weary and disgusted, from the world; but the cynicism or misanthropy which disappointment produces is, at four-and-twenty, seldom lasting, and the studies to which, in his Welch Patmos, Bushe devoted himself were calculated to teach him the patient resignation of a Christian, and the stern endurance of a philosopher.

Whilst he resided in this solitude, the principles of the French Revolution had gained ground in these kingdoms, and a society had been formed in Dublin, for the expressed purpose of circulating, at a very low price, the works of Tom Paine—particularly his *Rights of Man*. Bushe, always a Tory of that time when Toryism was patriotism, and which found its last, and brightest, and most honored representative in George Canning, turned his pen to the service of order, and of rational freedom, and in his now little known pamphlet, *On French Affairs*, the following passages occur:—

Any man who has studied the merits and enjoyed the blessings of the English constitution, cannot but be alarmed when the legislators of France (these babes and sucklings in politics) are held up in their cradle to the imitation of a country where government adds the strength of maturity to the venerable aspect of age; a government, which, I trust, will not be exchanged for a certain tumult in the first instance, and a doubtful reform in the second. I love liberty as much as Mr. Paine; but differ from him in my opinion of what it is—I pant not for the range of the desert, unbounded, barren, and savage; but prefer the limited enjoyments of cultivation (whose

confines, while they restrain, protect us, and add to the quality more than they deduct from the quantity of my freedom ; this I feel to be my birthright as a subject of Great Britain, and cannot but tremble for my happiness, when a projector recommends to level the wise and ancient land-marks, break down the fences, and disfigure the face of every inheritance. I have no wish to return to the desert in search of my natural rights. I consider myself to have exchanged them for the better, and am determined to stand by the bargain. These sentiments, my dear Sir, have tempted me to trouble you and the public with this book. The times are critical, and the feeblest exertion cannot be unwelcome, when a factory of sedition is set up in the metropolis, and an assistant club send an inflammatory pamphlet through the kingdom ; when these state quacks, infecting their country at the heart, circulate, by fomenting applications, the poisons to the extremities, and reduce the price of pestilence, lest the poverty of any creature should protect him from its contagion. The times are critical when such a look as Mr. Paine's appears, and the consequences would be fatal if its success were proportioned to the zeal of its author, or the assiduity of its propagators. It is a system of false metaphysics and bad politics. Any attempt to carry it into effect must be destructive of peace, and there is nothing practical in it but its mischief. It holds out inducements in disturbance on the promise of improvement, and softens the prospect of immediate disorder, in the cant of the empiric, '*you must be worse before you can be better.*' It excites men to what they ought not to do, by informing them of what they can do, and preaches rights to promote wrongs. It is a collection of unamiable speculations, equally subversive of good government, good thinking, and good feeling. It establishes a kind of republic in the mind ; de-thrones the majesty of sentiment ; degrades the dignity of noble and elevated feelings ; and substitutes a democracy of mean and vulgar calculation. In their usurpation, all the grace, and elegance, and order of the human heart is overturned, and the state of man,

' Like to a little kingdom, suffers  
The nature of an insurrection.'

If the institution of honours perfects and stimulates ambition, and that ambition looks beyond the grave, will not this perpetuation of the prize increase the emulation ? Is there nothing to enhance our honour in the consideration that it is to be transmitted to the children of your affections, and that you are the ennobler of many ? Is ambition fully gratified, or desert half rewarded by a distinction perishable as yourself, to be laid down ere it is well won, and to crumble into dust with your remains ? Is the reward of merit to be trusted to the ungrateful memory of mankind ? Shall its rewards be late, and its enjoyment short ? That deviation from strict justice is not very severe, and is certainly very politic, which indulges the manes of the father with the honours of the son, and forbids man, in the contemplation of his mortality, to look upon his inducements as insufficient, and his rewards as incomplete. The wreath of fame would not be worth the wear if it was not evergreen ; and



the laurel is its emblem because it does not wither. In these considerations I discover a probable and a wise origin of hereditary dignities, as far as their institution regards the person upon whom they were first conferred: in regard to him the reward of merit was enlarged; in regard to others, the encouragement to exertion was increased. But the wisdom of hereditary dignities does not rest here. There is a principle in the heart of man which any wise government will encourage, because it is the auxiliary of virtue, I mean the principle of honour, which, in those moments of weakness, when conscience slumbers, watches over the deserted charge, and engages friends in the defence of integrity. It is a sanction of conduct which the imagination lends to virtue, is itself the reward, and inflicts shame as the punishment. The audacity of vice may despise fear; the sense of reason may be steeled; art may elude temporal, and impiety may defy eternal vengeance; but honour holds the scourge of shame, and he is hard indeed who trembles not under its lash. Even if the publicity of shame be avoided, its sanction is not destroyed. Every one suffers when ashamed of himself, and the blushes of the heart are agony. The dread of shame is the last good quality which forsakes the breast, and the principle of honour frequently retains it when every other instance of good conduct has abandoned the heart. This sentiment must ever be in proportion to a man's opinion of what is expected from him; and in proportion as he is taught that much is expected from him, will it swell in his bosom and sharpen his sensibility. I cannot, therefore, discover a mere '*diminutive childishness*'\* in the institution of hereditary dignities, if they cherish this sentiment, and if this sentiment cherishes virtue; and France has '*breeched herself*'† into manhood to little purpose of good government in putting down the delusion, if delusion it is. An establishment is something more than '*puerile*,‡ which gives encouragement to virtue; dignity to worth; adds the idea of great to good, and makes that splendid which was useful. Society was made for man; and, as man is various, and frail, and vain, it does not disdain to promote his happiness by playing on his foibles; its strength is armed against his fears; his hopes are fed by its rewards; and its blandishments are directed to his vanities. Virtue, coldly entertained in any other corner of the heart, will take a strong hold in the pride of man. She has often erected her temple on the coronets of a glorious ancestry, and the world has been indebted to the manes of the dead for the merits of the living

After some months had been spent in solitude, he returned to the world, to the active pursuit of his profession, and became once more a suitor, this time a successful one, for the hand of Miss Crampton, proposing to liquidate some of the claims against him with her marriage portion, by which means,

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\* Paine's expression. † Paine. ‡ Paine.

and through a sum of money lent him by a friend, he was enabled to pay off the most pressing of his claimants. From the period of his marriage he attended closely at court, and though his knowledge of law was respectable for his time and standing, though he was of good family and extensive connexion, yet his business was for some years, most dispiritingly scanty ; but brighter days were approaching.

It was the custom then, as it is now, for lawyers to secure if possible, a seat in Parliament, as affording another position in life, in which ability may be exhibited, and by its exhibition the possession of power and office secured. In the year 1799, Bushe was returned to Parliament for the borough of Callan, in the county of Kilkenny. Ireland was then upon the very brink of the destruction of its national integrity ; Castlereagh was determined that the Union should be carried, and with that unflinching courage, that indomitable, unswerving, determination of purpose, combined with that disregard for his personal safety by which he was distinguished, and which bore him, as the like qualities bore William Pitt, above all opposition and through every national or governmental party difficulty, he was ready to encounter every opponent, and courted the enmity of every supporter of the country party. Bushe, as an Anti-Unionist, was no mean opponent ; he possessed all the energy and earnestness of Grattan, and was his inferior only in the godlike vividness of his fiery eloquence ; and when the ministerial ranks sunk cowed and beaten, terrified by the vehement denunciations, or silenced by the undeniable force of Grattan's arguments. Bushe was a noble ally in crushing any spirit which might remain in the breasts of the Union party. Night after night, during the continuance of the national Parliament after his election as a member, he was present to defend the intactness of that legislature, which he was nominated to support. Amongst all the brilliant, disinterested, witty, and keen advocates for the support of the Irish party, there was not one more earnest or more able than Charles Kendal Bushe. Plunket, it is true, was a giant in his support ; in the thunder of his soaring eloquence there seemed blended the oratory of Demosthenes, and the terrible and sweeping power of Cicero. But Plunket wanted the bonhomie, the grace, and the nameless attraction which ever distinguished Bushe. He was always the orator or the lawyer ; and, in the crowd of men, that cold-

ness and self-absorption, which may have been but manner, but which the world called hauteur, circumscribed his usefulness, and too often counteracted the effects his efforts might otherwise produce. Plunket disdained the results which men at that period deemed to spring from the pen of the grave or of the satirical pamphleteer. He would be the defender of his country's independence in her senate or upon the platform—he would not bend his genius to serve her openly or anonymously in the study; he would be her champion, armed cap-a-pie. Bushe would serve her in the Senate, in the popular assembly, with a deep and thoughtful essay, with the flashing, galling pasquinade; he would stand for her rights, and do knight service in the stately ring, or would strike for her in the hurried onset of the clashing mêlée.

As a specimen of his eloquence in the House of Commons, we insert the following: he is speaking of the proposed union, and exclaims:—

Let me conjure this house to consider whether this is a transaction on which they are willing to commit themselves, their properties, their characters, and their children. Let me conjure them to weigh that question well, if every generous feeling be not banished from amongst us; and if private honour and public virtue be not a name. Where is that spirit which in '82 swelled the crest, and ennobled the character of the Irish gentry? which achieved liberty for Ireland, extorted justice from England, and admiration from Europe? Is it fled and extinguished for ever! I will not believe it. But were every appeal to everything human fruitless and vain, I would invoke that Providence which even in my short life, has stretched his protecting arm so often over my country? In my short life, my country has been raised from a province to become a nation—has been protected from a bloody rebellion and a formidable invasion, and has seen one desperate attack against her liberties and constitution defeated and overthrown. *I will rely on God to save Ireland.\**

The period of the Union was the age of parties and the epoch of pamphleteering; the minister had his corps of pen-and-ink supporters; the country likewise possessed its band of advocates; and as we now look back through the long array of "Union Pamphlets", as they are called, upon the shelves of our public libraries, we feel it hard to decide whether the wit, the power, and the arguments of the anti-Unionists are

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\* For a still more brilliant passage, see *infra*.

exceeded by the audacity and ingenuity of those who supported the ministerial project. Mr. Secretary Cooke was a very distinguished, though not a very disinterested assistant to Lord Castlereagh, and amongst the most audaciously impudent of all his productions, is that entitled, *Arguments for and against an Union between Great Britain and Ireland Considered*. It was published in the early part of the year 1798, and is in pamphlet shape, sixty-four pages in length, at the price of one *British* shilling. So great was the anxiety to peruse the work, that in the month of December, 1798, J. Milliken, of Grafton-street, announced the eighth edition as being ready. This success excited the alarm of the anti-Unionists, and Bushe resolved to test his powers of ridicule in overturning, amidst the public contempt, the sophistry and misrepresentation of the advocate of denationalization.

Mr. Cooke argued that the Union was necessary for the advancement of Irish interests, and the burden, or refrain, of almost every paragraph was, "the union is certainly to be the salvation of the country." Bushe, with a sarcastic humor, resembling more the galling irony of Voltaire than the grinning spleen of Swift, rendered powerless, by his pamphlet entitled *The Union; Cease your Funning; or, the Rebel Detected*, all the efforts of the Castle Secretary. It appeared about the middle of the year 1798, and in the month of December the publisher, James Moore, of College-green, announced the fifth edition. It consisted of forty-eight pages, and was published at the price of one *Irish* shilling. He commences thus :—

I love wit as much as any man, but a joke may certainly sometimes be carried too far. I have never submitted to the justice of Lord Shaftesbury's fanciful position, *that ridicule is the test of truth*, and I own I think its application is peculiarly offensive when political subjects of the deepest and most serious importance, are treated with idle levity and buffoon irony. These sentiments have been principally excited by reading a pamphlet entitled '*Arguments for and against an Union Considered*.' The author of this work has evidently written after the model of some of Swift's lighter compositions; a style which in my apprehension has never till now been successfully imitated, though attempted with some talent by the supposed annotators of the late Alderman George Faulkner, and in some few other instances. This style consists altogether in the art of supporting in a strain of grave irony the opposite of the opinion which you mean to establish. It is a good-humoured application of the argu-

ment called by logicians *argumentum ad absurdum*, but whether it partakes more of jest or sophism, I again protest against the use of either upon subjects of national importance and public concern. I shall briefly enumerate a few of the most prominent artifices by which the author of this work, who I am convinced is either a member of Opposition or an absolute United Irishman, endeavours by an affected recommendation of the measure to cry down and depreciate the projected Union, the only chance of this country's salvation; premising that, in order to give a higher relish to his ridicule, he has had the address to circulate a report with very successful industry, that the work in question is the production of an English gentleman of considerable talents, who is an Irish member of Parliament and in high official situation in Dublin Castle. Indeed, such has been the prevalence of this report, and so well simulated is the mark assumed, that on the first perusal I was scarcely able to distinguish whether the author was in earnest or not; and I am credibly informed, that to this hour several well-meaning people continue in the erroneous opinion that he was so. I do not pretend to trace the progress of the facetious writer regularly from page to page, but shall point out a few of his topics which appear to me sufficient to detect at once the duplicity of the style and the depth of the intentions. He affects with great appearance of gravity throughout the entire pamphlet to denounce the existence of the Irish Parliament as the cause of the late rebellion and invasion, and he draws from these principles once established an inevitable conclusion that the return of such calamities is only to be prevented by the annihilation of the cause of them. Here, indeed, *latet anguis in Herbâ*. This is the very language of the United Irishman. The same positions, the same inferences, are to be found faintly visible in the speeches of all the opposition members in England and Ireland, and glaringly conspicuous in every number of the *Press* and *Union Star*; avowing themselves in the confessions of Doctor M'Nevin, proclaiming themselves in the manifestos of Arthur O'Connor. Is it not evident that by insidiously inferring the necessity of an Union from the corruption of the Irish Legislature, he in fact directs the attention of this deluded nation at one and the same moment to the pretence of a Reform and the project of a Separation? He never imputes the late calamities of this country to anything but Parliament, and so far from accusing the prevalence of French principles or the extravagance of French ambition as instrumental to our misfortunes, he never speaks of that abandoned nation without partiality and panegyric. He cannot expect that so flimsy an artifice must not be seen through by every discerning man. Every such man knows that his assertions and his arguments are equally unfounded, that his Majesty has every year since his accession, returned thanks to the legislature, for the patriotism and loyalty of their conduct, and that both Lord Cornwallis and Lord Camden, have repeatedly declared (from the throne) that the discomfiture of the disaffected and rebellious, was entirely owing to the virtue, spirit and sagacity, of Parliament. It is well known, that if it was not a good Parliament, it would never pass the in-

tended Union, which is to be *salvation of the country*, and which there is very little doubt, will be passed by a great majority—notwithstanding the sly opposition, and affected support, of such wolves in sheep's clothing as the author of the pamphlet in question.

He continues in this strain for some few pages, assuming that all the arguments are those of a United Irishman concealing his real character under the mask of a friend to the government. At length he states that he considers the pamphlet to be the production of the notorious Sampson, and writes:—

I shall no longer, by disguising my sentiments, follow the example of this sophist, whom I reprobate. I have hitherto hinted my opinion of what he is, and shall now boldly avow my sentiments as to who he is. I have consulted several eminent political and literary personages, who all agree with me in discovering in legible characters the principles and style of a certain democratic counsellor, the well-known author of *Hurdy Gurdy*, and the *Old Lion of England*, and who has recently experienced the lenity of government, in being suffered to banish himself; and for the sake of his health, to make Lisbon the scene of his exile. For shame, *Mr. Sampson!* is this gratitude? Is this honour? Is this a return for the mercy extended to you? And had you no other way of thanking my Lord Cornwallis than by opposing the wisest measure of his government, and by making a travesty and caricature of his secretary, the vehicle of your malignity? This is one of the many proofs that rigid and effectual justice ought, long since, to have been executed upon the author of the pamphlet in question.

Having shown how the Union could benefit neither the Protestant nor the Catholic, and having proved that a measure which injured Ireland as a nation could never really serve any branch of her traders, any section of her professions, or any considerable portion of her people, he continues in the same bantering strain; and we beg the reader to remember that the title of the pamphlet is *Cease your Funning*:—

The rational Irish merchant knows that the union is to be the *salvation of the country*, and that is as much as he wishes to know about it. The opinion I have here combated is pressed by the enemies of both nations for obvious purposes. The benefits to be acquired by an Union would be either such as are obtained by compact between the countries, or such as are the natural operation and result of the measure itself. Now in this case the advantages to be contracted for, whether for Dublin, Cork, Waterford, Limerick, or

Galway, are altogether out of the question, inasmuch as they are all equally attainable under the present connection, and as the two countries are already imperially connected, there could be no honest or rational motive assignable, why they are not at present imparted (especially as such benefits could continue only while the connection exists,) except the generosity of Britain wishing to make each kindness more valuable, by giving them all at once. But because that description of advantage is out of the question, we always hear of it from the enemies of the measure, who entirely overlook, or affect to do so, the benefits which naturally result from the measure itself, which flow from the mere fact of union, and are created simply by the transfer of legislation. It would be useless to detail the particulars of such benefits; honourable confidence has already given credit for them, and sceptical incredulity is proof against conviction. A few of those which the transplantation of Parliament must instantly, *and of itself*, generate, are the total oblivion of all religious animosities, the immediate conversion and repentance of the United Irishmen, the multiplication of the Protestants, and consequent satisfaction of the Catholics, the rush and influx of English capital into this peaceful and contented country, the improvement of agriculture, by the brotherly and edifying intercourse of English and Irish farmers, the diminution of absentees and taxes, the reduction of an expensive standing army, the improvement of the metropolis, peace with the French, and glory with the world! These are but a few of the blessings necessarily connected with the simple fact of changing the seat of legislation. Blessings innumerable, and which only can be described by saying, *that the measure must be the salvation of the country*. I am sorry to find that it is not unnecessary to caution this credulous country against the artifice of this disaffected hypocrite. I lament that since these sheets begun, his subtle and malignant poison has taken effect in one member of the national body. I lament that a description of men, whom I respect so much as the Bar of Ireland, has not been able to resist the infection, and I have the vanity to regret, that they had irreparably erred, before this publication could appear to warn them of their danger. However, my resentment to the dupes merges in my superior indignation against the impostor, and candour compels me to remember, that if it were not for the audacious pamphlet in question, most probably 166 Irish lawyers would never have disgraced their profession and themselves by publicly denouncing to the nation a measure which *is to be the salvation of the country*. This libeller knew the strings upon which to touch the profession, and by affecting to represent their possible objections to an Union as frivolous, has, in reality, made them the subject of the liveliest anxiety and irritation. Thirty-two independent and public-spirited characters have certainly rescued the Bar from universal opprobrium; they may be considered by an ominous coincidence of numbers as so many county representatives, and in that respect, as speaking (*ex cathedra*) the sentiment of the kingdom; but it is melancholy to see the extended corruption of 166 men, all influenced by the expectation of sitting in parliament, and desperately monopolizing more than half the representation of the people, and

upon this base and selfish principle resisting the *salvation of their country*. God knows there were lawyers enough before in the House of Commons, as the writer truly has stated (page 35), *a formidable phalanx*. Of our 300 members there are no less than 17 practising barristers, and at least a dozen more, who, though they never followed the trade, were bred to that unconstitutional profession. This is bad enough, but no honest Irishman can be sufficiently grateful for the prevention of 166 more from sitting in the next parliament. It is lamentable to see the best and most respectable characters stoop before the idols of ambition. Even Mr. Saurin, who, during Lord Camden's\* administration, was in his cool senses; and refused the office of Solicitor General and a seat in parliament, has suffered his quiet and sober intellect to be inflamed by the artful insinuations of this rebel in disguise, and has for ever lost his reputation with his country and profession, and for what? For the idle speculation of sitting at the head of 166 lawyers in the next House of Commons. This passage in the pamphlet was intended for more than the Bar. The author slyly reminds us (page 34) that it is the habit of Irish gentlemen to educate their sons as lawyers, and by this hint that there is scarcely a gentleman's family in the kingdom which has not some dear connection in the profession, he hopes to engage the whole class of our gentry in one common resentment with those whom he exclusively appears to inflame, while he makes sure of the indignation of both by one round assertion (page 35), that what is *bad for the Bar, must, of necessity, be good for the country*. Another most deep, and, indeed, ingenious scheme, in order to deter the Bar from an Union, is a positive denunciation, that, in the event of an Union, there will be *abler judges* upon the bench than at present. Vide page 35. This had the desired effect with Mr. Saurin, Mr. Dugquerry, Mr. Fletcher, Mr. Plunket, and other smatterers in law. This was an evil, the prospect of which they could not bear. They find it easy now to humbug Lords Kilwarden and Carleton, and Judges Downes, Chamberlaine, Smith, and George. They can hoodwink Lord Yelverton at Nisi Prius, and in Equity the facility and softness of Lord Clare is so proverbial, that the lowest attorneys daily outwit and over-reach him. But there would be an end to this hopeful trade if the bench were filled with *abler judges*, as in the event of an Union, from the superior learning of the English Bar, there is every probability it would.

He thus concludes :—

I pass by, with contempt, the insinuation (in page 39,) that this popular measure is, in the city of Dublin, to be supported by force, *as being the head quarters of the army*. The city of Dublin will de-

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\* That nobleman was weak enough to treat the profession of the law with respect, and their armed association with affection, but the more vigorous intellect, which distinguishes the administration of his successor, has appreciated the Bar and the yeomanry with more justice.



rive more benefits from this measure than my short limits will allow me to enumerate. Its beauty (to mention but one instance) will be considerably contributed to by the desirable introduction of *Rus in Urbe* in several parts of it. This, together with the ascertained advantage which Dublin must derive, after the Union, by getting rid, altogether, of that riotous and troublesome description of men, the manufacturers in the Earl of Meath's liberty, demonstrates, that, in spite of this flagitious firebrand's insinuations, this city will be benefited by a Union as much as Cork, or Waterford, or any other place in the kingdom. I touch, with equal contempt, upon the crafty hints that parliament is incompetent to its own dissolution. He repeats the sophism of Rousseau in defence of suicide—that reason being given to man to achieve happiness, he has a right to destroy himself whenever it tells him that death is preferable to life. He knows that delusive argument was easily answered by Rousseau himself, and therefore urges it as a mock defence for what he hints to be a political suicide. The object of Parliament, says he, is general good. Now if general good is attained by self destruction—*ergo*, &c., &c. This would be very schoolboyish if it was not very wicked. The pamphlet I have answered, I do not hesitate to pronounce, the most audacious, profligate, and libellous production, which ever disgraced the licentiousness of the press, or insulted the feelings of a nation. A bad head, and a bad heart, must have concurred to compose it, and the most unblushing and unfeeling effrontery, alone, was equal to the publication of it. I rely upon the wisdom and spirit of the British Parliament, in which my country is so soon to be represented, not to suffer it to escape with impunity, and I trust one of the first motions made in the Imperial Legislature, may be—‘That his Majesty's Attorney General, the Rt. Hon. John Toler, or Captain Taylor, the Lord Lieutenant's Aide-Camp, may be ordered to prosecute the Author, Printer, and Publisher, of the said Libel, by Indictment, Information, or Court Martial, as the circumstances of the case may require.’

Our extracts, we fear, have extended to a very considerable, and it may appear unnecessary length; but, we have heard so many mistakes expressed regarding it—indeed we once heard it gravely asserted that *Cease your Running* is a satirical poem, that we presume it belongs to that class of works such as Shaftesbury's *Characteristics*; Hobbes' *Leviathan*, or Machiavelli's *Prince*, which are spoken of by hundreds but read by tens.

Of this pamphlet Lord Brougham writes:—

“His oratorical excellence was plainly of a kind which might lead us to expect a similar success in written composition. Accordingly, he stood high among the writers of his day; so high that we may well lament his talents being bestowed upon subjects of an ephemeral

interest. The work by which he is chiefly known as an author, is the pamphlet on the Union, published in answer to the Castle manifesto, written to Mr. Under Secretary Cooke. Mr. Bushe's tract is called '*Cease your Funning*,' and it consists of a well-sustained ironical attack upon the Under Secretary, whom it assumes to be an United Irishman, or other rebel, in disguise. The plan of such an irony is, for a long work, necessarily defective. It must needs degenerate occasionally into tameness; and it runs the risk every now and then of being taken for serious; as I well remember an ironical defence of the Slave Trade once upon a time so much failed of its object, that some worthy abolitionists were preparing an answer to it, when they were informed that the author was an ally in disguise. No such fate was likely to befall '*Cease your Funning*.' It is, indeed, admirably executed; as successfully as a work on such a plan can be; and reminds the reader of the best of Dean Swift's political writings, being indeed every way worthy of his pen."

The leaders of the national party, in addition to their pamphlets, started a weekly journal, entitled the *Anti-Union*. To this Grattan, Plunket, Bushe, Wallace, Smily and Goold were the chief contributors. It was published by James Moore of College Green, and the first number appeared on Thursday, December 27th, 1798. Moore also published *The Constitution, or Anti-Union Evening Post*, the first number of which appeared on Monday, December 19th, 1799, and in which corrected copies of the speeches of the national leaders were printed. In the eighteenth number, Tuesday, February 5th, 1799, appeared Bushe's letter, entitled, Advice to Young Members of Parliament, and signed, An Old Hack. In this letter the following passage appears:—

Another rule which I would lay down for your conduct is one which, perhaps, you may feel some difficulty in prevailing on yourselves to follow, but which I have always looked upon in so important a point of view, that I cannot help thinking it ought to be the governing principle of a young member of Parliament—whatever you may be offered as a return for your past, or earnest for your future support, do not refuse it, it will convince the world that you are thought of consequence enough to be worth gaining over, and that you are possessed of virtue enough not to act the knave—without temptation. If you are offered money, therefore, pocket it and say no more. If a place, be it ever so small, do not reject it; the name of a placeman gives consequence with the vulgar; besides it is still a step; and should you at any time wish for something higher, you will be sure to find some nobleman who wishes to provide for a superannuated servant or poor relation, and who will assist in giving you a shove for his own sake.\*

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\* The clever pamphleteering was not all on the side of the Nationalists. The Court party employed the able pencil of Gillray to aid their

All efforts, however, to defeat the will of the minister were unavailing, the Union was carried, and Bushe devoted his attention thenceforward closely and steadily, to the duties of his profession. True, the profession had lost the prestige which had of old distinguished it; and though Bushe at one period half resolved to abandon that Bar which had, to the last battled for the Irish Parliament, yet he eventually determined to continue here, where he had won his brightest and most honorable victories. Plunket, though he remained at the Irish Bar, was not unwilling to join the English Parliament as a member. He and Bushe had ever supported, consistently and steadily, the emancipation of the Roman Catholics; both belonged to that section of Irish politicians, then, called *beral* and all the blandishments of the Castle, and all the seductions of the political procurer, were employed against each.

It was most important that a friend to what was considered the popular party should be appointed to offices of trust under the new rulers of Ireland, and that those who had been too honorable to sell the independence of Ireland for gold before the Union, should be induced to barter it for place after the measure had been carried. In the year 1805 Lord Hardwicke was here as Lord Lieutenant; his Viceroyalty was not a very notable one, but frequently the inanity of the Viceroy is only the cover for the cleverness of the Chief Secretary, or the dodgery of the Castle advisers. At this period the government required active friends, and it was natural that all efforts should be made to gain over Bushe, the brilliant orator. In Trinity Term 1805, he was raised to the dignity of Sergeant at Law, and in Michaelmas Term, of the same year, was appointed Solicitor General. This office he held under the Viceroyalty of Lord Hardwicke until the year 1806, when a conglomerate ministry came into office under the designation—"All the Talents." Plunket who had been a consistent friend of the incoming administration, was appointed Attorney General, and the Duke of Bedford, the Lord Lieutenant, was more than willing, in the state of unnatural coalition which then existed, to secure the services of Bushe,

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pens. His caricature of Grattan is admirable; and his group entitled "The Kiss at Last," from his large picture of "The Union Club," published in 1801, is most humorous. See "Wright's England under the House of Hanover." 2 vols. 8vo. Bentley: London. 1849. 3rd Edition, Vol. II, pp. 131—308.

and he accordingly continued to hold his post of Solicitor General.

This was a period of violence, and of lawless insubordination in Ireland. The seeds of the Rebellion of 1798, and the effects of Emmet's mad attempt in the year 1803, had not been entirely crushed. The wild spirit of the misguided people had not settled into the quietude of time, or the stolid acquiescence of despair, and all through the West of Ireland the public peace was disturbed by the midnight outrages of the "Threshers." For the purpose of terrifying the wrongdoers, a Special Commission, the executive catholicon for all Irish agrarian eruptions, was directed for the counties of Sligo, Mayo, Leitrim, Longford, and Cavan; it was opened at Sligo, December 3rd, 1806, by Chief Justice Downes and Baron George. Plunket and Bushe attended to prosecute, and on this occasion the latter delivered some of his finest forensic addresses. One of the cases was that for the murder of Lavin, an informer, and was tried at Castlebar on the 10th of December. The deed was done in the presence of the victim's wife; the murderers had escaped; they had been incited to the crime through revenge, because Lavin had sworn informations against their cousin, and the prisoner was the person who had induced the deceased to enter a public house when the murder was perpetrated. Bushe's speech is extremely powerful, and the following passage recalls some of the most eloquent and striking passages in that of Richard Sheil on the "Burning of the Sheas."\*

In this society the unfortunate Lavin was persuaded to sit down and drink—and I entreat you, at this stage of the case, to pause and consider whether it is a circumstance reconcilable to your ordinary experience, that a company of persons, of whom the greater part were the near relations and connexions of those against whose lives Lavin had sworn, should, without some secret cause, select that very informer as the companion of their festive hours, receive him with friendship, and associate with him upon terms of conviviality. When you consider the natural feelings of men so circumstanced, and the almost instinctive abhorrence in which all the lower classes of people in this country hold an informer, you will be of opinion that such a meeting, at such a time, in such a place, and between such persons, is at least extremely suspicious. As you will reason, the wife of Lavin felt: her foreboding heart was visited by a presence of the scene that was to follow: she urged her infatuated husband to retire—but she urged him in vain; she looked signifi-

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\* See IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, Vol. I. pp. 389-391.

cantly at him, made signs to him, pretended that she was particularly anxious to return on account of her children, who had been left alone, and by every means in her power endeavoured to awaken the wretched victim from his infatuation. At this moment, the prisoners Col. Flynn and Charles Flynn approached her; they sat down one on each side of her, they threw their arms around her neck, embraced her with treacherous and false caresses, soothed her impatience, importuned her to stay, offered that a girl then in the house should be sent home to take care of her children, and promised that her husband should return with her shortly; she was compelled to yield, and the devoted Lavin, regardless of her solicitations, seduced by their importunities, and affected by the liquor, remained in the toils that had been spread for him. In a short time the door flew open, five ruffians dressed in the habiliments of the Threshers, covered with white shirts and straw, rushed into the house; at their head stood Edward Durneen, armed with a hatchet—one of those against whom Lavin had sworn, and nephew to Edmund Durneen, who had left the company shortly before,—four others followed him, armed with pikes and bayonets fixed on poles; one of them was John O'Connor, against whom Lavin had also sworn: the others are as yet unknown. The moment that Lavin saw them he knew his fate; he rushed towards an inner room; the ruffian with the hatchet pursued him, and clove him to the earth with repeated blows: the wretched wife sprung to the relief of her husband; nature lent her more than ordinary strength; she seized the barbarian by the hair, and brought him to the ground: the other monsters rushed upon their victim, and despatched him with more than thirty wounds. Durneen extricated himself from the woman, smote her to the ground with his hatchet, where his associates, after stabbing her in several places, left her for dead. I pause for a moment, and call on you to contemplate the degree to which those associations deprave the human character. If I was asked what could afford the strongest evidence of the extinction of the moral sense and of the loss of every natural feeling, I would answer,—that the human heart must have arrived at its utmost possible depravity, when a being calling himself a man can lift his arm against the person of a woman—every generous feeling, every social affection, nay, every natural instinct, must first be banished from the breast. But to raise murderous weapons against the life of an unoffending wife; who had sworn no information, who had provoked no vengeance, whose only crime was, to have devoted herself in an attempt to save her husband and the father of her children—transcends the ordinary limits of human wickedness, and can only be traced as the necessary consequences of those infernal associations, leagued for other purposes, but precipitated by the nature of their confederacy into the commission of every crime. This observation may appear to apply rather to the actual murderers than to the prisoners at the bar—I return to them:—while this dreadful tragedy was acting, not an arm was raised—not an effort was made—not an exclamation was uttered by one of the prisoners at the bar: I rest upon this striking fact—it appears to me decisive, and I think it must appear so to

you: Suppose for a moment, that all other suspicious circumstances in this case were accounted for: that the original meeting with Col. Flynn was purely accidental, that the convivial intercourse between Lavin and the prisoners in the house of Laurence Flynn, whose son he had accused, was natural, that their caresses of his wife were undissembled, that their importunate anxiety to detain him was sincere and unaffected. Let all this be taken for granted, and it will only make it the more extraordinary that the prisoners at the bar should have remained passive spectators of this horrid massacre: that so many human beings could look upon such a scene unmoved: that men bound by the laws of hospitality should see their guest butchered before their faces, without any interference; that so many Irishmen—of a nation supposed to be characterized by manly courage and a generous spirit, and certainly distinguished for prowess of body and physical powers—should, without one effort, see an unfortunate man and a helpless woman mangled before their faces, is what no experience of the human character can account for upon ordinary principles, and what I fear, in dreadful anticipation of your verdict, is irreconcilable with every supposition, except that of their guilt.

In the year 1807, upon the expulsion of "All the Talents," the Tories—for there were Tories in those days—and Conservatives were unknown—came into power; and as Plunket had been too formidable and too prominent a partizan of the outgoing ministry to hold office under the new, he resigned his Attorney-Generalship, and was succeeded by Saurin. Bushe was not so decided a partizan as Plunket, and as the late coalition had shaken all the old limits by which party had in other times been distinguished, and knowing that Lord Grenville had advised Plunket to hold office, Bushe resolved to serve under the new ministry, and from that time to the year 1822, he held the post of Solicitor-General.

The early period of his possession of office was troubled and unsatisfactory. The country was disturbed, and the Roman Catholic party had begun to assert their right to be looked upon as a portion of the state, and had, by the violent language used in their conventions and other assemblies, excited the anger or the fear of the government. It was resolved that the system of striking terror should be attempted by means of State Prosecutions; and as Saurin, though a nationalist, was a strong hater of the Roman Catholics as a party; and as Bushe, though a nationalist and a friend of civil and religious liberty, feared that with the emancipation of a religious body whose members employed language so turbulent, there might

spring up principles or feelings dangerous to the freedom and integrity of the United Kingdom, the prosecutions were commenced vigorously and determinedly. Accordingly Lord Fingal was arrested in August, 1811, but shortly afterwards discharged, and two of the Roman Catholic leaders, Doctor Sheridan, and Mr. Kirwan, a merchant, were also arrested; the former was tried and acquitted in Michaelmas Term, 1811, the latter was brought to trial and convicted in Hilary Term, 1812.

Bushe's speech in Kirwan's case is so well known, that we think it unnecessary to give more from it than the following extract. He is speaking of the Convention Act, and says:—

The framers of this law well knew the tendency of such associations as it prohibits; they well knew that worthy and honourable men might engage in them,—as I have no doubt that worthy and honourable and loyal men would engage in the Catholic Committee, with the purest and best motives. But the policy of the law is pointed at the probable mischiefs, and the very preamble of the act is directed to the dangers, which, in the language of the statute, *may* ensue. What man can answer for the intermixture of these very different characters which must find their way into such an assembly? I know that the Catholic nobility and clergy,—amongst whom are to be found the most respectable of men—were to be constituent parts; but I know that every county was to send ten, and every parish in this city five members. Who will answer for the description of persons that must find their way into this motley congregation? It is not from such men as Lord Fingal, and Lord Southwell, and Sir Edward Bellew, and the other honourable men of the Catholic persuasion, that such danger is to be apprehended; short-lived indeed would be their influence. Perhaps the worst men would not be the most numerous in this assembly—it signifies not; a small majority of agitators is always sufficient for mischief. The history of mankind shows that they have always prevailed: in every such assembly they float, and the good are precipitated. But the policy of this act is not merely pointed at the intermixture of bad, but in the degeneracy of good characters. What man can answer for himself, in going into a self-constituted political society? His first steps are deliberate; his first motives are good; his passion warms as he proceeds; the applause, never given to moderation, intoxicates him; the vehemence of debate elates, and the successes of eloquence inflame him; he begins a patriot, he ends a revolutionist. Is this fancy or history? I well remember—who can forget?—the first National Assembly of France. Composed of everything the most honourable, gallant, venerable, and patriotic in that kingdom, called together for the noblest and purest purposes, the nobility and prelacy united with the representatives of the people, and the three estates, promised the regeneration of the country. What was the result? The wise, and the good, and

the virtuous were put down, or brought over by the upstart, and the factious, and the demagogue; they knew not the lengths they were going; they were drawn on by an increasing attraction—step after step, and day after day—to that vortex in which have been buried even the ruins of every establishment, religious and political, and from whose womb has sprung that colossal despotism which now frowns upon mankind. What has become of that gallant nobility? where are the pious prelates of that ancient kingdom? One by one, and crowd by crowd, they have fallen upon the scaffold, or perished in insurrection. Some, less fortunate, drag out a mendicant exile in foreign lands; and others, condemned to a harder fate, have taken refuge in a tyrant's court, and are expiating the patriotism of their early lives by the servility of their latter days.

Bushe was opposed most ably by Peter Burrowes and Thomas Goold. The chief charge against the officers of the crown was, that not a juror was supposed to enter the box unapproved by Major Sirr, who stood in front and nodded his approbation as to the "goodness and trueness" of the person called; and it has been stated, further, that the jury-list was purged of all who could possibly be fairly disposed towards the prisoners. Henry Grattan, in his *Life* of his father, repeats the charge, but no man has ever implicated Bushe in the atrocious accusation. Divided as the country was, the crown, if inclined to do justice, could hardly escape the stigma of partiality; and, from the state of rampant rabid factiousness into which the people had fallen, it became a matter of almost absolute necessity that political prisoners should be tried either by their friends or by their opponents. It was the undoubted duty of the executive to guard against the acquittal of the accused through the congeniality of the jury; but, it was equally, if not more, their duty to secure him a fair panel, lest by the party enmity of his triers he should be unjustly convicted.

From this period until the year 1816, nothing very remarkable can be recorded of Bushe; but on the 5th day of February, in the year just named, the Earl of Buckingham, Clerk of the Pleas in the Irish Court of Exchequer, died. The annual sum of money secured by the appointment was very large, amounting to nearly £3,000, and it was considered by the government so desirable a post, that the nomination to it, had been always claimed and exercised by the crown. At the time when Lord Buckingham died, Chief Baron O'Grady believing, as fortune had thrown the prize in his way,



that he should, in justice to himself, take advantage of it, accordingly nominated his son, Mr. Waller O'Grady, to the post, and made the appointment so quickly that the order bore date the 12th of February. The Crown was unwilling to relinquish its right to the appointment, and an information in the nature of a quo warranto was issued, on the application of the law advisers of the Crown, from the King's Bench—no reference having been made to the Court of Exchequer. Mr. Waller O'Grady rested his claim upon his nomination by the Chief Baron, and upon the fact that he had been admitted to the office by the Court. The case came on for hearing in the month of November, 1816. The Crown was represented by Saurin and Bushe, Mr. O'Grady was defended by Plunket and Burton. The duty of the jury was merely formal, the real question was at issue before the twelve judges in the Court of Error: the case was decided in favor of the Crown, the late Baron Smith being the only judge who supported the claim of the Chief Baron.

This trial is famous, as having been the occasion in which Plunket hurled all the thunders of that wrath, which he had so long nursed and kept warm, against his rival and successor in the Attorney Generalship, Saurin; and, also as the case in which Bushe displayed a knowledge of law as profound and as comprehensive, as his eloquence was masterly, noble, and graceful.

The case is also remarkable as having afforded to Bushe the opportunity of uttering the vigorous passage in which he repels the charge of Jacobinism brought by Plunket, against the law officers of the Crown. It is as follows:—

The weight of the censure which has fallen on us is increased in proportion to the height from which it has descended. It has come from the counsel of a Chief Judge of the land; from the lips of one of the most illustrious individuals in this country; from a member of the United parliament; from a man whose inimitable advocacy is but secondary to that high character for integrity and talent, which he has established for himself and for our nation—upon whose accents 'the listening senate' hangs—with whose renown the entire empire resounds. From such a man censure is censure indeed. I call then upon him not to stop half way in the discharge of his duty. If we are tyrannical and oppressive—if we have revived and transcended the worst precedents of the worst days of prerogative—I call upon him in the name of justice—of our ancient friendship, and of our common country—I call upon him by every obligation which can bind man, to impeach us. If he be not our prosecutor, he becomes our accomplice. He is bound to call us to the bar of

that senate, where he will be on his legs, and we shall be upon our knees; and if his accusation be true, our heads are due to justice. The character of the Chief Baron has been redeemed by me; I have rescued the character of the Court of Exchequer; I have vindicated my own; one yet remains—the character of Mr. Plunket himself. And therefore I call upon him in support of his high reputation to bring us to Westminster where impeachment is constitutional—where he will hold his high place and the lofty port which becomes him. I call upon him to assume the senator and the patriot, and assert his rank in that august assembly. To none has that high station which he holds in it given more delight than to me. I rejoice in it as an attached and ardent friend, and as an Irishman, I exult in a man who has exalted the character of our country in the senate as high as another illustrious countryman has raised it in the field. Let him not stop at the charge which he has made in this place—let him follow it up—‘non progređi est regredi’—he must either with shame give up this unjust attack upon the servants of the crown, or he must follow up his duty as a member of Parliament and carry us before the bar of the Commons. Let him do so—we are not afraid—*there*, at least, the judicial determination shall be upon the hearing of one party. Let him remember that the charge is illegality, jacobinism and revolution, and that the crime is disrespect to what he calls the adjudication of the Court of Exchequer! The very neighbourhood of Westminster-hall ought to make him pause. What! state within its precincts that a Court of Exchequer in Ireland had made a solemn determination in a case where one party was not present, and where the other presided!—The very walls of Westminster Hale would utter forth a groan at such an insult to the judicial character—the very monuments would deliver up their illustrious dead—and the shades of Mansfield, and of Somers, and of Holt, and of Hale, would start from their tombs to rebuke the atrocious imputation. I must call upon him to go on—but if he should—I tell this Wellington of the senate, he will do so at the peril of his laurels—I tell him they are foredoomed to wither at the root.

From this period to the year 1822, Bushe's life afforded little of interest. A Solicitor General in Ireland who enjoys society, leads a pleasant, but rather eventless life; and, excepting when a State Trial, or a Special Commission intervenes, his diary can be little more than the record of his lounges to and from Court, of his strolls in the Hall, his jokes with the Judges, his intrigues with the Castle, and his dinners with the Viceroy, and will strongly resemble Addison's humorous “Diary of a Retired Tradesman.” At length, in the year 1822, Downes, Chief Justice of the King's Bench, proved that he possessed that virtue which Bushe used to say was the only one he wanted—*Resignation*, and on the 22nd day of Fe-

bruary, in the above year, Mr. Solicitor General, became Chief Justice, Bushè.\*

As a lawyer, Bushe was learned amongst the lawyers of his time; he was called at a period when that which would be now looked upon as moderate legal knowledge, was then considered very accurate learning; it was the era of advocates rather than of lawyers. Blackburne, Burton, the Pennefathers, Perrin, and Crampton, cannot be looked upon as the representatives of the age of Bushe, their learning placed them far above it. Bushe came from a circuit—the Leinster—which is not less distinguished by those Judges who have passed from it to the Bench, than by the learning and ability of those lawyers who still continue upon it; but able as its members have been and are, they never possessed a brother more able, more eloquent, more honest as a politician, or more true as an Irishman, than Charles Kendal Bushe.

In the year 1805, an anonymous poetical pamphlet appeared in Dublin, entitled *The Metropolis*, and in it, the following lines, descriptive of Bushe's oratory, are found.—

“Sedate at first, at length his passion warms,  
And ev'ry word and ev'ry gesture charms;  
Sunk to no meanness, by no flourish swelled,  
The copious stream its course majestic held;  
The Graces to his polished wit gave birth,  
Which wakes the smile, but not the roar of mirth.  
His legal tenets stand on stablest ground,  
His moral precepts novel and profound—  
Well has he traced the law's unbounded chart,  
Well searched each corner of the human heart—  
In triumph his resistless march proceeds,  
Reason and Passion follow where he leads.  
Is justice his inalienable trust?  
Or does he deem each cause he battles just?  
Suffice it—ev'ry energy of zeal  
Marks that conviction he makes others feel.”

Richard Sheil, in the *Sketches of the Irish Bar*, thus describes Bushe:—

“It is the opinion of all those who have had the opportunity of hearing Mr. Bushe, that he would have made a very great figure in the English House of Commons; and for the purpose of enabling those who have not heard him to form an estimate of the likelihood of his success in that assembly, and of the frame and character of his eloquence, a general delineation of this accomplished advocate

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\* Saurin refused the office, having promised not to interfere with Bushe's advancement.

may not be inappropriate. The first circumstance which offers itself to the mind of any man who recalls the recollection of Bushe, in order to furnish a description of his rhetorical attributes, is his delivery. In bringing the remembrance of other speakers of eminence to my contemplation, their several faculties and endowments present themselves in a different order, according to the proportions of excellence to each other which they respectively bear. In thinking, for example, of Mr. Fox, the torrent of his vehement and overwhelming logic is first before me. If I should pass to his celebrated antagonist, I repose upon the majesty of his amplification. The wit of Sheridan, the blazing imagination and the fantastic drollery of Curran, the forensic and simple vigour of Erskine, and the rapid, versatile, and incessant intensity of Plunket—are the first associations which connect themselves with their respective names. But there is no one peculiar faculty of mind which suggests itself in the first instance as the characteristic of Mr. Bushe, and which presses into the van of his qualifications as a public speaker. The corporeal image of the man himself is brought at once into the memory. I do not think of any one distinguishing attribute in the shape of a single intellectual abstraction—it is a picture that I have before me. There is a certain rhetorical heroism in the expression of his countenance, when enlightened and inflamed, which I have not witnessed in the faces of other men. The phrase may, perhaps, appear too extravagant and Irish; but those who have his physiognomy in their recollection will not think the word is inapplicable. The complexion is too sanguineous and ruddy, but has no murkiness or impurity in its flush: it is indicative of great fulness, but at the same time of great vigour of temperament. The forehead is more lofty than expansive, and suggests itself to be the residence of an elevated rather than of a comprehensive mind. It is not so much 'the dome of thought,' as 'the palace of the soul.' It has none of the deep furrows and intellectual indentures which are observable in the forehead of Plunket, but is smooth, polished, and marble. The eyes are large, globular and blue: extremely animated with idea, but without any of that diffusive irradiation which belongs to the expression of genius. They are filled with a serene light, but have not much brilliancy or fire. The mind within them seems, however, to be all activity and life, and to combine a singular mixture of intensity and deliberation. The nose is lightly arched, and with sufficient breadth of the nostrils (which physiognomists consider as a type of eloquence) to furnish the associations of daring and of power, and terminates with a delicacy and chiseled elegance of proportion, in which it is easy to discover the polished irony and refined satire in which he is accustomed to indulge. But the mouth is the most remarkable feature in his countenance: it is endowed with the greatest variety of sentiment, and contains a rare assemblage of oratorical qualities. It is characteristic of force, firmness, and precision, and is at once affable and commanding, proud and kind, tender and impassioned, accurate and vehement, generous and sarcastic, and is capable of the most conciliating softness and the most impetuous ire. Yet there is something artificial about it from a

lurking consciousness of its own expression. Its smile is the great instrument of its effects, but appears to be too systematic; yet it is susceptible of the nicest gradations; it nearly flashes and disappears, or, in practiced obedience to the will, streams over the whole countenance in a broad and permanent illumination: at one moment it just passes over the lips, and dies at the instant of its birth; and at another bursts out in an exuberant and overflowing joyousness, and seems caught in the fulness of its hilarity from the face of Comus himself. But it is to satire that it is principally and most effectually applied. It is the glitter of the poisoned sneer that is levelled at the heart. The man who is gifted with these powers of physiognomy is, naturally enough, almost too prodigal of their use; and a person who watched Mr. Bushe would perceive that he frequently employed the abundant resources of his countenance instead of the riches of his mind. With him, indeed, a look is often sufficient for all purposes: it

‘Conveys a libel in a frown,  
And winks a reputation down.’

There is a gentleman at the Irish Bar, Mr. Henry Deane Grady, one of whose eyes he has himself designated as ‘his jury eye;’ and, indeed, from his frequent application of its ludicrous qualifications, which the learned gentleman often substitutes in the place of argument, even where argument might be obviously employed, has acquired a sort of professional distortion, of which he appears to be somewhat singularly proud. Mr. Bushe does not, it is true, rely so much upon this species of ocular logic; but even he, with all his good taste, carries it to an extreme. It never amounts to the buffoonery of the old school of Irish barristers who were addicted to a strange compound of tragedy and farce; but still it is vicious from its excess. The port and attitude of Mr. Bushe are as well suited to the purposes of impressiveness as his countenance and its expression. His form, indeed, is rather too corpulent and heavy, and if it were not concealed in a great degree by his gown, would be considered ungainly and inelegant. His stature is not above the middle size; but his chest is wide and expansive, and lends to his figure an aspect of sedateness and strength. In describing the ablest of his infernal senate, Milton has particularly mentioned the breadth of his ‘Atlantean Shoulders.’ The same circumstance is specified by Homer in his picture of Ulysses; and however many speakers of eminence have overcome the disadvantages of a weak and slender configuration, it cannot be doubted that we associate with dignity and wisdom an accompaniment of massiveness and power. His gesture is of the first order. It is finished and rounded with that perfect care, which the orators of antiquity bestowed upon the external graces of eloquence, and is an illustration of the justice of the observation made by the master of them all, that action was not only the chief ingredient, but almost the exclusive constituent of excellence in his miraculous art. There is unquestionably much of that native elegance about it, which is to the body what fancy and imagination are to the mind, and which no efforts of the most

laborious diligence can acquire. But the heightening and additions of deep study are apparent. The most minute particulars are attended to. So far indeed has an observance of effect been carried, that in serious obedience to the ironical precept of the satirist, he wears a large gold ring, which is frequently and ostentatiously displayed upon his weighty and commanding hand. But it is the voice of this fine speaker, which contains the master-spell of his perfections. I have already mentioned its extraordinary attributes, and indeed it must be actually heard, in order to form any appreciation of its effects. It must be acknowledged by the admirers of Mr. Bushe that his delivery constitutes his chief merit as an advocate, for his other powers, however considerable, do not keep pace with it. His style and diction are remarkably perspicuous and clear, but are deficient in depth. He has a remarkable facility in the use of simple and unelaborated expression, and every word drops of its own accord into that part of the sentence to which it most properly belongs. The most accurate ear could not easily detect a single harshness, or one inharmonious concurrence of sounds, in the course of his longest and least premeditated speech. But at the same time, there is some want of power in his phraseology, which is not either very original or picturesque. He indulges little in his imagination, from a dread, perhaps, of falling into those errors to which his countrymen are so prone, by adventuring upon the heights which overhang them. But I am, at the same time, inclined to suspect that nature has not conferred that faculty in great excellence upon him; an occasional flash comes for a moment over his thoughts, but it is less the lightning of the imagination than the warm exhalation of a serene and meteoric fancy. Curran, with all his imperfections, would frequently redeem the obscurity of his language by a single expression, that threw a wide and piercing illumination far around him, and left a track of splendour upon the memory of his audience, which was slow to pass away; but if Bushe has avoided the defects into which the ambition and enthusiasm of Curran were accustomed to hurry him, he has not approached him in richness of diction, or in that elevation of thought, to which that great speaker had the power of raising his hearers with himself. He was often 'led astray,' but it was 'by light from heaven.' On the other hand, the more level and subdued cast of thinking and of phrase which have been adopted by Mr. Bushe, are better suited to cases of daily occurrence; and I own that I should prefer him for my advocate in any transaction which required the art of exposition, and the elucidating quality which is so important in the conduct of ordinary affairs. He has the power of simplifying in the highest degree. He evolves with a surprising facility the most intricate facts from the most embarrassing complication, and reduces, in a moment, a chaotic heap of incongruous materials into symmetry and order. In what is called 'the narration,' in discourses upon rhetoric, his talent is of the first rank. He clarifies and methodizes every topic upon which he dwells, and makes the obscurest subject, perspicuous, and transparent to the dullest mind. His wit is perfectly gentlemanlike

and pure. It is not so vehement and sarcastic as that of Plunket, nor does it grope for pearls, like the imagination of Curran, in the midst of foulness and ordure. It is full of smooth mockery and playfulness, and dallies with its victim with a sort of feline elegance and grace. But its gripe is not the less deadly for its procrastination. His wit has more of the quality of raillery than of imagination. He does not accumulate grotesque images together, or surprise by the distance of the objects between which he discovers an analogy. He has nothing of that spirit of whim which pervaded the oratory of Curran, and made his mind appear, at moments, like a transmigration of Hogarth. Were a grossly ludicrous similitude to offer itself to him, he would at once discard it as incompatible with that chastised and subjugated ridicule in which alone he permits himself to indulge. But from this circumstance he draws a considerable advantage. The mirth of Curran was so broad, and the convulsion of laughter, which by his personations, (for his delivery often bordered upon a theatrical audacity) he never failed, whenever he thought proper, to produce, disqualified his auditors and himself for the more sober investigation of truth. His transitions, therefore, were frequently too abrupt; and, with all his art, and that Protean quality by which he passed with an astonishing and almost divine facility into every different modification of style and thought, a just gradation from the extravagance of merriment to the depth of pathetic emotion could not always be preserved. Bushe, on the other hand, never finds it difficult to recover himself. Whenever he deviates from that sobriety which becomes the discussions of a court of justice, he retraces his steps and returns to seriousness again, not only with perfect ease, but without even leaving a perception of the change. His manner is admirably chequered, and the various topics which he employs, enter into each other by such gentle and delicate degrees, that all the parts of his speech bear a just relation, and are as well proportioned as the several limbs of a fine statue to the general composition of the whole. This unity, which in all the arts rests upon the same sound principles, is one of the chief merits of Mr. Bushe as a public speaker."

To Bushe's genius, generally, we quote the following tribute from the pen of Lord Brougham :—

"His merit as a speaker was of the highest description. His power of narration has not, perhaps, been equalled. If any one would see this in its greatest perfection, he has only to read the inimitable speech in the Trimbleston cause: the narrative of Livy himself does not surpass that great effort. Perfect simplicity, but united with elegance; a lucid arrangement and unbroken connexion of all the facts; the constant introduction of the most picturesque expressions, but never as ornaments; these, the great qualities of narrative, accomplish its great end and purpose; they place the story and the scene before the hearer, or the reader, as if he witnessed the reality. It is unnecessary to add, that the temperate, and chaste, and even subdued tone of the whole is unvaried and unbroken; but such

praise belongs to every part of this great speaker's oratory. Whether he declaims or argues, moves the feelings or resorts to ridicule and sarcasm, deals in persuasion or invective, he never is, for an instant, extravagant. We have not the condensed and vigorous demonstration of Plunket; we have not these marvellous figures, sparingly introduced, but whensoever used, of an application to the argument absolutely magical; but we have an equal display of chastened abstinence, of absolute freedom from all the vices of the Irish school, with, perhaps, a more winning grace of diction; and all who have witnessed it agree in ascribing the greatest power to a manner that none could resist. The utmost that partial criticism could do to find a fault, was to praise the suavity of the orator at the expense of his force. John Kemble described him as 'the greatest actor off the stage;' but he forgot that so great an actor must also have stood highest among his Theatrical brethren had the scene been shifted. All parties allow that during the fierce political contests which filled the period of nineteen years during which he was law officer of the crown, he performed his duty with perfect honor towards the Government, but with the most undeviating humanity and toleration towards their opponents in church or state. Nor has the breath of calumny ever tarnished the purity of his judicial character during the twenty years that he presided on the bench. He was stern in his administration of the criminal law, but he was as rigidly impartial as he was severe. In one particular he was perfect, and it is of great importance in a judge; he knew no distinction of persons among those who practised before him, unless it was to protect and encourage rising merit; for a young advocate was ever sure of his ear, even when the fastidiousness of veteran practitioners might disregard his efforts. This kindly disposition he carried with him from the Bar, where he had been always remarkable for the courtesy with which he treated his juniors; indeed, it went further; it was a constant habit of protecting and encouraging them."

Sir Jonah Barrington writes:—

"He was as nearly devoid of private and public enemies as any man. Endowed with superior talents, he had met with a corresponding success in an ambitious profession and in a jealous country. His eloquence was of the purest kind; but the more delicate the edge, the deeper cuts the irony, and his rebukes were of that description; and, when embellished by his ridicule, coarse minds might bear them, but the more sensitive ones could not."

We give the three following extracts, the two first as specimens of his pathetic style, the third as an example of his humor. The first extract is his description of the generous conduct of Lord Cloncurry, on hearing from his wife the confession of her criminality; the second is the peroration of the same address; the third is his sketch of the career of that



lady, who was fully as diffuse, though not quite so select, in her gallantries as *Lais*—Mrs. Mansergh.

Gentlemen—It requires obdurate and habitual vice, and practised depravity to overbear the natural workings of the human heart. This unfortunate woman had not strength further to resist. She had been seduced—her soul was burthened with a guilty secret, but she was young in crime, and true to nature. She could no longer bear the weight of her own conscience—she was overpowered by the generosity of an injured husband, more keen than any reproaches—she was incapacitated from any further dissimulation; she flung herself at his feet. “I am unworthy,” she exclaimed, “of such tenderness and such goodness; it is too late—the villain has ruined me and dishonored you—I am guilty.” Gentlemen, I told you I should confine myself to facts. I have scarcely made an observation. I will not affront my client’s case, nor your feelings, nor my own, by common-placing upon the topic of the plaintiff’s sufferings. You are Christians, men; your hearts must describe for me—I cannot—I affect not humility in saying that I cannot—no advocate can—as I told you, your hearts must be the advocates. Conceive this unhappy nobleman, in the bloom of life, surrounded with every comfort, exalted by high honors and distinctions, enjoying great property, the proud proprietor of an elevated rank and a magnificent mansion—the prouder proprietor, a few hours before, of what he thought an innocent and an amiable woman—the happy father of children whom he loved, and loved them more, as the children of the wife whom he adored—precipitated, in one hour, into an abyss of misery which no language can represent—loathing his rank, despising his wealth, cursing the youth and health that promised nothing but the protraction of a wretched existence—looking round upon every worldly object with disgust and despair, and finding, in this complicated woe, no principle of consolation except the consciousness of not having deserved it. Smote to the earth, this unhappy man forgot not his character; he raised the guilty, and lost penitent from his feet; he left her punishment to her conscience and to heaven; her pardon he reserved to himself. The tenderness and generosity of his nature prompted him to instant mercy; he forgave her—he prayed to God to forgive her; he told her she should be restored to the protection of her father—that until then her secret should be preserved and her feelings respected, and that her fall from honor should be as easy as it might. But, there was a forgiveness for which she supplicated, and which he sternly refused: he refused that forgiveness which implies the meanness of the person who dispenses it, and which renders the clemency valueless, because it makes the man despicable; he refused to take back to his arms the tainted and faithless woman, who had betrayed him; he refused to expose himself to the scorn of the world and to his own contempt. He submitted to misery—he could not brook dishonor.

Gentlemen, I shall not pursue this odious subject. I have stated the facts of this unparalleled case—I leave it now to you. In discharging your present duty, you have more than the present parties

before you. You are guardians of public morals—you may give salutary instructions by wholesome example—you may teach the man of modern gallantry that he shall not invade domestic peace with impunity—you may teach the votary of modern honor that he shall not palliate the seduction of a wife by attempting the murder of her husband—you may teach the public that a jury of moral and honorable men know how to appreciate the lost happiness of the married life—you may banish a profligate character from your island and send him to some region more congenial to his vices. This you may do by your verdict. But you cannot compensate my broken-hearted client—you cannot, by money, repair his injuries or heal his wounds—you can only impart to him that only consolation of which excessive misery is capable—the sympathy of good and honest men. As to the defendant, he is beyond your reach: his callous impenitence defies you—you may punish, but cannot reclaim him—you may make him suffer—you cannot make him feel.

The following is from his speech for Hackett in Mansergh's case:—

Permit me, gentlemen of the jury, to present to you the reverse of the portraits which have been drawn of this husband and his mate, or to quit the style of metaphor, which does not become the language of truth, let me tell you in a few words, what are the facts. Lucretia, stripped of her Roman garb, turned out to be neither more nor less than Miss Shields, of whose talents and accomplishments you have heard so much, and of whom you are just going to see a little. Possessed, as we are informed, of every virtue, we cannot suppose her deficient in *prudence*, the parent of the whole moral tribe; and of this she gave an early and striking proof. Finding her person of marriageable age, and feeling herself little disposed to celibacy, she yet thought it prudent before she entered on the awful state of matrimony to see how she would like it, and by taking earnest of a spouse, to know by anticipation what were to be its consequences. She made the experiment, and liked it, and her marriage with Mr. Mansergh followed. Too liberal in her temper to confine her favors, and a *philanthropist* in the most extensive meaning of the term, it would require a greater combination of the power of memory and lungs than I am blessed with, to give you a list of the individuals who have been honoured by her embraces. I shall reduce them under certain general heads; the *navy*—the *army*—the *bar*—and the *pulpit*—have paid homage to her charms. And such was the admirable congeniality of temper between her and her mate, that he exulted in her triumphs—boasted of her success—and when he beheld a hoary Divine tottering at the tail of her conscripts, he has been heard at the edifying spectacle to ejaculate in a strain of religious enthusiasm—'Praise be to Heaven, I have got the grace of God in my train!' Children were the natural consequences of this diffusive intercourse with the great world, and that they were *her own children* is certain, but further, the most zealous of her deponents sayeth not, for—

" Though troops of heroes did attend  
Her couchée and her levée,—  
The piebald breed was never owned  
By light horse or by heavy."

During Bushe's career at the Bar, society in Ireland was brilliant and intellectual. Its tastes were of the French, rather than of the English mode; and amongst the most fashionable amusements of the time, the favorite and most remarkable, were Private Theatrical performances.

In France, whence the amusement was imported to these kingdoms, private theatricals were most extravagantly admired. We read, in the various annals of the time, that the most learned, the most noble, the wisest men of the age were willing to join in the plays as actors. We learn that, "M. le Comte d'Artois," afterwards Charles X., "qui par sa taille, sa jeunesse, et ses graces naturelles, est fait pour réussir dans tous les exercices du corps, a ambitionné aussi la gloire de danser sur la corde. Il a pris longtems en silence, et dans le plus grand secret, des leçons du Sieur Placide et du Petit Diable."\* Voltaire had a theatre of his own, and played Cicero in his drama entitled *Rome Sauvée*; and Rousseau attempted a rôle, but failed, as he confesses—"Malgré ma bêtise et ma gaucherie, Madame d'Epinay voulut me mettre des amusements de la Chevrette, château près de Saint-Denis, appartenant à M. de Bellegarde. Il y avoit un théâtre où l'on jouoit souvent des pièces. On me chargea d'un rôle que j'étudiais six mois sans relâches, et qu'il fallut me souffler d'un bout à l'autre, à la représentation. Après cette épreuve, on ne me donna plus de rôle.†

England was graced by the private performances at the Duchess of Queensberry's, where Lord Bute, for the purpose of displaying his legs, played Lothario. At Winterslow Charles Fox played Horatio in *The Fair Penitent*, and Sir Harry in *High Life below Stairs*; at Holland House he played Hastings to the Jane Shore of Lady Sarah Bunbury. Richmond

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\* A celebrated rope dancer.

† For a very interesting account of these amusements in France, see the *Memoirs of Collé, Ségur, Condorcet*, and the "*Mémoires Secrets pour servir*."—Tom. XV. Madame Campan states, that Marie Antoinette insisted on appearing on the Trianon stage, but in opposition to the King's wishes, who accordingly hissed her.—This she appears to have deserved as Madame Campan adds: "Il faut avouer que c'est royalement mal joué."

House had its theatricals; and at an earlier period, so great was the rage for this species of amusement, that in Lord Orford's *Memoirs*, under the date 1751, we read the following: "The 7th was appointed for the Naturalization Bill, but the House adjourned to attend at Drury-lane, where Othello was acted by a Mr. Delaval and his family, who had hired the theatre on purpose. The crowd of people of fashion was so great, that the footmen's gallery was hung with ribbands." These were the times of a somewhat thoughtless and extravagant generation, and the aristocracy of our country were fully as willing, and quite as able, to establish and support the fashionable amusement in this island.

So early as the year 1759, Private Theatricals were performed in Ireland, and Thomas Moore, in referring to James Corry's privately printed book, of which only fifty copies were struck off, and entitled *The Private Theatre of Kilkenny, with Introductory observations on other Private Theatres in Ireland before it was opened*, writes:—

"The city of Kilkenny—where the performances commemorated in this volume were continued annually, with but few interruptions, from the year 1802 to 1819, possesses some ancient claims on the reverence of all lovers of the drama. The celebrated Bale, whose tragedy of Pammachius was acted at Christ's College, Cambridge, in 1544, inhabited for some time, as Bishop of Ossory, the Palace of Kilkenny; and two of his sacred comedies, or mysteries were, as he himself tells us, acted at the market-cross in that town. 'On the xx daye of August was the Ladye Marye, with us at Kilkennye, proclaimed Queen of England, &c. The yonge men in the forenone played a tragedye of 'God's Promises in the Old Lawe,' at the market-crosse, with organe—plaingis and songes, very aptely. In the afternone, againe, they played a comedie of 'Sanct Johan Baptistes' preachings, of Christe's Baptisyng, and of his Temptacion in the Vildernesse.'"\* From that period, till the middle of the last century, Ireland furnishes but few materials for a History of the Stage, Public or Private. So slow, indeed, was the progress of the drama in that country, that, in the year 1600, when England had been for some time, enjoying the inspirations of Shakspeare's muse, we find the old tragedy of Ferrex and Porrex, the first rude essay of the art, represented before Lord Mountjoy at the Castle of Dublin. It was, indeed, about the same period, when as we have said, the taste for private acting reappeared in England, that a similar feeling manifested itself among the higher ranks of society in Ireland; and, in the year 1759, a series of amusements of this kind

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\* See *The Vocation of John Bale*, in the Harleian Tracts.

took place at Lurgan in the county of Armagh, the seat of that distinguished member of the Irish Parliament, William Brownlow. 'To this meeting,' says the editor of the volume before us, in his introduction, the 'stage is indebted for the popular entertainment of Midas.' It was written upon that occasion by one of the company, the late Mr. Kane O'Hara, and originally consisted of but one act, commencing with the fall of Apollo from the clouds. The characters in the piece were undertaken by the members of the family, and their relatives, with the exception of the part of Pan, which was reserved by the author for himself. Many additions were made to it before its introduction to the public, and, among others, the opening scene of 'Jove in his Chair,' as it is now represented. To these representations succeeded, in 1760, a sort of theatrical jubilee, at Castletown, the residence of the Right Hon. Thomas Connolly,—where, after the performance of the 'First Part of Henry IV.' an epilogue was, it appears, spoken by Hussy Burgh—afterwards Baron of the Exchequer—one of the most accomplished men that the Bar of Ireland has ever produced. In the year 1781, the Duke of Leinster opened his princely mansion at Carton, to a series of entertainments of the same description; and, in a list of the characters of the Beggar's Opera, which was one of the pieces performed on this occasion, we find, among a number of other distinguished names (Lord Charlemont, Lady Louisa Connolly, &c.) the rather startling announcement of—Lockit, by the Rev. Dean Marly. This worthy *pendant* to the Bibienus of the Court of Leo X, spoke also a prologue on the same occasion, written by himself, the concluding lines of which are as follows:—

But when this busy mimic scene is o'er,  
All shall resume the worth they had before;  
Lockit himself his knavery shall resign,  
And lose the Gaoler in the dull Divine.\*

Among the most interesting of the other performances recorded in this volume, are those got up in the year 1774, at the seats of Sir Hercules Langrishe and Mr. Henry Flood,—where the two celebrated orators, Grattan and Flood, appeared together on the stage, and, in personating the two contending chieftains, Macbeth and Macduff, had a sort of poetical foretaste of their own future rivalry,—'belli propinqui rudimenta.' We find the name of Mr. Grattan again connected with private theatricals in the year 1776, when, after a representation of the Masque of Comus, at the country seat of the Right Hon. David La Touche, an epilogue from the pen of Mr. Grattan was spoken—the only copy of verses, we believe, that this illustrious son of Ireland is known to have written. The verses of great statesmen are always sure to be objects of curiosity,—even

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\* The opening lines were—

"Our play, to-night, wants novelty, 'tis true;  
That to stone, our actors all are new—  
And sure our stage, than any stage is droller,  
Lords act the rogue, and Ladies play the stroller!"

when, like those of Cicero, they have no other recommendation than their badness. Some specimens of the poetry of Mr. Burke have lately been given to the world, and those who complain of his being too poetical in his prose, will, perhaps, be consoled by finding him so prosaic in his poetry. Pope says, with, perhaps, rather an undue pride in his art, that 'the corruption of a poet is the generation of a statesman';—if so, Burke must have been far gone in decomposition, when he wrote such verses. The epilogue of Mr. Grattan, however, contains some lively and fluent lines, and our readers, we presume, will not be displeased to see a few of them here:—

Hist! hist!—I hear a dame of fashion say,  
 Lord, how absurd the heroine of this play!  
 A god of rank and station was so good  
 To take a lady from a hideous wood,  
 Brought her to all the pleasures of his court,  
 Of love, and men, and music the resort;  
 Bid mirth and transport wait on her command;  
 Gave her a ball, and offered her his hand;  
 And she, quite *country*, obstinate, and mulish,  
 Extremely fine, perhaps, but vastly foolish,  
 Would neither speak, nor laugh, nor dance, nor sing,  
 Nor condescend, nor wed, nor—anything.

But, gentle ladies, you'll, I'm sure, approve  
 Your sex's triumph over guilty love;  
 Nor will our sports of gaiety alarm you;  
 These little bacchanals will never harm you;  
 Nor Comis' wreathed smiles; and you'll admire,  
 Once more, true English force and genuine fire;  
 Milton's chaste majesty,—Arne's airy song;  
 The light note tripping on Allegro's tongue;  
 While the sweet flowing of the purest breast,  
 Like Milton tuneful, vestal as his taste,  
 Calls Music from her cell, and warbles high,  
 The rapturous soul of song and sovereign ecstasy.

We shall not further pursue the enumerations which this volume supplies of the various amateur performances that preceded those of Kilkenny,—except to remark that, in the list of the actors at Shane's Castle in 1785, there occurs one name, which, in the hearts of all true Irishmen, awakens feelings which they can hardly trust their lips to utter—Lord Edward Fitzgerald. With the Theatricals of Kilkenny expired the last faint remains of what may be called the Social Era in Ireland. 'Adieu, Société!' was the lively dying-speech of one of the fellow-conspirators of Berton, when about to submit his neck to the guillotine;—and 'adieu, Société!' might, with the same 'tragical mirth,' have been ejaculated by Ireland at the period of the Union. To such times as we have been describing—to such classic and humanizing amusements—has succeeded an age of bitter cant and bewildering controversy. Instead of opening their

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\* The Masque was acted by children.

mansions, as of old, to such innocent and ennobling hospitalities, the Saint-Peters of the present day convert their halls into conventicles and conversion-shops. Where the theatre once re-echoed the young voices of a Grattan and a Flood, the arena is now prepared for the disputations of the Reverend Popes and Maguires. The scenes of Otway and Shakspeare have given way to the often-announced tragedies of Pastorini, and even Farce has taken its last refuge in Sir Harcourt Lees. We have only to add, that this curious volume, which will one day or other, be a gem in the eyes of the Bibliomaniac, contains portraits of all the most distinguished members of the Theatrical Society of Kilkenny, Mr. Grattan, Mr. Thomas Moore, Mr. James Corry."

The members of the Company in the first season, at Kilkenny, which commenced on the 2nd, and ended on the 6th February, 1802, were Mr. B. Power, Mr. Rothe, Mr. Tighe, Mr. Crampton, Mr. Bushe, Mr. Neville, Colonel Maxwell, Mr. A. Helsham, Master Hesham, and the officers of the Garrison, Mrs. King, Miss Rouviere and Miss Webb; the orchester was composed of gentlemen of Kilkenny, and its neighbourhood.

The late Mrs. Charles Mathews, in her *Memoir* of her husband, has presented some letters written by him to his friend John Litchfield, when the former was keeping his first engagement in the Crow-street Theatre with Daly, in the year 1794. In these letters he refers, in the highest terms of praise, to Kilkenny as a first-rate theatrical town, and expresses his great anxiety to make one of a company which Cherry was then collecting for the purpose of performing at the theatre there. And, indeed, his opinion of the theatrical taste of the inhabitants, appears to have been fully borne out by the history of the Kilkenny Private Theatre.

During the seventeen years in which the Theatre was kept open, many distinguished men took part in the performance; the principal members of the company were Thomas Moore, Richard Power, of Kilfane, Crampton, James Corry, Sir William Wrixon Becher, Lister and Rothe; the actresses were generally professional; amongst them were Miss Kelly, Mrs. Bartley, Miss Walstein, Miss Stephens and Miss O'Neill. Some of the non-professionals performed with a spirit and aplomb that were admirable. Moore writes:—

"This taste continued for nearly twenty years to survive the epoch of the Union, and in the performances of the Private Theatre of Kilkenny gave forth its last, as well as, perhaps, brightest flashes. The life and soul of this institution was our manager, the late Mr.

Richard Power, a gentleman who could boast a larger circle of attached friends, and through a life more free from shadow or alloy, than any individual it has ever been my lot to know. No livelier proof, indeed, could be required of the sort of feeling entertained towards him than was once shown in the reception given to the two following homely lines which occurred in a Prologue I wrote\* to be spoken by Mr. Corry in the character of Vapid:—

'Tis said my worthy manager intends  
To help my night, and *Ac*, you know, has friends.

These few simple words I wrote with the assured conviction that they would produce more effect, from the homefelt truism they contained, than could be effected by the most labored burst of eloquence; and the result was just what I anticipated, for the house rung, for a considerable time, with the heartiest plaudits. The chief comic, or rather farcical, force of the company lay in my friend Mr. Corry, and '*longo intervallo*,' myself; and though, as usual, with low comedians, we were much looked down upon by the lofty lords of the buskin, many was the sly joke we indulged in together, at the expense of our heroic brethren. Some waggish critic,† indeed, is said to have declared that of all the personages of our theatre, he most admired the prompter—'because he was least seen and best heard.' But this joke was, of course, a mere good humored slander. There were two, at least, of our dramatic corps, Sir Wrixon Becher and Mr. Rothe, whose powers, as tragic actors, few amateurs have ever equalled; and Mr. Corry—perhaps alone of all our company—would have been sure of winning laurels on the public stage. As to my own share in these representations, the following list of my most successful characters will show how remote from the line of the heroic was the small orbit through which I ranged; my chief parts having been Sam, in '*Raising the Wind*,' Robin Roughhead, Mungo, Sadi, in the '*Mountaineers*,' Spado, and Peeping Tom. In the part of Spado there occur several allusions to that gay rogue's shortness of stature, which never failed to be welcomed by my auditors with laughter and cheers; and the words, '*Even Sanguino allows I am a clever little fellow*,' was always a signal for this sort of friendly explosion. One of the songs, indeed, written by O'Keeffe, for the character of Spado so much abounds with points thus personally applicable, that many supposed, with no great compliment either to my poetry or my modesty, that the song had been written, expressly for the occasion, by myself. The following is the verse to which I allude, and for the poetry of which I was thus made responsible:—

' Though born to be little's my fate,  
Yet so was the great Alexander;  
And, when I walk under a gate,  
I've no need to stoop like a gander.

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\* In the Season of 1810.

† The "waggish critic" was Charles Kendal Bushe.



I'm no lanky, long hoddy-doddy,  
Whose paper-kite sails in the sky ;  
Though wanting two feet, in my body,  
In soul, I am thirty feet high.\*

With all these pleasant scenes, Bushe and his family were closely connected ; he was a frequent visitor at Kilfane during the theatrical season, and upon one occasion having been asked which of the performers he most admired, he replied, as Moore has stated, "the Prompter, for I heard the most, and saw the least of him." Whilst the performances continued, amusements of every kind were enjoyed—the well-known Kilfane hounds for the morning, balls for the evening, conversation, flashing, gay, and witty for all times, made up the round of pleasure. At length it was discovered, in the year 1819, that the performances could no longer be carried on satisfactorily, and it was resolved that the approaching season should be the last. It commenced upon the 11th, and ended upon the 28th October. The company were Mr. R. Power, Mr. Rothe, Mr. Becher, Mr. Corry, Lord Monck, Mr. Langrishe, Mr. R. Rothe, Mr. J. Power jun., Mr. R. Power jun. Mr. G. Power, Mr. H. A. Bushe, Mr. C. Bushe, Mr. A. Bushe, Mr. Annesley, Mr. Holmes, Mr. Gyles, Mr. M'Caskey, Lord Hawarden, Lord James Stewart, Sir J. C. Coghill, Mr. J. Power, Mr. G. Hill, Mr. Hare, Mr. Dixon, Mr. Smily, Mr. Anderson, Mr. E. Helsham, Mr. R. Helsham, Mr. H. Helsham, Mr. T. Hill, Mr. Shee, Mr. M. Shee, Mr. Bookey, Mr. Fleming, Master Dalton, Master Brennan, Miss O'Neill, Miss Walstein, Miss Kelly, Miss Roche, Miss Curtis, Miss Eyreby, Miss Johnston.

This was a company sufficient to attract all who could obtain invitations or admission, and accordingly we find the Kilkenny papers filled with complaints as to the difficulty of procuring lodgings, and some little excitement appears also to have arisen, owing to reports that Miss O'Neill would not appear, which the papers contradict "on very good authority," and she appeared on Thursday, October 21st, the sixth night of the season, and played Juliet, to the Romeo of Richard Power, Becher appearing as Friar Laurence.\* The season commenced with Mrs. Centlivre's Comedy, *The Wonder*, and the Farce of *Raising the Wind*. The curtain rose at eight o'clock,

\* Upon the entrance of Miss O'Neill the ladies and gentlemen present arose from their seats, and received her standing.

when Richard Power came forward to deliver the Prologue, which was as follows :—

“ As some fond youth the fatal bark surveys,  
Which from his sight his once lov'd fair conveys,  
With strain'd eye sees it lessening to his view,  
And waves, with frequent hand, a last adieu !  
Still sad and slow he lingers on the shore,  
Nor heeds the rising surge or tempest's roar.  
Thus, tho' well pleased to meet, yet heaves my heart,  
And dwells on that sad hour when we must part—  
When I, while no feign'd griefs my bosom swell,  
Take, for the *twentieth* time, my *last* farewell !  
Nay, 'pon my word my last—my last you'll find,  
Tho' much your smiles denote a doubting mind.

Have you not lately seen, thro' Æther's range,  
A Comet flaming and with fear of change  
Perplexing Monarchs—Ah ! that omen dire  
Foretold our busken'd reign must soon expire.

Should any ask, why in its noon-tide hour,  
Like Spanish Charles, I quit the sovereign power ?  
I will a tale unfold—and in my rage  
Our green-room secrets publish on the stage :  
Know then—my Actors are grown restive all,  
Nor longer hearken to my sovereign call.  
Some to strange lands a wandering spirit drives,  
Some take to business, some have taken wives !!  
My Thanes fly from me, and too soon *Macbeth*\*  
Must stand alone upon the blasted heath ;  
But late my plaguing rogues, as if combined,  
They had together a round-robbin sign'd,  
Wrote word—*this season their engagement ends*—  
Shall I expose them ? Tho' they are my friends—  
By Jove I will.

(*Takes a packet of Letters from his pocket*).

Let's see—aye—here in truth  
Comes a sweet sentimental line from ROTHE ;  
' Dear Power, you know my heart'—aye, still the pathos ;  
' But this Excise Board'—Heavens what a Bathos !  
And thus he quits. Oh, unambitious fool !  
The tragic sceptre for the *dipping rule*—  
Yet shall his memory live ever here,  
And still shall *Beverley*—*Othello*—*Lear*—  
Reign in your hearts while feeling owns a tear.  
Next comes a grave Epistle—post-mark MALLOW ;†  
' The Senate calls'—excuse both vain and shallow.  
' The times are out of joint, and public men  
Must do their best to set them right again,

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\* Power's chief character.

† Becher lived near, and represented Mallow in Parliament.

So farewell gewgaw Plays! Yours, WILKIN BECHER.  
 Now all this comes because he's grown a speaker.  
 What! would the proud *Coriolanus*\* shun  
 That spot where first *your voices sweet* he won?  
 Tho' listening senates hang on all he says,  
 He owes it all to our KILKENNY PLAYS.  
 What's next?—a note official—signed JAMES CORRY,  
 Who says *indeed he is extremely sorry*,  
*But that the Linen Trade† now comes so full in—*  
 Pshaw! hang his linen! haven't we got the woollen!  
 If to my orders thus he proves refractory  
 Let him improve his system at the Factory—‡  
 There sports and toil th' alternate hours beguile,  
 And man—poor laboring man, is taught to smile;  
 And who like CORRY e'er from sorrow's eye  
 With sun-shine laughter ev'ry tear could dry?  
 When this sad City mourn'd her favorite dead,  
 And deemed all Comedy with LISTER fled;  
 When all around was gloom and sad dismay,  
 Corry burst forth, and re-illumin'd the day.

Nay, too, my youths who dash'd thro' thin and thick—  
 ANNESLEY—SHER—HELISHAM and my namesake DICK,  
 Tho' now they shave, think grey-beard parts unfit,  
 And e'en LORD MONCK swears he'll the harness quit.  
 But ah! sad tidings from the North! for there  
 CRAMPTON writes word *the state demands his care*:  
 'I'm chain'd here by the leg, and made in vain  
 Herculean efforts my release to gain'—  
 He by the leg! Good Heavens! what chain could bind  
 That leg so supple, or that heart so kind!  
 But let Fate cast his part, howe'er it can,  
 He'll always act the *Irish Gentleman*.  
 And can we venture thus to take the field,  
 Without, Sir *Lucius*,§ thy protecting shield?  
 Did we not erst the stage persist to tread,  
 When wit and genius with our LANGRISHES fled?  
 Then, tho' with thinning ranks, we forward come,  
 And on your kind exhaustless smiles presume.  
 And lo! what bright star, wandering from her sphere,  
 Shines on our orb, this parting hour to cheer?  
 The fair O'NEIL dispels night's vapour dun,  
 It is the East, and *Juliet* is our sun!  
 Arise, fair sun, and with auspicious ray  
 Shed thy kind lustre on our closing day—  
 So may thy beams, by no dark clouds o'ercast,  
 Increase each year in splendor ne'er surpast."

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\* Becher's favorite character.

† Corry was Secretary to the Linen Board of Ireland.

‡ Nolan's well-known woollen factory, Co. Kilkenny.

§ Crampton played Sir Lucius O'Trigger with great spirit.

The season closed with the tragedy of *Richard the Third*, and the farce of the *Agreeable Surprise*. The cast in *Richard* was as follows :—

King Henry, Mr. Rothe.	Lord Mayor, Mr. Gyles.*
Prince of Wales, Mr. A. Bushe.	Tyrrell, Mr. B. Power, Jun.
Duke of York, Master Dalton.	Blount, Mr. J. Power.
Duke of Gloucester, Mr. Becher.	Lieutenant of the Tower, Mr.
Buckingham, Mr. R. Langrishe.	R. Rothe.
Richmond, Mr. B. Power.	Officer, Mr. M. Shee.
Norfolk, Mr. Shee.	Forrest, Mr. Marshall.
Batchiffe, Mr. Fleming.	Queen, Miss Curtis.
Catesby, Mr. G. Power.	Duchess of York, Mrs. Eyreby.
Tressel, Mr. Annesley.	Lady Anne, Miss Walstein.
Oxford, Mr. Hare.	

In the farce the cast was :—

Sir Felix Friendly, Lord Monck.	Cuddon, Mr. Fleming.
Compton, Mr. B. Power, Jun.	Farmer Stump, Mr. Hare.
Lingo, Mr. Corry.	Miss Cheshire, Mrs. Eyreby.
Ohicane, Mr. Gyles.	Laura, Miss Kelly.
John, Mr. Annesley.	Fringe, Miss Curtis.
Thomas, Mr. A. Bushe.	Cowslip, Miss Rock.

Between twelve and one o'clock the curtain dropped ; in a few moments it was raised, and then the several members of the Dramatic Corps were assembled on the stage, encompassing a considerable space in the form of a semicircle. Mr. Richard Power as the leader, and as the oldest member of the company, came forward to speak the Epilogue. It was as follows, and written by Henry Amyas Bushe :—

“ Ten years entire Greece labored to destroy,  
 With her confederate hosts, imperial Troy—  
 We've kept the field till twice ten years have passed,  
 But the dispersing gale has blown at last.  
 With ears attentive all my words receive,  
 'Tis the last charge your leader e'er shall give :  
 Companions dear of many a well-fought day,  
 Your ready numbers I with pride survey.  
 Friends, you come arm'd, I find, with valour great,  
 To meet the summons, and behold your fate ;  
 So let not mirth ('twere now ill-timed) abound,  
 Or jest be pointed—let no laugh resound,  
 While the sad hour draws near—for come it must,  
 When all those trophies shall be laid in dust,  
 And towers and palaces all in the wind  
 Mouldering dissolve, nor leave a wreck behind !

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\* Mr. Gyles was afterwards the constant correspondent of Charles Mathews. See Mathew's Memoirs, Vols. III. and IV.

Haply, some future traveller may say,  
 Whilst in this town he makes a short delay,  
 Pointing to where her court Thalia held,  
 'Here Richard pitched his tent of Bosworth's field :  
 Here youthful orators their strength would try,  
 Poise on the wing ere yet they learn'd to fly;  
 And sprightly WALSTEIN, in her beauty's hey-day,  
 Played that most difficult of parts, *The Lady*.  
 Since FARREN bade adieu, ye critics tell  
 Who—who perform'd the arduous task so well?  
 And STEPHENS pour'd her sweetest warblings here,  
 The seraph tones still vibrate on the ear ;  
 And, ere she fill'd the highest niche of fame,  
 Our praise prophetic of her future name,  
 Here, fair O'NEIL, with native feeling charm'd,  
 And won the wisest, and the coldest warm'd—  
 And now, mature in honors, flings the light  
 Of setting radiance on our closing night.'

You, too, our patrons, never sued in vain  
 For kindness, critic censure to restrain :  
 You fann'd each hope, and silenced every fear,  
 And cheer'd with beauty's smile, and still more flattering tear.  
 Oh! while this breath I draw, my grateful mind  
 Shall cherish all those scenes have left behind,  
 Full oft shall fancy bring them to my view,  
 And memory, lingering, half their joys renew.  
 So, when Death claims some victim for the tomb,  
 And loveliness consigns to early doom,  
 With mental eye the widow'd partner sees  
 Her imag'd form—he hears her in the breeze—  
 Entranc'd in fond regret, his feelings know  
 A charm in grief, a luxury in woe,  
 And thrill with second rapture wandering o'er  
 All that had won, and all that had pleased before :  
 Such solace still remains, and just gives strength  
 To utter what we must pronounce at length,  
 While to the utmost bound our bosoms swell,  
 And quivering lips scarce falter—' Friends, farewell ! ' "

A few days after the closing of the Theatre a farewell dinner was given in the Hibernian Hotel, Kilkenny ; Richard Power was the chairman. It was attended by all the members of the theatrical company, and, as a honorary member, by Lord Prudhoe, the present Duke of Northumberland. The toasts were the King—the Prince of Wales—the Duke of York—the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland—the Stage—the Memory of the Kilkenny Theatrical Society—the Memory of Shakespeare. Whilst the latter toast was being spoken to, it was announced

that Miss O'Neil had arrived at the Hotel, where she was to stop for the night on her route to Cork from Dublin, and a deputation of the members left the dinner table to congratulate her upon her late performance; and her brother, Mr. R. O'Neil, who accompanied her, was invited to return with the deputation to the Banquet, where he had the satisfaction of hearing his celebrated sister's health ably and eloquently proposed. The other toasts were, Sir Robert Langrishe—the Countess of Ormond—Mr. John Power and Foxhunting—Mr. Kemble and Mrs. Siddons—Lord Prudhoe—the President—Mr. Rothe—Mr. Becher—Mr. Crampton—Lord Monck, and the other members of the Society—Mr. Corry, the Secretary—Mr. Clarke, the Stage Manager—Charles Bannister and Charles Mathews.\*

We have dwelt upon this subject, because we know it relates to a period of the life of Charles Kendal Bushe, to which he ever looked back with pleasure; and because we believe that he respected, most sincerely, many of those whose names have appeared in our sketch of these theatricals.† Of one of the members, Mr. Richard Power, he proved his friendship and respect by the following exquisite tribute, appended to Mr. Corry's book already quoted, which showed Bushe to possess, as Corry wrote, "one of the best and warmest hearts, united with the finest talents, that Ireland ever produced:"—

When it is recollected that Richard Power did not belong to any profession—never engaged in politics—filled no office—occupied none of these stations, the duties of which bring men under the observation of the public, it may seem extraordinary to those who did not know him, that his protracted sickness should have excited an interest so intense, and that his death should have produced a sensation of general regret. These feelings, however, expressed the loss sustained by society in private life, by the death of one of its worthiest members and greatest ornaments. It would be great injustice to his higher claims upon the attachment of his many friends,

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\* Mathews had witnessed the performances in the Season of 1818.

† If any defence of Bushe's support of this amusement were necessary, we might plead that "the mighty searcher of courts, who stripped the leaves off the sceptre of tyrants, and showed the naked iron underneath"—Nicholas Machiavelli, was an amateur actor of comic parts, and a comic writer of great ability—finding an able second in the great historian and Governor of Modena—Francis Guicciardini. Machiavelli states that his own comic powers made the Pope and Cardinals, "smascellarsi della risa."

to enlarge upon the accomplishments of a mind embellished by a cultivation of the fine arts, directed by a correct taste, and imparting to his conversation, that grace, without effort and talent, without display, for which he was distinguished. Talents and acquirements are of small account in the estimation of those, who mourn their departed worth with a sorrow justified by the moral excellence of him whom they deplore. His principles were pure, his view of honor high, his affections generous and kind. In the domestic connections he was a kind relation—in his closer intimacies, the steadiest and most devoted friend; in his general intercourse, frank, cordial, and conciliating. It was truly said of him, that he "never made an enemy, or lost a friend;" and in a country distracted by civil and religious discord, a man could not be found of any sect or party who felt unkindly towards him; yet this popularity was not caused by the compliances of a mind or assenting character: he had a benevolence of disposition, which made it a pleasure to him to make others happy, and he shrank from giving pain almost with the same instinct that men shrink from suffering it. This made him prompt to approve and slow to censure; indulgent to error, and encouraging to merit; yet there was something about him that repelled whatever was sordid or mean; and where firmness was required, his integrity was uncompromising, and his courage not to be shaken. Upon these qualities his afflicted friends will long meditate; but in the words of his favorite author:—

'——— to add greater honors to his age,  
Than man could give him—he died fearing God.'

A mortal and wasting disease had, in the midst of health, prosperity and enjoyments, fastened on his life, which for more than three years, he sustained with a patience that mere philosophy could not inspire. In that dreadful trial, his mind was propped by faith in revealed religion, as his heart was imbued with all the charities which it inculcates: and those who witnessed his sufferings, can never, whilst they live, forget the serene temper, and the sublime, yet humble and pious resignation, with which he endured them. It is a trite and inaccurate expression to say, that, by a memorial such as this, justice is rendered to the memory of one who is gone to a better world. The spirit, separated from earth, requires no such justice at our hands, and soars above the low considerations of praise or censure. With us, however, who survive, human passions remain, and a melancholy gratification of the bent of our feeling is derived from the performance of such a duty, and by indulging in the praises of a departed friend, however vain and unavailing to the dead. Nor yet unprofitable are such tributes. If even a fictitious standard of excellence has been considered useful for the contemplation and imitation of mankind, how much more inviting must it be to hold up to emulation the actual virtues of a real character, as an example of what is not only excellent, but attainable? If any young man upon whom the world is now opening, is desirous of aspiring to the distinction and renown which its higher pursuits may bestow, should feel the sounder and soberer ambition of devoting himself to the duties and

enjoyments of private life—if he wish to improve his understanding, and refine his taste by liberal and elegant cultivation—and to expand his heart by the practice of all that is amiable in the social virtues—from youth to age, to be surrounded by troops of friends, and at his death to deserve the respect of the estimable and the honorable—in short, to be all that is comprehended in the character of a good man, and a perfect gentleman, let him study the model which Richard Power has left behind him.

We have written that Bushe's judicial life was not in any degree remarkable, the chief event which distinguished it was the case of Richard Barrett : it was tried in the King's Bench, where O'Connell appeared for the defendant.

When the Marquis of Anglesea retired from the Viceroyalty of this country, in September 1833, he was succeeded by the Marquis Wellesley, who then came to Ireland as Lord Lieutenant, for the second time. O'Connell was in the full tide of his popularity, and in the full exercise of his Tribunitial, or it may be written, his Kingly sway. The Roman Catholics, freed from those galling restraints which had so lately, as they considered, oppressed them, and incited by Fergus O'Connor, and the *ruck* of that remnant of the old Catholic Association, who loved, either for the sake of profit or excitement, the turmoil of violent politics, had placed themselves again within the power of the law. Lord Anglesea had tried to crush the popular party by political prosecutions ; Marquis Wellesley was inclined to follow the practice of his predecessor. Blackburne, as staunch and stern in his views regarding the interests of the country, as he was learned in such constitutional law as had been conceded to her, held, under the Wellesley Viceroyalty, the office of Attorney General, to which he had been called by the Marquis of Anglesea.

Barrett's case came on for trial in the King's Bench, in Michaelmas Term, 1833 ; it had been arranged that Sheil should defend, as we know he was anxious to do, the traverser ; but, a very few hours before the day of trial, O'Connell resolved to lead in person, and he was right. It was with him, the man who had beaten the hostile Government, and who could say with Cicero—"Togati me uno togato duce et imperatore vicistis," a point of honor to bear scatheless, if possible, from that Court the friend who had refused, at his grievous peril, to give to the Government a legal proof that O'Connell was the writer of certain obnoxious letters. Upon the day of trial, the Court



and Hall were crowded more densely than on any former occasion. The jury was evidently an unfavorable one, and the Crown Counsel were vigorous, able, and determined. O'Connell, however, measured—as only he, and the late Lord Abinger, could measure—the strong points of a client's case, and the salient weaknesses of the jury.

He cajoled them, and talked of their virtue, their honor, their nationality, hurled a fierce invective against the Whigs, became more violent and seditious than the accused Barrett, and applying himself to the then great question, Repeal of the Union, quoted fierce speeches of Plunket against that measure, recalled the arguments urged against it by Richard Jebb, who was then the third Justice of the Court of Queen's Bench, and who had written, that “you may track Ireland through the Statute Book, as you follow a wounded man through a crowd, by blood.”

Bushe, whilst listening to this address, seemed terrified at the thought of the possible climax which O'Connell might introduce, after all these specimens of patriotic eloquence, and imperishable records of opinion. Having quoted that tremendous burst of Plunket, in which he declares, speaking of the Union—“for my part, I will resist it to the last gasp of my existence, and with the last drop of my blood; and when I feel the hour of my dissolution approaching, I will, like the father of Hannibal, take my children to the altar and swear them to eternal hostility against the invaders of their country's freedom.” O'Connell cried—“Who was it that spoke this—that very Lord Chancellor Plunket, under whose special auspices this prosecution has been got up against my client. But do I rely upon his testimony, shall I conclude my list of authorities with him? No, there is another witness I will call to stand forward, to testify against the means by which this abhorred measure was carried. Listen, gentlemen, to this passage :—

I strip this formidable measure of all its pretences and its aggravations; I look at it nakedly and abstractedly, and I see nothing in it but one question—*will you give up the country?* I forget for a moment the unprincipled means by which it has been promoted, I pass by for an instant the unseasonable moment at which it was introduced, and the contempt of parliament upon which it is bottomed, and I look upon it simply as England reclaiming, in a moment of your weakness, that dominion which you extorted from her in a moment of your virtue, a dominion which she uniformly abused, which invariably oppressed and impoverished you; and from the cessation

of which you date all your prosperity. It is a measure which goes to degrade the country, by saying it is unworthy to govern itself, and to stultify the Parliament, by saying it is unworthy to govern the country. It is the revival of the odious and absurd title of conquest; it is the renewal of the abominable distinction between mother country and colony, which lost America; it is the denial of the rights of nature to a great nation; from an intolerance of its prosperity. No man would be so frantic as to state as an abstract proposition that Ireland is physically disfranchised from the common privileges of nations. If you stated to a native of a foreign nation that a country containing a population of nearly five millions of inhabitants, and a territory of nearly nineteen millions of English acres, inhabited by a brave and generous people, blest by nature with a fertile soil, and every aptitude for commercial prosperity and domestic wealth, was physically incapable of governing itself, that foreigner would laugh at you. If you stated that a country containing relatively nearly a half of the population of Great Britain, though scarcely a third of its territory, and containing a metropolis at least the fourth city in Europe, exceeding in extent and population the capitals of his majesty's imperial allies, the Emperors of Russia and Germany, was by nature doomed to provincial inferiority, and was radically disqualified from governing itself, you would pronounce a libel upon a bountiful Providence, and a libel that would not be endured.

All the Bar, and most of the auditors, knew by whom the language had been uttered, and when O'Connell had concluded, he thundered forth, "Gentlemen of the Jury, by whom were these words uttered? By the illustrious member for Callan, CHARLES KENDAL BUSHE." It was a painful scene, and as O'Connell paused, a low murmur, in which pity, admiration, and sorrow were commingled, rose upon the ear of the aged Judge, and as thoughts of the old time came back upon him, he bent over his desk to conceal his agitation, it has been said—to hide his tears. O'Connell's efforts were vain, and Barrett was convicted.

Some men have stated that after the Union Bushe forgot his patriotism, and was lulled into acquiescence with what he had formerly considered a crime, by the gift of the Solicitor Generalship. It has been asserted also, that in the Government prosecutions of the Roman Catholics, he seemed, as the advocate of the Crown, to forget the great principles of religious freedom which he had formerly enunciated.—But, in these charges, there was no truth. He thought, that in the passing of the Union measure, all hope for Ireland was lost for ever; and having struggled bravely, uncompromisingly, and disinterestedly,

whilst Ireland was independent, he bowed, sorrow-stricken and spiritless, beneath the disgrace which the venality of her last Parliament, and the persevering and shameless bribery of the Minister, had hurled upon Ireland. Nobly does the younger Grattan vindicate him when he writes :—

“ With a genius such as few men possess and few countries can boast of—with a ready humour, a playful and ardent disposition—with more of the milk of human nature than falls to the lot of most men—and with fewer of their faults, though with some of their errors and their weaknesses—was Charles Kendal Bushe. He was passionately fond of literature, his mind was cultivated and polished in the extreme, his manner of reading was charming—it was a display of taste and elegance—his mode of narrating was excellent—he never fell into the common error which shows the vulgar mind, making the circumstance the point and the point the circumstance. As an orator—graceful, fluent, plausible, and zealous—he clothed his ideas in a garb of rich and overflowing eloquence ; with a voice that charmed, he modulated its tones so as to fall upon the ear with softness and almost with the sweetness of melody ; when he spoke his eye kindled, and a glare of fire animated his entire frame, and almost communicated itself to his auditors. He could depress or elevate his tones with singular felicity, and assume the grave or the gay character of speech with such happy success that the most polished actor could not surpass him. Few were blessed by Providence with talents like those of Bushe, and few could boast of such noble and disinterested conduct as that which he displayed at this trying and momentous crisis. His public life almost began at the Union ; he began well and never spoke better. His case was peculiar and interesting, and, for his character and that of his country, deserves to be recorded. His father had died owing considerable debts, which his son was not, however, in law bound to pay ; but he considered that he was so in honour, and though encumbered by a large family, without fortune of his own, and with small professional rank at the time, he discharged them all. Aware of his situation, the political vampire who then ruled—the spoliator of public honour and of private fame—summoned one of the familiars whom he kept in waiting to bribe the pen, to seduce the virtuous, and to entrap the unwary ; he dispatched him to Charles Kendal Bushe. The offer was made,—any sum, any terms that would be asked were to be complied with : but he refused every temptation. After this interview, when he reflected on the state of his affairs in ruin, and beheld his family so straitened in circumstances, (he stated this to me himself)—‘ I threw myself in my chair, and for a moment almost doubted whether it was right in me to keep in such a state so many human beings, when I thought on the splendid offers I had refused,—offers that astonished, almost bewildered me.’ Charles Bushe was incorruptible,—he saved his honour ; he would have saved his country too ; and the doubt of which he spoke was the mere caprice of his fancy. Had his distress and his temptation been multiplied a hundred fold, he would have remained pure.”

As to Bushe's forgetfulness of his old principles of religious freedom, the best answer to the charge is, that he thought of the Roman Catholics in the same light as their best and truest friends had been forced to place them. Until Daniel O'Connell became the leader of his party, and brought to their aid all the power of that soaring, happy audacity—that tremendous gift of popular eloquence—and that indomitable perseverance, which through his wondrous career, were his characteristics, the Roman Catholics, as a party, were divided and weak, and undecided and worthless; they were ungrateful to every friend who had supported them, and fully justified the observations of the illustrious John Philpot Curran, who, in a letter to his friend Lubé, dated Paris, and now first published, writes:—

“ You cannot believe the transition from sympathy to detestation, which we have excited in England—and hatred of our barbarism—a contempt of our strength, which has acted only upon and against ourselves. I see only one way of getting out. If Ireland had the modesty and firmness to disclaim all that had been done and said in her name, perhaps it might have some effect in bringing back our friends and disarming our enemies. I think the people of sense and property, who were really scared away, ought to present a petition, signed only by their own class. It ought to disavow all that could truly be denied; it ought to impeach no one. I do not myself impute guilt of intention to those who even have stabbed the hopes and character of Ireland to the heart—innocence ought to plead for mistake.—Besides, there should be no tone of crimination—no air of King's evidence. When I look back on what the Board has done, my shame and surprise are still increased. They met for petition—they were too busy for that, but they had time for everything else; they became a court of the most formidable attainder—arraignment without notice, and conviction without proof—sentence against character and person—the victim proclaimed an outlaw—the executive magistrate tried and stigmatized. Good God! Men calling themselves gentlemen, and proud of the manly delicacy of the national character, to force themselves into a bed-chamber, and sit in judgment between the husband and wife, and that on a question on which those nearest to the parties knew little, and of which these self-appointed judges knew nothing, and whose sentence was nothing but a proclamation of malice and folly; and that really would have served the object, if our wretched island had not been too much of a bedlam to give even an exculpatory credit to their charges. They deified Dr. Milner for the very reason why they should have left him where he was—namely, because he was deserted by the English Catholics. In their persecution of Lalor and Caulfield, they openly attacked whatever right of election remained. They attacked their most tried friends in Parliament—Canning not an honest man—

Grattan a fool—Castlereagh a knave—Plunket a deserter. They abused the English Catholics, under whose long and tried character of property and allegiance our cause might have found shelter. They employ Lord Donoughmore and Mr. Grattan, and insult them both—and that in a way marking their utter ignorance of Parliamentary proceedings, as well as personal decorum. They petition the Legislature; and, while they are on their knees in civil supplication, they mix with their prayer the menaces of commercial war. A fine time, no doubt, for nonconsumption combinations! When the same was tried before we were found unequal to resist the adverse weight of British capital defensively and vindictively employed against us; the consumer here was sacrificed to the avarice, and the poor labouring artists to the arrogance of an unfeeling master manufacturer. I remember myself, when a coat cost three times its value, and that of the worst fabric and materials. No man can see, without pain, the depression under which our manufacturers are held; but nothing that does not go to the root of the evil, our want of capital, will ever relieve us; and nothing, but the slow operation of a fostering legislature, removing cruel and impolitic restraints, can have the least tendency to our benefit. But, provided, we could set up the throats of the Liberty, we were perfectly regardless of their interest. Our lower orders, God help them! how easily can every quack deceive them! Their misery might be softened, by taking a reasonable rent for their farms, by easing them of tythes; these sacrifices, perhaps, can scarcely be hoped from priests and landlords; our clergy have been up in arms against any relief, or even temporary encouragement to the reclamer, however to their own ultimate benefit. Our peasantry must, therefore, for ever be a mere drug; whatever the landlord chooses to demand for his land must be paid, till trade shall become a bidder against him, and so extinguish the monopoly of our grandes. But what measure did our reformers propose with any such design? Certainly none. Do not mistake me. I do not mean that anything, save the petition, should have been mentioned at that Board, but, I mean, that their silence on the real causes and remedies of our sufferings, shews them grossly ignorant or regardless of them. So far as they alluded at all to these subjects, the tendency was merely to inflame—to make our lower orders turbulent and furious, and so far expose them as unfit as undeserving of mild or rational treatment; but these notables thought they were raising themselves by the apery of legislation—by appealing to the mob upon points of law and constitution. They replied in their meetings to the speeches in Parliament, and finally, and I see no apology that can be made for it, they embroil the country still more by forcing upon it points exclusively religious, and with which the laity should not have presumed to meddle. First, they complain, that the great mass of the people, and that most truly, are kept in a degree of ignorance unknown in any other region of the earth. And next, they call upon these honorary theologians, upon this very barbarized mass, to decide upon the veto as a most profound point of clerical difficulty. With respect to the clergy themselves, a most respectable order, this has been peculiarly

unfeeling—for reasons in which, I remember, you agreed. It has involved them in cruel and unjust suspicion on all sides, lessening their credit with the high, and their authority with the humble. And see the fruits of all this—no member of either House would venture to stir our question, and, instead, of an extension of civil rights, we get the Insurrection Act passed, without opposition, and, enabling Government, by a single dash of the pen, to put Ireland in a state such as the world never saw. All our affection was for our beloved prelates, and our dear poor orders; and upon these, peculiarly, have we pulled down these horrors. A man of property may roll home drunk in his chariot, and laugh at the curfew; but what shelter has the poor man to save him from such a pitiless storm? But the gangrene sinks still deeper; the spirit of the Government springs directly from that of the law. Now, this last act can be justified on no human ground, except that the nation is peopled by monsters that must be ruled like beasts. See here the deplorable state of our poorer people. God help them! they are always ultimately the sufferers—they are the cards with which gambling adventurers play; they never fail to be soiled during the game, and after it to be flung into the fire. No matter what abuse may be committed in the exercise of such an act. What appeal can we make?—what a number of men have we among us, who will look to fortune and power by sharpening its edge? To what a frightful union between the judicial and the executive must it lead?—an union peculiarly formidable in a province, and, at a time when sayings of our courts, whether truly or falsely, are circulated, stating, that our people are so ferociated that civil justice will no longer do? No doubt the public mind has been not a little disturbed. And what else could be expected from the perpetual efforts to irritate? But I should never have done if I thought to have exhausted this killing subject. I shall, for the present, only add a word. England must know that war (and very soon) is possible; that her darling France, by nature her enemy, and the Peninsula, and the Continent, too, may join with America in defending their maritime rights against her maritime claims. It would be no new alliance. If she has common sense she must see, that justice and prudence would recommend to her not to make the straight waistcoat the common dress of Ireland for ever. But, such an hope would surely be much ripened, if we made her understand, that what has been done and said of late is not to be attributed to the honest or thinking class of our people, that we have not the remotest idea of severing the connexion, or attacking her religion.”

So Curran looked upon the conduct of the Roman Catholic party in August, 1815. In the April of the same year, Thomas Moore wrote to Lady Donegal:—“If there is anything in the world I have been detesting and despising more than another for this long time past, it has been those very Dublin politicians whom you so fear I should associate with. I do

not think a good cause was ever ruined by a more bigoted, brawling, and disgusting set of demagogues."

Thus has Bushe been nobly vindicated. He, and the men cast in the same mould of honor, patriotism, and eloquence, battled for Irish independence whilst a hope remained. They might, it is true, have continued, what in Ireland, is called patriots, but what might, with greater propriety, be called selfish, factious demagogues, ready to promise all to please a party, whilst prepared to sell that party to the highest bidding Minister. The Roman Catholics, as we have shown, from the opinions of their own friends, were ignorant of that strength which is in union. They forgot that for the Bible and the Covenant, the hardy Scotch, with claymore in hand, and foot upon the heather, had baffled all the power of England, and had wrung from her the concession of an independent religion; but broken and disunited as the people of this country were, from 1798 to 1820, no former friend could be called traitor who was silent in their cause. He who *had* battled for them, and then stepped from his path again to aid them, was like the sailor who fights his ship till she lies a drifting hulk upon the waters, and then runs her amongst the breakers. Henry Grattan, "the ever glorious," was the last and truest of their old friends. Despite their ingratitude, he was ready to serve them to the latest hour of his life, and he forgot that their Petition had been taken from his hands, and entrusted to Parnell as their chosen advocate.

As a judge, Bushe was merciful, and, owing to an incident in his early career as a lawyer, he was somewhat slow to convict on circumstantial evidence. A short time after his call to the Bar, he was retained at the Wexford Assizes to defend a prisoner accused of murder. The victim's name was Walter Meyler, and it was supposed that he had been killed by a party of rebels, of whom one became an approver, and was the chief witness for the Crown. Like most approvers, the witness was correct and careful in all his details. He stated that the body of Meyler had been buried close by the sea, and this evidence was corroborated by some laborers who had found a dead body on the shore, wrapped in a coat of the same texture and color as that stated to have been worn by the deceased. Bushe neither cross-examined a witness, nor called evidence upon the part of his client, and before the judge commenced his charge, the jury stated that they were prepared with their

verdict. Bushe said, "Wait a moment, gentlemen—did any of you know Walter Meyler, the deceased?" The reply was, that all the jury knew him well—and immediately Bushe shouted, to the dismay of the auditors, "Walter Meyler, come into Court;" the supposed deceased rushed upon the table, and pointing to him, Bushe exclaimed—"There, Gentlemen, is my defence."

It appeared that Meyler had offended some rebellious society, existing in 1798, at Wexford, and fearing the revenge of the members, had fled to America for safety. Several persons were murdered by the society, and it was supposed that Meyler formed another victim. The rebellion passed over; and Meyler returned to Ireland, and arrived in Wexford a few hours before the trial. Bushe, being willing to excite some sensation in Court, had kept this fact a secret, and thus, with theatric effect, saved his client, who, but for the fortunate return of Meyler, would have formed another unhappy instance of an unjust conviction upon circumstantial evidence.

Than Bushe, few men were more honored and respected by all parties; the charge of partiality or of neglect has never been urged in his case; and he endeavoured to bear with him to the Bench the urbanity, gentleness, and graciousness that distinguished him in private life. During the twenty-two years in which he held the post of Chief Justice, his Court was never disturbed by unseemly squabbles with the seniors, whilst to the juniors of the profession, his deportment was ever marked by that kindness and condescension which are now so estimable in Mr. Justice Crampton, and the Lord Chief Baron.

He had the satisfaction of seeing his family spring up around him, happy and respected; and, through his own exertions, he was enabled to surmount all his difficulties, and re-purchase the house in which he was born, and the estate which had been in the possession of his father. He had ten children, four sons and six daughters; one of the latter was married to the late Charles Michael Fox,\* who died in Bushe's life time, another to Sir Josiah Coghill, a third daughter married the Hon. John Plunket.

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\* Mr. Fox reported, conjointly with the present Master of the Rolls, the cases known as Fox and Smith's Reports. Mr. Fox was son of the late Judge Fox.



In his home life Bushe was fully as estimable, as those most estimable men, Sir Walter Scott and Robert Southey. It was his custom to set aside his mornings for professional reading, or to the preparation of such business as his position required, and to family prayers; and before dinner he rode or walked. If time afforded the opportunity, he employed himself in reading or writing for amusement, and at dinner he delighted in the company of his family, and of a few friends with whom congeniality of thought and community of opinion made association charming. He loved philosophical and metaphysical inquiries, and could say with Robert Boyle, "the things for which I hold life valuable, are the satisfaction that accrues from the improvement of knowledge, and the exercise of piety." His little tract, entitled *A Summary View of the Evidences of Christianity*, and published after his death, proves that he was fully as able a defender of revealed religion as another great orator, and legal advocate—Erskine. From Bushe's tract we give the following extract:—

The first thing that I require from the sceptic is, that he should, with precision, ascertain the limits of his own scepticism. Is he an atheist, or only a deist? This question may startle many who would indignantly repel the imputation of atheism, but who are little aware how inevitably some of the most plausible of the deistical arguments lead to it. Many are not aware of this, and do not see the gulf before them; while others, like Hume, have plunged into it, rather than retrace their steps. It is, therefore, necessary to fix, upon a firm foundation, the belief in a Supreme Being, who made and governs the universe, and not leave it resting upon loose and indefinite impressions. That position, once established, will be found a citadel upon which, during the contest, you may always retire, and from whence you may always be supplied with fresh forces. For that purpose, begin by reading Paley's *Theology*, a work of singular ability and beauty, demonstrating from the inspection of the visible world, and the proofs of design and contrivance with which it abounds, the existence of a Creator of the universe, many of whose stupendous works the organs of man, unassisted by the telescope or microscope, cannot discover; and the vastness and minuteness of whose providences are equally beyond the comprehension of the human mind. You will rise from the study of that book with an awful delight, but you will not be aware of the most valuable lesson which it teaches, until you shall have recollected (although no doubt remains upon your mind of the existence of a God) that you have not advanced a step in learning by what means the wonderful works of creation were accomplished, or upon what principles it is conducted and preserved. You will then have ascertained your own ignorance, which (as was wisely

said by a heathen) "is of itself great knowledge;" and in the progress of your inquiry, you will remember this proposition—that God exists, and that he made and governs the world, although you do not know him; and you will find *this* a basis upon which much is built and firmly established. Intimately connected with this truth is the next step which I advise you to take in your inquiry—namely, to examine what some persons represent as preliminary insurmountable obstacles to the belief of Christianity, from a supposed repugnance to human reason in the mystery of redemption. Amongst many other things, they say that permission of evil in a world which the Omnipotent Creator might have made without it; that the suffering of all Adam's descendants for his crime, for which they are not guilty; that the atonement for sin by the sacrifice, of not merely an innocent, but a meritorious being; that eternity of punishment for offences not proportioned to such a sanction; and that the insufficiency of a revelation, which did not appear for many thousand years after the world was created, and had been at the end of nearly two thousand years only communicated to a portion of its inhabitants, amongst many of whom it is still a subject of doubt and controversy, while to a considerable part of the globe it is as yet utterly unknown;—are all so many instances of something so utterly inconsistent with, and revolting to, justice and reason, that no quantity of evidence can satisfy the mind of the truth and divinity of a system so radically inequitable and absurd. You will find in Bishop Butler's *Analogy* an irresistible answer to these difficulties. It is a most able work. The style, however, is not captivating or popular, and therefore the reasoning, which is both subtle and profound, cannot always be at once collected, even by the most attentive reader, and never can be comprehended in a careless and superficial perusal: you must, however, dig in the mine, for it is a mine of wealth.

In writing thus, he proved how truly Lord Bacon judged, when he proclaimed in his great work that, "There are two principal services, besides ornament and illustration, which philosophy and human learning perform to religion; the one consists in effectually exciting to the exaltation of God's glory, the other affording a singular preservation against unbelief and error."

In the year 1839, Bushe was summoned to London for the purpose of being examined before a Committee of the House of Lords upon the state of Ireland. Lord Brougham met him, and writes:—

"No one who heard the very remarkable examination of Chief Justice Bushe could avoid forming the most exalted estimate of his judicial talents. Many of the questions to which he necessarily addressed himself, were involved in party controversy, kindling on one side and the other great heats; yet never was a more calm or a more fair tone than that which he took and throughout preserved.

Some of the points were of great nicety ; but the discrimination with which he handled them was such as seemed to remove all difficulty, and dispel whatever obscurity clouded the subject. The choice of his words was most felicitous ; it always seemed as if the form of expression was selected which was the most peculiarly adapted to convey the meaning, with perfect simplicity and without the least matter of exaggeration or of softening. The manner of speaking each sentence, too, betokened an anxiety to give the very truth, and the slowness oftentimes showed that each word was cautiously weighed. There was shed over the whole the grace of a delivery altogether singular for its combined suavity and dignity. All that one had heard of the wonderful fascination of his manner, both at the bar and upon the bench, became easily credible to those who heard his evidence."

On this occasion he was received with honor, and with a very gratifying display of regard, by some of the most illustrious men of our time. Lord Brougham was amongst the most noted of these ; he invited Bushe to a dinner given solely as a mark of respect for him. Bushe was unwilling to accept the invitation, and, to his old friend Charles Phillips, who was requested to use his influence to induce him to comply, he endeavoured to excuse himself by saying that—he felt in a strange place—infirmities were growing upon him—there could be no old associations in such a company—for the last four years, he had never dined out of his own house. At length, however, he did consent to join the party in Grafton-street, at which there were present, beside the host, Lords Abinger and Denman, Chief Justice Tyndal, Lord Lyndhurst, and Chief Justice Doherty.

Referring to this entertainment which has, with great propriety, been called "The Dinner of the Chiefs," Lord Brougham writes of Bushe :—

"If we followed him into the circle of private society, the gratification was exceedingly great. Nothing, indeed, could be more delightful ; for his conversation made no effort, not the least attempt at display, and the few moments that he spoke at a time, all persons wished to have been indefinitely prolonged. There was a conciseness and point in his expressions which none who heard him could forget. The power of narrative which so greatly distinguished him at the Bar was marvellously shown in his familiar conversation ; but the shortness, the condensation, formed perhaps the feature that took most hold of the hearer's memory. They who passed one of his evenings with him during that visit to London will not easily forget an instance of this matchless faculty, and, at the hazard of doing it injustice, I must endeavour here to preserve it. He was describing a

Gascon who had sent him wine, which was destroyed at the Custom House fire in Dublin, and he contrived to comprise in a few sentences, to all appearance naturally and without effort, his narrative of the proceeding, with two documents, and the point. 'He had sent me wine which was consumed in the Custom House fire, and he wrote to condole with me on the loss to the public, but especially of the wine, which, he said, he found was by law at the purchaser's risk. I answered, and offered as some consolation to him the assurance that by law it was at the risk of the seller.'"

In society, Bushe was gay, witty, and, what in England would be considered, jovial. He was quick in repartee, and his bon mots and epigrams were clever and cutting. As a specimen of his satirical genius, one who knew him well writes:—

"When the Ecclesiastical Board was established in Dublin, the Commissioners met to choose its officers. Amongst those members who attended, there were two eminent and truly grateful prelates, upon whom the individual merits of the candidates were pressed. The candid answer was, that 'owing their mitres to the minister, they felt bound to support his nominees.' On this somewhat startling announcement, Bushe quietly wrote across to Lord Plunket—'It is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves. We are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.' On the Leinster circuit, the Bar were once prevented by a violent storm from crossing a ferry called Ballinlaw. Amongst its members there was a Mr. Caesar Colclough, whose usual travelling appendages consisted of a pair of saddle-bags. Magnanimously heedless of danger, he flung *the luggage* into the boat, and ordered that it should proceed. Bushe, somewhat disconcerted, penned his revenge in the following impromptu:—

'While meaner souls the tempest keeps in awe,  
Intrepid Colclough, crossing Ballinlaw,  
Shouts to the boatman, shivering in his rage,  
'You carry Caesar—and—his saddle-bags.'

A relative of Bushe's, not remarkable for his Hindoo ablutions, once applied to him for a remedy for a sore throat. 'Why,' said Bushe gravely, 'fill a pail with water as warmly as you can bear it till it reaches up to your knees; then take a pint of oatmeal and scrub your legs with it for a quarter of an hour.' 'Why, hang it man,' interrupted the other, 'this is nothing more than *washing one's feet*.' 'Certainly, my dear John,' said he, 'I do admit it is *open to that objection*.' There is an impromptu of his upon two political agitators of the day, who had declined an appeal to arms, one on account of his wife, the other from the affection in which he held his daughter.—

'Two heroes of Erin, abhorrent of slaughter,  
Improved on the Hebrew command,  
One honored his wife, and the other his daughter,  
That their days might be long in the land.'

\* In power of sarcasm, Bushe was not equal to Plunket. On the

Bushe did not appear in Court after Trinity Term, 1841; and in Michaelmas Term, of the same year, he was succeeded by Edward Pennefather. Previous to his resignation, upon the 4th of November, the following address, drawn up by Ex-Chancellor Blackburne, then Attorney-General—was pre-

formation of "All the Talents" Ministry, Plunket was absent from the Court of Chancery one day, when a case in which he was counsel was called. Bushe, who was accused at the time of being willing to join *any* party in power, apologized for Plunket's absence by saying, "I believe, my lord, he is '*Cabinet making*.'" When Plunket, at length, entered the Court, the Chancellor informed him of the excuse made, when he said, "Oh, indeed, my Lord, that is an occupation in which my learned friend would distance me, as I was never either a *turner* or a *joiner*." We have heard it frequently asserted that Lord Plunket has said "History is only an old Almanac;" we take this opportunity of showing the error of the assertion. In Hansard's Parliamentary Debates, Vol. XII. N. S. p. 808, in the debate on Sir Francis Burdett's motion for a Committee on the Roman Catholic Claims—February 28, 1825—Plunket spoke thus:—"Time, as had been said by one of the clearest observers of its effects, was the greatest innovator of all. While man would sleep or stop in his career, the course of time was rapidly changing the aspect of all human affairs. All that a wise Government could do was to keep as close as possible to the wings of time, to watch his progress, and accommodate his motion to their flight. Arrest his course they could not; but they might vary the forms and aspects of their institutions, so as to reflect his varying aspects and forms. If this were not the spirit which animated them, philosophy would be impertinent, *and history no better than an old almanack*. The riches of knowledge would serve them no better than the false money of a swindler, put upon them at a value which once circulated, but had long since ceased." Mr. Secretary Peel, at page 820, replies—"My right hon. friend says, he would not convert the philosophy of history into a miserable almanack, or represent experience as a swindler passing base money upon mankind. I agree with him, and I look back to history for the instructive lesson it affords, and would consult experience upon the abuses of power in all ages." A portion of this extract, which we have put in italics, has been considered very clever and approaching somewhat to an aphorism, but it is not original; thirty-four years before Plunket spoke it, Boswell had published, in his Life of Johnson, the following remarks: "*Johnson*. We must consider how very little history there is; I mean real authentic history. That certain kings reigned, and certain battles were fought, we can depend upon as true; but all the colouring, all the philosophy of history is conjecture. *Boswell*. Then, sir, you would reduce all history to be no better than an almanack, a mere chronological series of remarkable events." Croker's Boswell's Johnson, Vol. III. p. 241. Ed. 1831. Whether Boswell had ever seen the remark of Mercier, in his *Nouveau Tableau de Paris*, that "*Malet du Pau's and such like histories of the Revolution, are no better than an old almanack*," we know not; the observations of Boswell and of Lord Plunket may be, as Johnson would say, "a proof of coincidence, sir, but not of plagiarism."

sented to Bushe in the Library of the Four Courts. It was read by Blackburne,\* and signed by the late Thomas Dickson, Q.C., Father of the Bar. The entire body of the profession attended.

#### ADDRESS.

"Sir,—The Bar of Ireland cannot regard your retirement from the Bench on which you have so long presided, without feelings of the deepest interest. While we fervently hope it may contribute to promote your health and happiness, we would avail ourselves of it as an occasion on which to express the sincere, grateful, and affectionate respect which we have ever felt for you, and which can never cease to be associated with the memory of one so beloved, so honored, and revered. It is to us a source of the purest gratification to offer our testimony and tribute to those distinguished qualities, social, moral, and intellectual, which carried delight and instruction into every circle within their influence, and which formed your title to the pre-eminence so justly and universally accorded to you. There is not a stage or period of your life in which we can fail to discover proofs of your eminent abilities and acquirements. Our University conferred on you her highest honors; the Historical Society recorded your proficiency in all its literary pursuits; and both gave the early but certain promise of that brilliant career at the Bar, in the Senate, and on the Bench, by which you afterwards became the pride and ornament of your country. As an orator, in the opinion of many, you surpassed all your illustrious cotemporaries; while those who thought you but the rival of the most eminent of them, conferred on you an honor that might have satisfied the ambition of any man. Deriving from the richest gifts of nature all the endowments essential to true eloquence, they were matured and perfected by culture and by study; and we witnessed in you a rare combination of mental powers and resources, which were yet to be rendered irresistible in their effects, by dignity and impressiveness of manner, voice, and action, which at once increased and mellowed the lustre which your commanding intellect shed on every subject on which its powers were exerted. The decisions of the Court of Queen's Bench, whilst you presided there, are, we believe, not inferior to those of any tribunal in the land; and though the learned and eminent persons whose co-operation and assistance you enjoyed, divide with you the praise which is due to learning, to talent, and to diligence, we can easily discover in your Lordship's judgments the pure and classic style, the lucid order and arrangement, which are discernible even in the loftiest, and most impassioned displays of your eloquence. For your

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\* It is a curious fact that Blackburne, who, as Attorney General, wrote, read, and presented this address to Bushe in 1841, should, in 1806, when only one year called, have been the only dissident, at the Bar meeting then held, to congratulate Curran upon his nomination to the Rolls. For an account of this affair see *IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW*, Vol. I. p. 386.

uniform patience, courtesy, and kindness, we are bound to offer you our most grateful acknowledgments; nor would we have thus regarded as a mere expression of personal obligation, acts emanating from pure kindness of nature, and the principles and habits of a gentleman; their influence has been felt in the whole administration of justice, and in fostering the talent and encouraging the exertions of the junior members of the profession. We now bid you farewell. If we have not done justice to your merits, the difficulty of the task must plead our excuse; but in whatever language it is conveyed, we feel that the sincerity of this Address will be its best claim to your acceptance.

Signed on behalf of the Bar of Ireland,

THOMAS DICKSON, Father."

To this Address, Bushe—"the old man eloquent"—spoke the following

ANSWER.

"GENTLEMEN OF THE IRISH BAR,—When I think of this unanimous Address of the assembled Irish Bar, their Father presiding, and her Majesty's Attorney-General leading; when I see that it is an Address abounding with kindness as it does, and liberal of praise bestowed on me by cultivated, and judicious, and honorable gentlemen;—I dare not venture in this place to do more than return my thanks; it would overpower me to state one-half of what I feel:—

— 'Leves curæ loquantur,  
Ingentes stupent.'

But in my retirement I shall turn to this document with fond and proud recollection; and it shall be a precious legacy to my children. One word, and no more. I should feel oppressed by the weight of praise undeserved, if I were to arrogate to myself merit that does not belong to me; and I well know that whatever satisfaction I was able to give in the discharge of my judicial duty, I was enabled to give it, by having sat for twenty years surrounded by venerable and learned Judges of my Court—I speak of the living and the dead:—and to that Bench, and to the gifted and enlightened Bar that practised before us, I give the thanks and praises that I owe. Not to have availed myself of such advantages would have manifested incompetence, or neglect, or presumption; and that I have profited by such opportunities, your favorable judgment forbids me to doubt. I feel, therefore, justly proud of such a tribute. But, honorable as such a tribute must be, its value has been increased by being conveyed to me in that affectionate and cordial spirit of unabated regard, to which, from youth to age, the partiality of my brother barristers has habituated me; and if, in returning thanks for this continuing kindness, I were to attempt particularizing, the effort would be vain. I should not know where to begin or where to stop; for, I thank God for it, I have had, and still have, that which should accompany old age—'honor, love, troops of friends.' To those friends I must now bid farewell. As individuals, may you be prosperous

and happy. As members of the Bar, may your influence, and station, and character, and independence, contribute to strengthen the foundation of that pure administration of justice which is indispensable to the maintenance of civil society among mankind."

Whilst the Address and Reply were being read, the Bar were grouped around the centre table of the old Library, and at the conclusion of the proceedings, Bushe withdrew through the large door, only opened on State occasions,<sup>1</sup> supported by two of his sons.

It may be said that we have devoted too considerable a space to this memoir; but in all our biographical papers, we have aimed at the possibility of doing justice to those who formed the subjects of our sketches, and if from all, some man or some woman sprung from Ireland, and glorifying our country by genius or by worth, may live in the hearts of our people, our object will have been attained, and then the people of Ireland, who have forgotten, or who seem to have forgotten, all their old friends, for whom they shouted whilst living—Grattan, O'Connell, Moore, will show, as the sage of Malmesbury, Thomas Hobbes, writes: "The Signs of Honour are those by which we perceive that one man acknowledgeth the power and worth of another; such as these, to *praise*, to *magnifie*, to *bless*." In preparing this memoir of Bushe we have felt a very considerable pleasure—Almost the last of a great era, he was honored to his grave, and in a time like this, when the absorption of our Law Courts, and of our Viceroyalty will be, and must be, attempted, for the purpose of carrying out the great scheme of centralization, it was but right, we thought, to show fully, how the Bar, the Irish Bar, acted on the occasion of that greatest scheme of centralization—the Union. Another point to which we would direct the attention of the Irish Bar is to that question recently agitated in England—*Should barristers act without the intervention of an attorney?* We know that many a weary heart beats under the gown of the barrister in the Four Courts; we know that Hope, term after term, grows weaker, as bills come in frequently, but briefs or cases, never, or rarely; we know that men may feel disgust, when they see legal office given as the price of political prostitution, or as the reward of time-serving or of meanness. But, when we look back to the past times, and whilst we consider the great judges our Bar has produced, we hope, we feel, that the first step toward the abrogation of that Bar will



not be taken by its own members. We trust that the time "when some traveller from New Zealand, in the midst of a vast solitude, takes his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's," will be the same as that period in which the Irish barrister shall act without the intervention of an attorney.—Then, when the New Zealander shall have grown weary of sketching the decay of man's handiwork, he may long to commune with the Omnipotent Architect of the world, and to

"Look through Nature up to Nature's God—"

and in visiting Killarney, or the Giant's Causeway, may he be the first who shall tell, that our country towns, on Sessions days, were infested by a set of men called lawyers, who, in gown, and wig, and bands, asked people, as do the American lawyers now, half entreatingly, half self-recommendatory, "Want a barrister, do your business cheap." Better anything than legal touting; and to this touting the Bar would of necessity fall, in a very few years after the removal of our Law Courts.

Look to America, with its vast extent of country, where one might expect to find the legal profession in a high position; but such is not the case, simply because the professions of barrister and attorney have been amalgamated. There is no profession or business in America so low, judged by the learning of its followers, as the law; all Americans admit this fact.\* We have referred to this subject here, as we believe that in no more fitting place could it be introduced than in the memoir of a patriot, a scholar, an orator, a lawyer, a judge, a Christian—like Charles Kendal Bushe. He would have been proud to support his professional honor, as his private, even though his purse might grow lighter in the struggle, for he could feel with Petrarch—

"Povera e nuda vai filosofia,  
Dice la turba al vil guadagno intesa."

Bushe held, four times, the office of Keeper of the Seals, and governed the country three times as Lord Justice. He died, on the tenth day of July, 1843, at the house of his son, Mr. Thomas Bushe; he was buried in the cemetery of

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\* See Mackay's "Western World."

Mount Jerome, Harold's Cross. His tomb is placed in Section C of the burial ground, and is a plain obelisk of mountain granite, capped by a monumental urn, and bears the simple inscription—

CHARLES KENDAL

BUSHE.

JULY 10TH, 1843.

“And thus we leave our good Judge to receive a just reward of his integrity from the Judge of Judges, at the great assize of the world.”\*

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#### ART. IV.—ENGLISH CONVIVIAL SONG WRITERS.

1. *Bibliotheca Madrigaliana*.—*A Bibliographical Account of the Musical and Poetical Works published in England during the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries, under the Titles of Madrigals, Ballets, Ayres, Canzonets.* By Edward F. Rimbault, LL.D., F.S.A., 1 vol. 8vo. London : John Russell Smith.
2. *A Little Book of Songs and Ballads, gathered from Ancient Music Books, MS., and Printed.* By Edward F. Rimbault, LL.D., F.S.A., 1 vol. 8vo. London : John Russell Smith.
3. *Lyra Urbanica ; or the Social Effusions of the Celebrated Captain Charles Morris of the Life Guards,* 2 vols. 8vo. London : Richard Bentley.

THERE are, in no modern language, so many songs, beautiful in thought, poetic in inspiration, charming and melodious in structure, as in the English. We possess songs that steal into the heart in its hours of gloom, and brighten all its sorrows like a dream of heaven ; songs that sung round the winter fire, bring back the days of youth, and hope, and joy, when those between whose faces and ours, the veil of death is drawn, were beside us in all the pride of health and strength ; songs that call up the dreams of half forgotten joys, and from

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\* Fuller's "The Good Judge."

the dim past bring back once more the glowing visions of that time, when life was but the dawning of a long summer day of bliss, ere we had learned to know with Fenwick, that "youth is but the death of infancy, and manhood but the death of youth, and to-morrow but the death of to-day;" songs that make the heart swell, and the pulse quicken, at the memory of great deeds of high and noble daring; songs that cause the eyes to glisten, and the breast to throb, as some old ballad, or rhyming story, tells how sorrow, or pain, or disappointment has crushed a noble spirit; songs that in the deep poetry of thought, or in the flowing strain of a glorious melody, send all the heavenly portion of our nature upward to its primal home—

"Striking the electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound—"

songs so sweet, so touching, that, as they steal upon the ear in a soft, slow cadence, or swell upon the air in a deep, full diapason, we recall the memory of some summer morning when we watched a sky-lark, trilling as he soared, till poised in an atmosphere of his own sweet music. Moore, whose songs come upon the listener's ear, like the music of fairy land, remembered in the morning vision of a past night's dream; Bailey, whose lyrics are the relics of a poet's mind, spoiled by a drawing-room malaria of fashion, and perfume, and foppery; Lover, whose songs, like his genius, are ever fresh, and fraught with charms that prove the land and the race from which he sprung; Mrs. Norton, whose birth-right is fancy, and eloquence, and glowing thought; Felicia Hemans, whose life was but a brief span of time, in which all her hours were devoted to poetry, the strains of whose melody can never be forgotten till all that glorifies nature, or makes love, and hope, and truth, a heaven, shall have passed away for ever; Motherwell, whose *Jeanie Morrison*,\* and *My Heid is like to rend, Willie*, touch

\* What an exquisite picture these lines present of the child lovers—

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison  
The thochts o' by-gane years  
Still fling their shadows ower my path,  
And blind my een wi' tears:  
They blind my een wi' saut, saut tears,  
And sair and sick I pine,  
As memory idly summons up  
The blithe blinks o' langsyne.

'Twas then we luvit ilk iither weel,  
'Twas then we twa did part;  
Sweet time—and time! twa bairns at aule,  
Twa bairns, and but ae heart!

'Twas then we sat on ae laigh blink,  
To leir ilk fither lear;  
And tones, and looks, and smiles were  
shed,  
Remembered evermair.

I wonder, Jeanie, after yet,  
When sitting on that blink,  
Cheek touchin' cheek, loof lock'd in loof,  
What our wee heads could think?  
When baith bent down ower ae braid page,  
Wi' a buik on our knees,  
Thy lips were on thy lesson, but  
My lesson was in thee.

the feelings like the last bitter sob of a breaking heart ; James Hogg, glorious James Hogg, with his bright fancies, and quaint thoughts, his genial humor, and his true souled naturalness ; greatest of all, brightest glory of English song writers, the bard of nature, the self-taught, glowing, ardent child of genius and of song, the poet of every passion and of every feeling that heaven has placed in the breast of man, he whose lays are but the outpourings of his own great, deep heart—Robert Burns—these, all these, and with them Ramsay, and Sheridan, and Dibden, and Campbell, and Charles Swain, form the glory of our modern song-writers.

We do not, however, confine the lyric bards of England to the epoch of which Robert Burns is the earliest, as he is also the chief. Who, in looking through Doctor Rimbault's most admirable volumes, will not feel pride at the many charming songs that grace our language ! What lover of English music will not recall Ben Jonson's songs, in which every thought is bright and tender, as :—

Follow a shadow, it still flies you ;  
Seem to fly it, it will pursue :  
So court a mistress, she denies you ;  
Let her alone, she will court you,  
Say are not women truly, then,  
Styled but the shadows of us men ?

Or as in—

Oh do not wanton with those eyes,  
Lest I be sick with seeing ;  
Nor cast them down, but let them rise,  
Lest shame destroy their being.

Or as in—

Kiss me, sweet ! the wary lover  
Can your favours keep and cover,  
When the common courting jay  
All your bounty will betray.  
Kiss again ; no creature comes.

Who forgets the gallant, courtly Raleigh, and—

Hey down a down, did Dian sing,  
Amongst her virgins sitting,  
Than love there is no vainer thing,  
For maidens more unfitting :  
And so think I with a down down derry.

Or who recollects not—

Shall I, like a hermit, dwell,  
On a rock, or in a cell,  
Calling home the smallest part  
That is missing of my heart,  
To bestow it where I may  
Meet a rival every day?  
If she undervalues me,  
What care I how fair she be?

Who does not recall Suckling's—"Why so wan and pale,  
fond lover?" Who does not remember Waller's—

Go, lovely rose!  
Tell her that wastes her time and me,  
That now she knows  
When I resemble her to thee,  
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Or that exquisite ballad—

It is not that I love you less,  
Than when before your feet I lay;  
But to prevent the sad increase  
Of hopeless love, I keep away.\*

Then we have Carew, and—

He that loves a rosy cheek,  
Or a coral lip admires,  
Or from star-like eyes doth seek  
Fuel to maintain his fires;

\* How exquisitely Waller and Tennyson sing in the following verses. We know not whether the trimming Cavalier-Roundhead poet, or the Laureate, is the sweeter songster:—

#### ON A GIRDLE.

That which her slender waist confined  
Shall now my joyful temples bind:  
No monarch but would give his crown,  
His arms might do what this has done.

It was my heaven's extremest sphere,  
The pale which held that lovely deer.  
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,  
Did all within this circle move!

A narrow compass! and yet there  
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair;  
Give me but what this riband bound,  
Take all the rest the sun goes round.

WALLER.

#### SONG.

It is the miller's daughter,  
And she is grown so dear, so dear,  
That I would be the jewel  
That trembles in her ear:  
For hid in ringlets day and night,  
I'd touch her cheeks so warm and white.

And I would be the girdle  
About her dainty, dainty waist,  
And her heart would beat against me,  
In sorrow and in rest;  
And I should know if it beat right,  
I'd clasp it round so close and tight.

And I would be the necklace,  
And all day long to fall and rise  
Upon her balmey bosom  
With her laughter or her sighs,  
And I would lie so light, so light,  
I should scarce be unclasp'd at night.

TENNYSON.

Song in "The Miller's Daughter."

As old time makes these decay,  
 So his flame will pass away.  
 But a smooth and steadfast mind,  
 Gentle thoughts and calm desires,  
 Hearts with equal love combined,  
 Kindle never-dying fires.  
 Where these are not, I despise  
 Lovely cheeks, or lips or eyes.

Who does not recollect Lovelace's famous "When Love with unconfined wings," and Herrick's "Fair Daffodils," and "Her eyes the glow-worm lend thee," and "Gather sweet Rose buds." But our paper is not devoted to English song writers generally; so we turn to that band of bards who have written convivial songs.

We take it to be a general rule, that most great poets could, had they been so inclined, have penned convivial lyrics. The heart of the true poet is ever young and ever joyous, and when turning to itself for consolation or hope, in sorrow or in misfortune, it ever finds relief. So it was with Tasso. So it was with Lovelace, when he sang:—

Stone walls do not a prison make,  
 Nor iron bars a cage;  
 Minds innocent and quiet take  
 That for a hermitage.  
 If I have freedom in my love,  
 And in my soul am free,—  
 Angels alone, that soar above,  
 Enjoy such liberty.

The true poet loves all nature, and all her gifts. Her sunshine is not more bright than that which gleams from the heaven within his own breast; and though grief come upon him, though his form be bent, and his footstep slow, yet his heart is light and bounding, and in the philosophy of a sober Pantagruelist he finds a balm for every sorrow, and a soother for every care.

Thus it is that the poet becomes a convivial song writer; and as there can be no great bard in a state of barbarism, so there can be no good convivial songs in any language, unless the people who speak it have arrived at that phase of civilization at least, where the interchange of thoughts and feelings is held to form a considerable portion of the enjoyment which rational beings experience when, gathered together, they "sit at good men's feasts."

The savage who gorges himself with the grilled buttock of his captured enemy has, in his wild gibberish, no melody of a convivial character. He has his songs which tell him that his opponents have been scalped, or which relate the stories of savage wooings, but these are only the natural feelings of every heart beating in the great theatre of the world—revenge and love.

Passing from the savage to the semi-civilized, we come to the Russian serf, and to the English railway navey. They sing of eating and of drinking; they sing too of love, that is they sing of women, but of convivial songs they are entirely ignorant. The navey has no song that speaks to his heart, save through the medium of his palate or of his eyes. Of that which pleases his palate he sings:—

Oh! I wish I had a piece o' pork,  
With fat three inches thick,  
I'd tuck it in, 'twould blow me out,  
And swell me like a tick.

Singing of his sweet-heart, and how he means to please her, he bellows:—

Oh! my wesket it is red,  
And my jacket it is blue,  
Oh! my wesket it is red,  
And my jacket it is blue;  
Oh! my wesket it is red,  
And my jacket it is blue;  
I'm a chick-a-leary cove,  
And she loves me too.

Passing from the navey to the English, Irish and Scotch peasants, we find in their songs the first approach to that species of lyric which is properly called convivial. We care not how simple the idea, how rough the metre, ill-designed the construction of the song, if it tell of friendship, and of warm hearts, of bright eyes, or of smiling faces; if it be calculated to make men sit closer round the table, and forget, in the enjoyment of the hour, the cares and carks of the jarring world of day light—the song which does this, whether sung at Greenwich with claret or champagne—beside a babbling burn—in a quiet glen of the Highlands, around a still of Scotch whisky—on a mountain side, far off in the wilds of Erris, or by a tub of potheen upon the breast

of the ever glorious Galtees, where they tower over the broad, clear bosom of the "Spacious Shenan spreading like a Sea—" no matter where, or when, or how sung, if the song possess that power we have indicated—it is a convivial song, such as would have gladdened the heart of Horace, and have caused his bleared eyes to twinkle—it would have rejoiced the jolly soul of Rabelais, and Sir Walter Scott would have joined in the chorus, with a spirit as rollicking as that with which, in his young days, he led the roistering Juniors in the old song called "The Tailor."\*

The great superiority which England possesses in the number and beauty of its convivial songs, arises, we think, from the peculiarly social character of the people in these kingdoms. France has its *Chanson à Boire*, and Germany has its Punch songs, but they are of a class very different indeed from those in our language. Nearly three hundred years have elapsed since the first English drinking song of merit was written, and during these three centuries, the noblest poets of these kingdoms have paid their vows to Bacchus, and have sung his praises like genuine worshippers. And they were right. The wisest and the best of men have been, not toppers, but wine drinkers, and have neither shirked the bottle nor concealed their regard for it. Erasmus, in the *Colloquies*, thus expresses his opinions in the persons of Austin and Christian :—

"Av. Dissolvam ubi bibero: siquidem absurdum fuerit sicco palato de questione vinosa disputare. Præbibo tibi, Christiane. Propino tibi hunc scyphum dimidiatum. Ch. Accipio abs te libenter. Sit saluti. Prosit. Av. Jam accingor, ut me missum facias. Ego meo more præpostere faciam. Quod Baccho pueritiæ effigiem tribuerint, id habet mysterii, quod vinum potum curas et sollicitudines animis nostris eximit, hilaritatemque quandam inducit. Quare senibus quoque ipsis juventam quandam reddere videtur, dum et hilariiores facit et formosiores: id quod Horatius, cum multis in locis, tum præcipue his versibus aperte testatur:

'Ad mare cum veni, generosum et lene requiro,  
Quod curas abigat, quod cum spe divite manet  
In venas animumque meum, quod verba ministret,  
Quod me Lucanæ juvenem commendet amicæ."

Nam quod huic Poetas dicarunt deo, id significatum voluisse suspicor, quod vinum et ingenium excitat, et facundiam ministrat: quæ duo Poetæ sunt aptissima. Unde frigent carmina quæ scribuntur

\* See Lockhart's Life of Scott, p. 58. Ed. 1851.

† I Ep. 15. Ad Valam.



aque potioribus. Est quidem igneus suapte natura Bacchus, sed adhibitis Nymphis redditur temperantior. Habes quod querebas? Ch. Nihil unquam audiavi verisimilius dici ab homine Poeta Dignus es qui bibas gemma.”\*

Erasmus was right; wine, or such liquor as the poet possessed, has ever formed the subject of his song, when he had become sufficiently civilized to aid digestion by pleasant conversation, and had learned that there were better enjoyments in life than gorging like a brute, and sleeping till nature had worked the cure of his repletion. Thus it is that Macrobius, in his chapters entitled *Saturnaliorum Conviviorum* advises; thus it is that, in old times and in new, the poet has ever praised his favorite tippie. Horace sung of Falernian, Bishop Still of ale, Tom D’Urfey of wine, Robert Burns, and the writer of *The Cruiskeen Lawn*, of whisky punch. Men of all classes, of all times, of all callings, have written of wine—have written convivial songs, and have acknowledged that they frequently found a genial aid in a moderate use of the bottle.

Venantius Fortunatus, who was made Bishop of Poitiers, at the death of the former prelate Plato, and who was the friend and correspondent of St. Gregory of Tours, and the chaplain and director of St. Radegundes during her life, and her biographer after her death,† tells Gregory that some of his works were produced, “inter poculo.”‡

Johnson shunned wine—because he loved it too well. He could, as he said, “be abstemious, but not moderate.” Addison, we all know, was a true son of Bacchus, and Pope was a toper, but a secret toper, as Dr. King writes :—

“Pope and I, with my Lord Orrery and Sir Harry Bedingfield, dined with the late Earl of Burlington. After the first course Pope grew sick, and went out of the room. When dinner was ended, and the cloth removed, my Lord Burlington said he would go out, and see what was become of Pope. And soon after they returned

\* Colloquia Familiaria—Convivium Profanum.

† His verses to St. Radegundes and her sister Agnes upon receipt of fruit and flowers are very curious. Fortunatus was not more fortunate in escaping scandal than St. Jerome, and thought himself bound to write that his feeling for Agnes was innocent; his words are—

“Celesti affectu, non crimine corporis ullo.”

‡ Bibliotheca Patrum, Tom. VIII.

together. But Pope, who had been casting up his dinner, looked very pale, and complained much. My Lord asked him if he would have some mulled wine or a glass of old sack, which Pope refused. I told my Lord Burlington that he wanted a dram. Upon which the little man expressed some resentment against me, and said he would not taste any spirits, and that he abhorred drams as much as I did. However I persisted, and assured my Lord Burlington that he could not oblige our friend more at that instant than by ordering a large glass of cherry brandy to be set before him. This was done, and in less than half an hour, while my Lord was acquainting us with an affair which engaged our attention, Pope had sipped up all the brandy. Pope's frame of body did not promise long life; but he certainly hastened his death by feeding much on high-seasoned dishes, and drinking spirits."

Ambrose Paré\* will have it that wine is a cure for many evils of our flesh, and so thought that most ingenious of grammarians, Macrobius.†

Sir Thomas Brown devotes a chapter to prove, that while it is bad to get drunk once a month,‡ yet that the glass taken in moderation is much to be recommended. So thought Plato, and so Aristotle advises; thus when the wise, the learned, the Christian, and the heathen, write in praise of wine, and recommend it in their prose, who can wonder that the world should love it, and that it should form the theme of the poet's song.

The earliest convivial lyric of note, written in these kingdoms, is that from the pen of Walter Mapes, Archdeacon of Oxford, who, as Camden writes, "In the time of King Henry II. filled England with his meriments, and confessed his love to good liquor with the causes, in this manner:—"

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\* Surgeon to Charles IX. of France, who, though Ambrose was a Protestant, saved him in the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day—see Brantôme. "Hommes Illustres Grands Capitaines François." Art. Charles IX. Roy de France. Paré was surgeon to three kings successively. In his belief in monsters he excels even Pliny or Livy.

† Macrobius makes one of his guests contend that women are unable to drink wine, in the same quantities as men, because they are of a warmer constitution. The speaker attempts to prove the *verum* by the fact, that when incrementation was practised at Rome it was the custom to burn one female with every six males. The female was placed on top of the pile, and her oily softness was supposed to render the six males under more inflammable. What will Miss Graveairs say to this indignity—A woman dead or living, treated as nothing better than an oil tub! For a very amusing advice on wine drinking see Kitchiner's "Art of Invigorating and Prolonging Life," p. 80; see also in Walker's "Original" the papers on the "Art of Dining."

‡ Works, Vol. III. p. 171. Ed. 1835.

Mihi est propositum in taberna mori,  
Vinum est appositum morientis ori;  
Ut dicant, cum venerint, angelorum  
chori,  
Deus sit propitius huic potatori.  
Pecalis accenditur animi lucerna,  
Cor imbutum nectare volat ad su-  
perna.  
Mihi sapit dulcius vinum in taberna,  
Quam quod aqua miscuit præsulis  
pincerna.  
Suum cuique proprium dat natura munus,  
Ego nunquam potui scribere jejunos:  
Me jejunos vincere posset puer unus,  
Sit iam et jejuniis, odi tanquam funus.  
Cuique proprium dat natura domum,  
Ego versus saciana, vinum bibo bo-  
nam,

Et quod habent melius dolia canpo-  
num,  
Tale vinum generat copiam sermo-  
num.  
Tales versus facio, quale vinum bibo,  
Nihil possum scribere, nisi sumpto  
cibo,  
Nihil valet penitus quod jejunos  
scribo,  
Nasonem post calices carmine praibo  
Mihi nunquam spiritus prophetiae datur,  
Nisi tunc cum fuerit venter bene  
satur,  
Cum in arce cerebri Bacchus domi-  
natur.  
In me Phoebus irrumpit, ac miranda  
latur!

This song has been thus imitated by Robert Harrison,  
of Durham, the early teacher of Lords Eldon and Stowell:—

I'm fir'd:—I'll in some tavern lie,  
When I return to dust;  
And have the bottle at my mouth,  
To moisten my dry crust:  
That the choice spirits of the skies  
(Who know my soul is mallow)  
May say, ye Gods, propitious smile!  
Here comes an honest fellow.  
My lamp of life I'll kindle up  
With spirits stout as Hector;  
Upon the flames of which I'll rise  
And quaff celestial nectar.  
My lord invites me, and I starve  
On water mixed with wine;  
But, at *The Grapes*, I get it neat,  
And never fail to shine.  
To every man his proper gift  
Dame Nature gives complete:  
My humour is—before I write,  
I always love to eat,

For, when I'm scanty of good cheer,  
I'm but a boy at best:  
So hunger, thirst, and Tyburn-tree  
I equally detest.  
Give me good wine, my verses are  
As good as man can make 'em;  
But when I've none, or drink is small,  
You'll say, 'The devil take em!'  
For how can any thing that's good  
Come from an empty vessel?  
But I'll out-sing even Ovid's self  
Let me but wet my whistle.  
With belly full, and heart at ease,  
And all the man at home,  
I grow prophetic, and can talk  
Of wondrous things to come.  
When, on my brain's high citadel,  
Strong *Bacchus* sits in state,  
Then *Phœbus* joins the jolly god,  
And all I say is great.

The first drinking song possessing merit, in our lan-  
guage, is in the second act of the old comedy entitled *Gam-  
mer Gurton's Needle*, which was acted at Christ's College,  
Cambridge, in the year 1551, and printed in the year 1575.  
The comedy was written, as appears from the title page, "By  
Mr. S., Master of Artes;" and Mr. S. is now supposed to  
have been Dr. Still, afterward Bishop of Bath and Wells.  
The song is the opening chorus of the second act, and the re-  
frain is remarkable, as it appears, from its frequent use in  
subsequent songs, to have become popular:—

I cannot eat but little meat,  
My stomach is not good;  
But sure I think that I can drink  
With him that wears a hood.\*  
Though I go bare, take ye no care,  
I nothing am a colde;

I stuffe my skin so full within,  
Of joly goodde ale and olde,  
Backe and sides go bare, go bare,  
Booth foot and hande go colde;  
But, belly, God send thee good ale inoughe,  
Whether it be new or olde!

\* A monk.

I love no roost, but a nut-browne toste,  
And a crab laid in the fire;  
A little bread shall do me stand,  
Mooche bread I nocht desire.  
No frost, no snow, no winde, I trowe,  
Can hurt me if I wolde,  
I am so wrapt, and throwly lapt,  
Of joly goodes ale and olde.  
Backe and side, &c. &c.

And Tin my wife, that as her life  
Loveth well good ale to seeke,  
Full oft drinks shee, till ye may see  
The teares run downe her cheekes.  
Then doth she trowle to me the bowle  
Even as a mault-worm sholde;

And, saith, 'sweet heart, I tooke my part  
Of this joly good ale and olde';  
Backe and side, &c. &c.

Now let them drinke, till they nod and  
winke,  
Even as good fellows should do:  
They shall not misse to have the blisse  
Goode ale doth bringe men to.  
And al goodes soules that have scorned  
bowles,  
Or have them lustely trolde,  
God save the lives of them and their  
wives,  
Whether they be yong or olde!  
Backe and side, &c. &c.

Our next specimen is from Antony Munday's "*Banquet of daintie Conceits: furnished with verie delicate and choyse Inventions, to delight their Mindes who take Pleasure in Musique; and there-withall to sing sweete Ditties, either to the Lute, Bandora,\* Virginalles,† or anie other Instrument. Published at the Desire of bothe honorable and worshipfull Personages, who have had Copies of divers of the Ditties heerein contained. Written by A. M. Servaunte to the Queenes most excellent Majestie. Honos alit Artis. At London, printed by J. C. for Edward White, and are to be sold at the Signe of the Gunne, at the little North Doore of Paules. Anno 1588.*" The song refers to the story of the three officers of the guard of Darius, who presented him with three wise sentences. One said, "Wine is Strongest." The second said "The King is Strongest." The third said, 'Woman is Strongest, but Truth overcometh all things."

"The first that spoke of the strength of wine, began to prove his argument first, as followeth: according as it is written in the third and fourth chapter of Esdras:—

#### WYNE IS STRONGEST.

This Ditty may be sung to the  
'Guadrant Galliard.'

Oh! what a thing of strength is wine,  
Of how great power and might;  
For it deceiveth every one,  
That takes therein delight:  
The minde of the king and fatherlesse,  
It maketh equal in likenesse.

The bond-man and the free-man bothe,  
Wine maketh in equality;  
The poore-man and the wealthy wretch,  
Wine knitteth in affinity;  
The lordly peere, and homely kind,  
In wine but slender difference finde.

Wine turneth everie pensive thought  
To joy and gladnesse presentile;  
So that all they which drinke thereof,  
Doo cleane cast out of memorie

All sorrow, griefe, debt, or distresse,  
Wine sets them in such pleasantness.

Wine maketh every hart so ritch,  
That they forgette, immediately,  
Their king, their governour, and all,  
And plead their own authoritie:  
And all their words weigh verie deepe,  
Till wine have brought them fast asleepe.

When men have entred in their drink,  
They have no minde at all,  
Of love to brethren, friends, or kin;  
But some to weapons fall:  
But when they are from wine at last,  
They not remember what hath past.

Is not wine strongest now, thinke you,  
That carrieth with it such a might,  
As forceth men to doo these things,  
Without regard of wrong or right?

\* A stringed musical instrument like the lute.

† A musical instrument strung like a spinnet, but shaped like a piano.

The next specimen is from "*Bacchus' Bountie: Describing the debonaire Deitie of his bountifull Godhead, in the Royall Observance of his great Feast of Pentecost.*" It was published in the year 1593, and bears the name of "Philip Foulface of Ali-Foord, Student in good Fellowship."

Bonny Bacchus, god of wines,  
Cheere maintainer of our vines;  
Sacker the soules, in greefe which pines;  
Water to drinke, I hold not good;  
Thy Julca, O Bacchus, breeds best blood.  
Nectar, good Bacchus, Nectar send,  
Brave Bacchus, do they bounty lend:  
Unto Tom Topsy stand a friend,  
And so they lame will never end  
Nectar, sweet Nectar, is my wish,  
Behold my tankard and my dish.  
As my plate, I have it soide,  
And for pure breath my money tolde;  
Yet once againe let me beholde,  
Every morning warm or colde,

Nappie liquor, stout and bolde,  
Commended and boasted,  
In a pot trimly toasted,  
The pot's feet finely roasted  
In a worthe fire.  
And first of all for my part,  
To besiege and sacke the quarte,  
Till it warme me well at hart,  
And then doe I it feele  
Sincke downe into my heele:  
And so next to take the paines  
To passe upward through the vaines.  
And soake withall into these braines,  
Which witless, now I remains  
For want of good liquor.

The following extract is from the same sheet, and of a higher order of composition:—

The Gods of Love,  
Which raigne above,  
Maintain this feast:  
Let Bacchus find  
Their hearts most kind  
To every guest  
And long may Bacchus brave it here,  
In pleasures to abound,  
That wine and beer, and belly gut cheere,  
With plenty here be found.  
I pray likewise,  
That, ere you rise,  
You drink your full;  
That no man want,  
Nor find it skant,  
Whereof to swill.  
Then may you all carouse in blisse,  
And bid farewell to woe;  
Who lives in this, he cannot misse  
But straight to Heaven goe.  
Be merry all,

Both great and small,  
Be merry here;  
And with your liquor  
Sweetly bicker,  
Doe not fear.  
Washe well your throats which now  
are dry,  
And spare not you for cost;  
I tell you true, no shot is due  
When Bacchus rules the roste.  
Sadnes and grieve  
Bring no reliefe,  
Bid them adiew:  
In paine none pine,  
Which love strong wine,  
I tell you true.  
Then learn to laffe, carouse and quaffe,  
And spare not while you may:  
Hey dery, dery, my masters, be mery,  
And looke for a joyfull day.

These last were the songs of a period when the people danced around the May Pole, and believed that English ale, like the English cross-bow, or English courage, were the best and truest in all the world. But time rolled on, and the poets of the next age devoted themselves strenuously to sing the praise of wine. Ben Jonson, though the most glorious of boon companions, was not a writer of what can properly be considered convivial songs; and even when he does write in the half amatory, half bacchanalian strain, most suited to

his genius, he borrows frequently from the classic poets, with whose fancies his great mind was imbued.\*

The following song is attributed by Tom D'Urfey to Ben Jonson. D'Urfey however, may be mistaken, and we think has ascribed to "rare Ben" the songs of Ben Jonson, the player. We presume this the more likely, as a collection of poems appeared in the year 1672, bearing upon the title page the name Ben Jonson, Jun.

Let soldiers fight for pay and praise,  
And money be the miser's wish;  
Poor scholars study all their days,  
And gluttons glory in their dish:  
'Tis wine, pure wine, revives sad souls,  
Therefore give me the cheering bowl.

Let minions marshal in their hair,  
And in a lover's lock delight,  
And artificial colours wear;  
We have the native red and white.  
'Tis wine, &c.

Your pheasant pout, and culver salmon,  
And how to please your palates think;  
Give us salt Westphalia gammon,  
Not meat to eat but meat to drink.  
'Tis wine, &c.

It makes the backward spirits brave,  
That lively that before was dull;  
Those grow good fellows that are grave,  
And kindness flows from cups-brimfull.  
'Tis wine, &c.

Some have the phthisic, some the rheum,  
Some have the palsy, some the gout;  
Some swell with fat, and some consume,  
But they are sound that drink all out.  
'Tis wine, &c.

Some men want youth, and some want health,  
Some want a wife, and some a punk,  
Some men want wit, and some want wealth;  
But he wants nothing that is drunk.  
'Tis wine, pure wine, revives sad souls,  
Therefore give me the cheering bowl.

The convivial song writing of England may, indeed, be said to have commenced in the time of Charles II., and the chief lyrist of that day was Tom D'Urfey, whose poems are now published in five volumes, with the music, and known as *Pills to Purge Melancholy*. D'Urfey was born at Exeter about the year 1647; his parents were French Protestant refugees. He was the favorite songster and verse writer of the times when the wild court of Charles laughed its way through life. As we look now through the pages of the *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, we can select the songs most likely to have roused the night, in some mad orgies at the Hague, and as we run our fingers along the keys of the piano, and raise the dashing measure of the "Whigs' Exaltation," we fancy that it must have been the favorite of the roaring

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\* For example, the lines

"But thou thereon didst only breathe,  
And sent it back to me;  
Since when it looks and smells, I swear,  
Not of itself, but thee,—"

in "Drink to me only with thine eyes,"—the song in "The Forest"—are imitated from the first ode of Anacreon, who stole the thought from Philostratus.

boys, the swaggering swash-bucklers, and, as the author of the old tract, *St. Hilary's Tears*, calls them, "those attractive load stones, of delicious and smooth damnation"—the laughing, bright-eyed, bona robas of Alsatia and The Savoy. We feel that in such songs, Harry Killegrew, and Beau Fielding, and D'Urfev, and even the King himself, might have joined, and Mistress Nelly might have sung treble, as they trolled the chorus—

" How do you do,  
And how do you do,  
And it's how do you do again."

The unfortunate point about D'Urfev's songs is, that the best of them, like the best plays of all the dramatists of Charles's time, are too indecent to suit either the taste or the morality of this age. Yet D'Urfev, in his day, was one of the most valued writers of the period; and, compared with Rochester or Roscommon, he is purity itself. Charles II., like Louis XIV., and Egalité Orleans, and George the Fourth, could appreciate genius of the highest class, but would cherish it when it suited his own peculiar taste. D'Urfev was not before or behind his time, he was precisely of it, and exactly for it, therefore he pleased the King. He was the friend of Joseph Addison, who, in *The Guardian*,\* thus writes of D'Urfev, when the latter was in poverty, and had called on him for the purpose of securing his aid at an approaching theatrical benefit:—

" We both flourished together in King Charles the Second's reign, we diverted ourselves with the remembrance of several particulars that passed in the world before the greatest part of my Readers were born, and could not but smile to think how insensibly we were grown into a couple of venerable old Gentlemen. Tom observed to me, that after having written more Odes than *Horace*, and about four times as many Comedies as *Terence*, he was reduced to great difficulties by the importunities of a set of men, who, of late years, had furnished him with the accommodations of life, and would not, as we say, be paid with a song. In order to extricate my old friend, I immediately sent for the three directors of the Play-house, and desired them that they would in their turn do a good office for a man, who, in *Shakespear's* phrase, had often filled their mouths, I mean with pleasantry and popular conceits. They very generously listened to my proposal, and agreed to act the *Plotting-Sisters* (a very taking Play of my old friend's composing), on the 15th of the next

\* No. 67. Thursday, May 28th. 1713.

month, for the benefit of the author. I myself remember King *Charles* the Second leaning on *Tom D'Urfey's* shoulder more than once, and humming over a song with him. It is certain that Monarch was not a little supported by *Joy to great Caesar*, which gave the Whigs such a blow as they were not able to recover that whole reign. My friend afterwards attacked Popery with the same success, having exposed *Bellarmino* and *Porto-Carrero* more than once in short satirical compositions, which have been in every body's mouth. He has made use of *Italian* tunes and sonnets for promoting the Protestant interest, and turned a considerable part of the Pope's music against himself. In short he has obliged the Court with political Sonnets, the country with Dialogues and Pastorals, the City with Descriptions of a Lord Mayor's feast, not to mention his little Ode upon *Stool-ball*, with many others of the like nature. Should the very individuals he has celebrated make their appearance together, they would be sufficient to fill the Play-house. *Pretty Peg of Windsor*, *Gilian of Croydon*, with *Dolly and Molly*, and *Tommy and Johny*, with many others to be met with in the musical miscellanies, entitled *Pills to purge Melancholy*, would make a good benefit night. As my friend, after the manner of the old Lyricists, accompanies his works with his own voice, he has been the delight of the most polite companies and conversations from the beginning of King *Charles* the Second's reign to our present times. Many an honest Gentleman has got a reputation in his country, by pretending to have been in company with *Tom D'Urfey*."

Tom Brown, the other lyricist of the Cavalier party, who was born in the year 1620, and therefore D'Urfey's senior in the public favor, hated his younger rival, and lost no possible opportunity of injuring him, by sneering depreciation. He addressed to him a letter in prose, purporting to be from Pindar to the author of Pindaric Odes, and also wrote against him the following epigram:—

Thou cur, half *French*, half *English* breed,  
Thou mongrel of *Parnassus*,  
To think tall lines, run up to seed,  
Should ever tamely pass us.

Thou write *Pindaricks*, and be damn'd!  
Write epigrams for cutlers;

None with thy lyrics can be sham'd  
But chamber-maids and butlers.

In t'other world expect dry blows;  
No tears can wash thy stains out;  
*Horace* will pluck thee by the nose,  
And Pindar beat thy brains out.\*

Brown died in the year 1704, and was buried in the clois-

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\* Brown was not borne out in this depreciation of D'Urfey by the public taste. The following good-natured epitaph shows how he was really valued:

"Here lies the *Lyric*, who, with tale and song,  
Did live to threescore years and ten prolong:  
His tale was pleasant, and his song was sweet,  
His heart was cheerful,—but his throat was great.  
Grieve, reader, grieve, that he, too soon grown old,  
His song has ended, and his tale has told."



ters of Westminster Abbey, beside the grave of his congenial old friend, Aphra Behn. The following is one of his best songs :—

## THE WHET.

Wine, wine in a morning,  
Makes us frolic and gay,  
That like eagles are soar,  
In the pride of the day,  
Gouty sots of the night  
Only find a decay.

'Tis the sun ripens the grape,  
And to drinking gives light:

We imitate him,  
When by noon we're at height;  
They steal wine who take it  
When he's out of sight.

Boy, fill all the glasses,  
Fill them up now he shines;  
The higher he rises  
The more he refines  
For wine and wit fall  
As their maker declines.

The next song is one of D'Urfe's :—

## SHE TELLS ME, WITH CLARET SHE CANNOT AGREE.

She tells me, with claret she cannot agree,  
And she thinks of a hoghead when e'er she sees me;  
For I smell like a beast, and therefore must I  
Resolve to forsake her, or claret deny:  
Must I leave my dear bottle, that was always my friend,  
And I hope will continue so to my life's end;  
Must I leave it for her, 'tis a very hard task;  
Let her go to the devil,—bring the other whole flask.

Alexander Brome, born in the year 1620, and who died in 1666, was an attorney of the Lord Mayor's court, and a scholar of some pretensions, as he was one of those who, with Cowley, Fanshawe, and Holiday, translated Horace. Although a stout royalist, he was forced to join the Roundheads in the field, but contrived to escape from their ranks. There appeared in the year 1662, a collection of songs entitled, *The Rump: or an Exact—Collection Of the Choicest Poems and Songs relating to the Late Times. By the most Eminent Wits, from Anno 1639, to Anno 1661*, and although Cleveland, and other Cavalier poets, had furnished verses printed in the collection, yet the cleverest, and most hard hitting are by Brome. In this book there are only three convivial songs; of these, the following is the best :—

## THE ENCOUNTER.

Hang the Presbyter's Gill,  
Bring a Pint of Sack Will,  
More Orthodox of the two;  
Though a slender dispute  
Will strike the Elf mute,  
Hee's one of the honestest Crue.

In a Pint there's small heart,  
Sirrah, bring us a Quart,  
There's substance and vigor met,  
'Twill hold us in Play,  
Some part of the day,  
But we'll suck him before Sun-set.

The daring old Pottle  
Does now bid us Battle;  
Let's try what his strength can do;  
Keep your Ranks and your File:  
And for all his Wilks,  
We'll tumble him down Staires too.

The stout-breasted Lumberd,  
His Brains ne'er encumber'd  
With drinking of Gallons three;  
*Tricomus* was named,  
And by *Cæsar* famed,  
Who dubbed him Knight cap-a-pe.

If then Honour be in't,  
Why a pox should we stint  
Ourselves of the fulness it bears?  
H' has less wit than an Ape  
In the blood of the Grape,  
Will not plunge himself o'er head and ears.

Then summon the Gallon,  
A stout Foe, and a tall One,  
And likely to hold us to't;  
Keep Coyn in your Purse,  
The Word is disburse,  
I'll warrant he falls at your foot.

See, the bold Foe appears,  
May he fall that him fears;  
Keep you but close Order, and then  
We will give him the Rout,  
Be he never so stout,  
And prepare for his Rallying agen.

Wee'l dreyn the whole Cellar,  
Pipes, Butts, and the Dweller,  
If the Wine does flow no faster;  
Will, when thou dost slack us,  
By Warrant from Bacchus,  
Wee'l Cane thy Tun-belly'd Master.

The two succeeding songs afford a fine specimen of Brome's powers :—

#### THE MAD LOVER.

I have been in love, and in debt, and in drink.  
This many and many a year;  
And those three are plagues enough, one would think,  
For one poor mortal to bear.  
'Twas drink made me fall into love,  
And love made me run into debt;  
And though I have struggled, and struggled and strove,  
I cannot get out of them yet.

There's nothing but money can cure me,  
And rid me of all my pain;  
'Twill pay all my debts,  
And remove all my lets!  
And my mistress that cannot endure me,  
Will love me, and love me again:  
Then I'll fall to loving and drinking again.

#### ON CANARY.

Of all the rare juices  
That Bacchus or Ceres produces,  
There's none that I can, nor dare I  
Compare with the princely Canary.  
For this is the thing  
That a fancy infuses,  
This first got a king,  
And next the nine muses;  
'Twas this made old poets so sprightly to sing,  
And fill all the world with the glory and fame on't;  
They Helicon call'd it, and the Thespian spring,  
But this was the drink though they knew not the name on't.

Our elder and perry  
May make a man mad, but not merry;  
It makes people windmill-pated,  
And with crackers sophisticated;  
And your hops, yeast, and malt,  
When they're mingled together,  
Makes our fancies to halt,  
Or reel any whither:  
It stuffs up our brains with froth and with yeast,  
That if one would write but a verse for a bellman,  
He must study till Christmas for an eight-shilling jest;  
These liquors won't raise, but drown, and o'erwhelm man.

Our drowsy metheglin  
Was only ordain'd to inveigle in  
The novice that knows not to drink yet,  
But is fuddled before he can think it:  
And your claret and white  
Have a gunpowder fury,  
They're of the French spright,  
But they won't long endure you.  
And your holiday Muscadine, Alecant and Tent,  
Have only this property and virtue that's fit in't,  
They'll make a man sleep till a preachment be spent,  
But we neither can warm our blood nor wit in't.

The bagrag and Rhenish  
You must with ingredients replenish;  
'Tis a wine to please ladies and boys with,  
But not for a man to rejoice with.  
But 'tis sack makes the sport,  
And who gains but that flavour,  
Though an abbess he court,  
In his high-shoes he'll have her;  
'Tis this that advances the drinker and drawer:  
Though the father came to town in his hobnails and leather,  
He turns it to velvet, and brings up an heir,  
In the town in his chain, in the field with his feather.

In the second of Dr. Rimbault's books, with which we have headed this paper, two very good convivial songs are

printed. The first is from *Pammelia, Musick's Miscellanie*, &c., 1609, and is as follows :—

TROLE THE CANNIKIN.

Come drinke to me,  
And I will drinke to thee,  
And then shall we  
Full well agree.

I have loved the jolly tankerd,  
Full seven winters and more;  
I have loved it so long,  
Till that I went upon the score.

He that loves not the tankerd,  
Is no honest man;

And he is no right souldier,  
That loves not the canne.

Tappe the cannikin,  
Tosse the cannikin,  
Trole the cannikin,  
Turn the cannikin.

Hold, good sonne, and fill us a fresh can,  
That we may quaffe it round about from  
man to man.

The next song, Dr. Rimbault states, is from the same book, and was reprinted, in the year 1652, in Hilton's *Catch that Catch can* :—

TOSSE THE POT.

Chorus.—Tosse the pot, toss the pot, let  
us be merry,  
And drinke till our cheeks be as red as a  
cherry:

We take no thought,—we have no care,  
For still we spend, and never spare,  
Till of all money our purses is bare,  
We ever toss the pot.

Chorus.—Tosse the pot, &c.

We drink, carouse, with hart most free;  
A hasty draught I drinke to thee;  
Then fill the pot againe to me,  
And ever toss the pot.

Chorus.—Tosse the pot, &c.  
And when our meny is all spent,  
Then sell our goods and spende our  
rent;  
Or drinke it up with one consent,

And ever toss the pot.

Chorus.—Tosse the pot, &c.

When all is gone,—we have no more,  
Then let us set it on the score;  
Or chalke it up behinde the dore,  
And ever toss the pot.

Chorus.—Tosse the pot, &c.

And when our credit is all lost,  
Then may we goe and kisse the post,  
And eat browne bread instead of roet,  
And ever toss the pot.

Chorus.—Tosse the pot, &c.

Let us conclude as we began,  
And toss the pot from man to man,  
And drinke as much now as we can,  
And ever toss the pot.

Chorus.—Tosse the pot, &c.

Amongst the wits of Charles the Second's reign, Sir Charles Sedley is one of the best known. He was wild and dissolute in his young years, but the bold part which he took in the Revolution makes us pardon the faults of former days. He was born in the year 1640, and was educated at Wadham College, Oxford. Bishop Burnet writes,\* "Sedley had most sudden and copious wit, which furnished a perpetual run of discourse; but he was not so correct as Lord Dorset, nor so sparkling as Lord Rochester." His daughter was seduced by James the Second, who had her created Countess of Dorchester, and when Sedley was supporting the cause of freedom against James, he said, referring to the Princess of Orange,

\* History of his own Times, vol. I., p. 372.

"I hate ingratitude, and therefore, as the King has made my daughter a Countess, I will endeavour to make his daughter a Queen." He died in the year 1701. The following is his best convivial song :—

Let's tope and be merry,  
Be jolly and cheery :  
Since here is good wine, good wine.  
Let's laugh at the fools,  
Who live by dull rules,  
And at us good-fellows repine.

Here, here, are delights,  
To amuse the dull nights,  
And equal a man with a god ;

To enliven the day,  
Drive all care away,  
Without it a man's but a clod.

Then let us be willing  
To spend t'other shilling,  
For money we know is but dirt ;  
It suits no design,  
Like paying for wine,  
T'other bottle will do us no hurt.

The convivial lyrists however, of this period, were not all of the learned or noble classes. The following very excellent song is the production of Ned Ward, a publican, in Moorfields, London, who was born in the year 1667, and died in the year 1731. He composed ten volumes of verses, and his will was also in verse. He usually wrote in the Hudibrastic metre, and generally sung in praise of good eating and drinking. Some of his poems remind one of old John Skelton's (the tutor of Henry VIII.) Elynour Rummynge.

The following is a good specimen of his powers :—

O give me, kind Bacchus, thou god of the  
vine,  
Not a pipe or a tun, but an ocean of  
wine ;  
And a ship that's well-mann'd with such  
rare merry fellows,  
That ne'er forsook tavern for portly  
ale-house.  
May her bottom be leaky—to let in the  
tipple,  
And no pump on board her to save ship  
or people ;  
So that each jolly lad may suck heartily  
round.  
And be always obliged to drink or be  
drown'd !  
Let a fleet from Virginia, well laden with  
weed,  
And a cargo of pipes, that we nothing  
may need,  
Attend at our stern to supply us with  
guna,  
And to weigh us our funk, not by pounds,  
but by tuns.  
When thus fitted out we would cross  
the line,  
And swim round the world in a sea of  
good wine ;  
Steer safe in the middle, and vow never  
more  
To renounce such a life for the pleasures  
on shore.  
Look cheerfully round us and comfort our  
eyes  
With a deluge of claret inclosed by the  
skies ;

A sight that would mend a pale mortal's  
complexion,  
And make him blush mere than the sun  
by reflection.  
No zealous contentions should ever per-  
plex us,  
No politic Jars should divide us or vex us ;  
No presbyter Jack should reform us or  
ride us,  
The stars and our whimsical noddles  
should guide us.  
No blustering storms should possess us  
with fears,  
Or hurry us, like cowards, from drinking  
to prayers,  
But still with fall bowls we'd for Bacchus  
maintain  
The most glorious dominion o'er the  
claret main ;  
And tiddle all round till our eyes shone as  
bright  
As the sun does by day, or the moon  
does my night.  
Thus would I live free from all care or  
design,  
And when death should arrive I'd be  
pickled in wine ;  
That is, toss'd over-board, have the sea  
for my grave,  
And lie nobly entomb'd in a blood-  
colour'd wave ;  
That, living or dead, both my body and  
spirit  
Should float round the globe in an ocean  
of claret.

The truest of friends and the best of all  
 juices,  
 Worth both the rich metals that India  
 produces :  
 For all men we find from the young to  
 the old,  
 Will exchange for the bottle their silver  
 and gold,  
 Except rich fanatics—a pox on their pic-  
 tures—  
 That make themselves slaves to their  
 prayers and their lectures ;  
 And think that on earth there is nothing  
 divine,  
 But canting old fool and a bag full of  
 coin.

What though the dull saint make his  
 standard and sterling,  
 His refuge, his glory, his god, and his  
 darling ;  
 The mortal that drinks is the only brave  
 fellow,  
 Though never so poor he's a king when  
 he's mellow ;  
 Grows richer than Croesus with whimsi-  
 cal thinking,  
 And never knows care whilst he follows  
 his drinking.

The period extending from the Revolution to the era of Robert Burns, was not prolific in convivial song writers. Men had grown classic in their tastes, or had resolved to drink themselves stupid ; they were either too refined to write convivial lyrics, or too brutal to appreciate them. Somerville's lines *To Cloe Drinking*, are an anacreontic ode rather than a convivial song—Prior's,

" If wine and music have the power  
 To ease the sickness of the soul, &c."

is not a convivial lyric ; and in such a state of society as that exhibited by Churchhill's satire, *The Times*, one could hardly expect convivial songs of a high order. Translations, odes, pastoral ballads, and fables, were the chief poetic productions of the time, and till the advent of Robert Burns, the best song was little more than " a woeful ballad." And yet it is strange that Burns, the most jovial of poets, jolly as his own " Rattlin' Roarin' Willie," should have left us but one song which can be properly called convivial—*Willie brew'd a Peck o' Maut*. The song, *O gude Ale comes*, is not convivial ; and of this, only four lines of the twelve are by Burns. *Go fetch me a Pint o' Wine*, is not a convivial song, indeed its correct title is *My Bonnie Mary*, and of the sixteen lines, only twelve are Burns', as he himself states. *John Barleycorn* is a spirited rhyming ballad, but not a convivial song. We are, we confess, most ardent admirers of Robert Burns' genius ; but we believe we only assert an undoubted fact in stating that there is, in the English language, no finer convivial song than *Willie brew'd a peck o' Maut* ; it possesses that whole-heart love of good fellowship, expressed by the old *Chanson à Boire*, in Rabelais :—

Remplis ton verre vuide,  
 Vuide ton verre plein,  
 Je ne puis souffrir dans ta main,  
 Un verre ni vuide ni plein.

Fill, fill your glass, which empty stands,  
Empty it and let it pass;  
For I hate to see in people's hands  
A full or an empty glass.

Dibdin has some glorious songs; and these, by Sheridan, are excellent:—

## SONG.

A bumper of good liquor  
Will end a contest quicker  
Than justice, judge, or vicar;  
So fill a cheerful glass  
And let good humour pass.

But if more deep the quarrel,  
Why, sooner drain the barrel,  
Than be the hateful fellow,  
That's crabbed when he's mellow;  
A bumper, &c.

## SONG.

This bottle's the sun of our table,  
His beams are rosy wine;  
We, planets, that are not able,  
Without his help to shine.  
Let mirth and glee abound!  
You'll soon grow bright,  
With borrow'd light,  
And shine as he goes round.

Then we have Wolfe's noble lay:—

How stands the glass around?  
For shame, ye take no care, my boys!  
How stands the glass around?  
Let mirth and wine abound!  
The trumpets sound:  
The colours flying are, my boys,  
To fight, kill, or wound:  
May we still be found  
Content with our hard fare, my boys,  
On the cold ground.

Why, soldiers, why  
Should we be melancholy, boys!  
Why, soldiers, why?  
Whose business 'tis to die?  
What! sighing? No!

Damn fear, drink on, be jolly, boys!  
'Tis he, you, and I.  
Cold, hot, wet, or dry,  
We're always bound to follow, boys,  
And scorn to fly.

'Tis but in vain,  
(I mean not to upbraid you, boys)  
'Tis but in vain  
For soldiers to complain:  
Should next campaign  
Send us to Him that made you, boys,  
We're free from pain;  
But should we remain,  
A bottle and kind landlady  
Cures all again.

Amongst the most distinguished, perhaps the most distinguished, yet least popularly known, of our modern convivial song writers, is Captain Charles Morris. He entered social life at a period when Fox and Sheridan were at the zenith of their reputation, and he became the laureate of the Whigs. Those were pleasant times in which the cleverest of "All the Talents" were out of office, and could devote themselves to literature and the pleasures of society. It was in fact the reign of—

"Mrs. Crew,  
And buff and blue—"

when all that was brilliant, and learned, and eloquent, and witty, seemed concentrated in the opposition.\*

Amidst such society as this it was natural that Morris, a man well born, and whose father had been a poet of some reputation in his day, should become an acceptable addition to the Whig phalanx as a songster. Poetry, indeed, appears to have been a species of passion, or a kind of weakness with the family, as

\* See Bell's Life of Canning—a most excellent work.

Captain Thomas Morris, the brother of Charles, was also a writer, and a most voluminous one, of verse. The father of Captain Charles Morris died during the infancy of our song writer, and he, with his three brothers, was educated by their mother. In his fourteenth year he entered the 17th Regiment of foot, in which his eldest brother was a Captain, and served in America previously to the War of Independence. He returned to England, and exchanged into a dragoon regiment, but growing weary of country quarters, and having formed an acquaintance with the celebrated Captain Topham, who was then Adjutant of the Life Guards, Morris entered that corps, of which he soon became the life, soul, and ornament. He was precisely the man to find London the pleasantest place in all the world. He was gay, jovial, and clever: he extended his family connection by marriage with the widow of Sir William Stanhope, and thus launched upon the life of London before the regency, and during the days when George III. was *not* King, but in which every political lackey of the Prince ruled in turn, who can wonder that Morris became a favorite with the Whigs, and with the Regent before he had deserted them; the only remarkable circumstance being, that Morris continued in friendship with the Prince, when, as the Regent, he had disgraced himself, and imitated his prototype Charles II., by his neglect of those who had supported him in the days when support was salvation.

Morris's best song is called—

THE TOPER'S APOLOGY.\*

I'm often ask'd by plodding souls,  
And men of crafty tongue,  
What joy I find in draining bowls,  
And tipping all night long.  
Now, though these cautious knaves I  
scorn,  
For once I'll not disdain  
To tell them why I sit till morn,  
And fill my glass again;

'Tis by the glow my bumper gives  
Life's picture's mellow made;  
The fading light then brightly lives,  
And softly sinks the shade;  
Some happier tint still rises there,  
With every drop I drain—  
And that I think's a reason fair  
To fill my glass again.

My muse, too, when her wings are dry  
No frolic flight will take;  
But round a bowl she'll dip and fly,  
Like swallows round a lake.  
Then if the nymph will have her share,  
Before she'll bless her swain—  
Why that I think's a reason fair  
To fill my glass again.

In life I've rung all changes too,  
Run every pleasure down,  
Tried all extremes of Fancy through,  
And lived with half the town;  
For me there's nothing new or rare,  
Till wine deceives my brain—  
And that I think's a reason fair  
To fill my glass again.

\* Referring to the third and fifth verses of this song, Thomas Moore writes: "Assuredly, had Morris written much that at all approached the following verses of his 'Reasons for Drinking,' few would have equalled him either in fancy, or in that lighter kind of pathos which comes, as in this instance, like a few melancholy notes in the middle of a gay air, throwing a soft and passing shade over mirth."

Then, many a lad I liked is dead,  
And many a lass grown old;  
And, as the lesson strikes my head,  
My weary heart grows cold.  
But wine, awhile, holds off despair,  
Nay, bids a hope remain—  
And that I think's a reason fair  
To fill my glass again.

Then hipp'd and ver'd at England's state  
In these convulsive days,  
I can't endure the ruin'd fate,  
My sober eye surveys;  
But, 'midst the bottle's dazling glare,  
I see the gloom less plain—  
And that I think's a reason fair  
To fill my glass again.

I find, too, when I stint my glass,  
And sit with sober air,  
I'm piced by some dull reasoning ass,  
Who treads the path of care;

Or, harder tax'd, I'm forced to bear  
Some coxcomb's fribbling strain—  
And that I think's a reason fair  
To fill my glass again.

Nay, don't we see Love's fetters, too,  
With different holds entwine?  
While nought but death can some undo,  
There's some give way to wine.  
With me the lighter head I wear  
The lighter hangs the chain—  
And that I think's a reason fair  
To fill my glass again.

And now I'll tell, to end my song,  
At what I most repine:  
This cursed war, or right or wrong,  
Is war against all wine;  
Nay, Port, they say, will soon be rare  
As juice of France or Spain—  
And that I think's a reason fair  
To fill my glass again.\*

The next charming songs are in Morris's best style :—

\* The following, written by Morris, in the year 1805, when "My Uncle" was preparing to invade England, may not be uninteresting, now that "The Nephew of 'My Uncle'" is reported to contemplate a like move :—

#### SONG ON THE THREATENED INVASION.

Ye brave sons of Britain, whose glory  
hath long  
Supply'd to the poet proud themes for his  
song;  
Whose deeds have for ages astonish'd the  
world,  
Where your standards you've hoisted, or  
sails have unfur'd;  
France, raging with shame  
At your conquering fame,  
Now threatens your land with invasion  
and flame;  
But let her come on, boys, on sea, or on  
shore,  
We'll work her again, as we've work'd  
her before!

Now, flush'd with the blood of the slaves  
they have slain,  
These foes we still beat, swear they'll try  
us again;  
But the more they endeavour, the more  
they will see  
'Tis in vain to forge chains where the  
hands will be free.  
All their rafts and their floats,  
And their flat-bottom'd boats,  
Won't cram their French poison down  
Englishmen's throats.  
So let them come on, boys, &c.

They hope, by their arts, their intrigues,  
and alarms,  
To split us in factions, and weaken our  
arms;

For they know British hearts, when united  
and true,  
No danger can frighten, no force can  
subdue.

Let them try every tool,  
Every traitor and fool;  
But England, old England, no Frechman  
shall rule!  
So let them come on, boys, &c.

How these savage invaders to man have  
behaved  
We see by the countries they've robb'd  
and enslaved;  
Where, masking the curse with blest  
Liberty's name,  
They've starved 'em, and bound 'em in  
chains and in shame.

Then their traps they may set,  
We're aware of the net;  
In England, my hearties, no gudgeons  
they'll get.  
So let them come on, boys, &c.

Ever true to our King, constitution, and  
laws;  
Ever just to ourselves, ever staunch to  
our cause;  
This land of our blessings, long guarded  
with care,  
No force shall enslave, boys; no craft  
shall ensnare.

United we'll stand,  
Firm in heart, firm in hand;  
And those we don't sink we'll do over on  
land.

So let them come on, boys, &c.



THE MAGIC GLASS.

When first the Muse my fancy drew,  
 'Twas Love alone that waked my tongue;  
 No other earthly bliss I knew,  
 And from the heart alone I sung;  
 All thence to me were vain and cold  
 That tutors taught or sages said;  
 I sighed through all the tales they told,  
 And burn'd the more, the more I read.

Oh, could those early visions rise,  
 To Folly gladly would I pass,  
 And cheat again my wiser eyes  
 In Fancy's sweet illusive glass!—

But since *that glass* I can't restore  
 While sad Experience kills its rays,  
 Another glass I have in store,  
 Where sweet Deception ever plays.

While in its magic ring I move,  
 The cheerless beams of Wisdom die;  
 And sweetly steals the dream of Love  
 O'er pensive Memory's moistening eye.  
 Shine then, my glass—if false thy light,  
 The more thou cheatest, the more I'm  
 blest!  
 I sip, to dazzle Reason's sight,  
 And raise a charm in Fancy's breast.

TRUE PHILOSOPHY.

The worst of all nonsense that ever was  
 penn'd  
 To mock the vain wisdom that toils to no  
 end,  
 Is the cart-load of systems philosophers  
 plan  
 For earth and its tenant, for nature and  
 man.

While they fruitlessly search with philoso-  
 phy's eye,  
 I take a good *glass*, and their purpose I  
 spy;  
 See it moved by a sympathy, every night  
 shown  
 To help us along when we can't go alone.

Don't you see, as we reel, the world reels up  
 and down,  
 She rolls in her fluid, and we in our own;  
 Thus going together, we still keep our  
 ground,  
 And to-morrow, thank fortune, are sure to  
 come round.

Then, as to the matter that makes up this  
 ball,  
 We're all *spirit*, with us 'tis no *matter* at  
 all;

If 'tis life, keep it up—and if *dust* as they  
 tell,  
 Why before it flies off let us sprinkle it  
 well.

Some say that by water or fire it steers,  
 Talk of atoms and essences, orbits, and  
 spheres;  
 But, let Newton, Descartes, and old Ptolemy  
 doze,  
 As we push round our bottles the way the  
 world goes.

Then as to its age, let it be what you please,  
 Either Heathen or Turkish, Gentoo or Chi-  
 nese;  
 If golden, or silver, or iron may be;  
 It is but well *temper'd*, 'tis *metal* for me.

Then, on subjects where fools are as wise as  
 the sage,  
 When we've one we can fathom, why should  
 we engage?  
 Since Wit cannot clear it, why puzzle our  
 souls?  
 Let Time clear the *riddle*, while we clear the  
 bowls.

The following is, we think, one of the best convivial songs in  
 the language, and by a few slight changes can be made suit-  
 able, as a chorus song, for any other club, than that celebrated  
 one for which it was specially written:—

SONG FOR THE BEEFSTEAK CLUB.

You know the tune of the song  
 Call'd 'Wood, and marry'd, an' aw';  
 Then help my chorus along,  
 For my voice isn't worth a straw.  
 I'm now in a cue to sing,  
 If you'll but join my lay;  
 For I've dipped my muse's wing,  
 And she's ready to rise and play.

Chorus.

Then, guest's, and brothers, an' aw,  
 Brothers, and guests, an' aw,

Oh, lend a lift to my lilt then,  
 Guests, and brothers, an' aw.

I feel my spirits get up,  
 And joy dance round my heart;  
 I'm better for every cup,  
 And I warrant I'll play my part.  
 Gay visions steal o'er my brain,  
 My fancy grows warm and free;  
 Then help to sweeten my strain,  
 And you never shall flag for me.

Some folks will grumble, and cry  
That earth grows nothing but care;  
But what do they mean, say I,  
When the myrtle and vine are there?  
The ups and downs o' the world  
Are frolics of Fate's decree;  
Our headswere made to be whirled,  
So a whirlabout life for me.

To seize all moments of mirth,  
That brighten the shades of Fate,  
Is man's sweet duty on earth,  
However the spleen may prate.  
A chequer of gloom and glee  
Is the life that the gods provide;  
And an impious fool is he  
Who snarls at the changing tide.

I argue with no grave men,  
Nor mope with reasoning folks;  
If life be a farce, what then?  
I'm filled with very good jokes.  
While whisking about I'm found,  
If health in the circle be,  
However the world goes round,  
It's a merry-go-round for me.

The Bard of my early youth,  
The tutor of Love's sweet day,  
Well taught the lesson of truth,  
That man should be pleased and gay.  
By this cherishing light I teach,  
Which bright in my glass I see;  
And they who in shade will preach,  
May go to the shades for me.

If you wish for a certain cure  
To cut out the thorns of life,  
There isn't a cut more sure  
Than the cut of the *Beefsteak* knife;  
For a cordial is mingled there  
That ever will cure afford,  
In the brotherly love we bear,  
And the charms of the cheerful board.

In every ill that falls,  
Or shadow that clouds our way,  
The sunshine within those walls  
Still brightens the darkest day.  
An age hath it's lustre play'd,  
To mellow the fruits of Joy;  
And never may blight or shade  
These sweetest of fruits destroy!  
Then, guests, and brothers, &c.

Byron, so full of wildness and of levity, has left us but one convivial song—*Fill the Goblet again. We'll go no more a roving*, is, of its kind, a very excellent song, but it wants the soul pervading the former, which we now present:—

#### FILL THE GOBLET AGAIN.

Fill the goblet again! for I never before  
Felt the glow which now gladdens my heart  
to its core;  
Let us drink!—who would not?—since,  
through life's varied round,  
In the goblet alone no deception is found.

I have tried in its turn all that life can  
supply;  
I have bask'd in the beam of a dark rolling  
eye;  
I have loved!—who has not?—but what  
heart can declare,  
That pleasure existed while passion was  
there?

In the days of my youth, when the heart's in  
its spring,  
And dreams that affection can never take  
wing,  
I had friends!—who has not?—but what  
tongue will avow,  
That friends, rosy wine! are so faithful as  
thou?

The heart of a mistress some boy may  
estrangle,  
Friendship shifts with the sunbeam—thou  
never canst change:  
Thou grow'st old—who does not?—but on  
earth what appears,  
Whose virtues, like thine, still increase with  
its years.

Yet if blest to the utmost that love can  
bestow,  
Should a rival bow down to our idol below,  
We are jealous!—who's not?—thou hast no  
such alloy;  
For the more that enjoy thee, the more we  
enjoy.

Then the season of youth and its vanities  
past,  
For refuge we fly to the goblet at last;  
There we find—do we not?—in the flow of  
the soul,  
That truth, as of yore, is confined to the  
bowl.

When the box of Pandora was open'd on  
earth,  
And Misery's triumph commenced over  
Mirth,  
Hope was left—was she not?—but the gob-  
let we kiss,  
And care not for Hope, who are certain of  
bliss.

Long life to the grape! for when summer is  
frown,  
The age of our nectar shall gladden our  
own:  
We must die—who shall not?—May our  
sins be forgiven,  
And Hebe shall never be idle in heaven.

To those who have studied the character of Byron's disposition, it will be evident that he was not of that cast of genius likely to excel as a convivial song writer. He was never self-abandoned; he loved, too much, to mark the stream of life as it flowed, and his cynicism was more powerful than his bonhomie—a mind thus constituted, can never be convivial; it may enjoy mad orgies, where passion holds its awful sway, and where, in the wild whirl of excitement, the senses rule, and reason is dethroned. But, of the pleasures of a genuine convivial hour, such dispositions must be for ever ignorant; and yet, it was this same faculty of social enjoyment, exaggerated, that has rendered the songs of Thomas Moore so devoid of real conviviality. We assert, that in all Moore's works, there are but three convivial songs. *Drink of this Cup*, is not a convivial song. *Wreath the Bowl*, is not a convivial song. *Come send round the Wine*, is not a convivial song—in these, in all Moore's songs, excepting the three which we shall just now give, the convivial character is spoiled, by the introduction of some subject which renders them anacreontic and pretty. We know that Moore is the poet of love, and of beauty, and of patriotism, but he is not the laureate of Bacchus. His songs, called convivial, are not for the board where wit, and thought, and humor are flowing; where the hoarded stores of reading and of lore are unfolded; where Horace is bandied against Juvenal, and Tom Moore is pitted against Byron; where bons mots, and quips, and fancies are provoking laughter, and where more thought is suggested in an evening, where more insight into the world, and its heart, is gained, than in months of lonely study. For such gatherings as this, Moore is not the convivial lyrist; he is, we admit, the lyrist of that assembly where sweet smiling faces are ranged around—where fair forms are flitting, and gay laughter is rising above the silver sound of such gentle voices as might have beguiled Anthony (the Saint, not the Hero); where quiet flirtations, and pink champagne, make bright eyes look yet more bright, and tender words make coral lips seem still more rosy. Moore's convivial songs disappoint; for our parts, we would much rather sing, or hear sung, *The Cruiskeen*, with its flowing chorus, than any of his so called convivial lyrics, with the exception of the following,—which is of that class referred to by Sir Walter Scott, when he wrote that our fellow citizen, Terry Magrath, sung the best after-supper song he had ever heard:—

## HIP, HIP, HURRA.

Come, fill round a bumper, fill up to the brim,  
He who shrinks from a bumper I pledge not  
to him;

"Here's the girl that each loves, be her eye  
of what hue,  
Or lustre, it may, so her heart is but true."

Charge! (drinks) hip, hip, hurra, hurra!

Come, charge high again, boys, nor let the  
full wine

Leave a space in the brimmer, where day-  
light may shine;

"Here's the friends of our youth—though of  
some we're bereft,  
May the links that are lost but endear what  
are left!"

Charge! (drinks) hip, hip, hurra, hurra!

Quick, quick, now I'll give you, since  
Time's glass will run

E'en faster than our doth, three bumpers in  
one;

"Here's the poet who sings—here's the  
warrior who fights—

Here's the statesman who speaks in the  
cause of men's rights!"

Charge! (drinks) hip, hip, hurra, hurra!

Once more fill a bumper—ne'er talk of the  
hour,

On hearts thus united old Time has no  
power.

"May our lives, tho', alas! like the wine of  
to-night,

They must soon have an end, to the  
last flow as bright."

Charge! (drinks) hip, hip, hurra, hurra!

Come, once more, a bumper!—then drink as  
you please,

Tho', who could fill half-way to toasts such  
as these?

"Here's our next joyous meeting—and oh  
when we meet,

May our wine be as bright and our union  
as sweet!"

Charge! (drinks) hip, hip, hurra, hurra!

This we consider a very good convivial song, and in Moore's best style, and very much superior to that spooney lyric, *Take hence the Bowl*, which is a dirge rather than a song, and suited only for the last strong-stomached man who can keep his seat, head, and voice, when "all his lovely companions" lie sleeping under the table, "down among the dead men."—Jaques, who could "suck melancholy out of a song, as a weazel sucks eggs," would find it well fitted to his taste. Not so the following, which are joyous and hearty:—

"Tis the vine! 'tis the vine!" said the onp-loving boy,

As he saw it spring bright from the earth,

And call'd the young Genii of Love, Wit, and Joy.

To witness and hallow its birth.

The fruit was full grown, like a ruby it flam'd

Till the sun-beam that kiss'd it look'd pale

"Tis the vine! 'tis the vine!" every Spirit exclaim'd,

"Hail, hail to the Wine-tree, all hail!"

First, fleet as a bird, to the summons Wit flew,

While a light on the vine-leaves there broke,

In flashes so quick and so brilliant, all knew

'Twas the light from his lips as he spoke.

"Bright tree! let thy nectar but cheer me," he cried,

"And the fount of Wit never can fail;"

"Tis the Vine! 'tis the Vine!" hills and valleys reply,

"Hail, hail to the Wine-tree, all hail!"

Next, Love, as he lean'd o'er the plant to admire

Each tendril and cluster it wore,

From his rosy mouth sent such a breath of desire,

As made the tree tremble all o'er.

Oh, never did flow'r of the earth, sea, or sky,

Such a soul-giving odour inhale:

"Tis the Vine! 'tis the Vine!" all re-echo the cry,

"Hail, hail to the Wine-tree, all hail!"

Last, Joy, without whom even Love and Wit die,

Came to crown the bright hour with his ray;

And scarce had that mirth-waking tree met his eye,

When a laugh spoke what Joy could not say;—

A laugh of the heart, which was echoed around

Till, like music, it swell'd on the gale;

"Tis the Vine! 'tis the Vine!" laughing myriads resound,

"Hail, hail to the Wine-tree, all hail!"

## UP WITH THE SPARKLING BRIMMER.

Up with the sparkling brimmer,  
Up to the crystal rim;  
Let not a moon-beam glimmer  
Twixt the sord and brim.  
When hath the world set eyes on  
August to match this light,  
Which e'er our cup's horizon,  
Dawns in bumpers bright?

Truth in a deep well lieth—  
So the wise aver;  
But Truth the fact denieth—  
Water suits not her.  
No, her abode's in brimmers,  
Like this mighty cup—  
Waiting till we, good swimmers,  
Dive to bring it up.

The following exquisite songs, by Barry Cornwall, are in the true mould of convivial lyrics. Sung, as we have heard them, they are worthy of the highest place amongst the songs of the age. They require an audience cultivated, and capable of appreciating the fancy, thought, and classic beauty of their composition:—

## WINE.

I love Wine! Bold bright Wine!  
That maketh the Spirit both dance and  
shine!

Others may care  
For water fare;  
But give me—Wine!

Ancient Wine! Brave old Wine!  
Flow it around the heart doth twine!  
Poets may love  
The stars above;  
But I love—Wine!

Nought but Wine! Noble Wine,  
Strong, and sound, and old, and fine.

What can scare  
The Devil Despair,  
Like brave bright Wine?

O brave Wine! Rare old Wine!  
Once thou wast deemed a God divine  
Bad are the rhymes,  
And bad the times,  
That scorn old Wine!

So, brave Wine! Dear old Wine!  
Morning, Noon, and Night I'm thine!  
Whatever may be,  
I'll stand by thee,  
Immortal Wine!

The next is still more poetical:—

Size!—Who sings  
To her who wearth a hundred rings?  
Ah, who is this lady fine?  
The VINE, boys, the VINE!  
The mother of mighty Wine.  
A roamer is she  
Of our wall and tree,  
And sometimes very good company.

Drink!—Who drinks  
To her who blusheth and never thinks?  
Ah, who is this maid of thine?  
The GRAPE, boys, the GRAPE!  
O, never let her escape

Until she be turned to Wine!  
For better is she  
Than Vine can be,  
And very very good company!

Dream!—Who dreams  
Of the God who governs a thousand  
streams?

Ah, who is this Spirit fine?  
'Tis WINE, boys, 'tis WINE!  
God Bacchus, a friend of mine.  
O better is he  
Than grape or tree,  
And the best of all good company!

We have almost concluded our essay; but it is right that we should refer to Dr. Rimbault's volumes. The first on our list is most valuable to all who love the music of these kingdoms. It is a full and perfect analysis of all the rare and valuable, but little known, music of England, from the year 1588, to the year 1638. It is one of that class of works, the compiler of which, as Johnson said, "mankind have considered, not as the pupil, but the slave of science, the pioneer of literature, doomed only to remove rubbish and clear obstructions from the paths through which learning and genius

press forward to conquest and glory, without bestowing a smile on the humble drudge that facilitates their progress"—and though many a scholar and many a dunce must derive advantage from this labor of Dr. Rimbault, yet no man can ever consider him a drudge, he is too well known as a learned antiquary, and as a profound musician of consummate taste—his industry is evidenced by this small, but most useful volume.

The second of his books\* contains the words of seventy-four most charming songs, with introductions and illustrative notes. The earliest of these songs is dated 1501—*Song in Praise of Arthur, Prince of Wales*. The latest is dated 1640—*The Triumph of Tobacco*. The introductions and notes to both volumes are neither the least interesting, nor the least valuable portions of the contents. We recommend these works to the attention of our various musical societies. For those who wish to add beautiful words to charming madrigal melodies, they must prove supereminently valuable. We particularly recommend them to the College Choral Society.

Our selection of songs has been almost exclusively from English writers, and could be much farther extended, did we wish to present those convivial lyrics which have wildly run to seed, and degenerated into bacchanalian. For the present we conclude, but in other papers we shall display the glories of our amatory, of our comic, of our political, and of our patriotic song writers. However, before we close this article, we must place on record two songs worthy of being sung before Ben Jonson at the Mermaid, or chaunted, at some high festival of Bacchus, by the Monks of the Screw. The first is from the pen of "Honest Dick Milliken," the writer of *The Groves of Blarney*. Having been attorney, he may well recal Brome to our recollection :—

#### HAD I THE TUN WHICH BACCHUS USED.

Had I the Tun which Bacchus used,  
I'd sit on it all day;  
For, while a can it ne'er refused,  
He nothing had to pay.

I'd turn the cock from morn to eve,  
Nor think it toil or trouble;  
But I'd contrive, you may believe,  
To make it carry double.

My friend should sit as well as I,  
And take a jovial pot;

For he who drinks—although he's dry—  
Alone, is sure a sot.

But since the tun which Bacchus used  
We have not here—what then?  
Since god-like toying is refused,  
Let's drink like honest men.

And let that churl, old Bacchus, sit,  
Who envies him his wine?  
While mortal fellowship and wit  
Make whisky drink divine.†

\* From this volume we have extracted two songs, see p. 137.

† We here insert the following song, as we are anxious to preserve

The following song from Samuel Lover's *Irish Evenings*, is in praise of Bacchus, as compared with Cupid. Lover has never, than in this, been more happy in his flowing-rhyming metre. It is one of those joyous compositions which only

so good and humorous a production. It was written fourteen years ago by the late T. Hughes, the author of *Revelations of Spain*, and *The Ocean Flower*. He was a genuine Irishman, well known upon the London press—and was for many years the Spanish correspondent of *The Morning Chronicle*. He died about four years since of consumption, regretted by all who enjoyed the pleasure of his acquaintance. The song brings forward all O'Connell's arguments against the Union—and we remember well the rapturous encores with which it was greeted night after night, or rather morning after morning, at *The Cyder Cellars*. Tory and Whig—Repealer and Orangeman—all applauded its grim, hard-hitting truths, and poor Dillon Browne is before us, looming over the steam of deviled kidneys, and leading the cheers. *Vic*, in this song, is the abbreviation of *Victoria*.

## VIC MACHREE.

*Air—Love's Young Dream—with a twist in it.*

Oh! the Devil a wink I slept last night  
For thinkin' of the Queen,  
Sure a purtier, by this blessed light,  
Was never seen.  
'Twas Father Karney from Killarney,  
Her picture showed to me—  
My bleasin's on your purty face,  
Vic Machree.

Her faytures all is like a doll,  
So gentle, an so nate;  
If there's deception in her at all,  
Faith she's a choyt.  
She has such schoolin' in her rulin',  
She boulds bright larnin's kay,  
My bleasin's on your purty face,  
Vic Machree.

There's Melbourne, Peel, and Wellington,  
Is doin' all they can,  
But troth there's not a mother's son,  
She loves like Dan—  
That glory of the Emerald Gim—  
Oh, if 'twas only free,  
How it would grace your diadem,  
Vic Machree.

Don't mind the thelvin' Parliamt  
Whatever they say,  
But the Liberator's speeches  
Read at your tay.  
'Tis they will introduce to you  
Our case without a fee—  
Oh! read them at your coffee too,  
Vic Machree.

'Tis there our wrongs is told in style,  
And how we're fixed  
Since first they seized on our own Green  
Isle,  
With Tory thricks;  
An' how they won't concaide our rights  
Tho' Wellington and we  
Like bayroes fought to guard your throne,  
Vic Machree.

Now would you like the King of France  
To ax you for to wear  
A dingy blanket while you dance,  
An' you so fair.  
Or would you like the King of Spain,  
Who is I hear a she,  
Should make you pay her tailor's bills,  
Vic Machree.

In troth you'd kick up if they did  
A rumpus an' a row,  
An' your army an' your navy faith  
Would make them bow,  
Now we must pay the sows to save,  
Of every Happpare,  
Oh! to ould Nick the Kint Charge sind,  
Vic Machree.

There's two bad Houses near your nose,  
In ould Westminster.  
Oh! can't you then be done with those,  
My royal spinster.  
We'd scorn to ax them, so should you;  
Then grant us for to see  
Our Parliamt at home agin,  
Vic Machree.

Lover can write, and Lover himself can sing ; touched by his finger, the piano may be said to laugh and speak.

#### TEA TABLE TACTICS.

They may talk of the ruin  
That Bacchus is brewing,  
But if my advice a young soldier would  
ask, sir,  
I would say that the hiccups  
Is safer than tea-cups ;  
So beware of the *chaynes*, and stick to  
your flask, sir.  
Had I stood to my bow,  
Like a gay jovial soul,  
By this time I might be a general officer,  
But I dallied with Sally,  
And Betty, and Ally,  
And lost all my time with their *toy* and  
their coffee, sir—  
Oh ! *toy* is a dangerous drink,  
When the lady that make's it's a  
beauty ;  
With her fingers so *nais*  
She presents you a plate,  
And to cut bread and butter she puts you  
on duty ;  
Then she pouts her bright lips,  
While the Congou she sips,

And her sweet mouth some question de-  
manding.  
Puts your heart beyond all self-com-  
manding ;  
Through the steam of the tea-pot her  
eyes shine like stars,  
And Venus again makes a conquest of  
Mars.  
When I entered the army,  
At first it did charm me ;  
Says I, " by St. Patrick, I'll live yet in  
story ;  
When war is announced—"  
But a petticoat flogged,  
With a *nais* bit o' lace, it ensnared me  
from glory.  
Had I mounted the breach,  
Glory's lesson to teach,  
I might have escaped, and a pension 'be  
paying me ;  
Instead of soft folly  
With Nanny or Molly,  
Which bound me, like Sampson, while  
Cupid was slaying me.  
Oh ! *toy* is a dangerous drink, &c. &c.

One more song remains upon our list. It is laudatory of that much abused, much praised, source of so many misfortunes—WHISKY. We like the song, we like its spirit, and, in good truth, we like *the spirit*. We have never heard a would be Irish aristocrat declaring his dislike to punch, but we longed to tell him, as George Canning would the man who could assert that he liked dry champagne—"you lie, sir." We know not the writer's name, he may have been, from the style of composition, a hedge schoolmaster ; or, he may have been one who loved "the scholar's delight, feeding worthily, and sleeping heartily," and who employed his vacant hours in cultivating social harmony in rustic language. When a grave scholar and theologian like Beza, wrote the *Juvenilia* ; when a great logician, and solemn archbishop like Dr. Whately, wrote the *Historic Doubts relative to Napoleon Buonaparte* ; when Dean Burrowes wrote, *The Night before Larry was stretched*—why may not some old learned lover of the bottle have written of Irish Nectar, in the Irish brogue ?—

#### THE JUG OF PUNCH.

As I was sitting in my room,  
One pleasant evening in the month of  
June,  
I heard a thrush singing in a bush,  
And the tune he sung was a jug of punch.  
Too ra loo ! too ra loo ! too ra loo !  
too ra loo !  
Jug of punch, Jug of punch,  
The tune he sung was a jug of punch.

What more divaradin might a man desire,  
Than to be seated by a nate turf fire,  
And by his side a purty wench,  
And on the table a jug of punch ?  
Too ra loo, &c.

The Muses and Apollio famed,  
In Castilian pride, drinks precious  
sthrames ;



But I would not grudge them ten times  
as much,  
As long as I had a jug of punch.  
Too ra loo, &c.

Then the mortal gods drink their neethar  
wine,  
And they tell me claret is very fine;  
But I'd give them all, just in a bunch,  
For one jolly pull at a jug of punch.  
Too ra loo, &c.

The doctor falls with all his art,  
To cure an impression on the heart;

But if life was gone—within an inch—  
What would bring it back like a jug of  
punch.

Too ra loo, &c.

But when I am dead and in my grave,  
No costly tomb-stone will I crave;  
But I'll dig a grave both wide and deep,  
With a jug of punch at my head and feet.  
Too ra loo, too ra loo, too ra loo!  
A jug of punch, a jug of punch!  
Oh! more power to your elbow, my Jug  
of Punch.

So our task ends—may each reader say to us, in the words  
of Erasmus, "YOU DESERVE TO DRINK OUT OF A CUP SET  
WITH JEWELS."\*

## ART. V.—THE PEER AND THE POET.

*Memoirs, Journal, and Correspondence of Thomas Moore.*

Edited by the Right Hon. Lord John Russell, M.P. Vols.

I. and II. London: Longman, Brown, Green, and Long-  
mans. 1853.

THIRTY-THREE years have passed since Thomas Moore and Lord John Russell journeyed together from London to Milan. The Poet was flushed with the success of *Lalla Rookh*; the Longmans had paid him a noble price for the work; the claims against him, arising from the defalcation of his deputy at Bermuda, had not yet embittered his life; he was free, happy, joyous, and revelling in the sun-shine of the world and of happiness. Lord John Russell was then a young man, just entering into life, but ignorant of those qualities which have since made him the chief of a great party, a leader of the House of Commons, and have raised him to the highest offices in the State:—he informed the Poet that he contemplated retiring from the struggle of politics, with the intention of devoting himself to other, and more congenial pursuits. Moore's quick perception enabling him to see that this expressed intention was only one of those passing fancies, which occasionally over-cloud the most brilliant and the most active

\* We have omitted some songs by Curran, Lysaght, and Maginn, as they are well known. See, however, one excellent song on Whisky, from the glorious pen of Maginn, in *IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW*, Vol. II. p. 607.

intellects, he addressed, to his noble fellow-traveller, the following lines:—

# REMONSTRANCE.

*After a Conversation with Lord John Russell, in which he had intimated some idea of giving up all Political Pursuits.*

WHAT! thou, with thy genius, thy youth,  
and thy name—  
Thou, born of a Russell—whose instinct  
to run

The accustom'd career of thy sire, is the  
same  
As the eagle's, to soar with his eyes on  
the sun!

Whose nobility comes to thee, stamp'd  
with a seal,  
Far, far more ennobling than monarch  
e'er set;

With the blood of thy race, offer'd up for  
the weal  
Of a nation, that swears by that mar-  
tyrdom yet!

Shalt thou be faint-hearted and turn from  
the strife,  
From the mighty arena, where all that  
is grand,  
And devoted, and pure, and adorning in  
life,  
'Tis for high-thoughted spirits like thine  
to command?

Oh no, never dream it—while good men  
despair  
Between tyrants and traitors, and timid  
men bow,  
Never think, for an instant, thy country  
can spare  
Such a light from her darkening horizon  
as thou.

With a spirit, as meek as the gentlest of  
those  
Who in life's sunny valley lie shelter'd  
and warm;

Yet bold and heroic as ever yet rose  
To the top cliffs of Fortune, and braved  
her storm;

With an ardour for liberty, fresh as, in  
youth,  
It first kindles the bard and gives life to  
his lyre;  
Yet mellow'd, ev'n now, by that mildness  
of truth  
Which tempers, but chills not, the pa-  
triot fire;

With an eloquence—not like those rills  
from a height,  
Which sparkle, and foam, and in vapour  
are o'er;  
But a current, that works out its way into  
light  
Through the filtering recesses of thought  
and of lore.

Thus gifted, thou never can'st sleep in the  
shade;  
If the stirrings of Genius, the music of  
fame,  
And the charms of thy cause have not  
power to persuade,  
Yet think how to Freedom thou'rt  
pledg'd by thy Name.

Like the boughs of that laurel, by Delphi's  
decree,  
Set apart for the Fane and its service  
divine,  
So the branches, that spring from the old  
Russell tree,  
Are by Liberty claim'd for the use of her  
Shrine.

These lines may, or may not, have induced Lord John Russell to reconsider his determination; that he did reconsider it, all the world knows; but the "Remonstrance" is more than sufficiently soul-stirring, to affect one much less attached to his family fame than he to whom it was addressed. He feels grateful to the Poet; and we now find him, the orator, the statesman, the historian, and bearing one of the proudest names in the annals of the Nation, turning aside, from the stormy world of politics, to become the biographer of his dead friend.

We feel pleasure at meeting Lord John Russell in this character. It tells well for the advancement of literature in these kingdoms, and proves that authorship is now in a more suitable position, than in the days when great Edmund Spenser wrote in Southampton's ante-chamber, or than at the period

when Colley Cibber felt delight at being admitted to White's, even though looked upon as something between an amusing mountebank and an impudent intruder. This biography shows too, that Moore judged incorrectly, when he wrote, in his *Life of Sheridan* : "Talents in literature or science, unassisted by the advantages of birth, may lead to association with the great, but rarely to equality ;—it is a passport through the well-guarded frontier, but no title to naturalisation within." We here find the noble editor expressing his pride in the fact, that the Poet was his old, and firm, and valued friend.—Great power of genius that has broken down the icy barrier of exclusiveness and conventionality—great power of genius that compels royalty to invite Landseer to grace its table—great power of genius that *drives* a Queen to visit the quiet home of Tennyson—great power of genius, that in the work before us, makes the most distinguished scion of the proud house of Bedford the biographer and editor of the son of a poor Aungier-street grocer ! As we read the short, but hearty, introduction prefixed to these volumes by the editor, we recall the lines addressed by Thomas Churchyard to his patron, Sir Walter Raleigh :—

"Where friendship finds good ground to grow upon,  
It takes sound root, and spreads his branches out,  
Brings forth fair fruit, though spring be past and gone,  
And bloometh, where no other grain will sprout :  
His flow'rs are still in season all the year,  
His leaves are fresh, and green as is the grass ;  
His sugar'd seeds good, cheap, and nothing dear,  
His goodly bark shines bright, like gold or brass :  
And yet, this tree in breast must needs be shrin'd,  
And lives no where, but in a noble mind."

John Foster, in his essay "On a Man's Writing a Life of Himself," after expatiating, in his usual able manner, upon the peculiar advantages to be derived from the self-examination which autobiographical composition, when honestly pursued, renders necessary, divides this species composition into that written in youth, for amusement and instruction in age, and that composed in age, from the retrospect of past-by years. We consider that the work before us cannot be classed under either of these denominations, but belongs distinctly to both.

There is a charm about biography, about literary biography in particular, which is immediately felt and acknowledged, but

autobiography is still more attractive, being the record of the heart, the feelings, and the actions of him who is the subject of his own pen.

Great old Samuel Johnson said, that if any man were to note down the facts of his daily existence, the diary *should* prove interesting, and for our parts we believe, most firmly, that he was right; we even consider that an indifferently executed autobiography is more interesting than an ordinarily compiled biography. Who would not rather read Horace's own account of his school days, of his boyhood, and of his every-day life, than the most erudite and accurate biographical sketch composed by his annotators? When he writes of himself he is before us, as in the years when he, the freed-man's son, was brought to Rome by a father, noble in the nobility of manhood, and was sent to learn all that the Roman Knight could know. We see him as when he went attended by slaves, and dressed as if his estate had been princely. When he relates the moral lessons given him by his father, and adds, to the noble born Mæcenas—

“Nil me pœniteat sanum patris hujus,”

the old man is present before, living, breathing, and respected. When he describes his home life, that exquisite picture of Epicurean—*real* Epicurean, existence, we see him plainly, jogging upon the bob-tailed mule, or enquiring the price of bread and herbs, or loitering in the Circus, or lounging in the Forum, or listening to the fortune-tellers; and we return with him at night to the supper of onions, pulse, and pancakes, served by the three slaves; and observing the two cups, and the tumbler, upon the white stone slab, we think him a Roman “right gay fellow,” and grasping his hand, in fancy, we cry, in his own line :—

“Nil ego contulerim jucundo sanus amico,”

and we hear him say, as his eyes sparkle,

“Hic me consolor victurum suavius, ac si  
Quæstor avus, pater atque meus, patruusque fuisset.”

And turn now to Montaigne. Who could tell, as he himself tells, the history of his early life? Who could place so well before us his father, Pierre Eyquem, *Ecuyer*, the brave and

loyal soldier who had seen service beyond the mountains; who mixed his language with "illustrations out of modern authors, especially Spanish." The man is before us, carrying the canes loaded with lead, and with them exercising his arms for throwing the stone. We see him walking with leaden soled shoes, that he might be afterwards the lighter for leaping and running. The old man and his son are before us, when Michael writes—"of his vaulting he has left little miracles behind him; and I have seen him, when past three score, laugh at our agilities, throw himself in his furred gown into the saddle, make the tour of a table upon his thumbs, and scarce ever mount the stairs, up to his chamber, without taking three or four steps at a time."

Who could tell as well as Montaigne, the plan of education marked out for him by his father; his being, before he could articulate, committed to the care of a German, who was ignorant of French, but who spoke Latin fluently; and the scheme of education worked so well, that George Buchanan, "that great Scotch poet," who was his tutor in the College of Guienne, where Michael played the chief parts in the Latin tragedies of Buchanan, Guerante, and Muret, and where Buchanan told him that he must write a treatise upon Education, founded on the plan of that carried out by Montaigne's father, Buchanan being then tutor to that Count de Brissac, who afterwards proved so valiant and so brave a gentleman! Who but Montaigne could lead us onward, through all his charming, babbling book, where he, his habits, his errors, and fine, noble, too truthful, disposition steal out in every page, till we agree in his opinion, "*Je n'ay pas plus fait mon livre, que mon livre m'a fait,—livre consubstantiel à son auteur.*" Who but Robert Southey could tell us so charmingly of his own early life, as in the first pages of his memoirs, we read from his own pen. Boswell's inimitable work, with all its life-like sketches, is not so interesting as the few personal incidents stated by Johnson himself. Who does not wish that Sydney Smith had continued that preface to his works, which he begins with the words, "When I first went into the Church, I had a living in the middle of Salisbury Plain." In these books, the writers are our friends, their minds, their actions, their hopes and fears are before us; and when the work is biography, we like it better, the nearer it approaches to autobiography, by the insertion of the private letters of him who forms the subject.

Thus Robert Southey thought, when about to edit the poems, and to compose a memoir, of Kirke White, he wrote to Neville White;—"the most valuable materials which could be entrusted to me would be his letters,—the more could be said of him in his own words the better."—Letters give the chief charm to the biography of Byron, and of Scott.—In the Sonnets of Shakspeare, those assumed to refer to himself are the most admired, and it has been well observed of Petrarch, that "his correspondence and verses together, afford the progressive interest of a narrative in which the poet is always identified with the man."

We have stated our opinions of biography, and of autobiography, and in the Journals and Correspondence of Thomas Moore, we find every charm of De Grammont, all the open-heartedness of Southey, all the sparkling wit of Byron, and all the grace that peculiarly belonged to Moore himself. His letters are unlike the flashy correspondence of Pope, or of Horace Walpole, as they are the genuine feelings of the man; and if they are ever polished, or artificial, it is, as Macaulay wrote of Byron's letters, "a rare and admirable instance of that highest art, which cannot be distinguished from nature."

This we know is more than laudatory, yet to those who have carefully examined the work, its perfect justice must be evident. But whilst we write thus, we are quite satisfied of the fact, that, amongst the great mass of the reading public, these two volumes have produced no small portion of disappointment. They have had placed before them—from his own pen—the heart, thoughts, feelings, hopes, and opinions of a poet of whom they have ever assumed all things poetical; but in his Correspondence and Diary, they find him only a commonplace thinker and talker; a struggler against the tide of misfortune, wanting shoes and coats, and anxious to-day for the necessities of to-morrow. This is, we know, the prevailing feeling amongst those who form the chief support of the circulating library. Had the books been more artificial, had Moore made fact subservient to fiction, had he written flashy letters, piquant and slanderous, all this class of readers would have been in extacies of admiration. To those, however, who can trace the growth and virility of a mind, in the phases of opinion, changing and growing with years, these letters, written as they are presented to us by Lord John Russell, must ever prove valuable. The Diary is,

in our mind, the portion most likely to possess peculiar interest, and these two volumes before us will ever be looked upon as the least valuable of the whole.

The present issue, may be stated to contain four eras in the life of Thomas Moore. The first extending from his birth to the period of his return from London, after having arranged with Stockdale, of Piccadilly, for the publication of *Anacreon*. This forms his own continuous memoir. The second, from this period to the publication of the first number of the *Melodies*. The third, from this period to the publication of *Lalla Rookh*. The fourth, from this publication to his agreement with Murray for compiling the *Life of Sheridan*. And what a lesson these four eras present to us ! The grocer's son, born with the brand of a proscribed religion upon him ; the mother rearing him fondly, and in the practice of his faith ; and hoping, that in time, he might become an honor to her ; the first faint dawning of his brilliant genius, in his school days, and his position in the opinion of all who knew him ;\* the debates between his father and mother as to permitting him to enter College as a Protestant ; his entrance there when the Penal laws were relaxed ; his life there ; his anxiety for Irish Independence ; his commencement of the translation of *Anacreon* ; his departure for London ; his life then, and the grim disappointments and wants of that period ; his friendship with Lord Moira ; his departure for Bermuda ; his quarrel with Jeffrey ; his disagreement with Byron ; his position in society ; his noble refusal of place, lest it might be considered a desertion of his old political friends ; his agreement with Power to write the immortal, glorious, *Melodies* ; his marriage, and his struggles against pecuniary difficulties ; his charming, tender love for "Bessy," so often shown and so truly expressed, that the reader at length learns to love her likewise ; his squibs against the Regent,† and his deep study of Pierce Egan's

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\* For some very interesting facts relating to Moore's early school days, see the paper on the Streets of Dublin in our present number. ED.

† Moore did not escape an occasional squib himself. The following, from "*Anacreon in Dublin*," is a very good imitation of his style—perhaps better than "*The Living Lustrea*," in "*Rejected Addresses*."

#### ODE IX.—THE MELODIST.

<p>Oh tease me no more, pretty Rose, I pray, For the Four Courts to change thine ex- tatic embraces ;</p>	<p>Or cast the dear Harp of my country away, For Statutes, and Pleadings, and dull musty cases !—</p>
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*Life in London*, that he might be well up in slang for *Tom Cribb's Epistle*; his quiet evenings with "Bessy" when he reads *Joseph Andrews* aloud for her, and they agree that it is not so good a novel as *The Vicar of Wakefield*, and agree too (very strangely indeed) that *The Heart of Mid-Lothian* is "a most extravagant and incredible story, but full of striking situations and picturesque sketches; the winding up disagreeable and unsatisfactory;"\* his trips to London, and the noble generosity of the Longmans in purchasing *Lalla Rookh*; his gaiety and light-heartedness in all his struggles, and his difficulties in preparing the *Life of Sheridan*;—these, and the great moral that springs from them, form the charm of the book; they are the philosophy of Moore's life-history; and beautiful above them all, and through them all, is that unchanging love for his parents which shines in every letter to the old people, and which graces these volumes, like a ray of heavenly glory round the effigy of an angel. How nobly this feeling pervades the Letters and the Diary!—in weal or woe, in the proud hour of his glorious triumph, when every tongue, and every pen, were lauding *Lalla Rookh*; when, in every drawing-room, the *Melodies* were the chosen lyrics of the singer; when it was confessed that Irish genius had beaten down all the prejudices of ignorance, and had made the wrongs, the glories, the triumphs, and the sufferings of Ireland known to English ears, and in the gay, ringing strain of one *Melody*, had told of Irish

When Bacchus and Cupid enrapture my  
soul,  
And wave o'er the Nectar their wild  
wanton winglets,  
Shall Little for Littleton leave the loved  
bowl,  
Or spoil with a wig the fair wreath of  
their ringlets?

Ah no, dearest Rosa! ah no, dearest girl!  
Such strange masquerade I can never  
appear in;  
For, since I have cut with the chivalrous  
Earl,  
Nought is mine but my Rosa, my Harp,  
and my Erin.

Yes—mine is the Peer of the Misanthrope  
Lyre,  
With his head-piece of paper and bosom  
of iron;

Who praises the Daughter to slander the  
Sire,  
And writes Dedications to me—*Credo  
Byron!*

Yet cheer me, dear maid, with thy soft  
dimpled smile,  
And urge not the Counsellor's quizzical  
Caxon!

'Tis sweeter to sing of the Emerald Isle,  
Of Bryan the Brave, and the cold-hearted  
Saxon.

My Brief is to argue how brief are the  
hours,  
No opinion but Cupid's sweet Pinion I  
boast;

My Band is the Band that is braided with  
flowers,  
And my Bag is the Bag of the Two-  
penny-Post.

\* How differently Byron thought of it—"Read the conclusion for the fiftieth time—grand work—Scotch Fielding, as well as great English poet—wonderful man!—I long to get drunk with him."



gladness; in the wailing cadence of another, had sighed the story of her patience and of her decline; even in this hour of success, the heart of the Poet clung to the humble kindred at home; the idol of the world of London was then, as ever, to father, to sisters, to mother, "THEIR OWN TOM."

The teaching of this book is, to aspiring poetasters, or to genuinely clever young poets, grave, solemn, and ominous. The struggles of a life, the brightest productions of genius, all that friendship could do for an honest man, left Moore, at the close of his existence, with a fortune which amounted, at the most, to little more than moderately modest competence. Whether the genius of a poet can ever more place him in so high a position, even as that held by Moore, is a problem which we confess ourselves unable to solve. Nearly eight and twenty years have elapsed since Moore observed to Sir Walter, "hardly a magazine is now published that does not contain verses which some thirty years ago would have made a reputation"—and Scott replied, "Ecod, we were in luck of it to come before those fellows; we have, like Bobadil, taught them to beat us with our own weapons." Scott was right, but Moore discovered the true secret of success when he added, referring to the opinion of Sir Walter—"In complete novelty, he seemed to think, lay the only chance for a man ambitious of high literary reputation in those days."\* To those who know Moore only as a poet, and who have never studied the quiet humor, or the galling sarcasm of his prose, these two volumes must appear foreign to his manner and natural disposition. This is, however, an error springing from a habit, so common in the reading world, of attributing to authors, more particularly to poets, those qualities, and feelings, and dispositions which their works may, or are supposed to, indicate. There is not in all the novels of John Galt—there is not in all the letters of Robert Southey, a trait of heartfelt, generous, affection, more pure or unadulterated than that which is so patently perceptible in the Letters and Diary of Moore. When we look back through the historic records of the period in which he was born, our admiration is increased at the rapidity of his ascent in worldly position, and at the sterlingness of the dignity with which he held, and continued to hold, his place in the

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\* Lockhart's Life of Scott, p. 568. Ed. 1851.

world of fashion, of frippery, of meanness, and from which he came forth unstained, untrammelled, and unbought, to die as he had lived, a poor, honest, and respected literary man.

Looking back now, by means of these volumes, to the times of which they tell, it seems as if one were living, and moving, in all the incidents which they relate. We know that the very truthfulness of these letters, the vraisemblance by which they are pervaded, and which will in after years make them most valuable, now, from its very naturalness, renders them, in the opinion of many, tedious and prosy; but they are the qualities that, to the thinking man, make the interest and the beauty of the work. Take, for instance, the following description of his parentage and of his birth, when, after referring to his maternal grandfather, Thomas Codd, he writes :—

“It was some time in the year 1778, that Anastasia, the eldest daughter of this Thomas Codd, became the wife of my father, John Moore, and in the following year I came into the world. My mother could not have been much more than eighteen (if so old) at the time of her marriage, and my father was considerably her senior. Indeed, I have frequently heard her say to him, in her laughing moods, ‘You know, Jack, you were an old bachelor when I married you.’ At this period, as I always understood, my father kept a small wine store in Johnston’s Court, Grafton-street, Dublin; the same court, by the way, where I afterwards went to school. On his marriage, however, having received, I rather think, some little money with my mother, he set up business in Aungier-street, No. 12, at the corner of Little Longford-street; and in that house, on the 28th of May, 1779, I was born. Immediately after this event, my mother indulged in the strange fancy of having a medal (if such it could be called) struck off, with my name and the date of the birth engraved on it. The medal was, in fact, nothing more than a large crown-piece, which she had caused to be smoothed to receive the inscription; and this record of my birth, which, from a weakness on the subject of her children’s ages, she had kept always carefully concealed, she herself delivered into my hands when I last saw her, on the 16th of February, 1831; and when she evidently felt we were parting for the last time. For so unusual a mode of commemorating a child’s age I can only account by the state of the laws at that period, which, not allowing of the registration of the births of Catholic children, left to parents no other mode of recording them than by some such method as this fondest of mothers devised.”

Moore, however, adds, “I have, not long since, been told by my sister that there *does* exist a registration of my birth, in the book for such purposes, belonging to Townsend-street

Chapel, Dublin." His sister was correct in her statement, and through the kind attention of the Rev. Miles M'Manus, a clergyman of the Roman Catholic Church of St. Andrew, Westland-Row, we are now enabled to give the following extract, from the Parochial Register of the year 1779. We may observe that the Church of St. Andrew, Westland-Row, is that which now represents the "old Townsend-Street Chapel," to which Moore refers. The extract is official, and is as follows:—

"Church of St. Andrew, Westland-Row, Dublin, this 4th day of January, 1853. I certify that Thomas Moor,\* son of John and Anastasia Moor, was Baptised according to the rite of the Roman Catholic Church, on the thirtieth day of May, A.D. 1779. Sponsors being—James Dowling and Margaret Lynch, as appears from the Baptismal Register of the United Parishes of St. Andrew, St. Mark, St. Peter, and St. Ann, kept in the Church of St. Andrew, Westland-Row, Dublin.

"MILES M'MANUS,  
Clergyman in said Parishes."

When Moore entered upon the world of literature there were few competitors with whom to contend. Poetry had run to seed, and in the flowing, meaningless metres of the thousand verse writers who then passed for poets, he had little to fear from depreciation by comparison. Mrs. Piozzi, and Merry, and Greathead, and Parsons, with Della Crusca, and all the other sucklings of Parnassus who formed the glories of Este's paper, *The World*, had out-written themselves; and, crushed as they had been by Gifford, in *The Baviad*, their admirers and imitators could compose no poems worthy of a place beside the brilliant, though somewhat voluptuous, productions of the young Irishman. The fancy which breathes in *Little's Poems* gave them a meretricious charm, in keeping with the debauched taste of the age, and the vigor of thought which occasionally appears in them, and which was so unlike the bald verses of those who are *justly* mangled in *The Baviad*, or crushed in the *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, showed that the mind of a poet had conceived these verses, in which love was passion, and passion was erotic.

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\* So spelled in the entry. The Baptism was performed by the Rev. Terence Reynolds, as appears from the Registry.

As Moore advanced in life, as time taught him to subdue fancy within the bounds of good taste, as his poet's heart, with that instinctive appreciation of truth and beauty, which is the poet's birthright, aspired to reach a higher standard of poetic excellence, the same Muse, which at three and twenty had sung of bright-eyed maids, and rosy lips, and counted the balmy hours of sunny life by kisses, in later years, breathed all its "soul of music" into the Melodies of Ireland, swelled in the grand thoughts of the Fire Worshippers, or sighed in the cadenced rhythm of the tender and glowing fancies of the Light of the Haram.

Another instructive lesson conveyed by these volumes, and one which all young poets should remember, is, that the most brilliant poem, but one, of this age, was the result of long and lonely months of toil, and study, and anxious thought. All through his life Moore appears to have been a very regular student, at least when occasion required study, and his course of reading was general and comprehensive. Greek he learned accurately whilst preparing Anacreon; Latin, and Irish patriotism, he acquired from Donovan, the usher at Whyte's school; Italian was taught him by his friend Father Ennis, and French he learned from an emigré named La Foese. Year by year he became more versed in these languages—year by year his fame increased, because, whilst imbued with all the inspiration of the poet, he never fancied that study was unnecessary for, or careful application beneath, him—and, as Sir Archibald Allison writes—

"In some respects he is the greatest lyric poet in the English language. Without the discursive imagination of Akenside, without the burning thoughts of Gray, without the ardent zeal of Campbell, he has written more that comes home to the hearts of the young and impassioned of both sexes, than any other author—if a few lines of the Burns are excepted—in the whole literature of Great Britain. His Irish and National melodies will be immortal; and they will be so for this reason, that they express the feelings which spring up in the heart of every successive generation at the most important and imaginative period of life. They have the delicacy of refined life without its fastidiousness—the warmth of natural feeling without its rudeness."

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\* History of Europe from the Fall of Napoleon in 1815, to the Accession of Louis Napoleon in 1852. Vol. I., p. 427.

From the period of Moore's success in the publication of *Little's Poems*, he seems to have determined upon devoting himself to literature as a profession. Of strong political feelings, bound closely to the Whigs by many ties, he became the pamphleteer of the party, the satirizer of the Tories, and the Magnus Apollo of the Reformers. In those days the *Edinburgh Review*, supported by Sydney Smith, and Mackintosh, and Francis Horner, and Jeffrey, was the great organ of the popular party.—To that party Moore devoted himself in heart, and soul, and intellect. Knowing this, and knowing likewise that his ability as a prose writer was of the first order, and believing that his general reading, if not profound, was, at least, most various and extensive, Jeffrey, in the year 1814, wrote thus to Samuel Rogers :—

"My dear Sir—I have long been desirous of preferring an humble petition to your friend—and I hope I may say mine also—Mr. Moore, for some assistance on the Review, and have at last resolved to give you the trouble of making my application. I can more easily state to you than to him the terms upon which we solicit contributions; and I am sure my application will have a far better chance of success, if you condescend to say a word or two in its favor. On my return from the other side of the world, I found the affairs of the Review in some degree of backwardness and confusion; and feel that it would require the assistance of finer and stronger heads than my own completely to restore them. The brilliant success of some of Mr. Moore's late (reputed) works brought him very quickly to my thoughts; and all that I have since heard of the manly and noble independence of his conduct, in circumstances of much difficulty, has increased the ambition I felt to connect myself in some way with a person of such talents and such principles. I understand that he is living without any profession, cultivating literature and domestic happiness, in a situation of retirement. I am inclined to hope, therefore, that he may, occasionally at least, have leisure enough to furnish us with an article, if he has not other and more radical objections to enrolling himself among our contributors. If he can be prevailed on to do us this honor, it will be for himself to choose the subject upon which he would like best to enlarge, though there is one sort of article which I should be tempted to suggest, both because it is one with which I should be peculiarly glad to embellish our journal, and because I know of nobody who could execute it half so well. I mean a classical, philosophical, poetical article, after the nature of that on Aristophanes in one of the late *Quarterlies*, in which some ancient author is taken up, and estimated, and commented, and poetically translated in fragments, and the purity of classic literature combined with a depth, boldness, and freedom of modern discussion. I have no particular author or publication in view for the subject of such an

exercise ; but if Mr. Moore was inclined to do the thing we could soon find him the occasion. And now I have only to add, that our regular allowance to contributors of the first order is about twenty guineas for every printed sheet of sixteen pages ; but that for such articles as I have now hinted at, we should never think of offering less than thirty, and probably a good deal more. I have some discretion in this matter, which I am not disposed to exercise very parsimoniously. You see I presume a great deal on your good nature, when I venture, without any apology, to trouble you with all the negociation ; but I have already experienced so much of your kindness that I do not feel at all afraid of offending you, and cannot help having a kind of assurance that it will give you pleasure to be the means of bringing your excellent friend and me into something of a nearer connection. I hope there neither is, nor can be supposed to be, any kind of indelicacy in the proposal I have now asked you to make. Heaven forbid that you should make it if there was the shadow of a doubt on the subject ; and I rely entirely on your good sense and good feeling to proceed on it or to let it alone as you think most advisable. At all events, I must beg of you to take some means to let Moore know that I respect and esteem him, and should be sincerely gratified to have the means of doing him any service. For yourself, I have only now to assure you that I am, with the utmost respect, dear Sir, your obliged and very faithful servant, &c.,

F. JEFFREY."

The result of this application was, a consent, on Moore's part, to enrol himself amongst the brilliant staff of the *Edinburgh Review*, and he proposed to review Lord Thurlow's poems, and Boyd's *Translation of the Fathers*.

Upon their appearance he thus wrote to Leigh Hunt :—

"I suppose you recognise me (by my old pickled and preserved joke about Southey) in the *Edinburgh* article on Lord Thurlow ; but I doubt whether I was equally well known to you as the orthodox critic of the *Fathers* in the last number. Scott,\* I saw, gave an extract from me, which was the only sign of life this last article has exhibited since its appearance."†

His first contribution to the *Review* was that upon Lord Thurlow's poems, of which the following extract forms the opening :—

"Our modern heroes, poetical as well as military, are endowed with a rapidity of motion and achievement which keeps gazettes

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\* Scott was at this period editor of the *Champion*, he was afterwards shot in a duel—see Mr. Justice Talfourd's *Final Memorials of Charles Lamb*. Vol. II., p. 2.

† See Leigh Hunt's *Autobiography*, Vol. III., p. 302.

and reviews continually on the alert. Indeed, so difficult do we critics find it to keep pace with the 'celeritas incredibilis' of some of our literary Cæsars, that we think it would not be amiss if each of these poetical chieftains had a Reviewer appointed expressly, *après de sa personne*, to give the earliest intelligence of his movements, and do justice to his multifarious enterprises. The Poems of Lord Thurlowe—whose prowess in this way is most alarmingly proved by the list prefixed to this article—come graced and recommended to notice by two or three very imposing considerations. In the first place, the rank of the writer is not without its prepossessing influence; 'a saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn,'—and we could name but one noble Bard, among either the living or the dead, whose laurels are sufficiently abundant to keep the coronet totally out of sight. Lord Thurlowe himself seems fully aware of this advantage; and we are not quite sure that he did not mean a sly allusion to it, in the following motto from Shakespeare prefixed to one of these volumes—

————— and then *my state*  
 (Like to the lark at break of day arising  
 From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's gate.

In the next place, his Lordship is evidently an enthusiast in his art, and loves the Muse with a warmth which makes us regret that the passion is not mutual. Indeed, we doubt whether the shrine of Apollo ever boasted a more ardent worshipper; and if, unluckily, he but seldom feels the approaches of the god, it is not for want of invocations many and importunate. At times he even contrives, by the mere force of devotion, to work himself up into a sort of mock inspiration, like that of the young priestess Phemonoe in Lucan;\* but, like her too, we fear he will fail in passing off his spurious ecstasies, upon any one at all acquainted with the true symptoms of divine afflation. Another peculiarity by which this noble author deceives us into a momentary feeling of interest about his writings, is that air of antiquity, which his study of our earlier writers enables him to throw not only over his verse but his prose. This charm, however, is of short duration. A mimicry of the diction of those mighty elders;—a resemblance, which keeps carefully wide of their beauties, and is laboriously faithful to their defects alone;—the mere mouldering form of their phraseology, without any of that life-blood of fancy which played through it—is an imposture than soon wearies, and, if his Lordship does not take especial care, will, at last, disgust. He must not be surprised, if some unlucky critic should fall into the tasteless error of Martinus Scriblerus's Maid, and, in scouring off the rust from the pretended antique shield, discover but a very indifferent modern sconce underneath it."

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\* ——— Deum simulans sub pectore ficta quieto  
 Verba refert, nullo confusus murmure vocis  
 Instinctam sacro mentem testata furore.

PHARSAL. Lib. 5. v. 148.

"We come next to 'Verses, in all humility dedicated to his Royal Highness the Prince Regent.' These are excellent. The rising Sun is, of course, the *stock* simile upon such occasions; and his Lordship thus manages his two great luminaries:—

'As when the burning Majesty of day  
The golden-hoofed steeds doth speed away  
To reach the summit of the Eastern hill;  
(And sweet expectance all the world doth all;)  
With all his gorgeous company of clouds  
(Wherein sometimes his awful face he shrouds),  
Of amber and of gold, he marcheth on,  
And the pure angels sing before his throne.'

Now, really, if Lord Thurlow were not one of the last persons to be suspected of any wilful deviation into wit and humour;—if we did not know how he scorns to descend from upper air into the low region of those will-o'-the-wisp meteors, whose brilliancy is too often derived from the very grossness of that earth they illuminate;—we should swear, that by all these tawdry similitudes, this 'amber' and 'gold,' and 'golden-hoofed steeds,'—he ment something not over charitable to the illustrious person so typified. It requires, indeed, our utmost reliance upon the noble author's sublimity, not to suspect him of *some* little declension towards waggery, in the line, 'With all his gorgeous company of clouds.' This, surely, is too happy and appropriate to be the mere casual windfall of sublimity. Aristophanes had already prepared us for the allusion, by representing a 'company of Clouds' as the secret advisers of Socrates; and, in short—not to enter needlessly into particulars—we know nothing in descriptive poetry more strikingly graphical, than this motley mixture of gorgeousness and opacity, in which the Poet has enveloped his 'Majesty of day' and 'his company.'

At length we arrive at a story, which the Noble author has condescended to finish;—one of those chef-d'œuvres from 'the working-house of thought,' which we have already said there is such fulness of delight in contemplating. 'The Doge's Daughter' was written, as we are told in the dedication, for the laudable purpose of curing Lord Eldon of the gout:—'but I thank God,' says the dedicator, 'your Lordship's pain lasted not so long as my labour:'. The poem, however, is here ready against any future attack; and we trust the Learned Lord will find benefit from the application. It is a conceit of Cowley, in speaking of Ovid's writings during his banishment, that 'the cold of the country had stricken through the very feet of his verses:'.—and we really fear that the feet of Lord Thurlow's verses are not wholly free from that malady, for which he thinks them so sovereign a cure;—they have all its visible symptoms of hobbling and inflation, and indeed are in such a state as to make us feel that it would be barbarous to handle them too roughly.

The 'Carmen Britannicum' is admirable in its way;—and we only regret, that we have not room for abundant extracts from it. He traces the descent of the Regent in a direct line from Jupiter, through Hercules, Glaucus, the Tarquins, &c., down to Azo, son of Hugo—from Azo, the pedigree flows downward through several other



'sons of gods,' till it ends most satisfactorily in the Prince Regent. He has the hardihood, however, in one memorable line, to charge this illustrious person with a deed, of which few have ever suspected him to be capable—

*'Thames, by thy victories, is set on fire!'*

And now we take our leave of Lord Thurlow;—heartily wishing that, as he styles himself 'the Priest' of the Prince Regent, and seems to threaten many more such oblations at his shrine, he would, at once, assume the laurel in form, and emancipate the brows of the present wearer, whose Pegasus is much too noble an animal, to be doomed to act the part of a cream-coloured horse upon birth-days."

On receipt of this paper, Jeffrey wrote as follows to Moore:—

"My dear Sir—I have just had the pleasure of receiving your letter and your packet, which, from my being two days in the country, came to my hand together. Your castigation of Lord T. is admirable, though far more merciful than I had expected, as are also your *incartades* on a certain great personage. I suspect your heart is softer than you know of, and you look upon that as extreme severity, which to harder fibred men is mere tickling. However, nothing can be more entertaining, or more cleverly written; and if your taste for reviewing keep any proportion to your genius for it, I shall have many such packets from you. I cannot say that the task of a critic is altogether as animating as that of a poet, but there are ways of managing it that take away much of its irksomeness; and when you have acquired the freedom which a little use of your weapons will give you, I hope you will not find it very laborious, especially if you will gratify me by taking some subject on which more strength may be suitably put forth. Perhaps you will feel yourself happier in the society of the Fathers, though you will never understand what gratification this new vocation can give till you set about correcting some prevailing error, or laying down some original principle of taste or reasoning."

His next contribution to the *Review* was that on the third edition of Boyd's *Translation of the Fathers*; which, at his own request, Jeffrey had committed to him. The book contained select passages from the writings of St. Chrysostom, St. Gregory Nazianzen, and St. Basil, and afforded, it must be admitted, a most ample scope for the exhibition of that peculiar talent, and extensive knowledge, so remarkable in *The Irish Gentleman in Search of Religion*. The most able portion of this very valuable, but forgotten, or neglected paper is that which treats, critically, of the literary merit of the Fathers. It is as follows:—

"With respect to the literary merits of the Fathers, it will hardly be deemed, that to the sanctity of their subjects they owe much of

that imposing effect which they have produced upon the minds of their admirers. We have no doubt that the incoherent rhapsodies of the Pythia (whom, Strabo tells us, the ministers of the temple now and then helped to a verse) found many an orthodox critic among their hearers who preferred them to the sublimest strains of Homer and Pindar. Indeed, the very last of the Fathers, St. Gregory the Great, has at once settled the point for all critics of theological writings, by declaring that the words of Divine Wisdom are not amenable to the laws of the vulgar grammar of this world ;\*—*‘non debent verba cælestis originis subesse regulis Donati.’* It must surely be according to some such code of criticism that Lactantius has been ranked above Cicero, and that Erasmus himself has ventured to prefer St. Basil to Demosthenes. Even the harsh, muddy and unintelligible Tertullian, whom Salmasius gave up in despair, has found a warm admirer in Balzac, who professes himself enchanted with the ‘black lustræ’ of his style, and compares his obscurity to the rich and glossy darkness of ebony. The three Greek Fathers, whom the writer before us has selected, and in general considered the most able and eloquent of any ; and of their merits our readers shall presently have an opportunity of judging, as far as a few specimens from Mr. Boyd’s translations can enable them. But, for our own parts, we confess, instead of wondering with this gentleman that his massy favorites should be ‘doomed to a temporary oblivion’—we are only surprised that such affected declaimers should ever have enjoyed a better fate ; or that even the gas of holiness with which they are inflated, could ever have enabled its coarse and gaudy vehicles to soar so high into the upper regions of reputation. It is South, we believe, who has said, that ‘in order to be pious, it is not necessary to be dull ;’ but, even dullness itself is far more decorous than the puerile conceits, the flaunting metaphors, and all that false finery of rhetorical declamation, in which these writers have tricked out their most solemn and important subjects. At the time, indeed, when they studied and wrote, the glories of ancient literature had failed ;—sophists and rhetoricians had taken the place of philosophers and orators ; nor is it wonderful that from such instructors as Libanius, they should learn to reason ill and write affectedly. But the same florid effeminacies of style, which in a love-letter of Philostratus, or an ephraasis of Libanius, are harmless at least, if not amusing, become altogether disgusting, when applied to sacred topics ; and are little less offensive to piety and good taste, than those rude exhibitions of the old Moralities, in which Christ and his Apostles appeared dressed out in trinkets, tinsel, and embroidery. The chief advantage that a scholar can now derive from the perusal of these voluminous Doctors, is the light they throw upon the rites and tenets of the Pagans, in the exposure and refutation of which they are, as is usually the case, much more successful than in the defence and illustration of their own. In this respect Clemens Alexandrinus is one of the most valuable ; being chiefly a com-

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\* In the dedication of his *Book of Morals*.

piler of the dogmas of ancient learning, and abounding with curious notices of the religion and literature of the Gentiles. Indeed the manner in which some of the Fathers have been edited, sufficiently proves that they were considered by their commentators as merely a sort of inferior Classics, upon which to hang notes, about heathen Gods and philosophers. Ludovicus Vives, upon the 'City of God,' of St. Augustine, is an example of this class of theological annotators, whom a hint about the three Graces, or the God of Lampsacus, awakens into more activity than whole pages about the Trinity and the Resurrection. The best specimen of eloquence we have met amongst the Fathers,—at least that which we remember to have read with most pleasure,—is the *Charisteria*, or Oration of Thanks, delivered by Gregory Thaumaturgus to his instructor Origen. Though rhetorical like the rest, it is of a more manly and simple character, and does credit alike to the master and the disciple.\* But, upon the whole, perhaps St. Augustine is the author whom—if ever we should be doomed, in penance for our sins, to select a Father for our private reading—we should choose, as, in our opinion, the least tiresome of the brotherhood. It is impossible not to feel interested in those struggles, between passion and principle, out of which his maturer age rose so triumphant; and there is a conscious frailty mingling with his precepts, and at times throwing its shade over the light of his piety, which gives his writings an air peculiarly refreshing, after the pompous rigidity of Chrysostom, the stoic affectations of Clemens Alexandrinus, and the antithetical trifling of Gregory Nazianzen. If it were not too, for the indelible stain which his conduct to the Donatists has left upon his memory, the philosophic mildness of his Tract against the Manichæans, and the candour with which he praises his heretical antagonist Pelagius, as 'sanctum, bonum et prædicandum virum,' would have led us to select him as an example of that tolerating spirit, which—we grieve to say—is so very rare a virtue among the Saints.—Though Augustine, after the season of his follies was over, very sedulously avoided the society of females, yet he corresponded with most of the holy women of his time; and there is a strain of tenderness through many of his letters to them, in which his weakness for the sex rather interestingly betrays itself. It is in the consolatory Epistles, particularly, that we discover these embers of his youthful temperament;—as in the 93rd to Italica, on the death of her husband, and the 263rd, to Sapida, in return for a garment she had sent him, in the thoughts of which there is a considerable degree of fancy as well as tenderness. We cannot allude to these fair correspondents of Augustine, without remarking, that the warmest and best allies of the Fathers, in adopting their fancies and spreading their miracles, appear to have been those enthusiastic female pupils, by groupes of whom they were all

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\* The abstract of this Oration, which Halloix professes to give in his Defence of Origen, is so very wide of the original, that we suspect he must have received it, at second hand, from some inaccurate reporter.

constantly encircled ;\*—whose imaginations required but little fuel of fact, and whose tongues would not suffer a wonder to cool in circulating. The same peculiarities of temperament, which recommended females in the Pagan world, as the fittest sex to receive the inspirations of the tripod, made them valuable agents also in the imposing machinery of miracles. At the same time, it must be confessed, that they performed services of a much higher nature ; and that to no cause whatever is Christianity more signally indebted for the impression it produced in those primitive ages, than to the pure piety, the fervid zeal, and heroic devotedness of the female converts. In the lives of these holy virgins and matrons,—in the humility of their belief and the courage of their sufferings, the Gospel found a far better illustration than in all the voluminous writings of the Fathers:—there are some of them, indeed, whose adventures are sufficiently romantic, to suggest materials to the poet and the novelist ; and Ariosto himself has condescended to borrow from the Legends † his curious story of Isabella and the Moor,—to the no small horror of the pious Cardinal Baronius, who remarks with much asperity on the sacrilege of which ‘that vulgar poet’ has been guilty, in daring to introduce this sacred story among his fictions. To the little acquaintance these women could have formed with the various dogmas of ancient philosophy, and to the unincumbered state of their minds in consequence, may be attributed much of that warmth and clearness, with which the light of Christianity shone through them:—whereas, in the learned heads of the Fathers, this illumination found a more dense and coloured medium, which turned its celestial beam astray, and tinged it with all sorts of gaudy imaginations. Even where these women indulged in theological reveries, as they did not embody their fancies into folios, posterity, at least, has been nothing the worse for them ; nor should we have known the strange notions of Saint Macrina, about the Soul and the Resurrection, if her brother, Gregory of Nyssa, had not rather officiously informed us of them, in the Dialogue he professes to have held with her on these important subjects.” ‡

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\* None of the Fathers, with the exception perhaps of St. Jerome, appears to have had such influence over the female mind as Origen. His correspondence with Barbara is still extant. She was shut up by her Pagan father in a tower with two windows, to which, in honour of the Trinity, we are told, she added a third. St. Jerome had to endure much scandal, in consequence of his two favorite pupils, Paula and Melania, of which he complains very bitterly in the epistle ‘Si tibi putem,’ &c. Upon the words—“Numquid me vestes sericæ, nitentes gemmæ, pictas facies, aut auri rapuit ambitio? Nulla fuit alia Romæ matronarum, quæ meam possit edomare mentem, nisi lugens atque jejuniens, fletu pene cæcata”—in this epistle, Moore wrote his beautiful song “Who is the Maid my Spirit seeks?”

† From the story of the Roman Virgin Euphrasia. See also the Life of Euphrosyna (in Bergomensis de Claris Mulieribus), which, with the difference of a father and lover, resembles the latter part of the *Memoires de Comminges*.

‡ Opera, Tom. II. p. 177. Edit. Paris, 1638.

Upon the publication of this paper, Jeffrey wrote thus to Moore :—

“ My dear Sir,—The affairs of the Duke of Queensbury have kept our whole bar in such a state of hurry for these last ten days, that I have been obliged to neglect many things besides my thanks and acknowledgments to you. I was a little mortified at first when I found you had repented you of the verses, and would have written a letter of remonstrance and supplication if I had thought it would have been in time. Upon receiving the article, however, I was obliged to forgive you, both omissions and commissions. The candour, and learning, and sound sense of your observations are, if possible, more delightful than their point and vivacity, especially when so combined. Notwithstanding your pamphlet on the Popery laws, which I saw some years ago with the greatest surprise and satisfaction, I own I was far from suspecting your familiarity with these recondite subjects, and am still afraid that this article has cost you more trouble than we are any way entitled to put you to. It has been printed several days, and extends, I am sorry to say, only to about thirteen pages. It is no small distinction, however, in our journal to be the author of a paper which every reader must wish longer.”

These are the only contributions to the *Edinburgh* from Moore's pen, to the year 1819, at which period the present issue of the Letters and Diary ends.

Amongst all the biographies, or autobiographies, we have ever read, there is not one more melancholy, or more suggestive in its grim moral than this now before us. Here we have a poet, brilliant and fashionable, a man of consummate and profound genius, confessed by all to rank amidst the highest spirits of his own, or of any age, and yet he was, to the day of his death—judged by his acknowledged merit—little removed from the condition of a beggar. We mean not that he was a mendicant; but there is a poverty which a man sees about him, which grows upon him year by year, and as children spring around, as daughters must be portioned, as sons must be sent to professions, or to College, that gnawing, anxious, hungry yearning of the heart, far more bitter than the hunger of the stomach, crushes hope, and weakens energy, and bows the victim to the earth, even whilst he may resolve to perish at his post of duty—to “die with harness on his back.”

This was the fate of Robert Southey—this would have been the fate of Thomas Moore, if that patronage which the Nation should have extended to him, had not been nobly risked by the Longmans. The Minister gave him a wretched Colonial

appointment—he could have secured a splendid one, had he been satisfied to desert old friends, and to prostitute the convictions of his soul for bread : when Moore's Deputy deceived him, he was hunted into exile by the Government, he refused help from his friends, by God's gift of genius, alone, would he free himself, and himself he did free.

Such, however, is the fate of literature in these kingdoms.—So far as the state is concerned—Murray, and Longman, and Blackwood, are the Cabinet to which genius must apply itself, and for that support, which should spring from the Crown and from the revenue, the literary man turns to the booksellers and the reading public. If we look through that woful life of Southey, given to us under his own hand, we find him complaining that he must write for bread, that the *Quarterly Review* is his chief dependence, and that he fears he shall never have leisure to use the vast stores of knowledge he had accumulated for historic purposes. His wife became weak-minded through her anxiety to provide for her children from their limited fortunes ; his own brain, overwrought, softened, and the terrible *coma vigil*, the demon of the scholar, clouded his last months of life—yet he had honestly, no man more so, served the Tory party. Sir Robert Peel, and for him, as a politician, as a Free Trader, we hold no love, was, judged by the spirit of our mechanical, cotton spinning, age, a greater patron of art and literature, than Leo X., valued by the spirit of his reign of genius and of intellect—to Peel Southey owed the happiest period of his life. Peel, in the year 1835, offered him a baronetcy ; this Southey refused, and let us hear, from himself, the causes of the refusal ; let us recollect, too, that he was at this time sixty-one years of age, and had served the Tory party faithfully for a period of thirty-one years. He details his services—he states his reward—he makes known his hopes—simple and humble enough, God knows :—

“ Keswick, Feb. 3, 1853.

“ Dear Sir,—No communications have ever surprised me so much as those which I have this day the honour of receiving from you. I may truly say, also, that none have ever gratified me more, though they make me feel how difficult it is to serve any one who is out of the way of fortune. An unreserved statement of my condition will be the fittest and most respectful reply. I have a pension of £200 conferred upon me through the good offices of my old friend and benefactor, Charles W. Wynn, when Lord Grenville went out of office ; and I have the Laureatship. The salary of the latter was

immediately appropriated, as far as it went, to a life insurance for £3000. This, with an earlier insurance for £1,000 is the whole provision that I have made for my family; and what remains of the pension after the annual payments are made, is the whole of my certain income. All beyond must be derived from my own industry. Writing for a livelihood, a livelihood is all that I have gained; for having also something better in view, and therefore never having courted popularity, nor written for the mere sake of gain, it has not been possible for me to lay by anything. Last year, for the first time in my life, I was provided with a year's expenditure beforehand. This exposition might suffice to show how utterly unbecoming and unwise it would be to accept the rank, which, so greatly to my honour, you have solicited for me, and which his Majesty would so graciously have conferred. But the tone of your letter encourages me to say more. My life insurances have increased in value. With these, the produce of my library, my papers, and a posthumous edition of my works, there will probably be £12,000 for my family at my decease. Good fortune, with great exertions on the part of my surviving friends, might possibly extend this to £15,000, beyond which I do not dream of any further possibility. I had bequeathed the whole to my wife, to be divided ultimately between our four children; and having thus provided for them, no man could have been more contented with his lot, nor more thankful to that Providence on whose especial blessing he knew that he was constantly, and as it were immediately, dependant for his daily bread. But the confidence which I used to feel in myself is now failing. I was young, in health and heart, on my last birth-day, when I completed my sixtieth year. Since then I have been shaken at the root. It has pleased God to visit me with the severest of all domestic afflictions, those alone excepted into which guilt enters. My wife, a true help-mate as ever man was blessed with, lost her senses a few months ago. She is now in a lunatic asylum; and broken sleep, and anxious thoughts, from which there is no escape in the night season, have made me feel how more than possible it is that a sudden stroke may deprive me of those faculties, by the exercise of which this poor family has hitherto been supported. Even in the event of my death, their condition would, by our recent calamity, be materially altered for the worse; but if I were rendered helpless, all our available means would procure only respite from actual distress. Under these circumstances, your letter, Sir, would in other times have encouraged me to ask for such an increase of pension as might relieve me from anxiety on this score. Now that lay sinecures are in fact abolished, there is no other way by which a man can be served, who has no profession wherein to be promoted, and whom any official situation would take from the only employment for which the studies and the habits of forty years have qualified him. This way, I am aware, is not now to be thought of, unless it were practicable as part of a plan for the encouragement of literature; but to such a plan perhaps these times might not be unfavourable. The length of this communication would require an apology, if its substance could have been compressed; but

on such an occasion it seemed a duty to say what I have said; nor, indeed, should I deserve the kindness which you have expressed, if I did not explicitly declare how thankful I should be to profit by it.

I have the honour to remain,

With the sincerest respect,

Your most faithful and obliged servant,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.\*

We have given this letter for the purpose of showing how little these kingdoms secure to the literary man, even to him who is a warm, able, and ready supporter of a great political party; and, in reading these two volumes before us, the weary, sickening, details of Moore's life to the year 1819, we feel they are relieved, and could be supported only by the spirit of a Poet, genuine in heart and soul.

Let us consider, for a moment, his condition. He bound himself to write the *Melodies*, after the sixth number had appeared, and when he was at the full measure of his fame, for Power, in consideration of £500 a year; and yet, he was at this same time, allowing his father one hundred pounds per annum, the interest at £5 per cent, on £2,000 of the purchase money of Lalla Rookh, which, for this purpose, he had left in the Longmans' hands, the principal being secured to him by bond. He was harassed by a pending prosecution for the defalcation of his Deputy; he was so poor, he thought it necessary to state to his mother, that £40 a year was a cheap rent to pay for Sloperton Cottage, *furnished*, and on the 18th of January, 1817, he writes to Power—"Could you, in the course of a week or ten days, muster me up a few pounds (five or six), as I am almost without a shilling?" Thus he lived, and thus he died. A commission in a marching regiment, for his son, was no acknowledgment of the father's merit; a wretched pension, increased by unwilling dribblets, was no return for a Nation, or from a people like ours, to the man who had charmed and roused their spirits, glorified their language, and illustrated the literature of the land. In his sixtieth year he was in possession of £300 per annum; but, the glowing genius of early youth was passed; the hours when inspiration might have played around his pen were gone for ever—the twilight of fancy, like the evening of a summer day, is but dimness to those who have watched the meridian brightness; well might he have cried, with another great Irishman—

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\* Life and Letters of Southey, vol. vi. Longman and Co. 1851.



"Who shall repay me for the years of my buoyant youth, and cheerful manhood?"—and well may we apply to his own condition, his bitter, galling lines, and referring to his closing years, deplore the false position of such a man—

"Whose mind was an essence, compounded with art,  
From the finest and best of all other men's pow'rs;—  
Who rul'd, like a wizard, the world of the heart,  
And could call up its sunshine, or bring down its show'rs.

"Whose humour, as gay as the fire-fly's light,  
Play'd round every subject, and shone as it play'd;  
Whose wit, in the combat, as gentle as bright,  
Ne'er carried a heart stain away on its blade."

The peculiar cast of Moore's mind, as exhibited in these volumes, is extremely amiable and interesting. There is a playfulness, an almost boyish character about his letters, particularly those to the Marchioness of Donegall, and to her sister, Miss Godfrey, that reminds us of Cowper's letters to his cousin, Lady Hesketh, or George Selwyn's to Gilly Williams. The gay heart breaks out, and shines in all—and as we read, we fully agree with the Earl of Belfast, when he writes:—

"There is a passage in the cleverest work\* of one of the most popular authors of the present day, expressing a sentiment that could receive no more forcible illustration than is afforded in the case of two of the most distinguished men of this century. 'The world,' says Mr. Thackeray, 'is a looking-glass, and gives forth to every man the reflection of his own face. Frown at it—it will in turn look sourly on you; laugh at it, and with it, and it is a jolly, kind companion.' If ever man smiled into the mirror of life, assuredly it was Thomas Moore; nor did the reflection deceive him: the world gave him back his cheerful gaze, and bid him hearty welcome."†

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\* Vanity Fair.

† See "Poets and Poetry of the 19th Century; A Course of Lectures, by the Earl of Belfast." London: Longman and Co. 1852. We are most happy to find our noble young fellow countrymen coming forward manfully upon the platform, and thus following the example set by the Earl of Carlisle, and by Lord Mahon, Lord John Manners, and the Duke of Argyll—see "The Importance of Literature to Men of Business: a Series of Addresses delivered at various Popular Institutions." London: J. J. Griffin & Co. 1852—see also "Lectures and Addresses in aid of Popular Education; including a Lecture on the Poetry of Pope," by the Right Hon. The Earl of Carlisle. London: Longman & Co., 1852. Thus it is that the Patrician should appear before the People—heading them—not upon their necks—as in the old days of violence, of blood, and of barbaric splendor. By showing the iron-fisted artisan, that the peer and he enjoy the same glowing dreams of the poet; by teaching him that his interest is the interest of the Queen and of the noble, he will learn to think more kindly of those who are placed by heaven in a higher sphere

The characteristics of his genius—brilliancy, fancy, wit, and humor, give a charm to these letters, which must have delighted his correspondents in the days when they were written, as they now delight us whilst we read them in these volumes. He describes, in a few words, better than other men could in sentences.—He writes to Power, referring to the Sacred Melodies—"I wish a design to be made for a *Mary Magdalen*, as beautiful as possible, from the words,

‘ Like Mary kneel, like Mary weep ;  
‘ Love much, and be forgiven !’

This I should like to be the chief and leading frontispiece of the work ; it is such a mixture of the sacred and profane as will be most characteristic of *me*, and may be made most tasteful and interesting." Writing from Paris, he observes, of Sir John Stevenson—"Stevenson is *not* in very high force here ; the ice is too cold for his stomach, and cannot get whiskey-punch for love or money—accordingly he droops." In another place he writes, and it is a hint to the female lovers of poets—Tennyson for example :—"Received from one of my female correspondents a Christmas present, consisting of a goose, a pot of pickles, another of clouted cream, and some apples. This, indeed, is a tribute of admiration more solid than I generally receive from these fair admirers of my poetry." There is a bitter humor in this—"Have got a wet-nurse for little Tommy, a woman in the neighbourhood, to come three times a day, which is better than nothing. Poor little thing ! with a mother that can give him no milk, and a father that can give him no money, what business has he in the world ?" In the following there is much

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of life than that which he himself occupies ; and in time he will learn to estimate, at their real value, the levellers who give "cheap and nasty" lectures at popular meetings, and will class them with vagabond tenant righters, strolling mesmerists, universal philanthropy mongers, and other virtuous and indignant apostles of slangwhangery. Lord Belfast says of Moore—"As to myself, if there is one heir-loom I prize more than another it is the Dedication of the Irish Melodies to an ancestress of mine, and the beautiful Letter on Music which he addressed to the same *Lady Donegall*." We recommend this volume of Lord Belfast's to all our readers ; like his novels, it proves him to be a man of very exquisite taste ; if others of his order followed the example he has set, we might soon say with the great poet—

" Thus linked the Master with the Man,  
Each in his rights can each revere ;  
And whilst they march in Freedom's van,  
Scorn the lewd rout that dogs the rear."

matter for thought: "Read, after tea, Miss Lee's comedy, 'The Chapter of Accidents,' to Bessy and Mary D—. The latter seemed to think it made a *mistress* more interesting than she ought to be: but anything that encourages toleration and tenderness does good. The world is but too inclined to the opposite extreme, particularly with respect to the frailty of woman, whose first fault might often be repaired by gentleness; instead of which they are violently sent adrift down the current, and the ruin which their own weakness begun, the cruelty of the world consummates."

Sir Walter Scott writes, in the second canto of *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*—

"If thou would'st view fair Melrose aright,  
Go visit it by the pale moon light—"

but he never, himself, saw it by moonlight.—The following is in the same strain:—A friend wrote to Moore, asking whether *The Meeting of the Waters* was written under Castle Howard, or under Ballyarthur Castle. Moore observes, "The fact is, I *wrote* the song at neither place, though I believe the scene under Castle Howard was the one that suggested it to me. But all this interest shows how wise Scott was in connecting his poetry with beautiful scenery: as long as the latter blooms, so will the former."—Not so wise as Moore himself in connecting his poetry with the hearts and feelings of a Nation—in which, so long as one pulse shall beat, one aspiration shall ascend to heaven, one mind shall possess the faculty of thought, one bosom shall swell at the record of our country's history, at the sound of Moore's Melodies his name shall live, and the glory which his birth gives to Ireland shall be treasured amongst the noblest and proudest of our National honors.

We have not reviewed these volumes in the ordinary meaning of the term. We have merely written of them as our reading suggested;—the time for reviewing has not yet arrived—and as for extracts, we presume there are few men or women in these kingdoms, who are unacquainted with the contents of the Letters and Diary.

Lord John Russell has been taunted, abused, and contemned by a slashing critic in the *Times* newspaper, for the peculiar method in which he has edited the volumes before us; for our parts, we sincerely hope that he will continue to edit the succeeding volumes in precisely the same manner. Moore

kept the Diary, and preserved the Letters, with the expressed intention of publishing them ; he meant that they should tell the story of his life, and that the story should be gathered from his own recorded opinions and feelings ; therefore, the more we read from Moore's own pen, and the less from that of his editor, be that editor Lord John Russell or any other person, the better the reading public will be pleased.

Had Moore, or John Murray, thought themselves justified in publishing the *Memoirs of his Own Life*, presented by Byron to the former, it would have been precisely such a book, and edited in the same manner, as that before us. We would suggest to Lord John Russell the propriety, or, at all events, the convenience, of adding, to the succeeding volumes, by way of appendix, the few prose papers contributed by Moore to the *Edinburgh Review*. We have endeavoured to supply the omission of them in the present issue of the work, by the extracts above inserted.

We thank Lord John Russell for the manner in which he has presented these books to the nation ; hereafter he may become a Peer of Parliament—these volumes prove him to be that higher and nobler thing—the Peer of a Post.

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Since writing the foregoing remarks upon the Lectures of the Earl of Belfast, the melancholy news of his Lordship's death reached this country. He expired at Naples in the second week of February, aged twenty-five years. His worth as an Irishman, his noble love for literature, his anxiety for the good of all dependant upon him, or around him ; his true-souled anxious yearning after all that could advance the real interest of his native land ; his appreciation of all the benefits conferred upon this country by the great scheme of the National System of Education ; all these make us deplore his death as a friend, and as an advocate lost to Ireland. Men of his stamp are needed in the mind-battle, and in the clash of interests which now are, and which will yet more strongly be, waged in this country. The Noble who at five and twenty had gained for himself, in this age, an honorable name in Literature, might at five and thirty have secured for himself a reputation as a statesman and as a patriot. God had otherwise decreed it :—"Time, with his scythe, cuts down all ; happy they who are mowed down green."

## ART. VI.—REMINISCENCES OF A MILESIAN.

*Reminiscences of an emigrant Milesian. The Irish abroad and at home ; in the camp ; at the court. With souvenirs of ' The Brigade.'* In three vols. 8vo. London : Richard Bentley, 1853.

ALTHOUGH the editor of these volumes introduces them to the public by a statement that the manuscript from which they were printed was committed to his custody by an Irish *émigré*, whom he accidentally encountered plying as a *valet de place* in Wurtzburg, we are inclined, from internal evidence, to ascribe the work to a writer who early in the present century amused our metropolis by his contributions to a noted periodical of the day, and who subsequently held for twenty years the office of principal foreign correspondent to one of the largest newspapers in the world. Apparently regardless of literary reputation, the "Emigrant Milesian" has here produced as original a number of old stories and anecdotes, which having been worn out by constant repetition, were by general consent consigned to merited oblivion. Of his offences in this line, the first and grossest is a tale entitled "A giant refreshed," purporting to be a traditional description of a ludicrous encounter between Finn Mac Cumhaill and an Irish giant, in which the former figures as a kind of pantomimic monster, although Macpherson considered him a personage sufficiently sublime to act the hero in his poem of "Fingal," while by foreign writers he is represented as a man of great talents, and the first who, in these islands, organized a standing army on the model of the Roman legions. Absurdities similar to the tale in the work before us, may amuse the illiterate and unreflecting, but the origin and animus of such productions are traceable to causes unapparent to the generality of readers. In the majority of subjugated countries, it has ever been the policy of the successful party to misrepresent and calumniate the dispoiled or resisting races and their champions, and to ridicule and obliterate, as far as practicable, their most cherished national associations. Hence, on the French conquest of England, the Normans demolished the shrines of the native saints,

and converted the name of Saxon into a term of reproach. Their descendants, pursuing a similar system towards all whom they oppressed, styled Wallace a "master of thieves," Owen Glendowr a sorcerer, and Hugh O'Neill an "arch traitor," although it is now admitted that these men were fully justified in taking up arms to regain their natural rights.

From their first settlement in Ireland, a section of the colonists found that vilification and ridicule were the most effective modes of depriving their opponents of the sympathy and justice to which they were justly entitled; the language of the Irish was consequently pronounced to be barbarous, their laws impious, their ancient history a mass of fabrications, and every effort was made to eradicate those sentiments of national pride which dignify and exalt the human character. The colonial oligarchy and the venal writers existing on the income derived from the prejudices of those classes whom they goaded into fanaticism, combined to represent the Irish as a nation of fools, blunderers, drunkards, and assassins. By thus exciting the fears of the English government, they contrived quietly to appropriate to their own uses the entire spoil of the plundered Irish, whose attempts to obtain justice or to regain their properties were always styled rebellions. Pausing at no falsehoods, however monstrous, the ascendancy faction succeeded in convincing the neighbouring country that the Irish were little better than cannibals, and so widely was this idea circulated in England in the seventeenth and early part of the eighteenth century, that a writer of the reign of George I. observes that: "upon the arrival of an Irishman to an English country town, I have known crowds coming about him, and wondering to see him look so much better than themselves;" while the following description of the inhabitants of Ireland written in 1738, affords a specimen of the monstrous misrepresentations propagated under the patronage of the colonial faction, despite the opposition of an enlightened and far-seeing minority of their own party:—

"The people of Ireland at this day are uncivilized, rude and barbarous, they delight in butter tempered with oatmeal, and sometimes eat flesh without bread; but which they eat raw, having first pressed the blood out of it, and pour down large draughts of usquebaugh for digestion, reserving their little corn for their horses. Their dress is no less barbarous; cows and cattle are their chief wealth; they count it no infamy to commit robberies, and violence and murder is in their opinion no way displeasing to God. They are much given to incest,

and nothing is so common among them as divorces under pretence of conscience. They pray to the wolves lest they should devour them, the country being overgrown with woods and subject to voracious animals."

Such were the representations by which the colonists laboured to inculcate that they alone were capable of maintaining the English power in Ireland, whereas if these unscrupulous intermediate traders upon national animosities had been divested of the power of retarding the progress of the country, and prevented from intercepting the administration of even-handed justice to all, the people of both islands would have become more conversant with each other, and learned mutual respect and forbearance. From this colonial policy emanated the elaborate and widely-circulated fabrications, styled "Histories of Ireland," in every portion of which the natives were depicted as ignorant and cowardly savages, having nothing in common with their fellowmen but the outward semblance of human nature.\* The press being entirely under the control of the ascendancy faction, all controversy on the subject was prohibited, and the so called "History of Ireland" finally became a collection detailing nought but massacres, forays and battles between the natives and their opponents, in which the latter were falsely represented as a victorious and magnanimous people, contending against a number of rude and ignorant clans. These writings produced the desired effect of making many Irishmen ashamed of their country; and dull pedants, unable to penetrate through the mist of falsehood, were ever ready to declaim against "our melancholy history," and "our sad annals." Far different was the case in Scotland, where the history of the subjugated Highlanders—themselves descended from an Irish colony—was invested with a dignity which evoked a wise nationality, and enabled every native of that country on recurring to the struggles of his ancestors for independence, to exclaim with the Italian patriot:

"Di vostra terra sono: e sempre mai  
L'ovra di voi, e gli onorati nomi  
Con affezion ritrassi e ascoltai."

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\* Thus also in Farquhar's once popular comedy of "Love and a bottle," 1699, when "Roebuck," an Irish gentleman, announces his country to "Lucinda," she exclaims—"Oh, horrible, an Irishman! a mere wolf-dog, I protest!" For a French tourist's description of Ireland in 1734, totally different from the above, see the IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, Vol. II., 34.

Their own suicidal acts at length broke the power of the Irish colonial ascendancy, and their career of profligacy and oppression having finally stripped them of station and influence, the propagation of falsehood became no longer a State object. The investigations of a few dispassionate inquirers have consequently completely subverted the hitherto received history of Ireland, which is now proved to have been based upon unfounded statements and party libels. The general spread of knowledge discloses every year more fully the sinister objects of those who, still pursuing their old course, endeavour to gain emolument and advancement, by exciting the religious and political passions of classes yet sufficiently illiterate to be amenable to their influence. Antique prejudices are gradually receding before the advance of information; ignorant jibbers at the country are fast falling into disrepute; and even Thackeray's Irish caricatures have become as distasteful to the public as that monstrosity—the stage Irishman—who now only finds admirers in Bæotian provincial districts. We indeed, believe, that our people are now so far advanced in national self-respect and knowledge of themselves, that any attempt to caricature the Irish character in our public theatres would encounter no better a reception than that experienced by the comedian Hudson, who was lately driven from the stage in New York, where he expected that his buffoonery would have been rewarded with plaudits equal to those bestowed by the unreflecting on his predecessor Tyrone Power, who gained a reputation by depicting Irishmen in the same style as Clement Marot\* portrayed his Gascon valet:—

“Gourmand, yvrongne, et asseuré menteur,  
Pipeur, larron, jureur, blasphémateur.”

The compiler of the work before us appears to labor under the delusion that Ireland is still as deficient in knowledge of her history as she was at the commencement of the present century; and unacquainted with the great progress made during the last twelve years in the investigation of our monuments and records, he has revived and republished false and erroneous statements which have of late been elaborately confuted and finally set at rest. These errors and anachronisms

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\* “Epistre au Roy pour avoir esté desrobbé,” Rouen: 1596.



are too palpable and too numerous to require us fully to expose and detail them ; we may, however, remark, that his printer has so ignorantly metamorphosed numbers of the Irish names introduced, that even their owners would be unable to recognize them. It might be expected that a lengthened residence on the Continent would have enabled the author to furnish us with some interesting details connected with the history of the Irish in foreign services, his so-called "*Souvenirs of the Brigade*" can, however, be regarded as neither new nor valuable, being mainly composed of extracts from French *Mémoires* with which we were before sufficiently conversant. One of the most singular of his mistakes is that relative to a certain Johnson, whom he ranks with lord Clare and other distinguished officers, whereas no person of that name ever attained to any such eminence in the Brigade ; he also presents us with what he styles the "*favourite ballad of the Irish Brigade*," which is apparently a fabrication imposed upon his credulity.

The only portions of the work worthy of consideration, are those which detail the writer's own reminiscences of remarkable events, together with traditional anecdotes of interesting transactions in France and Ireland. In the latter cases, however, no effort has been made to test tradition by historic truth, nor to prune the narratives of redundancies and additions acquired by repeated oral transmission. A considerable part of these volumes is occupied by accounts of modern political events in France, introduced as episodes consequent on the observation, that the wars of the first French revolution were initiated and terminated by two Irishmen—General James O'Moran and Wellington ; and that the "*officer*"\* in command of the royal troops who fought against the Parisian insurgents in 1830, was the son of an Irishman, and he† who occupied a similar position in 1848, was the son of an Irishwoman."

Of an eccentric president of the Irish College at Paris, the author gives the following account :

"The Abbé Ferris resided in Paris at the commencement of the Revolution, and emigrated with the Princes. Subsequently he distinguished himself in the campaigns of 1792, 1793 and 1794, in the

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\* General Wall.

† Marshal Bugeaud, whose mother was daughter of Count Clonard.

army of Condé, not as almoner of a regiment, but as an intrepid captain of grenadiers. Thanks to the clemency of Napoleon, he was allowed some years later to return to France, and continued to reside in Paris. Here he renewed his acquaintance with a man named Somers, a native of the county of Wexford, Ireland, who, like Ferris, had been a catholic priest at the period of the Revolution, but who followed a line of conduct different from that of Ferris. He renounced his religious habit, professed himself a *sans-culotte*, and married the widow of a shoemaker; and carried on, it would seem, from his appearance and expenses, a profitable business. It will naturally be conceived that no sympathy could subsist between him and Ferris; still they continued on amicable if not intimate terms. One day in the year 1812 or 1813, a large party of Irish, some half-dozen or so, agreed to dine together at a *traiteur's*, for *restaurateurs* were not yet known at that period, to fête a friend who was to proceed to the United States. Among them were Ferris, Captain Murphy, a very popular dashing officer, and an enthusiastic Bonapartist; the late excellent and amiable Michael O'Mally, and others. The entire party had nearly assembled, but he, in whose honour the dinner was given, had not yet arrived. This was an Irishman, a captain of an American vessel, which was to sail from Havre the next day but one, and was to call at some or other of the English Channel ports. While they were chatting, waiting for the hero of the entertainment, Somers, who was not popular with his countrymen, suddenly entered the room. 'Has Captain—— arrived?' he asked. 'No,' said some of those he addressed. 'He is to sail on Thursday,' said he, 'and promised to post a letter for me at whatever English port he should touch. Here it is,' continued Somers, placing a letter on the table. 'Have the goodness to give it him. Good-by,' and he withdrew. Murphy started up. 'He shall carry no letter for you, you—— spy,' said he, and seizing the latter, threw it behind the fire, on which were blazing three oaken logs. Another of the party rushed to the chimney, seized the letter, which had not yet been even scorched, and put it into his pocket. The expected guest entered at that moment. Dinner was immediately served, and this incident forgotten; the rest of the day was spent in joviality. The party separated at eleven o'clock. At the same hour the following forenoon, Somers was shot in the Plain of Grenelle, by sentence of a court-martial, sitting at that period *en permanence* in Paris. He had been denounced at midnight as a spy, and in correspondence with the enemy. The proof of his treason was incontestable. It was contained in the letter which I have just stated had been snatched from the fire by one of his countrymen, and which being produced to him when brought to trial before the military commission, he admitted to be in his own handwriting. It was addressed to 'Mr. Smith, No. 1 Downing-street, Westminster, London.' It contained only these words: 'You will read in the journals of to-morrow, that a review of fifty thousand troops was held in the Carrousel, in front of the Tuileries, this forenoon. It is false. There were scarcely ten thousand.' The Emperor was at that moment in Russia. The exaggeration of the number of troops reviewed, which Somers predicted would appear in the

'Moniteur,' and other journals, had for its object to demonstrate that a large disposable military force still remained in Paris. The contradiction of that statement by anticipation was interpreted, and fairly so, by the court-martial, as conveying information to the enemy. The Mr. Smith, to whom the letter of Somers was addressed, was the brother-in-law and private secretary of Lord Castlereagh, then Secretary of Foreign Affairs of His Majesty George III. From the exclamation of Captain Murphy, before throwing Somers's letter behind the fire, it will be seen that the character of the latter was suspected. Murphy, and the chief portion of the Irish in France at that day bore allegiance and attachment to Napoleon, and despised and detested both the treason and the traitor in the person of Somers. After his death, his wife (through an allowance of the British Government, it was believed, and which must have been liberal) was able to give a very considerable dower with her daughter on her marriage.. I have heard so large a sum as £12,000 sterling. On the Restoration, the Abbé Ferris was provided for by the place, President of the Irish College. A battalion of the Garde Royale would have been more to his taste, but to preserve discipline in the Irish College gave him some occupation, and thus the years wore on. Early in the month of March, 1815, the arrival of Napoleon at Cannes, from Elba, became known in Paris. That which alarmed all other royalists, however, had no terrors for this worthy son of Ireland, and of the church militant. He heard of the return of Napoleon to France. with as much indifference as he would have received during a campaign an order to storm a battery; but the 30th of that month came, bringing with it Napoleon himself. The approach of the Emperor was announced to the President of the Irish College in more than one form. The most significant was the ascent of two of the students (A. B. and John O'M.) to the roof of the college, and their removal of the white flag, which during a year had floated peacefully over its walls, and their substitution of the *tricolor* for it. On learning these facts, the president looked queer and decamped. After the Hundred Days, however, he returned to Paris, and found that the Rev. Paul Long had been appointed president of the Irish College in his absence. 'You must withdraw,' said the absolute Ferris, in the tone of the late Lord Canterbury, to the then incumbent. 'I won't,' said the meek Paul Long. 'I have no orders to receive from you.' 'Then I will put a padlock on the door, and keep you and your staff prisoners; or if you and they leave for a moment, you shall not re-enter.' Ultimately the Abbé Ferris became once more President of the Irish College. How he conducted the establishment up to a certain period does not appear; but at length he contrived to involve himself in some difficulties with the Minister for Public Instruction (Hely d'Oissel, himself the son of an Irishman), and who, in an order issued in his official capacity to the Irish College, had wounded the *amour propre* of the captain of grenadiers, as I have just stated, whereupon, in the French fashion, the Abbé provided himself with two seconds (both Irishmen), and caused them to deliver to the Minister a cartel with this inscription: 'My arm is the sword.' The reply was instantaneous. He directed the Abbé Ferris to re-

move sixty leagues from Paris, and to remain in a town indicated, until he was permitted to return to the capital. M. Hely d'Oissel added: 'With respect to the parties who presented your insolent message, I am in search of evidence of their identity. If they prove, as I suspect they will, other than native-born Frenchmen, they shall be forthwith expelled the French territory.' This missive troubled the Abbé Ferris considerably. The persons who had accepted the office of seconds to him, were officers who had served in the Imperial army of France, and of whose Bonapartism there was something stronger in the books than mere surmise. Their expulsion as foreigners would not be refused by government however, and would necessarily cause to them, among other inconveniences, the loss of their half-pay; for, with a becoming regard to economy, the full or half-pay of the French officer is suspended from the moment of his departure from the French soil, unless with the special permission of the government. The Abbé Ferris was therefore much concerned for the fate that awaited his witnesses. He was not a man to remain inactive under such circumstances, however, particularly when the hours of his own sojourn in Paris were numbered. He repaired, therefore, at once to General Count Daniel O'Connell (uncle of the late more celebrated man of that name), and stated the whole case, imploring his interference for their countrymen, his two seconds; 'For myself,' said he, 'I would scorn to ask indulgence of the monarchical Minister, who is only Irish by the father's side.' 'I think it would be useless, moreover,' said the veteran O'Connell. 'You must submit. Give yourself no trouble about your seconds. I and O'Mahony will represent them. I shall see the latter immediately on the subject.' Ferris, overpowered by this kindness, took his leave, and left Paris that night; and Generals O'Connell and O'Mahony intimated to M. Hely d'Oissel without delay, that if he desired to know further respecting the persons who presented the hostile message he had received, they were ready to answer him in any way he might require; and that they, Generals O'Connell and O'Mahony, assumed the entire responsibility of the act. This proceeding saved from exile two distinguished soldiers, whose banishment would have been destructive of their prospects; for, being political refugees before their entry into the French service, their resources in their native land would have been unavailable for them. The brave and respectable veterans, O'Connell and O'Mahony, received their acknowledgments in the manner that may be conceived; adding, however, that, 'in fact, they ran no risk, being unassailable by M. Hely d'Oissel;' but that 'had it been otherwise, they would not have hesitated to devote themselves for fellow-countrymen, even though there existed between them no political sympathy.' Here the matter dropped. The Abbé Ferris returned to the Irish College, but did not evince so much generosity as Generals O'Connell and O'Mahony, for he opposed the re-admission to the college of the two students who had in the Second Restoration been expelled, for hoisting the *tricolor* flag on the college in March, 1815. Generals Counts O'Connell and O'Mahony both lived to an advanced age. I remember meeting the former in Dublin in the year 1816 or 1817. He was,

like all the senior members of his family who I have seen, a man of large stature; and was, moreover, as much distinguished for urbanity as bravery. General O'Connell was a superior officer previously to the Revolution of 1789. He was selected to prepare a code of regulations for the entire French infantry, similar to that composed by General Dundas for the British service, and which was maintained by Napoleon. After his removal from the Presidency of the Irish College, the Abbé Ferris conceived and entered upon a new line of occupation. He became a lawyer; and in the management of British claims with regard to the seven hundred millions of francs in which France was amerced by the Allied Powers, he displayed shrewdness and talent, and realised large profits. He died in the year 1829. He and Somers will possibly be held to have done little credit to their country or their sacred calling, Somers especially. The direction of the establishment which Ferris had in some sort usurped, has since been placed into able and worthy hands, and has consequently been eminently successful. In Somers, treason was fitly punished by treachery."

Of the Abbé Edgeworth, and of the less known Abbé Kearney, successor to Ferris, we are given the following interesting particulars:

"For the honour of Ireland, two of her sons, the celebrated Abbé Edgeworth and this simple retiring individual (Kearney) were in attendance on the unfortunate King Louis XVI. of France, at the moment of his execution. History mentions the Abbé Edgeworth only, but the second, the Abbé Kearney, was also present; not officially, for the powers which then ruled would have rejected a demand for a plurality of confessors or chaplains, and would probably have refused permission for even one to approach their august victim. The Abbé Kearney's presence was therefore voluntary; but I recollect his saying that if not desired by, it was known to the King that he wished to attend on that heart-rendering occasion. The conduct of the Abbé Edgeworth on that melancholy occasion, is well known. He united the most ardent zeal of a minister of religion, to courage and devotion to his royal patron in the presence of almost certain death. These, together with his other claims on respect, are inseparably connected with an event, the history of which ensures immortality to him, and sheds lustre on his country. Respecting the execution of the unhappy monarch Louis XVI., I spoke to the Abbé Kearney more than once. His replies were brief, and were accompanied by evidence that the subject caused him much pain. The following simple narrative is all that I could obtain from him. 'I arrived,' said he, 'in the Place de la Révolution before the King, and managed to reach the scaffold just as the carriage in which he sat with the Abbé Edgeworth and two gendarmes approached from the Rue Royale. The front ranks of the crowd which surrounded the scaffold were principally *sans-culottes*, who evinced the most savage joy in anticipation of the impending tragedy. The scaffold was so situated as to provide for the royal sufferer a pang to which less distinguished victims were insensible. It stood between the

pedestal on which had been erected a statue of Louis XV., overthrown early in the Revolution,\* and the issue from the garden of the Tuileries, called the Pont Tournant. Midway between those two points, a hideous statue of Liberty raised her Gorgon head. This situation was chosen in order to realise a conception characteristic of the epoch and the frantic fiends who figured in it. It ensured that the unhappy persons on being placed on the *bascule* of the guillotine, should, in their descent from the perpendicular to the horizontal when pushed home to receive the fatal stroke, make an obeisance to the goddess! Yes, even to that frivolity in a matter so appalling did the monsters directing those butcheries resort. For the King this position of the guillotine was therefore peculiarly painful, for, looking beyond the statue of Liberty the Palace of the Tuileries appeared at the end of the grand avenue, and upon it his last glance in this world must have rested. Scarcely had the King descended, when Samson, the executioner, and his aids approached him to make his toilette,† as the preparation of the victim for death was termed. He had a large head of hair, confined by a ribbon according to the fashion of the day. Upon this Samson seized with one hand, brandishing a pair of huge scissors in the other. The King, whose hands were yet free, opposed the attempt of Samson to cut off his hair, a precaution necessary, however, to ensure the operation of the axe. The executioner's assistants rushed upon him. He struggled with them violently and long, but was at length overcome and bound. His hair was cut off in a mass and thrown upon the ground. It was picked up by an Englishman who was in front of the scaffold, and who put it in his pocket, to the scandal of the *sans-culottes*, who like him were in the first rank of spectators. As we never heard more about the circumstance I suppose this person was murdered. When the bustle occasioned by this incident was over, the King ascended the scaffold. All that followed with regard to him is well known. 'Is it not true, Abbé?' said I, 'that the Abbé Edgeworth uttered, as the king was mounting the short flight of steps leading to the scaffold, those sublime words of encouragement: 'Fils de Saint Louis, montez au ciel!' 'No,' he replied; 'but while the King was struggling with the executioner and his men, as I have just described, the Abbé Edgeworth recommended resignation to him, adding (and these words suggested possibly the phrase ascribed to him): 'You have only one sacrifice more to make in this life before you enjoy life eternal—submit to it.' The execution over, the Abbé Edgeworth and I were advised to withdraw as quickly as possible. I suppose the illustrious Malesherbes was present to take a last farewell of his royal master and client, for the cloak of his coachman was obtained and cast round Edgeworth, under favour of which he retired. Nevertheless he must have been pursued, for

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\* "The site of the obelisk brought from Thebes, which was placed on it in 1836."

† "Another of the horrible gaieties of the time. The guillotine itself was called 'the national window.'"

he found it necessary to take refuge in a little milliner's shop, in the Rue du Bac, whence by a back door he made his escape.' 'And you?' 'I reached home safely, but was subsequently arrested, and passed three years in the Temple.' This account of the execution of Louis XVI. is perfectly consistent with all those published on the subject, except that it demolishes the memorable exclamation attributed to the Abbé Edgeworth, which, had I not reliance upon the veracity of the Abbé Kearney, there appear many reasons for believing was not uttered."

"After his release from the Temple, the Abbé Kearney appears to have been an object of suspicion for every government of France which followed to the period of the Restoration. On the occurrence of every *émeute*, or the discovery of every conspiracy, he was taken into custody as a matter of course. On the explosion of the Infernal Machine—that incident so fatal to many innocent persons, and so disgraceful to the partizans of the Bourbon dynasty—the Abbé Kearney was one of the first of the many suspected persons who were arrested. 'I was on my way to my old quarters in the Temple,' said he to me, 'accompanied by two police agents in coloured clothes, who allowed me to walk before them free. On crossing the Pont Neuf, I saw approaching a former friend and pupil, Mathieu de Montmorency. He drew up, and as I passed close to him said, in an under-tone, in English (a language I had taught him): 'Unhappy man! I know whither you are going. Will they never allow you to be quiet?' Now I had no knowledge of—nothing whatever to do with—the Infernal Machine.' The Abbé Kearney did not remain long in prison on this charge. The real authors of the atrocious deed were discovered, and several of them met the just punishment of their crime. The man who actually fired the match by which it was made to explode, however, escaped. I found him one day, in the year 1835, at the house of the late Mr. Lewis Goldsmith, in Paris, who introduced him to me. He was a rather shrewd-looking man, of apparently a low class in society. The Abbé Kearney died in Paris, in the year 1827, and was buried in the cemetery of Mont Parnasse. The Abbé Edgeworth remained concealed in Paris after the slaughter of his original penitent the admirable Princess Elizabeth, the purest victim offered on the revolutionary scaffold, to whom he owed his introduction to her brother the King. During the sixteen months which elapsed between the execution of her brother and her own death, the Abbé Edgeworth contrived to correspond with and console her. His mission being, as he considered, terminated with her sacrifice, on the 10th of May, 1794, he retired into Germany, and continued attached to the Princes and the French soldiers who fought under them during twelve or thirteen years. He died at Mittau, the capital of Courland, of a fever caught while attending some wounded French soldiers."

The following notices of the once famous "Waterloo Kelly," a member of the Kildare family known as "the Kellys of the Curragh," may also interest our readers:

"In the afternoon of Saturday, 17th of June, 1815, the British army was in full movement towards the position intended to be occupied by the Duke of Wellington, and was pressed severely by the light cavalry of the corps of Marshal Ney. A long line of horsemen occupied the road, and of these Kelly was the last man; his troop of the Life Guards closing the column. The 7th Hussars (Lord Uxbridge's own regiment) were skirmishing in the rear and on the wings. Suddenly a louder hurrah! than usual struck Kelly's ear. He turned, and saw Lord Uxbridge, now the Marquis of Anglesey, alone in the middle of the road, using gestures of anger, as Kelly thought, and vociferating at the top of his voice. The hussars, borne down by superior force, were retreating. In the distance a large body, an entire regiment at least of lancers, were concentrating, with the obvious intention of attacking the rear-guard of the British army. Perceiving the danger that threatened Lord Uxbridge in the first instance, and the rear of the English army in the second, Kelly galloped back, and on arriving nearer his Lordship, said: 'My Lord, there is not a moment to be lost. The regiment of lancers yonder is forming, and will be upon us presently. Retire with me, and I will halt the Life Guards and charge under your Lordship's own orders.' 'Do so, my good fellow,' said the Earl. Kelly jumped his horse over a drain which skirted the road, and which here formed an angle, and galloped diagonally across the distance which separated him from his troop. On arriving, he called 'halt!' in a loud voice, and the regiment instinctively obeyed. 'Who cries 'halt?'' asked Major B——, who commanded the rear squadron of the Life Guards. 'I,' said Kelly. 'Look! Lord Uxbridge awaits our coming up, in order to charge that body of lancers now, at this moment, in close column.' 'The Life Guards must continue their march. The hussars are to cover the retreat—not we.' 'But observe the danger to all, if those fellows come upon us unbroken!' 'That is not our affair.' 'The eyes of both armies are upon us. The safety of our own army depends upon us.' 'I repeat that is no business of ours. Forward!' Kelly, fully impressed with the importance of the crisis which threatened, indignant at the unseasonable prudence of his superior officer, and feeling for the reputation of the regiment, called out once more, 'Life Guards, halt!' A second time he was obeyed. Rising himself in his stirrups, and holding his sword at the utmost stretch upwards, and then brandishing it, he cried in a voice of thunder: 'Men, will you follow me?' A cheer and a wheel round responded to his appeal. He formed them, and galloped up to Lord Uxbridge, who was still alone, with the exception of his staff, on the spot where he had left him. This was perhaps the decisive moment of the fate of both armies; for by this time the mass of the enemy's heavy cavalry were struggling into sight. The lancer regiment already mentioned was now in charging form. The Life Guards made a similar disposition. Lord Uxbridge and Kelly placed themselves in front. 'Charge!' was uttered by both, and at it they went. In this encounter the Colonel of the lancers fell by Kelly's own hand. The charge succeeded completely. The lancers were broken, overthrown,



and dispersed; and the Life Guards receiving the thanks, and Kelly a warm shake of the hand of Lord Uxbridge, resumed their place at the rear of the still retiring English army. In this fashion, unmolested during the remainder of the day, they reached the position at Mont St. Jean by their immortal chief. Next day the 'cheesemongers' gained further and perennial laurels. In the charge against the lancers I have just spoken of, Kelly escaped death by a strange circumstance. When about to mount his horse that morning, he found that his cartridge-box was out of order. Knowing that a brother officer (Perrott) was too ill to march, Kelly entered his quarters, and asked the loan of his cartridge-box. He received it of course, and throwing it over his shoulder hurriedly, shook hands with Perrott, and dashed out of the room in consequence of another summons from the trumpet. Perrott was a man hardly of the middle size; Kelly stood nearly six feet high. This difference caused the cartridge-box of Perrott to hang scarcely below Kelly's shoulder-blade. The hurry of the march, and the incidents of the day, prevented Kelly's recollecting this circumstance. After cutting down the Colonel of the lancers Kelly was in another second attacked by a lancer. With a blow from his vigorous arm, which parried and at the same time shattered the lance,† Kelly raised his sabre anew, and cut at the lancer; but he was too late. As in the case of Frederick Ponsonby, this personal rencontre took place while Kelly and his antagonist were respectively in rapid motion; and as in the former case too, the Pole was too active for his foe. Dropping the remnant of his lance, he with the rapidity of lightning drew his sabre, and cut at Kelly as they passed. The well-aimed blow fell upon the cartridge-box of Kelly, which, according to the regimental regulation, was of massive silver. It was completely cut through, but Kelly escaped without a scar."

"In the course of our journey from Bangor to Holyhead, I asked Kelly, naturally, many questions about Waterloo, for it was almost the only topic of conversation in 1816. Amongst other things, I inquired whether all that was said of Shaw (the pugilist and Life-guardsmen) was true? 'I have no doubt of it,' replied Kelly; 'but every man did his duty on that day, and none more bravely than my orderly, Paddy Halpin.† 'What! were there Irishmen in the Life-

\* "This was a friendly *soubriquet*, and not a term of contempt. The gallant 50th were thus called 'the dirty half hundred.' The 101st 'the hundred and worst,' &c."

† "Kelly was on that day mounted on a powerful black mare. When the lancer gave point, Kelly threw up her head, and to that movement possibly owed his life. The lance intended for him struck the mare's nose, and cut open her head until it passed between her ears. This fine animal, like her rider, survived the action, and was, for some years afterwards, an object of interest to the visitors of the Life Guards' stables."

† "John Shaw was well known among the pugilistic corps of London before the battle of Waterloo. Paddy Halpin afterwards figured in the same circle, but not in the ring; only with the gloves, I think."

guards?' 'Yes, but not many.'—Our conversation next turned on the Peninsular war, and then on the qualities of the English, Irish, and Scotch soldiers. 'They are all equally brave,' said he; 'but they differ much in character. In Spain, when going my rounds as officer of the night, I found an enemy upon an English regiment, the men fast and confidently asleep. On arriving at a regiment of Highlanders, they, too, would seem sound asleep, but I observed that they were closely observing me. I would go further; from a hovel I could hear the sound of a fiddle. On entering, I should find the soldiers of an Irish regiment engaged in a country dance. On remonstrating, and telling them that possibly we should have an action next day, and that they ought therefore to seek repose, 'Let it come, Sir!' they would reply, 'were we ever backward?' Poor Kelly! He accompanied that distinguished cavalry officer, Lord Combermere, to India, as chief of his staff; for in Spain, Kelly's gallantry had become known to his Lordship. Change of climate, advancing years, hard campaigning, but, above all, the untimely death of his only son, a young officer of much promise, broke up his iron frame. He never raised his head after his son's death; and died during the Burmese campaign, lamented by all who knew him. Connected with this sad event was a circumstance that may have interest for some of my readers. Before intelligence of his death reached Europe, I happened to meet, at the Hôtel Quillac, in Calais, a number of Indian officers, who had just arrived, on their return home. On my way I inquired of them for 'Ned Kelly'; they said that 'he was pretty well, but much grieved in consequence of his bereavement.' A gentleman at another table asked: 'Is he in low spirits?' 'Very!' 'Then,' said the gentleman, an old soldier, 'I am sorry to say he is ordered to join. I lament this, for he was a noble fellow. I have served seven-and-twenty years in India, and have never known a desponding invalid recover, nor a man mentally depressed to live long in that country.' This prediction was verified. The next mail brought an account of the death of Edward Kelly—'Waterloo Kelly.'"

The foregoing extracts sufficiently demonstrate that had the writer of these volumes confined himself to the narration of his own reminiscences, he might have produced an interesting and instructive work; his ambition to become an historian, without the necessary research and investigation, having led him from the path which he should have pursued, obliges us, in justice, to class him among those too numerous authors whose productions possess neither the authenticity of history nor the attractions of romance.

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ART. I.—AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ALEXANDER DUMAS.

*Memoires d'Alexandre Dumas. Tomes 1—13. Bruxelles :*  
Meline, Cans, et Compagnie. 1852—1853.

Who has not heard of Alexander Dumas? Who has not laughed at his heroes; wondered at his Monte Christo; been charmed by his descriptions of French life, and who, above all, has not been astonished by his Briarean facility of penmanship? He has laid the historic annals of every nation under contribution, and the records of crime have, in his works, been familiarized to the general reader. But, amusing as he has ever been, no novel issuing from his scriptorium, which is only a manufactory wherein romantic fiction is forged, ever possessed so many strange, odd, and striking incidents as are presented in the work before us.

In selecting this autobiography, thirteen volumes of which have appeared, for consideration in the present paper, our choice has not resulted from any intrinsic interest in either the matter or spirit of the work, but from the quantity of anecdotic gossip concerning Dumas' cotemporaries, who have made for themselves a name in literature, in diplomacy, or in warfare. Valuable pearls are sometimes strung on a very valueless cord, and a fine "take" of delicious trout, with emerald, ruby, and opal tinted scales, is frequently fastened on a common sallow twig, and borne home by a vulgar little boy. If we were safe in sketching a man's character from the tone of his writings, we would pronounce our author's to be a compound of self-esteem, ostentatious profusion, great perseverance and industry, varied with an occasional outbreak of prodigality and idleness—

an indifference to Religion—no particular eagerness for forbidden subjects as materials for his stories, but an equal carelessness as to their avoidance. It scarcely tells well for his paternal care to find his son already remarkable for the very objectionable matter and treatment of most of his productions. When we assert that the self conceit of Dumas almost approaches the sublime, and can scarcely be paralleled, excepting by that of Sir Godfrey Kneller,\* we hope our readers will take several passages and traits sketched of his father and himself with a very large pinch of salt indeed. The only thing to which we are disposed to give implicit credence, is his affection for his mother. There is a truthful and loving spirit in all his reminiscences connected with her, which hides, from our eyes, many of his sins against good taste.

If in a sketch of his works, however slight, his deep rooted dislike to all of regal race were omitted, it would be an inexcusable omission. If we trace his various outlines of all the royal personages who have figured on his canvas, we can scarcely meet with any qualities better than intense selfishness, indifference to the weal or happiness of their subjects, self-indulgence carried to excess, and domestic as well as political despotism. If they are devout it is a sour uncharitable bigotry; and if the lives of any are known from history to be irreproachable, they are sure to be cold, ill-natured, and disagreeable to all round them. As poor Louis XVI. did not gratify him by many moral blots, he is content to exhibit him as a prototype of Jerry Sneak.

The only noted men who seem to have obtained his regard are, first, the Regent Philip, his sensuality and thorough exemption from any kind of religious feeling notwithstanding; second, Louis XV. who never voluntarily did hurt to a human being, but was somewhat fonder of other men's wives than a philosopher should be, and rather subject to laziness.

We can recall the name of only one ecclesiastic made

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\* Dumas is always the hero of his own good stories; he forgets, however, the following. When Dujarrier was killed in a duel with Beauvallon in the year 1845, about a worthless woman, Alexander was the chief witness on the trial of Beauvallon at Rouen, the birth place of Corneille; the following bit of fun took place during Dumas' examination, and the quickness of the President was worthy of the late Chief Justice Doherty. *President.* Votre nom? *Dumas.* Alexandre Dumas. *P.* Votre profession? *D.* Je dirais, auteur dramatique, si je n'étais pas dans la patrie de Corneille. *P.* Monsieur, il y a des degrés a tous.

prominent by our author for any good, moral, or pious qualities.

There is a strong propensity in many French writers for the flamboyant or gorgeous style, and for what they suppose to be the sublime, but which to our more sober taste, appears both profane and ridiculous. Several passages in Dumas' Memoirs, as well as in his other works, show marks of this taint. And now, having written quite enough in disparagement of our hero, we will strive to get into good humour with him as we proceed. His enthusiastic reverence and love for the memory of his parents will interest our readers' sympathy as they glean it from his narrative.

Alexander Dumas was born the 24th July, 1802, at Villers Côtérêts, on the route from Paris to Laon, in a house which the present proprietor reserves for Alexander when about to die, in order that "he may enter into the night of the future, in the very apartment where he stepped into this sphere from the night of the past." Many ill-natured people, wishing to contest our author's legitimacy, he supplies the Baptismal Certificate in full, "to shew the rogues they lied;" and adds, that had he been born with a legal blemish, he would have labored like other illustrious bastards to win fame by mental or bodily exertions: "but what will you have, gentlemen: as I happen to be born in wedlock, the public may as well learn patience, and resign itself to my legitimacy." His grandfather, Marquis Antoine-Alexander Davy de la Pailleterie, Colonel and Commissary General of Artillery, sold his property, and settled in the west of St. Domingo, about 1760. His father, Thomas Alexander Dumas Davy de la Pailleterie, was there born the 25th March, 1762, and at ten years' old, was nearly caught and eaten by a cayman, but was saved by attending to the directions of a Negro, and flying in a zig-zag direction, as the cayman runs or jumps only in a straight line. Father and son returned to France in 1780, the latter being then eighteen years of age.

He was, at that period, a handsome young man, dark of course as being a Mulatto, with hands and feet small as a lady's, skilled to perfection in the management of the sword, and meeting strange adventures, in one of which figures the Duke of Richelieu, the hero of so many of our author's *true* histories.

Richelieu, it is worth remembering, was the grandson of a lute-player named Vignerot, by a niece of the great Cardinal's. In vain did the Duke change his final *t* into a *d*, and pass it off as an English name: the beagles of the heralds' College unearthed the deceit. At the siege of Philipsburgh in 1738, Richelieu, who had not been prevented by his grandfather's low birth, from espousing Mademoiselle de Guise, and thus connecting himself with the imperial house of Hapsburg, killed in a duel the Prince of Lixen, one of his wife's cousins; and in this encounter, our hero's grandfather acted as the second of the Duke. Dumas' father, in the year 1784, then the handsome, gallant, Mulatto, twenty-two years' old, being in a box at the theatre with a fair Creole, and being also in undress, sat towards the back; a young Mousquetaire walking into the box, sat in front by the side of the lady, who gave him a tacit rebuke by pointing to her companion, but the officer excused his little breach of good manners by observing that he mistook him for her footman: and in a second he was launched, all fours, into the pit on the heads of the affrighted groundlings.

The Duke of Richelieu, at this epoch, was the senior Marechal of France, and had been named President of the Court of Honor in 1781, being then eighty-five years' old. A constable of this Court of Honor now waited on our hero in the saloon of the theatre, and attached himself to his person till the quarrel between himself and the Mousquetaire should come to issue. On meeting Dumas, Richelieu recognised the son of his second in the duel of forty-seven years ago, espoused his cause and acted as his second in the present quarrel, in which the Mousquetaire came off with a sword thrust in his shoulder.

Richelieu and Dumas' grandfather now resumed their old relations, and talked over their former exploits, and a brilliant military career seemed open to the son.

"About this time my grandfather took, as his second wife, Maria Frances Retou, his housekeeper, he being then at the mature age of seventy-four, and this marriage brought a coolness between father and son. My grandfather now kept his purse-strings tighter than ever; and my father soon found that life in Paris without money is a very bad life indeed. He sought the old gentleman and announced his intention of enlisting as a common soldier. 'Very well,' replied my grandfather, 'but as I still bear my title of Marquis de la Pailleterie, and Colonel of Artillery, I do not intend that you should

drag these titles at the heels of the rank and file ; so you shall take service under a *Nom de Guerre*.' 'That is but reasonable,' said my father, 'I will take service under the name of Dumas (this name he inherited from his mother), and so he did.' He joined the regiment of the Queen's Dragoons in 1786, taking the No. 429. As for the old gentleman, he died in a fortnight after, as well became an old royalist who did not wish to live to witness the taking of the Bastile, and by this death the last link which bound my father to the aristocracy was broken."

A few of the father's qualifications and exploits are subjoined. At twenty-four years of age he was one of the handsomest men you could see : he had the bronzed complexion, the dark brown eyes, and the straight nose, which distinguish the mixed Indian and Caucasian race ; his teeth were pearly white, his neck nicely fitted to his strong built shoulders, and despite his powerful frame, his hands and feet were those of a woman. His free open-air life in youth had well developed his powers ; and as a horseman, he was a veritable Gauch. He often, when mounted, caught hold of a beam over head, in the riding house, and raised the horse from the ground by the force of the muscles of his legs. When general of a division he was once passing by a watch-fire where a soldier, thrusting his middle finger into the barrel of a musket, was astonishing his comrades by holding it out at arms length. Very well, said the general, throwing aside his mantle ; meantime hand me four muskets ; and inserting his four fingers into the four barrels he held them out horizontally with as little effort as the soldier used with one.

"Father Moulin, a stout muscular man who served under my father in Italy, at a time when the men were strictly forbidden to walk abroad without their sabres, as assassinations were frequent, related to me that he was surprised by the general in the street without sword or any other weapon. He took flight on recognizing my father, hoping to escape by a side passage, but his chief setting spurs to his horse, and shouting, 'Oh you rogue, do you want to be killed,' soon came up, and seizing him by the collar, trussed him as a hawk would a lark, and held him so suspended, till he was passing a guard-house ; then pitching him in, he shouted, 'forty-eight hours confinement for this *bougre*.' The early events of the Revolution occurred without any concurrence on my father's part. The National Assembly was appointed, the Bastile fell, Mirabeau waxed great, harangued, and died, while my father, as common soldier or brigadier, did duty in the provincial garrisons. About the year 1790 he became acquainted with my mother at Villers Côtterêts, and they were married the 29th November, 1792. The 27th of August, 1791,

four days after the first insurrection of the Negroes in St. Domingo, Leopold I. of Austria, and Frederic William II. of Prussia, meeting at Pilnitz, signified their resolution of assisting Louis in bringing his rebellious subjects to order. The lines then written kindled at Quievrain a conflagration which was not extinguished till Waterloo."

The troops being now ordered to the frontier, Brigadier Dumas, under General Beurnonville, took an opportunity of capturing, single handed, thirteen Tyrolese, who, with their corporal, had entrenched themselves in a meadow with a special wide ditch in front. Dumas leaving three comrades at the other side, sprung over this ditch, captured his prisoners, who were paralyzed by his audacity, laid their thirteen rifles across his saddle, marched them out of their place of strength, and brought them, with the help of his comrades, in triumph to the camp!!\* Afterwards, when Dumas was on guard, the general was accustomed to say, "This night I will sleep soundly; Dumas keeps the watch!!" Soon after he sees, in an unexpected rencounter, the barrel of a musket, on the point of being fired, gaping full in his face: quick as thought he discharges the contents of a pistol into the dangerous tube, smashes the weapon and stuns the unlucky owner: the broken barrel was long in the possession of Alexander, but was lost one fine morning in a change of residence.

Here is a trifling specimen of the grandiloquent style so much in favor with some French writers:

"This was the time of voluntary enrolments, and France presented to the world a spectacle which might pass for an example. Never was a nation so near its fall as France in 1792, unless France in 1428. Two miracles saved this well beloved daughter of God: in 1428 the Lord raised up a virgin to save her country by her death. In 1792 he roused a whole people; he inspired a whole nation with the breath of his mouth. France felt the hand of death stretched over her, and by a powerful and terrible contraction, while her feet were enveloped in the grave shroud, she sprung forth from the tomb."

Dumas being sent to command the army of the Pyrenees, finds his authority contested by the local powers. The lodgings of himself and staff are in front of the place of execution, and as the windows are kept closed during the exercises of the guillotine, the enlightened populace raise a clamor in front of his house, crying out, "Oh, Monsieur de l'Humanité, to the

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\* Old Dumas' exploits remind us of Micky Free, and Charles Waterton.



windows, to the windows!" Notwithstanding his real danger, he remains indifferent to the soft impeachment, and is, in consequence, known by no other name than Monsieur de l'Humanité, and the son now adds proudly,—

"Gentlemen, you may dispute my name of Davy de la Pailleterie; but what you cannot dispute is, that I am son of the man whom they called Horatius Cœcles in presence of the enemy, and Monsieur de l'Humanité in presence of the scaffold."

He is afterwards sent to command La Vendée and its neighbours, but he writes to the Committee of Public Safety in such honest and plain terms concerning the insubordination, cruelty, love of plunder, and general ill conduct of the Republicans stationed there, and the impossibility of doing any good till a reform should be effected in their morals, that he is again removed, and appointed General of the Army of the Alps. The chiefs of this unlucky detachment had been rewarded for their services thus: Montesquieu, proscribed by the Convention, fled into Switzerland for safety; Anselmo lost his head for taking Nice; Biron replaced him in command, and succeeded also to his block on the scaffold; Kellermann, for his great services and victories, was summoned before the Convention; and to fill his place, while on this pleasing excursion, General Dumas was ordered to the mountains.

He takes the formidable post of Mount Cenis by conducting three hundred men, their shoes provided with snow irons, up the face of a precipice, not considered in want of further defence than a palisade. Having arrived at the base of the palisade, he takes each man by the collar and waistband, and flings him over; the guard is put to the sword, and the passage into Savoy opened.\*

"My father had now reached the point when the successful generals were recalled to Paris to be guillotined. He was awaiting this recompense, and so was not much surprised by the receipt of this letter:

'CITIZEN-GENERAL. '6 Messidor, An. 11.

'You are directed to quit the army of the Alps forthwith, and to present yourself in Paris to give answer to allegations laid to your charge.

'COLLOT D'HERBOIS.'

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\* Bobadil is nothing to this—and Sir Charles Napier at Acre got "a leg over" from his men in scaling the walls.

Dumas had entered the town of St. Maurice on a very cold day, just as the guillotine was about to do duty on four state criminals. He directed the instrument to be taken and converted into firewood, and as the executioner was embarrassed with his patients, the general gave him a receipt for them, and hinted to the poor wretches the expediency of making the nearest way to the hill, an advice which he had no need to repeat: and this was the head and front of his offence. For a wonder Dumas did not give his own head in exchange for these four, and his nickname became more appropriate than ever. He was really a lucky as well as a humane man,

The following summary of a year of blood is recommended to the admirers of the French, and other sanguinary revolutions :

On the 20th January, 1793, Louis XVI. was beheaded; 31st May, the Girondins were proscribed; 13th June, Marat slain by Charlotte Corday; 5th September, the Christian Era abolished; 16th, Marie Antoinette guillotined; 31st October, the Girondins executed; 6th November, Philip Egalité met his deserved end; 1st December, 4130 prisoners in Paris; 1st March, 1794, 6000; 27th April, 7200; 5th April, Danton, Chabot, Bazire, Iacroy, Camille Desmoulins, Hérault de Séchelles, and Fabre de Eglantine, executed; 22nd April, Mallesherbes, the defender of Louis XVI., with his daughter, his sister, his son-in-law, his grand daughter, and her husband, were immolated together; 1st May, 8000 prisoners; 8th, Lavoisier and 27 other farmers general put to death; 10th, the Princess Elizabeth mounted the scaffold—her handkerchief having slipped she said to the executioner, ‘for your mother’s sake, monsieur, cover my bosom’—she died as she had lived, a Christian, a saint, and a martyr; 8th June, Robespierre celebrated the Festival of the Supreme Being—this worthy high priest, raised on a platform, pronounced a discourse in which he condescended to recognize the existence of a Deity, and the immortality of the soul—he concluded the rite by burning Atheism and Fanaticism in effigy. There were now 32 prisons in Paris confining 11,400 souls, and a guillotine with nine blades was in requisition, as formerly they could only execute 135 in one day. At last, on the 26th July, the two Robespierres, Couthon, St. Just, Lebas, Henriot and 17 other Jacobins, met their deserved reward.

Towards these latter days, such was the profusion of blood

round the scaffold, that an epidemic spread in the neighbourhood of the Fauborg St. Antoine, and a child happening to slip into the trench at the Place de la Revolution, was drowned in the gore.

After recounting these and other horrors, our author winds up the chapter, à la Thomas Carlyle, in these words :—

“ Oh yes, you have been the hammer of God, and have forged the sword that has given freedom to the world, Oh terrible heroes of the convention. Let then a sombre and sad worship be paid you, O formidable Titans, who from 1793 to 1795 heaped June on August, September on January, Prairial on Thermidor, and who from the height of the ruins of the monarchy of Olympus, have darted your thunders on the nations of Europe.”

For the other exploits of Dumas Père we have small space. He served under Buonaparte in Italy and Egypt ; gave offence to the great chief in the latter place, by saying that if Napoleon separated his interests from those of France, he (Dumas) would know which to prefer—was the chief instrument in suppressing the revolt at Cairo—was supposed by the Turks, when he dashed into their Mosque on his tremendous charger, to be Azrael, the angel of death—got leave to return home—was obliged to put in at Taranto—was confined by the Neapolitan government, and half poisoned—was exchanged for the Austrian general Mack—returned home, and afterwards applied, in vain, to Buonaparte, and the other consuls, for a remuneration adequate to his services. Receiving no answer, and his constitution being enfeebled by the effects of the Neapolitan poison, his last days were passed in a sort of lethargy. Notwithstanding several applications from his poor widow, and interference on the parts of his old companions in arms, Napoleon would never hearken to any request, and at last positively forbade any reference to the subject. Alexander mentions an extravagant occurrence or two connected with his father's death, such as his spirit appearing to himself, then a child of three years or so, and taking a sorrowful leave, in the style of Hamlet's father.

The childhood of our hero was spent among the forests and parks adjoining Villers Côtterêts, an appanage of the house of Orleans. He states a good deal of the father of Philip Egalité, of Philip himself, of his son the late king of France, and of Madam de Genlis, and gives many genealogical details connected with these great people. His mother being left

poorly provided, several efforts are made to obtain some regular pension for her support, but in vain. The chief friends of the widow and child were a certain rough relation, M. Deviolaine, an inspector of the forest, a regular bear in manners but having a kind heart,—a M. Collard, who lived about three leagues away,—and the good Abbé Gregoire, who superintended Alexander's education. He learns to read from a large edition of Buffon with plates; fenced, and rode like a centaur; becomes a proficient in writing in every ornamental style, but, boy or man, never masters short division. He is within the breadth of an ink horn of being sent to college to be educated for the church: we write ink horn advisedly, as it is a ridiculous circumstance connected with the purchase of one which causes the disappointment, and sends him away for three days to catch birds *a la Pipée*. We devote a few lines to the description of this species of fowling: A tree is stripped of its boughs, and twigs anointed with bird-lime are inserted into its stem at intervals; an owl or a jay is tied to this tree, and the fowler lies snugly in a little bower at its base. The owl or the jay hooting or screaming, by way of lamenting their bondage, all the birds of the forest crowd to rejoice in their mishap, but reckon without the bird-lime, and the rogue underneath fills his game bag. He learns, that is he fails to learn, to play on the violin from a Mr. Hiraux, whose youthful pranks in a convent, would make a good chapter in De Faublas. He also lends to an old lady a volume of the Arabian Nights, containing the story of Aladdin; on finishing it she asks for the next, but he returns her the same, and she reads it again with equal delight, and after the fourth or fifth perusal she begins to find it odd that the author should have but one name (Aladdin) for all his young heroes. We refer our readers to the Memoirs for the young romancer's adventures with dogs, horses, and guns in Villers Côtérêts, and its vicinity, and thence to Paris. A volume made out of the first six of those before us, would form a most amusing book for young people: such diverting domestic animals, especially the dogs, were never before seen or heard of, and his own juvenile escapades are related in the most agreeable manner. The Abbé Gregoire is one of the best of men; he does his utmost to infuse a religious spirit into the youth, but, in our opinion, his success is very doubtful. Dumas seems never to have troubled his confessor after his first Communion, in fact he does not feel the necessity—he says, when he is about

to receive the last sacraments of his church, he is sure of having no sin of consequence on his mind to trouble his conscience. This was a peculiarity of his father also, as with the exception of a natural feeling of resentment against Buonaparte, his soul was a sheet of white vellum. He also tells us confidentially, that he seldom enters a church, but when he does, he retires into the most obscure angle and there remains in rapt communion with the All-Knowing. His lips breathe no prayer: what is the need, he says, under his peculiarly favored condition. Well, surely the matter might be worse. He says he ever was, and is still, incapable of spite or envy, and we are inclined to believe him, as excepting the old dead kings and priests, and his father's old enemy, Napoleon, his pen sheds the ink of good nature on all creation. A peculiarity of his constitution is a dread of looking downwards from the slightest elevations. After relating these facts, he tells us that his mother at last obtains a licence to sell snuff and salt, and they struggle on as best they can.

He procures employment as a clerk in two notary offices in succession, but gives them up after a short trial. When a boy he met with four or five terrible accidents, two of which we will glance at. Playing before a grocer's door, he fell backwards into a cask of honey, and seeing the grocer, sword (*spatula*) in hand, running at him in all haste, he did not stop to divest himself of his spoils, but took the nearest road with all his might; the grocer brandishing his blade, gave the view halloo, and ran him down after a very pretty chase; he used his victory with moderation however—instead of cutting off the fugitive's head, he laid him across his knees, and scraped the precious liquid off his rear; then setting him on his limbs, and giving him a back slap with the flat of his blade, he returned home rejoicing in the recovery of his property.

Another time falling into a pond, and being nearly lost, his companions cry out, "Dumas is drowning," but he grasps some tufts by the edge, and keeps himself from sinking till he is pulled out. It being Twelfth Day, and having got the royal bean, he cried out on coming to land, you ninnyhammers, why did you say Dumas was drowning, when you should have shouted "*The King Drinks.*"

At the period of the invasion of France in 1814, the little town experiences the unwelcome attention of the Cossacks,

and a large cavern in the neighbourhood to which the helpless inhabitants had recourse, did not save them from the outrages of the miscreants.

He sees Buonaparte in his coach, on the route to Waterloo, when stopping for a relay in the village, and sees him again at his return, and takes occasion to make some few observations connected with his fate and conduct. Some remarks on the habits of the foresters are worthy of insertion.

"I have lived much among Forest rangers and sailors, and have remarked a great analogy between these two races of men. Both are, in general, of cold, dreamy, and religious characters. The sailor or the woodman will remain by the side of his best friend, one sailing forty or fifty knots on the ocean, the other passing eight or ten leagues through the forest, without exchanging a single word, without appearing to remark a single object, or hear a sound, and yet not the slightest noise will disturb the air that their ears will not drink; not a movement will agitate the surface of the water or the mass of leaves without impressing their sight. Then, as the two entertain the same train of ideas, a similar science, an analogous tone of feeling, as their silence has been no more than a long tacit communion with nature, you will be astonished to find, that at the proper moment, they have need to exchange only a word, a gesture, or a glance, and they will have communicated more to each other by this word, this gesture or glance of the eye, than others could have done in a long discourse. Then, while they converse in the evening round their sylvan bivouac, or their cottage fires, how minute and picturesque the description they give, the one of their forest courses, and the other of their storms. How simple and full of pictures their language, borrowed from the poetry shed on them from the summit of the lofty trees or the crests of the sea waves; and how grand and clear their speech. We are aware of the presence of a pupil of nature and solitude, who has unlearned the language of men to utter that of the winds, the trees, the torrents, the tempests and the ocean."

The events of the Restoration, the assassination of the Duke of Berri on the 13th February, 1820, and the spread of Carbonarism in 1821, are recorded by our author in juxtaposition with his own private fortunes. His friend, M. Deviolaine, is named keeper of the forests, and comes up to reside in Paris. He could have helped Alexander, but has latterly conceived an ill opinion of his assiduity, and, besides, he has forfeited his good opinion in other respects by a piece of imprudence. He engages as clerk with a notary, but this notary, absenting himself occasionally for three or four days, Dumas and a brother clerk start for Paris to see a play; support themselves by

game which they shoot on the journey, and get free quarters for the residue at an old-fashioned hotel in the city. He seeks out a young man of his acquaintance, a M. De Leuvn, and they wait on the great Talma (De Leuvn being a personal acquaintance) for tickets to see him in Sylla.

"Talma was short sighted. He was washing his breast when we entered; his hair seemed as if he had lately shaved his head, and this confused me a little, as I had often heard that in Hamlet his hair used to stand upright at the sight of the ghost. I must allow that there was but little of poetry about Talma, at his toilet. Nevertheless, when he stood upright, when with naked bust, his lower extremities enveloped in a large white mantle, he drew a corner of this over one shoulder, there was something imperial in the movement which impressed me with awe. At this epoch I was merely the son of General Dumas, it was something, however. He stretched out his hand which I would have kissed with great pleasure: our hands touched. Oh, Talma, would you had then been twenty years younger, or I twenty years older! I had all the honour; I knew the past, you could not divine the future. If you had known that the hand you touched would afterwards write sixty or eighty dramas, among which you who were ever in search of suitable characters, would have found some one or other of which you would have made a world's wonder, would you then have let off so easily the poor young man so proud to have seen you and merely touched your hand! We went in the evening to see the Sylla of M. de Jouy represented. When I saw Talma enter on the scene I gave a cry of surprise. Oh, it was the sombre masque of the man whom I had seen pass in his carriage, his head drooping on his breast, eight days before Ligny, and whom I saw return the day after Waterloo. Many have since attempted, by means of the green uniform, the grey outer coat, and the little hat, to reproduce this antique medal, this bronze, half Greek half Roman; but none, O Talma! had your dark flashing eyes, or your calm and serene countenance, on which the loss of a throne and the death of 25,000 men could not imprint a regret, nor leave a trace of remorse. He who has not seen Talma cannot conceive what Talma was: he combined in himself three supreme qualities which I have never seen since united in the same man, namely—simplicity, power, and ideality. It was impossible to possess the beauty of an actor in greater perfection, not the personal beauty of the man, but that which appertains to the character; melancholy in Orestes, terrible in Nero, hideous in Gloster: he had a tone, a look, a gesture, for each person. Mademoiselle Mars was the perfection of prettiness; Mademoiselle Rachel the perfection of the beautiful; Talma was the ideal of the grand."

He is again introduced to Talma in his dressing-room after the play, where he sees M. de Jouy, and marks his great height, his white hair, and his spirituel and good-natured look, and admires Talma in his white gown, after divesting himself of his purple robe

and diadem. He kindly receives the future dramatist's bashful congratulations, and baptizes him poet in the names of Corneille, Schiller and Shakspeare, exhorts him to resume his clerkship, and prophesies that if he has a genuine vocation, the spirit of poetry will find him even at a notary's desk, and, if needful, "even lift him by the hair of his head and transport him to his appointed sphere."

It may be interesting to some readers to know the prices which the costumes of a few of Talma's characters brought on the retirement of the great tragedian.

Charles VI. and his peruke, 205 francs; the Cid, 62; Mithridates, 100; Richard III., 120; Nero's two dresses, 412; his crown, 132; Othello, as once played, 131; Leicester, 321; the Misanthrope, 400; Sylla, 160; Hamlet, including his poignard, 236.

"The mention of Nero's two dresses requires an explanation; it will show Talma's conscientiousness in the selection of his wardrobe. One day he found in Suetonius, that Nero entered the Senate house in a blue robe embroidered with golden stars, and immediately he got made a dress in harmony with this description, and appeared soon after on the stage as Nero, in this new costume. Next day, however, some wiseacre of a critic, who had never taken the trouble of reading Suetonius, and who considered the change as arising out of a freak of the actor, said in his feuilleton that he looked very like Night in the prologue of *Amphytrion*; and this made Talma lay aside his starry mantle. Another time being to represent Othello on occasion of a benefit, he reflected that the Moor having become a Venetian general, ought to lay aside his Oriental trappings, and assume the costume of his adopted country, so he got a dress made in the most exact Venetian fashion of the 15th century. But, with the turban, the shawl girdle, and the wide embroidered trousers, a pretty share of the picturesque of the character had vanished; this last quality Talma, with all his talent, was not able to replace; and so being dissatisfied with himself, and thinking that the change of costume had had an unlucky influence on his acting, he resumed the original dress in his succeeding representations, and abandoned the other for ever."

Our readers and ourselves would be better qualified to sympathize with Dumas's enthusiasm for the English actors and the plays of Shakspeare, if we had previously gone through the long regimen of the meagre, unpicturesque, plots, the dreamy verse, the jolting rhythm, and the long-winded orations of the great French tragedy writers. For obvious reasons we introduce the ensuing matter here, though referring to a later era in the Memoirs:—



"About 1822 or 1823, if I remember rightly, an English company had attempted to give some specimens of their art at the Port St. Martin, but they were received with such a storm of hisses and cries, and apples and oranges, that the unhappy artists were forced to retire under a shower of projectiles. This was a sample of national feeling in 1822; we thought it derogatory to us that a theatre where, we will not say Corneille and Moliere, but even Caignez and Pixerecourt were played, should give asylum to such a barbarian as Shakespeare, and the *unclean works* that followed in his train. Five years had only elapsed since then; and Paris was now all curiosity to see an English company perform at the Second Theatre Français. An initiatory example of courtesy had just been given by our neighbours: Mademoiselle Georges had succeeded in obtaining what the great Talma, in spite of his Anglo-French parentage could not, namely—a public appearance. On the 28th June, 1827, and under the special patronage of the Duke of Devonshire, she appeared in Semiramis, and obtained unbounded applause: £800 were taken at the doors. She played in a few days in Merope with equal success, and this double triumph induced the director of the Odeon to bring over an English company. From a thorough neglect of English literature, we had passed at this time to a state of enthusiastic admiration. M. Guizot who did not then know a word of the language, though he knows it well enough now, had translated Shakespeare by the help of Letourneur: Scott, Cooper and Byron were in every body's hands; M. Lemercier had made a tragedy out of Richard III.; M. Liadiere one out of Jane Shore; Kenilworth was played at the Port St. Martin; Quentin Durward at the Theatre Français; Macbeth at the Opera. People spoke of Soulié's Juliet, of De Vigny's Othello. The wind was decidedly in the west point, and wafted across the channel a complete literary revolution. The English artists found the Parisian public waiting for them with open arms. There are phases in society when everything is tranquil except the imagination; as the body is in no danger, the mind covets imaginary perils; human pity must have some object to expand itself on; twelve years of calm made every one pant for emotion; ten years of smiles made them long for a few tears. Through our unquiet and adventurous spirit, we cannot dispense with the drama, we must either witness it on the stage or in society, and in 1827 it was all at the theatre. The English company gave their first representation on the 7th of September: Abbot spoke a prologue in very correct French, and they played the Rivals of poor Sheridan (Sheridan who found it so difficult to get leave to be buried), and Fortune's Frolic by Allingham. The comedians bore away the honors on the first evening, but though great notice was taken of Liston and Miss Smithson, every one felt that the great object of attraction was yet to be looked for. They played Hamlet, which, having by heart, I was in no want of the libretto, but followed the actors, translating it word for word, as it was pronounced. I own that the impression received vastly exceeded the expectation: Kemble was wonderful in the part of Hamlet, Miss Smithson adorable in that of Ophelia. The scenes of the platform, of the screen, of the assumed madness, of the portraits, and of the

grave-yard, struck me with amazement: from this moment I began to understand what a drama really was, and from the ruins of my former notions and conceptions, all shattered by the shock now received, I began to hope that I could construct a new ideal world. It was my first time of seeing at the theatre real passions animating real living men and women. I began, from that time, to sympathize with the laments of Talma at every new part he created: I began to understand his never-ceasing longing for a literature which would allow him to be a man and a hero at the same time: I then understood his grief at dying without being able to bring before the world a part of the genius that, in consequence, perished in him and with him. The present generation can scarcely appreciate these matters: their youthful studies have made them as familiar with Scott as with Le Sage, with Shakspeare as with Moliere: our discerning age can hardly believe now that an actor was groaned for being an Englishman, and a play hissed because it was written by Shakspeare."

When we recollect the reception which Monte Christo, and the French actors who performed in it, received a few years since in London, we must acknowledge that Dumas' memory is very short, or that he treats the discriminating London public with more forbearance than they merit at his hands.

"The performances succeeded each other with increasing success. Juliet followed Hamlet, then came Othello, then in turn all the master-pieces of the English drama: Kemble and Miss Smithson received the enthusiastic plaudits of all. I find it impossible to describe the impression made on me by the melancholy madness of Ophelia, Juliet's adieux, ~~in~~ the balcony, the scene at the tomb, and the death of Desdemona, as represented by these great artists. Abbot filled some parts in a very charming manner; he made the rôle of Mercutio particularly an occasion of deserved triumph."

He pays a second visit to Paris in 1823, and by a series of laughable but annoying adventures, he is obliged to pay for a place at the orchestre, after disbursing twice to the parterre, and the cut of his hair and clothes not being to the taste of his company, he is subjected to some indignities, which are pleasanter in the telling than the enduring; but at last he gets into a safe harbor beside a middle-aged man, with a black cravat, a chamois waistcoat, and grey trousers: this gentleman is absorbed in the perusal of an Elzevir (Dumas did not know at the time what an Elzevir meant); and this Elzevir was a mere book of cookery, but printed by Louis and Daniel Elzevir, Amsterdam, 1633, and the rarest of all Elzevirs.

"At this moment the polite gentleman let his book drop on his knee, and raising his eyes to the top of the curtain, fell into a fit of profound abstraction. He was about 45 years of age; his countenance was very mild in expression, benevolent and sympathetic; he had black hair, dark grey eyes, a slight twist to the left in the nose; and humour and wit lurked in the corners of his finely-formed mouth. Encouraged by the good humour in his face, I ventured to commence a conversation: 'Monsieur,' I said, 'pardon my question if indiscreet, but pray are you fond of eggs?' 'Why should I be fond of eggs?' said he, apparently waking from his reverie, and speaking with a strong Franc-comptois accent? 'Sir, excuse my freedom, but my eyes fell involuntarily on this little book in your hand, where it professes to teach sixty methods of cooking eggs.' 'Ah, sure enough. Sir, I have an uncle a great hunter and feeder, and who undertook to eat 100 eggs for dinner one day: he knew but of 18 or 20 ways to cook them: oh, ay, twenty was the number, as he eat them five by five: now if he had known 60 methods, zounds, he would have eaten two hundred eggs instead of one.' My neighbour looked at me as if he were weighing in his mind whether I was a wag or a fool. 'And now, sir, if I could procure this book for my uncle, I would be sure of his lasting gratitude.' 'Indeed, I fear your uncle must go without it, on account of its rarity as being an Elzevir: you know what is meant by an Elzevir?' 'No, sir, but will be glad to learn. Since I came to Paris I've found a multitude of things about which I know nothing, and am determined to get a higher and better master than Voltaire, and that they say is 'the world,' 'Sir,' said my neighbour, looking at me with some attention, 'you are right; you have selected a capital teacher, and if you profit by its lessons, you will not only be a great savant but a great philosopher: but to return to our Elzevir: an Elzevir in particular is this little volume; in general it is all the books issued from the press of Louis Elzevir and his successors, publishers at Amsterdam. But do you know what a bibliomaniac is?' 'Monsieur, I do not know Greek.' 'You know that you know nothing; well, that is a good sign. The bibliomaniac (*βιβλίολογος* book, *μανία* madness) is a variety of the human race, and this animal on two feet, and unprovided with feathers, saunters commonly along the quays and the boulevards, stopping at all the book stalls and handling all the old books. His ordinary dress is a surtout, too long, and a trousers too short; his feet are adorned with shoes down at the heel; he has a greasy hat, and his waistcoat is fastened with strings. One of the sure signs by which you will recognise him is, that his hands are never clean. What this animal is searching for among the old books, for every animal is always in search of something, is an Elzevir."

For curious information connected with the Elzevirs and their works, and the various editions, we must refer our English bibliomaniacs to the Memoirs.\* The specimen in question is the most rare of the Elzevirs: hav-

\* Vol. VII, p. 142.

ing been chiefly in the possession of cooks and confectioners, the copies were all used out, the particular one in Dumas' neighbour's hand was valued at 300 francs. The performance of the Vampire interrupts the discourse; this poor drama is severely criticised by our new acquaintance, and between the acts he tells Dumas of an extraordinary animal he once discovered in a little wet sand placed on the stage of a microscope. Instead of ordinary feet, it was provided with wheels on each side of its body, which served as paddles when it moved through liquids, and as ordinary carriage-wheels when on dry ground. A peculiarity of this animal was, that it died when the sand around was dry, and came to life in a year, or a month, or any time you pleased to moisten its clay. It was, unhappily, blown away by a blast of wind one day, and its owner, who turns out afterwards to be Charles Nodier, was never able to light on another, and nothing but the name he gave it will reach posterity; this name was the significant one of *Rotifer*.

"Charles Nodier at this time was superintendent of the library of the arsenal. An admirable man was Nodier: I have never seen or known one so learned, so artistic in his tastes, and so indulgent at the same time, excepting perhaps Mery: without vice but full of defects, those charming defects which make up the originality of the man of genius. Nodier was extravagant, careless, a flaneur, and one who really enjoyed a stroll as well as ever Figaro enjoyed idleness. Perhaps it might be objected that he loved every one too much, but he did it through laziness, as it saved him the necessity of drawing distinctions. Nodier was in particular the man of learning, he knew every thing and something in addition: he had, besides, the privilege of all men of genius, where his knowledge ended, his invention began; and it must be owned that what he did invent seemed more probable, better colored, more poetic, more ingenious, and, I will add, more true than the reality itself. He was ever inventing paradoxes for his own amusement. When *I was once asked how a dinner passed off at a minister's where I was a guest, pretty well was my answer; but if Alexander Dumas had not been there, I would have been very tired.* So Nodier invented paradoxes, as I relate stories, for fear of ennui. In the morning, after Nodier had covered twelve or fourteen pages of letter-paper with clear legible writing, he considered his morning's work as at an end, and out he went, sometimes along the boulevards, sometimes along the quays. Whatever route he took, three things occupied his attention, the old book stalls, the libraries, and the book-binders' workshops. These promenades, beginning at noon, ended mostly at from three to four, with Crozet or Techener, where were now assembled the chief book collectors of Paris, the Marquis de Ganay, the Marquis of Chateaugiron, the Marquis of Chabre, Berard (Nodier's rival in the search for Elzevirs), and, finally, *Le Bibliophile Jacob* (Monsieur Lacroix) president in Nodier's absence,

vice-president when he arrived. Then and there, all sat down and chatted about things in general. At five o'clock, Nodier returned home by the quays, if he had set out by the boulevards, and vice versa: at six he dined with his family, and enjoyed his coffee after it, like a thorough Sybarite. He afterwards wrote till nine or ten o'clock, and then set out once more, and dropped into the pit of the Port St. Martin, the Ambigu, or the Funambules; at the first of these, as before described, I had the happiness of making his acquaintance. Nodier had seen '*the Mad Ox*' acted nearly 100 times: at the first performance, having waited to the end without seeing the animal in question, he approached the *box openeress*, and begged to be informed why they had called the piece just performed, '*the Mad Ox*.' '*Monsieur,*' answered she, '*they have called it so because that is its title;*' and he retired grateful for the information. On Sundays Nodier went out at nine o'clock to breakfast with his friend Gilbert de Pixerecourt, and at six o'clock p.m., he returned to dine with his family, and his Sunday guests, ordinary and extraordinary. His family consisted of his wife, his daughter, his sister, and his niece; his ordinary guests were De Cailleux, the director of the museum, Baron Taylor, Francis Wey and Dauzats: the chance guests were Bixio, St. Valery and myself. St. Valery was a librarian like Nodier, he was a man of information but no talent: it was of him that Mery said, referring to his great height,

*'He stoops down, and catches a bird in the clouds.'*

He never used a ladder, for by stretching out his long arm, elongating his long body, and standing on tiptoe, he could reach the highest shelf in the library. He could not bear patiently any jests on his longitude: I once offended him mortally on the occasion of his complaining of a cold in his head, by asking him if it had not been in his feet he had had the cold last year. If a thirteenth guest ever happened to arrive, he was obliged to take his dinner at the side table.——From eight to ten was devoted to chat; from ten to one in the morning we danced. After dinner and coffee we entered the drawing-room, Nodier always leaning on the arm of Bixio or some other guest, for though only about 40 years of age at that time, he felt the need of leaning on some one, like those climbing plants that cover the whole face of a wall with their leaves and flowers. Among the drawing-room guests were frequently found Fontanay, Alfred and Tony Johannot, Barye, Boulanger, Michel, De Vigny, De Musset, and, finally, Hugo and Lamartine, the affectionate Eteocles and Polynices of Art, one of them bearing the Sceptre and the other the Crown of the Ode and the Elegy. If Nodier stretched himself on the sofa on one side of the fire, we knew that he wished (Sybarite that he was) to enjoy the reveries caused by the fumes of the coffee. If, on the contrary, he leaned against the mantel-piece, the backs of his legs to the fire, and his back to the glass, a story was expected. Then we smiled in anticipation of the recital about to issue from that mouth, with its fine, spirituel, and sarcastic outlines; then, in the midst of deep silence, out came one of these delightful histories of his youth, so like a romance of Boccaccio or an idyl of Theocritus. He was at once Walter

Scott and Perrault, the Savant contending with the Poet, the Memory with the Imagination. Not only was Nodier amusing to listen to, he was pleasant to look on; his long slender body, his long thin arms, his long white hands, and his long visage, full of a serene melancholy, all harmonized and blended with his rather slow Franche comptaish speech; and whether Nodier introduced a love story, a battle in the plains of La Vendee, a terrible incident on the Place de la Revolution, or a conspiracy of Cadoudal or D'Oudet, you listened without drawing a breath, so well did the admirable skill of the narrator extract the interesting and picturesque out of every thing. Those who entered kept silent, made a salute with the hand, and quietly sat down or stood up against the wainscot, and the story always ended too soon. It ended no one knew why, for all felt that Nodier could draw for ever on that Fortunatus's purse, his imagination. The audience never applauded; no one claps hands for the murmur of a river, the song of a bird, the perfume of a flower, but when the murmur ceases, the song is at an end, or the odor departed, we still listen, we still wait, we still long for more.—But Nodier now lets himself sink from the mantel-piece into his sofa, he smiles, and, turning to Hugo or Lamartine, says, 'enough of prose, now for some verse—proceed,' and without need of pressing one or other poet, as he sat with his hands on the back of a fauteuil, or his shoulders resting against the wainscot, poured out a flood of poetry, harmonious and abundant. And then all heads turned to the new fountain, taking a new direction, all followed the soaring flight of poetic thought which, borne on eagle's wing, floated and played, now in the obscurity of the clouds, now among the flashes of the tempest, and now in the mild sunlight, and this time the full rounds of applause fell on the gratified ears of the poets. During the dancing, Nodier, who had nearly disappeared among the cards, now disappeared altogether. He went to bed early, or rather he was put to bed. It was Mme. Nodier who had charge to put the large child to bed. She first left the room to prepare the dormitory; then, in the winter, a warming pan was brought in to the fire-place, its wide jaws opening, received the glowing coals, and thus prepared the *bassinoire* was borne to the bed-chamber. Nodier followed it out soon after, and we saw him no more. Such was the daily life of this excellent man. One day we found him humiliated, embarrassed, ashamed; the author of *The King of Bohemia and his Seven Castles* had just been made an academicien: he asked pardon humbly of Hugo and myself, and we pardoned him. After being five times rejected, Hugo was admitted in his turn: he did not ask my pardon on the occasion, and he was right, I would not have given it."

The history of our author, so far as he has yet communicated it, may be compressed in a few words. At the instance of General Foy, his father's old friend, he obtains an appointment as copying clerk in one of the departments of Louis Philip's household, where he distinguished himself by his fine penmanship and assiduity. He is summoned, on one occasion,

to copy a statement in the handwriting of his august master ; he thus gives his first impressions of the future King.

“The prince was in his 49th year ; he was still a fine man, a little encumbered by his embonpoint, which had been improving for the last ten years : he had an open countenance ; an eye lively and sparkling, but without firmness or depth ; and a great affability, which still never prevented the presence of aristocracy to be felt underneath, unless he wished to recommend himself to some bourgeois foible ; his voice was agreeable, and had almost always a kind tone ; and when he was in a humor for talking, you would hear him at a distance, chanting, in a very false key, some of the music of the mass—I have since heard him chant the *Marsellaise* just as much out of tune. He always had the good sense to acknowledge publicly the ties of left-handed relationship ; he kept his two natural uncles, the Abbes St. Phar and St. Aubin, about him at the Palais Royal, and never made any distinction between them and his other relatives.”

The document given to Dumas was an exposure of the pretensions of a certain Maria Stella Petronilla, daughter of an Italian gaoler, with whom and his wife, Philip Egalité and his duchess had sojourned a while, about fifty years before. The duchess, according to the statement, Petronilla was brought to bed of her, and the gaoler's wife of Louis Philip at the same time. An exchange of babies was made, and hence the child of low birth was now Duke of Orleans, and the real heiress, simple M. S. Petronilla. She was now moving courts, and palace, and every available means, to secure the recognition of her assumed rights.

In the intervals of his fixed hours of duty, Dumas studies Shakspeare, and Schiller, and in conjunction with Mr. Adolphe de Leuven, and a literary scamp named Rousseau (more of whom anon), he composes a vaudeville named ‘*La Chasse et L'Amour*,’ which proves successful. A person named Porcher lends him money on the tickets to which he is entitled while the piece runs. He gets a volume of tales published, four copies only of which are sold. He brings his mother up to Paris, and shews her all the affection and attention of a good son ; produces his first successful drama of Henry III., but has not the satisfaction of its being seen by his mother, who had been struck by paralysis ; and his salary is diminished at the Palais Royal on account of his literary occupation.

In those early literary struggles, Alexander forms acquaintance with two literary vagabonds, Romieu and Rousseau, of course not Jean Jacques.

“Rousseau was of the famous school of Favart, Radet, Collé

Désaugiers, Armand Gouffé, and company, who were never able to compose, except by the light of blazing punch bowls, and to the music of shooting corks. Among these great men, Rousseau enjoyed a seat of high consideration, but to his great regret he was obliged to resign a moiety to his illustrious collaborateur Romieu. So Romieu was, in 1825, the collaborateur of Rousseau, but the produce of their joint labours was nothing but a series of adventures, one still more pleasant than the other, which furnished the staple of conversation at the Café du Roi and the Café des Variétés. I held these worthies in the highest respect, for their perfect self-possession in very trying circumstances. There were but few nights on which Rousseau, deserted by his traitorous friend, was not picked up by the patrol, and brought before a police magistrate for some nocturnal exploit; but Rousseau was as well off as those children whom their friends teach to remember a name and address for fear of their being lost. Rousseau had encrusted on the hardest plate of his memory, the name of a certain friend of his who happened to be a commissary of police, and the cement was so strong, that neither wine, nor eau-de-vie, nor rum, nor punch, could efface it. Rousseau's legs might be powerless; Rousseau's speech unintelligible; Rousseau might be jolly—drunk—dead drunk; might forget the name, and abode, of his own mother; the name and abode of Romieu, even his own name and abode, but Rousseau never forgot the name and address of his friend the commissary of police. And as it would be unjust to refuse a man, however drunk he might be, the privilege of being brought before a magistrate, they conducted Rousseau to his friend who first gave him a sound rating, but always ended by setting him at liberty. Once on a time, however, the sermon was sharper than ordinary; Rousseau listened with an air of profound contrition, and his patron reproached him for thus rousing him from his sleep every night. 'What you say is quite correct,' said Rousseau, 'and I'll give you leave to call me an ungrateful ass, if I don't trouble some other commissary, once at least, in every three nights.' He honestly kept his word, but the other commissaries were not so indulgent: the first who received his visit sent him to the Salle St. Martin, where he enjoyed a fast of 48 hours, and this restored him again to his normal system. But the porters and grocers were in very bad odour, indeed, with Rousseau and Romieu. Rousseau introduces his head through the open casement of a porter's lodge. 'Good day, my friend.' 'Good day, sir.' 'Will you please to tell me the name of this nice bird in your window.' 'A linnet with a black head, sir.' 'But why do you prefer a linnet with a black head?' 'Because it sings so well. Listen;' and the porter with hand on hip, face all radiant, and head humoring the time, enjoyed the song of his favorite. 'Ah, very nice, indeed; you are a married man, I suppose.' 'Yes, sir, my third darling is alive.' 'And where is this darling wife of yours?' 'You mean to say my spouse, I hope, sir.' 'Oh, certainly, your spouse, by all means.' 'Sir, she is above with our lodger of the fifth floor.' 'Ah ha, and what business has she with your fifth floor lodger?' 'Putting his rooms in order.' 'Is he young or old, this fifth floor tenant?' 'Middle aged, sir.'



'Very good; and where are your children?' 'Sir, I have none.' 'And what have you been about, all the time of your three marriages?' 'I beg pardon, sir; are you looking for any one here?' 'Not one.' 'Is there any thing I can do to oblige you?' 'Nothing whatever.' 'But you have been heaping questions on me these fifteen minutes.' 'Yes, to be sure.' 'And to what were these questions apropos?' 'Apropos to nothing at all.' 'And why, then, does Monsieur do me the honor?'—'Oh, it is quite simple: I am passing, I read over your window—*Speak to the Porter*,' and I do so.' Romieu pays a visit to a grocer: 'Good day, sir.' 'Sir, I am your humble servant.' 'Have you candles, eight to the pound?' 'Certainly, sir, it is a good selling article, as in this city of ours, the little purses much exceed the big ones in number.' 'Sir, that remark of yours smacks more of profound observation than of the mere shop.' 'Sir, you do me honor.' Romieu and the grocer salute. 'Monsieur was saying that he wanted?' 'One candle, eight to the pound.' 'One only?' 'One to begin with, we will then see about the rest.' 'Here it is, sir.' 'Please cut it in two; I hate to touch a candle.' 'No wonder, sir, the smell is not pleasant; here is the candle cut.' 'Ah, by the way, will you have the kindness to divide each half into four parts?' 'Into four?' 'Precisely, I want eight pieces for a certain purpose.' 'Very well sir, here are the eight.' 'I am really too troublesome, but will you oblige me by clearing the wicks of all?' 'The whole eight?' 'The whole seven: one piece has the wick already prepared.' 'True enough.' 'Now be so good as to set them in a straight line on the counter, three inches apart.' 'But what the deuce is that for?' 'You shall soon see: please hand me a match.' And Romieu gravely lighted the eight candle ends. 'What in the world are you doing, sir?' 'Sir, I am executing a practical joke.' 'And then?' 'Then as the joke is at an end, I beg to take my leave, with thanks for your civility.' Romieu saluted the grocer, and walked out. 'And are you going away without even paying for the candle? at all events pay for the candle.' Romieu turned round. 'And if I did, where would be the joke, let me ask you?' And Romieu held on his tranquil course, regardless of the cries of his victim. Now and then, Romieu soared in his art, and put some high branch of commerce to confusion. Passing one evening along the Rue de Seine at the corner of the Rue de Bussy, about half-past twelve, just as they were closing the emporium of *The Two Baboons* which was commonly done at half-past eleven, Romieu dashed head foremost into the shop. 'Where is the proprietor of the establishment?' 'He is in bed, long since.' 'But he sleeps in the house I hope.' 'Certainly.' 'Conduct me to him at once, I must see him this instant.' 'Your business must be very urgent then.' 'I tremble with anxiety for fear of being too late.' 'Well sir, as you assure me'—'Oh, go on, go on.' The shopman did not take time even to close the street door, but ushered Romieu to the chamber where Mr. P. was snoring like a bass viol. 'Mr. P. Mr. P.,' cried out the man. 'Eh, Eh, whats that?' 'Go to Halifax: (Halifax was not precisely the place indicated, but I respect my readers' nerves,) what do you want?' 'Sir, it isn't me.' 'Eh, who then?' 'A gen-

tleman who wishes to say two words to you.' 'And at this hour.' 'Sir, he says he can't help it.' 'And where is this gentleman?' 'He is at the door. Come in, sir, come in.' Romieu entered on tiptoe, his hat in hand, and his face one smile. 'I beg a thousand pardons, sir, for the trouble I am giving.' 'Don't mention it, I beg: what can I do to oblige you?' 'Sir, I wish to speak to your partner.' 'To my partner? I have no partner.' 'No partner?' 'None.' 'And pray sir, why have you put on your sign board *'The Two Baboons'*—it is a shameless imposition on the public.' But sometimes it occurred that the joker's face was known, and then the tables were turned.—One day Rousseau entered the shop of a watchmaker. 'Monsieur, I wish to see a real good watch.' 'Here is the very article you want.' 'What maker?' 'Leroy.' 'And who is Leroy?' 'One of our most celebrated workmen.' 'Then you engage it.' 'Certainly I engage it.' 'How often in the week must it be wound?' 'Once a week.' 'Evening or morning?' 'Just as you please, but perhaps you had better wind it in the morning.' 'Why so?' 'People are generally drunk at night and so there might be danger of breaking the spring.' This time Rousseau was really sold; but he had a great mind: out of respect for the artizan's wit, he withheld his intended patronage. Romieu having become sous prefect, and then prefect, could not continue these pleasantries; but they say that the old man returned on him at times, so hard is it to overcome a strong natural bias. Thus they relate that Romieu returning home after a supper in town—Ah, when Romieu supped abroad in Paris, he never came home till next day: but alas, every one knows that Paris and a country town are different things. Mr Sous Prefect coming home as I said, at eleven o'clock, perceived three or four gamins of the locality aiming with stones at the lamp lighted in front of the prefectorial abode. This was in the province however, not in Paris, and the youths, in their provincial awkwardness, had already fired five rounds without hitting the mark. The sous prefect who looked on without being perceived, shrugged his shoulders; but at last not being able to contain himself in the presence of such detestable want of skill, he approached, took his stand among the astonished young gentlemen, picked up a stone, discharged the missile, and in a trice the glimmer of the luminary was quenched."

But poor Rousseau might sing with true feeling, "I have a silent sorrow here," after the departure of his friend: worse than that, he felt wronged to the core, and the cause was as follows:—

"Romieu being appointed sous prefect, Rousseau leaped for joy, though he could not but take it in bad part, that no one thought of conferring an office of some kind on himself. He looked in on Romieu. 'Well, my friend, I wish you joy; you have thought of me, I hope.' 'Why should I have thought of you?' 'Surely you will need a secretary; that's the very thing for me, twelve hundred francs, diet and lodging, and your company to boot: I'll be as happy as a king.' 'Well, well, we will see, look in on me to-morrow; and

if the thing is possible ——' 'Possible! why where the deuce is the difficulty?' Rousseau returns next day. 'Well, it's all right I hope.' 'Ah, my friend, I am very much concerned indeed; it is impossible for me to bring you.' 'How! am I awake—impossible do you say?' 'Ah, yes, dear Rousseau; before giving you this charge, I felt it my duty to make some needful enquiries about your habits, and I have learned to my regret, that you are too fond of the bottle.' Rousseau departed, and this time he returned not again. Poor Rousseau! three months before his death he related, with the tears in his eyes, this anecdote to myself and my son. 'Romieu will come to a bad end,' sighed he, with the tragic tone of Calchas; 'he is an ingrate.'"

And the reader will surely sympathise with the wrongs of Rousseau, after reading this episode of their former life.

"He had come out in company with Romieu after a good supper, moderately drunk, as a body may say of him; after a few steps the outward air had its usual effect, and he was really drunk; after moving a hundred paces—he was as drunk as Bacchus. Romieu had made incredible exertions to bring him as near home as possible; but having been brought low by his helpless friend for the second time, he was forced to leave him to his destiny, using, however, all possible precautions for his safety. At about thirty paces from his lodging, feeling the impossibility of getting him farther, he laid him down gently at the door of a green-grocer, on a comfortable couch of cabbage and carrot leaves, propped his head snugly by the jamb, and then going across to a grocer's shop, he got the door opened by dint of kicks and thumps. Entering, he purchased a little lamp, lighted it, and placed it beside his comrade, and took leave of him with this benediction: 'Now sleep tranquilly, O son of Epicurus, the passers by will not trample thee.' Rousseau passed the night in the undisturbed sleep of the innocent, thanks to the protecting lamp; and on awaking found a few sous in his hand. Some charitable souls had dropped the alms, judging him to be a poor respectable person ashamed to beg. But as it was his own neighbourhood, he was recognised by the huxter and grocer as the shops were opened, and the cup of his humiliation was full."

The novelist, Frederick Soulié, was one of Dumas's early literary acquaintances; there seems to have been an odd sort of relation between them, varying from attraction to repulsion. According to our author, Soulié was all kindness and patronage, while Dumas was in obscurity or in any difficulty, but with every one of his literary successes came a dislike or coldness on the part of his friend. The truth seems to be that Soulié was annoyed at finding the first prize, in romance and the drama, always carried off from him by his young friend, whose debut he had witnessed so very few months before.

"Soulé has died young; he has not only died in the flush of his

powers, but died before he produced an irreproachable and complete work, which he assuredly would have done one day or other, if he had not been cut off so early. There was something incongruous and obscure in Soulié's brain; his mind was, so to speak, enlightened like our globe, on one side only—the antipodes of the side enlightened by the sun was irrevocably plunged in darkness. Soulié could not easily commence a drama or romance; the drift of the plot made its appearance by chance, sometimes at the first, sometimes at the last act, if it was a drama; and indifferently in the first or third volume of the romance—and the plot entered on timidly, was developed painfully. It might be said, that like those birds of night that have need of darkness for the complete exercise of their faculties, Soulié was not entirely at his ease, except in the twilight. This was the greater pity, as when the object was once full in sight, no one had such vigor—no one had such creative power. Soulié was, when I first knew him, a stout, robust, young man, of middle size, but admirably well made; his forehead was prominent; his hair, eyebrows, and beard, black, his eyes grey, and his nose well formed. He had tried a little of everything, and retained a part of each; after receiving an excellent provincial education, he passed his law examination at Rhemes, hence his admirable picture of student life, in one of his novels. He was, at once, very liberal and very aristocratic, two qualities which, at that time, were often united in the same individual; he was brave without being quarrelsome—he had all the susceptibility of a Southern student, and was a proficient in manly exercises. Soulié had a real passion for gold as mere metal: he loved to look on it, and to handle it. Towards the end of his life, when his yearly income amounted to 40 or 50 thousand francs, he often had to meet bills at the end of the month, and from the 15th or 20th day he would have the two or three thousand francs ready in his bureau. Then in order to have the full enjoyment which he received from the sight of gold, he would have his five-franc pieces or notes changed for Napoleons, making a point to procure the newest and most brilliant coins that could be got, and by this process suffering a loss of four or five sous on every piece, for Soulié had not the advantage of living in this happy gold-depreciating era which we now enjoy. Then when the pay day arrived, though he had the sum ready, he never handed it over to the collector, but preferred to incur an expense of 20, 30, 50, or 100 francs for the pleasure of retaining his beloved treasure under his eyes for a few days longer. And yet Soulié was one of the most generous, largest hearted, and even most prodigal of men. He loved gold not as misers, for its own sake, but for the luxury, the enjoyment of life, and for the power it confers; and on this account he held the romance of Monté Cristo in particular estimation. Let me be pardoned for dwelling so much on Soulié's character, his was one of the most energetic organizations I ever knew; and I say of him, as Michelet once said of myself,—‘*He was one of the great powers of nature!*’ I could have better fancied Soulié as a hunter in the American forests, a pirate in the Indian seas or the Arctic Ocean, or an explorer of the shores of Lake Tchad, than as a romance writer or dramatic author. Hence he was superb in the middle of his hundred workmen (in a

sawing manufactory) whom he directed with a nod or a wave of his hand, and ruled with a voice at once gentle and firm, good natured and commanding."

The following extract, though not harmonizing so well as could be desired with what goes before and follows, is selected, as it gives the author an opportunity of writing well of Royalty, an opportunity of which he rarely avails himself.

"About this time, 1827, the hopes of the country seemed centered in the Child of Miracle, as the young Duke of Bourdeaux was called, and on the first of January, M. de Barbe-Marbois, President of the Court of Exchequer, addressed him in this beautiful little discourse, so well in harmony with the age and intelligence of the young prince: 'Monseigneur, you are receiving to-day New Year Gifts according to custom; ours shall be a little history. One day the prince, your namesake, being about your own age, returned, after an absence of some months, to the Court of Navarre. He was still on horseback when he saw himself surrounded by the children of the country, who shouted out in their joy to see him, '*Caye nostre Henry*,' which in their patois meant, 'Oh, see our Henry,' as if the young prince belonged exclusively to them. Queen Jeanne, his mother, an excellent princess, who had seen and heard all this, from a balcony of the palace, was much pleased with this reception of the young prince, and thus addressed him: 'My son, these children have just given you the sweetest lesson you can ever receive. In calling you 'Our Henry,' they remind you that princes belong as much to their subjects as to their own proper family.' The prince recollected this lesson, and hence it is, that for two centuries, the French nation call him still 'Our Henry,' and will ever continue to call him so.' M. Le Duc de Bourdeaux, after listening attentively, answered, 'I will not forget.' Already, the year preceding, the same speaker had said, 'and you Monseigneur, you now so young, and on whose head depends the future weal of France, always bear in mind that this beautiful kingdom requires not only a good king, and one who loves the truth, but also a king who is willing that the truth should be told him; a king who loves not flattery, and will remove from about his person all those who find it their interest to deceive him.'"

Readers of Mery's romances will not be sorry to learn some particulars concerning him. He is a Marseillaise: his first debut was a residence in prison for a satire on M. Eliga Gallay, Inspector of the University. Mery, having no resources in Marseilles, as hating commerce as much as he loved poetry and draughts, came to Paris, where he studied Geology under Cuvier, and literally supported himself by playing at draughts, at the Café Manoury. By playing at six sous the game, never more, he won ten francs per day for an entire year, and never lost a lecture on Geology.

Madam Caldaïron, who adored him, laid out a match for him with a young milliner, then much in vogue, whose business brought her twenty-five or thirty thousand francs yearly. So poor Mery was revelling in anticipation of his future Elysium of rice straw and ribbons of all hues, when his intended caught a cold, one sharp February evening, passing the Pont des Arts on his arm, as they could not pick up a Fiacre all along the Quay de Voltaire and Rue de Jacob, and died in three days—leaving him, as one may say, a young widower.

He distinguished himself by one or two satirical poems against the Government, written in concert with Barthelemy, and became a French Theodore Hook, in all but conservatism.

“Mery knows almost every thing within the compass of man’s knowledge; he knows Greek as well as Plato, Rome as well as Vitruvius, India like Herodotus, he speaks Latin as well as Cicero could, Italian as Dante, and English equal to Lord Palmerston. A Melomaniac of the first rank, he once said to Rossini, ‘Let me alone, you know nothing of music,’ and Rossini meekly answered, ‘That is true, indeed.’ The man of the finest talent or genius has his good and bad days, his lights and shades of imagination, but Mery is never fatigued; Mery is never exhausted. If he is not speaking, it is not because he is weary, he is simply listening: do you wish Mery to talk, touch him with a match, and he is on flame, he explodes: let him alone, give no hindrance, and, whether the subject be morals, literature, political economy, or a simple voyage; whether it be a question concerning Socrates or M. Cousin, Homer or M. Viennet, Napoleon the Great or Little, you will get the most surprising improvisation you have ever enjoyed. And then, incredible as it may seem, with all this, you will never hear a sharp or bitter remark, never an ill word of a friend. If Mery touches you with his finger point, your whole person is sacred to him ever after. In effect, what renders a man wicked? Envy: but who could be an object of envy to Mery? He is as learned as Nodier was; and the whole of us rolled into one could not come up to his poetical powers: he is as lazy as Figaro, and as witty as—as—Mery himself:—I can find no other parallel. The facility of Mery has become proverbial. One evening we gave him twenty bouts rimés (end words of rhymed verses) and in less time than we took to find the words he supplied the rest of every line, and all making good sense and poetry seasoned with wit. I also know that he has composed an act of a play in verse, consisting of about 500 lines in part of a day. It was in the garden of the Luxembourg that I first saw Mery: we were introduced, and each proved as attractive to the other as the loadstone to the iron. I do not know which is the magnet, which the metal, but the result is the same, we have ever since been inseparable.”

Now let us devote some pages to the author of *Marion Delorme*, *Notre Dame de Paris*, and *the Orientals*.

Victor Hugo was born the 26th March, 1803, at Besançon: his father was Joseph Leopold Sigisbert Hugo, of Lorraine. (Hugo, in old German, means spirit, soul, inspiration, &c.) He took up the musquet in 1791, was lieutenant in 1795, and made Charette prisoner in La Vendée: when colonel under Joseph Buonaparte, King of Sicily, he took Fra Diavolo prisoner, and, under the same Joseph, when King of Spain, he took Juan Martin, called the Empecinado, on the banks of the Tagus. His rank at this time was Grandee of Spain. Hugo's mother was of Breton descent: she had two peers in her family, Count de Chasseboeuf, whose works, under the nom-de-plume Volney, are well known; and Count Cornet (Paper Twist), whose name Victor would not afterwards assume, even to gain a patrimony. Victor was so feeble for a long time after his birth, that he could not keep his head from falling forward continually on his breast, and it was only a mother's love and endurance that preserved his little spark of life. Some months after he was born the family removed to Elba, and the only trait recorded of his residence there is, that the third word he ever pronounced (the first two, of course, being papa and mamma) was *Cattiva* (bad) which he applied to his nurse.

In 1806, Joseph Buonaparte, being appointed King of Sicily, invited Colonel Hugo to attach himself to his fortunes in Naples, and after some time the mother, and Hugo, and his two brothers, set out to join the head of the family, in his province of Avellino. The children, on the journey, took great delight in holding out little crosses made of straw through the coach window, and seeing the peasants kneel down by the road sides to pay them reverence. Seeing the heads of malefactors empaled at particular spots, they at first took them for the wooden images or signs of barbers, but were shocked on approaching one of them to find their mistake. They were installed in a marble palace, which, during an earthquake, had been cracked from roof to base. The future poet could see the surrounding landscape through this crack in his sleeping room, and he and his brothers employed their hours of leisure in scrambling up and down the precipice, on which the house stood, and climbing the hazel trees for the large nuts called *avellines*. Dumas records it as characteristic of the future author, that Hugo never could, in after times, recal

images of the celebrated places of Italy, unconnected with the accidental circumstances of storm and of sunshine, under which he first beheld them.

Fra Diavolo escaped the hands of Colonel Hugo about this time under the following circumstances: the valley in which he had taken refuge being completely invested, his Lieutenant with 250 followers, passing themselves off as peasantry, presented themselves to the French Chief, who was seeking him, delivered up Fra Diavolo, bound on a horse, a la Mazeppa, and demanded the reward, 20,000 ducats. Hugo not having the money, sent them to head quarters, giving them 100 soldiers for a guard; but it is needless to say, that they forgot to arrive punctually at their destination, and the dead bodies of the 100 soldiers were discovered next day.

Joseph being called to the throne of Madrid, heaped titles on the head of Colonel Hugo. He objected, however, to the title of Marquis; the king observed that it was not yet abolished in Spain; but he answered, that Moliere had extinguished it throughout the world: however, he was Marquised in spite of himself, and Major-Domoed into the bargain.

Madam Hugo, on returning to Paris, had taken the old convent of the Feuillantines, knowing from the experience of her Italian sojourn, the importance of free air and exercise to the health of her offspring. The great garden of this convent, with its abundant shade and cheering sun-shine, left an indelible impression on the spirit of the poet. He there, under the care of an old Oratorian, became a good Latin and an indifferent Greek scholar. Madame Hugo lived in this retreat from 1808 to 1811, when she was summoned to Madrid by her husband.

Dumas sketches the character of Joseph Buonaparte as being of a spirit rather mild than lofty, and more inclined to calm existence than to adventure: like his brother Louis, his brother Lucien, and even Napoleon, he was subject to the mania of literature. The others wrote Memoirs, Comedies, and Epic Poems, he wrote Romances.

His Spanish subjects being either in open war against him, or secretly hostile, a quarterly convoy containing necessary funds, was regularly dispatched from Bayonne to Madrid, guarded by two or three thousand men, and as all whose business led them to the Spanish capital, availed themselves of these opportunities for the safety of their lives and protection of their



property, the Hugo family left Bayonne, in company with the guard, in a large sort of caravan, bullet-proof, and protected by a friendly band of Flemings. The guard, indeed, was necessary, there was among the Guerillados at the time, such a hatred of the French, united with an ardent desire of the treasure they conveyed, that the transit was not always made in safety.

Our young poet had nearly closed his career on the route, from falling into a cavity while playing at storming a breach with his young associates. Another time they met a regiment consisting entirely of disabled French soldiers, making their way back to France.

The wonders of architecture and of painting witnessed by Victor in the great cathedrals, advance his poetical education. He and his brothers, preparatory to becoming the king's pages, are put to college, where, owing to the impoverished state of court and country, they are nearly starved with cold and hunger in the winter: such was the distress, that King Joseph used nothing better than the poor, coarse bread of the common soldiers.

Madame Hugo and two of the children are sent back to France at the end of 1812, while the eldest son Abel, acted as his father's Aide-de-Camp in the disastrous evacuation of the Peninsula. Eugene and Victor are sent to the seminary of the Abbé Cordier, Rue St. Marguerite, No. 41; and here Dumas expresses the gratitude he would feel to any cotemporary of Shakspeare, Dante, or Corneille, who would give him the details of the lives of these great men, such as twenty years acquaintance enables him to give of Victor Hugo.

In the full tide of the Restoration, Hugo sent in a paper to the Academy on the annual subject proposed, which then happened to be, '*The happiness arising from Study in every state of life.*' He would have obtained the prize but that he gave his age (fourteen years)—the ruling powers of the Academy thought he was thereby quizzing them. In 1818 and 1819, he obtained three prizes—two Satires, and an Ode, since published, brought him, for a wonder, 800 francs. His studies had conducted him now to the threshold of the Polytechnic School, but he resigned everything, poetry and romance excepted, and his allowance was stopped by his father. On his 800 francs\* he lived thirteen months, during which

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\* Thirty-two pounds sterling.

time he wrote his *Hans of Iceland*: this strange work was the debut of a young, fresh-colored, fair-haired youth of nineteen years. The death of his beloved mother, during its composition, sensibly darkened the tints of his performance.

He marries Mademoiselle Foucher; she was then fifteen years old, she is now the devoted wife that has followed him into exile. *Hans of Iceland* sold for 1000 francs, this was the marriage dowry. His next volume of poems brought 900 francs; and out of this sum, he purchased a beautiful shawl for his bride. The first volume of Lamartine's *Meditations* appeared in 1820, and achieved the greatest success. The two poets were rivals in art, but devoted friends, and so have ever since continued. Nodier had read *Hans* and was astonished; he said that Byron and Maturin\* had been surpassed in the race, and that this author, alone, had succeeded in obtaining the Ideal of the nightmare: and Nodier, who subsequently wrote *Smarra*, was the man who said this.

"Hans being anonymous, Nodier made a point to find out the author's name, and soon succeeded as was his wont; but who was Victor Hugo? what Timon, what Diogenes, what weeping Democritus could he be? He lifted the veil and found the young, fair complexioned man of twenty, who looked no more than sixteen. He recoiled with wonder; where he expected to find the grimacing visage of an old Pessimist, he found the youthful, innocent, and happy smile of the Budding Poet, and a friendship was formed which could end only with life. The second edition of *Hans* was now sold for 10,000 francs; and Count Cornet made the offer before mentioned."

In 1824, was born his daughter Leopoldine, who was afterwards drowned, with her husband, in face of the Chateau de Villequier. Victor's Odes and Poems were all tinged with a strong attachment to the Royal family: his loyalty was drawn from his Breton mother, who, with the greater part of the women of the time, disliked Buonaparte as being the prime cause of the loss or absence of their husbands or sons. The acclaim which saluted Louis XVIII., in 1814, arose from the joyful shouts of mothers.

A pension of 1200 livres was conferred on him, and he was made Chevalier of the Legion of Honor before he was twenty-three years old. He and Lamartine assisted at the coronation at Rheims, and each acknowledged the hospitality of the king;

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\* See IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, Vol. II., p. 141.

Lamartine by his *Chant du Sacre*, Hugo by his *Ode to Charles X.* In 1826 *Bug Jargal* appeared, though it had been written before *Hans of Iceland.* In 1827, the Austrian ambassador gave a large party, at which Marshal Soult, though he gave his title to the lackey, as Duke of Dalmatia, was announced by his early title only. The Duke of Treviso found himself reduced to Marshal Mortier; and the Duke of Ragusa hardly recognised himself in Marshal Marmont: in fact all the marshals of the Empire found themselves miserably docked this evening. The poet, however, revenged their wrongs in his ode to the Column, in which appeared the first germs of his opposition to the Bourbons. *Cromwell* was published in 1827; *The Orientals*, and the *Last Days of a Condemned*, in 1828; Dumas' Drama, *Henry III.* was first acted 16th February, 1829: and this being the earliest triumph of the Romantic School, Victor Hugo wrote, in imitation, his *Marion Delorme*, between the 1st and 27th of June. It was read and approved by the actors, but the royal licenser entered his veto against its performance: all means were used to obtain permission for the representation of the piece; the author was even granted a personal interview with the king, but could not induce him to countermand the order against the play.

Hugo, on obtaining the interview with Royalty, gets a sight of that dauphin for whom, in his ode, he desired the Arch of Triumph to be raised still higher, '*that the giant of our glory might pass without stooping,*' and—

"He saw something like an ape, minus his grace, a sort of mummy, his face tormented with a never-ceasing twitching, crossing the hall, and answering the bows, the wishes, and the homages of the company by a sort of low growl, in which a single word could not be distinguished. This was the conqueror of Trocadero, the pacificator of Spain."

We find, however, that the day after the refusal, the poet's pension was raised, by way of amends, from 2,400 francs to 6,000 livres, but he refused this additional stipend. The chief cause of the rejection of *Marion Delorme* was the unflattering sketch of Louis XIII. presented in the piece. No whit dismayed, the poet now fell to work on *Hernani*, which turned out the second successful drama of the Romantic School. A specimen of the embarrassments of a dramatist is subjoined, premising that Mademoiselle Mars and the other artists, being habituated to the classic dramas of Racine, Corneille, and

Voltaire, had little welcome for the invasion of the barbarians, as the writers of the new school were called :

"I have said that Mademoiselle Mars had no sympathy with our literature, but I must add, that as she was one of the most honorable artists in the world, once the performance began, once the burst of applause or censure saluted the standard under which she fought, even if she were privately adverse to it, she would have perished rather than recoil a step ; she would suffer martyrdom before denying (I will not say her faith, our school was not her faith) but her oath. However, to arrive at this the author had to pass through fifty or sixty rehearsals ; and all the rough remarks, the disdainful grimaces, and the pin-pricks, he had to endure in this purgatory, were incalculable. Note, that in the theatre, the conference between actor and author took place across the foot-lights, so that not a word was missed by the thirty or forty artists, musicians, directors, stragglers, messengers, lamp-lighters, and firemen. The presence of this audience, glad enough at all times of a little relaxation from the ennui of the rehearsal which would be afforded by a lively discussion, contributed a great deal to disturb the good humor of the high contracting parties, and to instil a certain acerbity into these telephonic communings of the stage and the orchestre. The lady stopped in the middle of a speech addressed to Firmin, Michelot or Joanny, requested leave to speak a word to the author, advanced to the edge of the orchestre, shaded her eyes with her hand, and pretended to look out for Victor, though she knew well enough where he was. 'M. Hugo, is Monsieur Hugo there?' 'Here I am, Madame, at your service.' 'Mr. Hugo, am I to repeat this line, *Vous êtes mon Lion superbe et généreux*?' 'Certainly, Madame.' 'And is it that you approve the phrase, 'You are my Lion?' 'I thought it would do, Madame, or I would not have written it.' 'Then you are determined not to do without your Lion?' 'I do, but do you, Madame, find me a better word and I will substitute it.' 'It is not my part but the author's to provide the text. Still it appears so strange to call Mr. Firmin there, 'My Lion.' 'Ah, that is because in playing Dona Sol you still wish to remain Mademoiselle Mars. Had you been really the ward of Don Ruy Gomez de Sylva, a noble Castilian dame of the 16th century, you would not be conscious of Mr. Firmin in Hernani : you would see a terrible outlaw chief, who made Charles V. tremble, even in his capital : you would then feel that such a woman might call such a man, 'her Lion,' and then the expression would seem less droll.' 'Very well, as you are decided about your Lion, let it remain ; my part is to speak what is written : *My Lion* is in the manuscript ; I will say *My Lion* ; it is all one to me : proceed, Firmin, ' *Vous êtes mon Lion, superbe et généreux* ;' and the rehearsal went on. Next day at the same passage, Mademoiselle Mars approached the footlights, looked out for the author, and a second portion of the conference of the day before took place, with some slight variations. Then came on the scene of the portraits, a dialogue of sixty-six verses between Charles V. and Ruy Gomez, which Dona Sol listens to, mute and motionless as a statue, but

takes no part, till the king calls his guards to arrest the duke, and then, flinging off her veil, and throwing herself between the duke and the guards, she cries, '*Roi Don Carlos, vous êtes—Un Mauvais Roi.*' This long silence and immobility had always annoyed Mademoiselle Mars. Accustomed to the traditions of the comedy of Moliere, or the tragedy of Corneille, she was extremely averse to the stage business of the modern drama, and, in general, was not sensible to the ardour of movement, nor the poetry of stillness. The result was, that poor Dona did not know what to do with herself during these weary sixty-six verses. Her manoeuvres as to the approach, shading her eyes, looking out for her victim, being assumed, 'M. Hugo, what am I to do while Messrs. Michelot and Joanny are talking?' 'You are to listen, Madame.' 'Ah, but it is very long: could you not cut off twenty verses of their twaddle?' 'Madame, I have already shortened it by twenty verses.' 'At least contrive that I may have something to do.' 'Your presence, Madame, is the only thing necessary: the discourse you listen to, affects the life or death of your lover; the situation is surely strong enough to make you wait, impatiently without doubt, but still silently, to the end.' 'Well, certainly, it is very long: the audience will naturally ask—What is Mademoiselle Mars doing there so long, with her hand on her bosom? it is not worth while to make her stand still, with her veil down, and not speak a word during the full half of an act.' 'Madame, the audience will say that under the hand, not of Mademoiselle Mars, but of Dona Sol, her heart is throbbing;—that under the veil, not of Mademoiselle Mars, but of Dona Sol, her cheeks glow with hope, or blanch with fear: that during the silence, not of Mademoiselle Mars, but Dona Sol, a storm is gathering which will burst on the king in these words, very strange in the mouth of a subject to her sovereign, '*Roi, Don Carlos, vous êtes—Un Mauvais Roi,*' and believe me, Madame, this will satisfy the public.' 'Well, well, let it be so, but I am a fool to perplex myself about it; if the audience hiss, it will not be me, as I will not be saying a word: well, Michelot, well Joanny, let us continue, *Roi Don Carlos, &c.* I hope you are satisfied, Mr. Hugo.' 'Quite content, Madame;' and with imperturbable serenity, down sat the baited poet."

Still Victor had not the patience of Job; he was an author not a saint, so taking a quiet opportunity, he represented to the lady that this teasing operation, so often renewed, was not worthy of artist or of author; that if Mademoiselle Mars was an artist of genius, Victor Hugo was an author of genius, and that he was obliged, unwillingly, to demand formally her part. This proposition took her by surprise. She no longer objected, and filled the rôle to the enthusiastic admiration of every one. But the great Alexander, who forms our present subject, is too long behind the scenes.

If we can believe his own assertions, Mesmer, or Balzamo

are unfit to compete with him, when he exercises his magnetic powers. Some pages in his twelfth volume are taken up with his exploits in this way. They are not worth inserting here, as being of the ordinary type so familiar to the world. One only will we mention, and that in the abstract—the clairvoyant being a young girl of eleven years, daughter of Mons. D. of Auxerre, and the following is the substance of the revelation, which is given in answer to appropriate questions.—

We live under a Republic: a republic is a participation of equal rights among the people, without distinction of rank, birth, or fortune. These subjects are above my ordinary comprehension, but God permits me (now) to understand them. Our present government will hold some years. Neither Lamartine nor Ledru Rollin will be able to consolidate it. We shall have a President. Then Henry V. will return with the general acclaim of the people.—(By the way, the Seeress entirely forgot about the intervening empire.) He will come from Italy into Dauphiny, and one day the people will say, "Henry V. is in Grenoble." There is a citadel in Grenoble on an eminence, and the town is at its base. There are two rivers in Grenoble, the water of one, greenish, of the other whitish. The king is of the middle height, and somewhat corpulent—has a brown complexion, and his hair is cut in the fashion of the angels in Mademoiselle Marie Dumas' sketches. He halts in walking. He passes from Grenoble to Lyons. Some shots are fired in his progress from Lyons to Paris. He enters Paris by the Faubourg St. Martin. The Queen shall die of consumption. Then, as he came to the throne by the voice of the people, he will marry a daughter of the people. "Search me out," he will say, "a young girl living at 42 Faubourg St. Martin; I saw her standing on a step; she wore a white gown, and waved a green branch to welcome me." The future queen is daughter of an upholsterer, her name is Leontine. Two sons will be born. The eldest shall be neither Henry nor Charles (these being unlucky names in French history)—he will be named Leon. Henry V. will reign ten or twelve years, and will die of a pleurisy, caught by drinking cold water at a spring while hunting in the forest of St. Germain. Alexander Dumas the younger will have warned him of this prophesy, and his consequent danger before hand, but in vain. (The elder Alexander is a republican in his tastes, but the younger a staunch royalist.) Leon the first will succeed—and I am too fatigued to tell you any more.

Having brought his Memoirs up to the eve of the Revolution of 1830, he leaves us waiting for a still more exciting period of literature and of politics. Our task is concluded by absolute want of space; indeed, these thirteen volumes would furnish materials for a political and chronological history of Europe, from before the first French revolution to the year 1829; an anecdotal chronicle of the great people of her courts and camps; an abstract of French literature, with biography of French writers; essays on the comparative merits of German, French, and English dramatic and romantic productions, and particularly as forming comparisons between the classic and romantic schools; and, to conclude, a delightful volume of Dumas' experiences when a boy, of French country and forest life. Some specimens of the grandiloquent appear in odd places in our extracts, but we must add, that in their English dress their full and perfect proportions are sometimes lost; and little bits of profanity which occur in the original have been omitted. Our readers will have perceived that our hero is so much exalted (in his own mind at least) in personal and mental gifts, above the vulgar crowd, that these expressions in his mouth are only a natural product and emanation of his psychology. He has arrived at so sublime a point in self-estimation, that he is a thorough believer in the reality of his own inventions.

We have been forced into a more cordial feeling for the subject of our paper as we proceeded in our task, chiefly by the evidence of the good nature, and deficiency of personal spite or envy in Dumas' disposition. Besides, if we take into account the incessant and brain-wearing labor of the man who has, with some assistance, produced by his own account, seven or eight hundred volumes, and also the entertainment, harmless in general, which he has thus afforded to the listless multitude of romance readers who, if they had not such excitement, would surely have had recourse to excitement of a worse kind—if we take these into account, we repeat, let us shew indulgence to his foibles; earnestly hope that he may mitigate the painful intensity of his dramatic situations; acquire a habit of saying morning and evening prayers, and finally recollect that, though he is the first of living French romance writers, he is but a man after all, and as such, merely dust and ashes. Then will we wish, with honest Hajji Baba, that his shadow may hold its own, and that he may live a hundred years. We shall return to the future volumes of this autobiography as they appear.

## ART. II.—BARRY, THE HISTORICAL PAINTER.

DURING the summer of the year 1848 the paintings and sketches of William Mulready were exhibited in the rooms of the Society of Arts, and as we gazed upon the walls whereon James Barry portrayed those noble conceptions of his glorious genius—devoting six years to the labor of love, dressed in poor, mean clothes, and supporting life upon a beggar's food—as we saw the pictures of the living painter hanging beneath those of the greater dead, even whilst proud of our two fellow-countrymen, we thought bitterly of the fate of each, and fancied that mediocrity, with its skipping smartness, is a better gift than genius with its leviathan, but sometimes erratic sweep. Men have gone down, broken in heart and blasted in reputation, to the drunkard's grave—men who might have been kings of minds, witching the nation by the spell of fancy, or ruling it by the sceptre of thought, have passed from the world with fame unmade, bartering the glory of the future for a wanton's smile—the soul of genius soaring to the skies, yet restrained by the soft white arm of a woman, more binding than chains, more firm than iron—men have squandered existence round the gambler's board, and the mind which might have been but second to Newton's, has been wasted in calculations upon the rolling of a die, or the turning of a card—yet all those minds were fraught with genius, glowing with fancy, gleaming with intelligence, and their loss is the loss of the world,—

“ Who shall tell what schemes majestic  
Perish in the active brain ?  
What humanity is robbed of,  
Ne'er to be restored again ?”

Too truly, the loss is ours ; and, amongst all the bright intelligences clouded by death, there is not one whose powers were so completely squandered as those of James Barry—squandered through the arrogance of his own genius. It has been said that the glutton “digs his grave with his teeth ;” as truly might it be written that Barry murdered his genius by his pride. Better for him had the god been weaker in his nature ; better for him if, like Smollett's Pallet, he had “strutted in a gay summer dress of the Parisian cut, with a bag to his own gray hair, and a red feather in his hat :” thereby he would have escaped that spirit of emulation, fermenting



into envy, which Saint Cyprian calls "a moth of the soul, a consumption, to make another man's happiness his misery, to torture, crucify, and execute himself, to eat his own heart."

James Barry was born in the city of Cork, on the eleventh day of October, 1741. His mother, Juliana O'Reardon, was of good, but poor, stock, and his father, John Barry, is stated to have been a scion of the Barrymore family. Time and its changes had, however, dimmed the ancient lustre of their fortunes, and when John Barry married Juliana O'Reardon, he was only the poor commander of a small coasting vessel, in which occupation he continued till the period of his death. He was a plain man, with few hopes and no ambitions, and at the time when James was old enough to bear the buffeting of the winds, he was brought on board the little vessel, and was made to understand that in her, and by her, he was to live and earn his bread. Thus, at the outset of life, he formed another instance of that strange fate of genius—so often designed for a pursuit in life the opposite to that for which it has been ordained by heaven. Thus Barry, the ship-boy, becomes the painter of *Pandora*, the decorator of the assembly house of the Society of Arts. Giovanni Cimabue, named for the church, becomes the "Father of Modern Painting,"—one in youth a goat-herd becomes, in age, the head of the Roman Catholic Church, at a time when kings were the vassals of the Pope, and thrones but foot-stools to the Papal chair. Richard Arkwright, the Preston barber, becomes the great benefactor of commerce, and a millionaire amongst a race of merchant princes. John Liston fancies himself made for tragedy, and delights the world as a comedian; and Charles Mathews, who, with his father, "sat under" George Whitfield, and William Huntingdon, "The Sinner Saved," becomes the Momus of his age, and the creator of Maw-worm.\* With all these, however hampered by circumstances, the strong bent of fancy would force its own way, so Barry, though the ship-boy, was still the painter, and when decks should be swept, or cabins should be cared, he was found chalking figures upon the cuddy top, or designing flower patterns by the hatchway. His father, as a matter of course, despised these tastes, and lamented their strong development; but in James Barry, as in Benjamin West, the

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\* Mathews was the first actor who played Maw-worm as we now have it; he wrote the "I'll wear a spencer" speech. See his Memoirs, Vol. II., p. 108.

spirit of the painter was strong in the soul, and it would burst forth, however roughly smothered.

Barry's father found that all attempts to make the boy a sailor were vain, and after he had twice run away from the vessel and its, to him, revolting duties, he was sent back to Cork, and under the care of his mother was permitted, although his father occasionally grumbled his disgust, to follow the natural course of his artistic fancy. His chief store of learning was acquired after he had been suffered to abandon the sea-faring life selected for him by his father. He was remarkable at school for his solitary habits, for his studious tastes, and for his constant practice of drawing and sketching whenever he could steal a few minutes from his tasks. Thus the time passed, and when he had reached his seventeenth year he painted very correctly, although uninstructed by a master, and unaided by a model. About the year 1759 he received some slight assistance in his art from a teacher, and between this period, and the year 1763, he painted, in oils, *A Dead Christ—Susanna and the Elders—Eneas Escaping from the Burning of Troy—Abraham's Sacrifice* and *Daniel in the Lions' Den*. These were finished pictures, but his sketches were innumerable. From childhood he had been a painter, and had he lived in a remote country he would, like Benjamin West, have plundered his mother's blue bag for colors, and like him would have plucked the cat's tail bare of hair for brushes. All his money he expended in buying candles; these the servants sometimes stole from him, and at length, vexed by their interference with his solitary night studies, he locked his bed-room door, and refused to permit them to enter. He seldom slept in his bed, and always made it himself, as his chief anxiety was, that it might be as hard as possible; thus early accustoming himself to these habits of solitude and meditation, relieved by efforts after what he considered perfection in painting, which, in later life, distinguished him. He could, however, be gay and joyous as other youths when the fancy seized him, and, at this period, he was not unlike Beattie's Edwin,—

“ Silent when glad ; affectionate, though shy ;

And now his look was most demurely sad ;

And now he laugh'd aloud, yet none knew why.

The neighbours stared and sigh'd, yet blessed the lad :

Some deem'd him wondrous wise, and some believed him mad.”

Barry was, in heart and soul, an artist, and might have apostrophized Painting in Wordsworth's lines—

“ There was a youth whom I had loved so long,  
That when I loved him not I cannot say.”

But from this great love there sprung up the ardor and passion which spur men on to aim at greatness ; which make youth, in pursuit of fame, turn old while life is young ; which dim the bright flashing eyes ; which raise the soul to a fancied throne, more proud than monarch ever pressed, and which in want and poverty find nothing for repining, dwelling ever in the golden, sunny visions of the glowing future.

Thus supported by the conviction of his own merit, Barry, in the year 1763, resolved to try his fortune in the world, and came to Dublin, bringing with him the pictures above mentioned, and also one which he prized still more highly—*The Baptism of the King of Cashel*. These were all his valuables, painted at odd hours of day, and through the long watches of the night, by the light of candle ends bought or stolen from his mother. He selected the year 1763 as that in which he should first make his appearance in Dublin, because the Society for Improving Husbandry, Manufactures, and other Useful Arts,\* had announced their intention of then holding an exhibition of paintings, and had invited the co-operation of the native artists. Barry determined that his picture of *Saint Patrick Baptizing the King of Cashel* should introduce him to the notice of the public, and he accordingly sent in the work, which fortunately pleased the committee, and it was hung in an advantageous position. The subject selected was a happy one, and suggested by a story told in Keating's *History of Ireland*. The King is stated to have been anxious for baptism after having heard a sermon from Saint Patrick, who ordered water to be brought, and whilst pouring it upon the head of the monarch, the Saint unintentionally allowed the pointed end of his crozier to fall upon the foot of the royal convert, and the weight of the crozier forced it through the flesh. The guards rush forward to seize the supposed offender, and this is the

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\* For an account of this, and the earlier Philosophical Society, from which the present Royal Dublin Society has sprung, see *IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW*, VOL. II. pp. 503-514.

point selected by Barry for his subject—the king appears entirely unconscious of pain, the saint seems lost in the contemplation of the great mystery he is performing—one of the guards is advancing with upraised axe to slay the saint, but is held back by some others of the band; and the women kneel, half in horror, half in awe, and as the blood flows from the royal foot, perceiving the unchanged features of king and saint, they fancy the wound some painful, but necessary part of the ceremony.

The picture attracted considerable notice, and, day after day, there might be seen, as he described himself—"a pock-pitted, hard-featured little fellow," prowling amongst the crowd who stood before the painting, and listening with a yearning, eager, hungry ear to the praises bestowed upon the work, designed in poverty, and painted with trembling anxiety.

He was, all through his life, highly sensitive of praise; and in youth, with his quick fancy, and panting love of fame, it was natural that he should feel great elation at the laudations which his picture so justly drew from the spectators. One day, during the exhibition, these praises were so warm and so flattering, that in a moment of transport, upon some person in the crowd around the work, saying, "Who can be the painter?" Barry exclaimed, "I am." The on-lookers laughed, and jeered, and would not believe him, then the reaction of feeling became so powerful and bitter in his breast, that, bursting into tears, he rushed from the room.\*

Barry brought with him to Dublin a letter of introduction to Edmund Burke, who was then residing here, and acting as the secretary of William Gerard Hamilton, from Joseph Fenn Sleigh, a physician in Cork, who had been a steady and judicious friend to the young artist. Burke was pleased with the young man, he admired his pictures, and judged rightly of his ability. Through his influence Barry was received as a pupil of the Drawing School of the Society at whose exhibition his

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\* In the *European Magazine* for April, 1806—in the long sketch of Barry's life prefixed to the collected edition of his works (1809), and, strangest of all, in the late edition of Bryan's *Dictionary of Painters*, this picture is absurdly called *St. Patrick Baptizing the King*, on his arrival at the sea coast of Cashel. Most of our reader must be aware that Cashel is forty miles from the sea.

picture had been shown, and during eight months he worked ardently and steadily under the tuition of Jacob Ennis, who had been a pupil of the older West, of Dublin, and had studied in the Vatican with Sir Joshua Reynolds.\*

Burke, who never neglected a friend, or suffered his interest in a deserving man to slacken, but loved ever to

“ Help young merit into fame,”

considering that a change from Dublin to London might prove advantageous to Barry's interest, it was resolved that he should leave this country at the first convenient opportunity, and as Richard Burke, the brother of his friend, was about to leave for London, Barry joined him, and arrived in the metropolis early in the year 1765. His life in Dublin, owing to Burke's kindness, had been happy and peaceful, but still the old spirit of argumentativeness and oddity, would break out. On one occasion, he believed that by frequenting a tavern he had mispent his time, and being determined to deprive himself of the means of repeating his offence, he threw his purse, containing the very few pounds of which he was master, into the Liffey, and then shutting himself up, devoted all his hours to painting and to study. His early acquaintance with Edmund Burke was marked by a circumstance not less characteristic. They spoke of some subject connected with art, and the conversation soon became an argument. Barry, in support of his views, quoted an anonymous work entitled *An Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful*, but Burke refused to submit his views to the ruling of a book so slight and unsubstantial as that named. “ Do you,” Barry cried, “ call that slight which is conceived in the spirit of nature and truth. I could not afford to buy the book, Sir, but I transcribed every word of it with my own hand.” Burke acknowledged, with a smile, that he was the author ;—“ Are you ?” cried Barry, with an oath, as he took from his pocket the copy he had made of the treatise.

The friendship of Doctor Sleight had continued unabated, and his advice to Barry was, that he should take the earliest possible means of going to Rome, he also suggested a course of reading, and adds :—

“ Since I have had the pleasure of knowing you, I have often

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\* For an account of the rise and progress of the Drawing School of the Royal Dublin Society, and for a sketch of its most distinguished teachers and pupils, see *IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW*, Vol. II., pp. 507-513. .

lamented that you did not pursue your classical studies farther, as you are now deprived of many noble subjects for painting you would otherwise have had. You may remember, that to Homer's description contained in two or three lines, Phidias acknowledged himself indebted for the so much celebrated statue of the Olympian Jove. It must, indeed, be confessed, that there is a large field for the exercise of your art in the descriptions of our three great English poets, Spenser, Shakspeare, and Milton, not to mention the number of excellent subjects in the Scriptures."

Thus instructed he commenced his London life, and after having studied there for a year, he was advised by Sir Joshua Reynolds to pay a visit to Rome, for the purpose of viewing the specimens of the old masters there preserved, particularly the paintings of the Sistine Chapel. The journey to Rome could not be undertaken without considerable expense, and Burke, knowing the poverty of Barry's condition, offered to pay his travelling charges to that city, and promised to settle the sum of fifty pounds per annum upon him during his continuance there as a student. His route to Rome lay through France, and he passed onward by the smiling, pleasant land of sunny Burgundy, with clustering vines, and cattle-covered steepes; he copied some pictures in the Paris galleries, and sent to Burke a very clever painting of *Alexander drinking the Potion*, after the great picture of La Sueur.

His life in Rome, like his life at all other places, was one continued battle with his superiors and with his fellow pupils. Reynolds advised him to study those subjects which could not fail to elevate his style, and imbue his mind with noble conceptions of art and of its objects. These were suggestions worthy of the great President writing upon his own profession; and Burke, in cautioning Barry against the too ardent employment of his fancy and of his intellect, thus counsels him :—

"You whose letter would be the best direction in the world to any other painter, want none yourself from me, who know little of the matter. But as you were always indulgent enough to bear my humour under the name of advice, you will permit me now, my dear Barry, once more to wish you, in the beginning at least, to contract the circle of your studies. The extent and rapidity of your mind carries you to too great a diversity of things, and to the completion of a whole, before you are quite master of the parts, in a degree equal to the dignity of your ideas. This disposition arises from a generous impatience, which is a fault almost characteristic of great genius. But it is a fault, nevertheless, and one which, I am sure, you will correct—when you consider that there is a great deal of mechanic in

your profession, in which, however, the distinctive part of the art consists, and without which the first ideas can only make a good critic—not a painter.”

Rome was to Barry, as it is to all genuine artists, a sacred depository of every production of genius, at the imitation of which he strives as the great object of his life. The spirit which, in after years, distinguished Barry, was very evident even at this early period. The contempt of all authority, the dislike to all the dogmatism of older professors, the hatred of academies, all the wild, odd peculiarities of his disposition, were the causes of anxiety and of dissatisfaction to his friends; and whilst exciting their compassion or their anger, he appears, himself, to have been entirely unconscious of his position. He wrote most feelingly of the fate of a brother artist who had been, in many points of conduct, most similar to himself. Burke, who dreaded the injury which might spring from this most unhappy, because unnoticed infirmity of character, watched every phase of Barry's mind, and endeavoured, by his advice, to guard him from the evils by which he was surrounded. With this intention he wrote to him frequently, and in one of his letters the following noble passages appear:—

“Until very lately, I had never heard anything of your proceedings from others; and when I did, it was much less than I had known from yourself—that you had been upon ill terms with the artists and virtuosi in Rome without much mention of cause or consequence. If you have improved these unfortunate quarrels to your advancement in your art, you have turned a very disagreeable circumstance to a very capital advantage. However you may have succeeded in this uncommon attempt, permit me to suggest to you, with that friendly liberty which you have always had the goodness to bear from me, that you cannot possibly have always the same success, either with regard to your fortune, or your reputation. Depend upon it, that you will find the same competitions, the same jealousies, the same arts and cabals, the emulations of interest and of fame, and the same agitations and passions here, that you have experienced in Italy; and if they have the same effect on your temper, they will have just the same effects on your interest—and be your merit what it will, you will never be employed to paint a picture. It will be the same in London as at home, and the same in Paris as in London; for the world is pretty nearly alike in all its parts: nay, though it would perhaps be a little inconvenient to me, I had a thousand times rather you should fix your residence in Rome than here, as I should not then have the mortification of seeing with my own eyes a genius of the first rank lost to the world, himself, and his friends—as I certainly must if you do not assume a manner of acting and thinking here totally different from what your letters from Rome have described to me. That you

have had just subjects of indignation always, and of anger often, I do no ways doubt. Who can live in the world without some trial of his patience? But believe me, my dear Barry, that the arms with which the ill dispositions of the world are to be combated, and the qualities with which it is to be reconciled to us, and we reconciled to it, are moderation, gentleness, a little indulgence to others, and a great deal of distrust of ourselves,—which are not qualities of a mean spirit, as some may possibly think them, but virtues of a great and noble kind; and such as dignify our nature as much as they contribute to our repose and fortune; for nothing can be so unworthy of a well-composed soul as to pass away life in bickerings and litigations—in snarling and scuffling with every one about us. Again and again, my dear Barry, we must be at peace with our species—if not for their sakes, yet very much for our own. Think what my feelings must be, from my unfeigned regard to you, and from my wishes that your talents might be of use, when I see what the inevitable consequence must be of your persevering in what has hitherto been your course ever since I knew you, and which you will permit me to trace out to you before-hand. You will come here, you will observe what the artists are doing, and you will sometimes speak a disapprobation in plain words, and sometimes in a no less expressive silence. By degrees you will produce some of your own works. They will be variously criticised; you will defend them; you will abuse those that have attacked you; expostulations, discussions, letters, possibly challenges, will go forward; you will shun your brethren—they will shun you. In the mean time, gentlemen will shun your friendship for fear of being engaged in your quarrels; you will fall into distresses which will only aggravate your disposition for farther quarrels; you will be obliged, for maintenance, to do any thing for any body; your very talents will depart for want of hope and encouragement; and you will go out of the world fretted, disappointed, and ruined."

Amongst his brother artists he was neither popular nor unpopular, but in Smith's gossiping *Life of Nollekens* the following story is told:—

"Barry the historical painter, who was extremely intimate with Nollekens at Rome, took the liberty one night, when they were about to leave the English Coffee House, to exchange hats with him. Barry's hat was edged with lace, and Nollekens' was a very shabby plain one. Upon his returning the hat next morning, he was requested by Nollekens to let him know why he left him his gold laced hat—'Why, to tell you the truth, my dear Joey,' answered Barry, 'I fully expected assassination last night, and I was to have been known by my gold laced hat.' This villainous transaction, which might have proved fatal to Nollekens, I have often heard him relate, and he generally added, 'Its what the Old Bailey people would call a true bill against Jem.'"



This story, in our mind, is little better than a gross and unfounded falsehood, entirely opposed to all Barry's habits, and representing him in a most shameful and degrading position.

In the month of April, 1770, our painter, having completed his studies, left Rome for England, and visited all the galleries of note or reputation upon his route. At Turin he was disappointed in the Guidos, and "Rubens, Rembrandt, Teniers, and Vandyke were without the pales of his church." At Milan, he went to see Da Vinci's *Last Supper*, but found the picture in the process of cleaning and repainting. This, as a matter of course, roused Barry's anger, and he argued with, and lectured the monks for their barbarism.

He arrived safely in London, and as his time had been fully employed in Rome, he found the advantages which spring from the cultivation of literature in connection with art. He had written a very able treatise upon Gothic architecture, and had prepared notes of great value upon the artistic skill of the ancients; from the latter he afterwards derived those arguments which he employed in refuting the theories of Winkelmann. He had, during these five years, done very little perceptible, or likely to add, in the opinion of the world, to his reputation, but, in the quiet hours of his own peculiar and brooding thoughtfulness, he had laid up the seeds of those grand harvests of genius, in after years to flourish so gloriously. There was not a beauty in any famous picture or piece of sculpture unnoticed by him; he copied, in out-line, all the great statues of Rome, and so intent was he upon his studies that he painted only two pictures in oils during his five years of pupilage—*Philodectes* and *Adam and Eve*. Thus, in the slow and toilsome progress of his early studies, he curbed his fancy, and in the "ever-living Art," his soul acknowledged a superior in the might of dead genius, breathing again in its own bright creations; amidst the galleries of Rome he learned to worship at the shrine of ancient art, and measuring his cotemporaries by the standard of the antique, he despised their noblest efforts. With him the ancient masters were gods, their pictures and their statues were alone worthy of his regard, he would be their high priest, and that feeling which, in the breasts of other men, would have been but admiration, became, in his fervid soul, extaticism and idolatry.

Thus formed in mind he arrived in England; Burke was still his friend, as firm and genial as ever; and to prove that

his life in Rome had not been mispent, Barry prepared to startle the world with a picture, as ambitious and grand in its subject, as a young painter could possibly select. He was resolved that his work should exhibit all the graces of form, all the charms of beauty, all the clever combinations of sky, and water, and, sun-light, and, daring to match himself with the mightiest masters of antiquity, he painted *Venus Rising from the Sea*.

His next picture was *Jupiter and Juno*; but, in the year 1778, the artistic knowledge of the English people was as uncultivated and as unrefined as their taste in dress or in gastronomy. Manchester, and Liverpool, and Bristol, and Edinburgh, and Dublin, possess now their annual exhibitions of Painting and of Sculpture; Art-Unions, Mechanics Institutes, and popular Literary Associations, have refined the minds of our people; and that which was, eighty years ago, but a wonder, "the effect," as Johnson said, "of novelty upon ignorance," is now an object of attraction and of honest laudable gratification to the minds of our intelligent mechanics. The causes of this change are so many and so various, that it is impossible to specify them; but the importation of foreign works of art, the progress which the popular mind and free education ever make in a free country, are the chief sources whence springs the advancement in public taste. That Barry lived before his time, none who know the history of his life-struggle can doubt. His views of art differed from those of the leading painters of his age; his unbending, unconciliating, disposition, repelled many amateurs who might have agreed with his theory in part, but he was then as dogmatic in requiring credence for all his theories of painting, as in after years he became when demanding belief for all the teachings of his religion.

His painting of *Adam and Eve*, which he had commenced in Italy, but finished in England, was equally unlucky with his two earlier paintings in suiting the public taste; and when some few years afterwards he painted his *Death of General Wolfe*, all the world stared, at the fancy of representing a general and soldiers of the time of George the Third contending naked against the enemy. Had Barry been less original, or had he, like Robert Southey, been content that his productions should live in the minds of some half dozen men of his own time, whilst hoping, nay believing, that the next generation would fully appreciate his objects and his merits,

he would have been a happy man. But Barry was not of this cast of mind, he loved the applause of the crowd, and aiming at the brightest conceptions of beauty and of grace, matching his mind and hand against the grandest of those mighty princes of art who had lived in the ages when the gift of genius was richer than the birth-right of a principality, when fancy was more powerful in securing interest with the great than the gold of the king or the sword of the warrior; and as the untaught, unused, tasteless public turned from Barry's pictures silently or disparagingly, he snarled at the success, and at the practices of his brother artists, who were more wise in their appreciation of that which brought patrons to their studios, even whilst condemning the taste of their supporters.

Reynolds was the chief painter of the day; every man whose influence in the world of fashion, or in the world of literature could advance his pretensions, or could back his quarrel, was his friend. Johnson, and Garrick, and Goldsmith, and Beauclerk, and Burke, were his constant guests, and yet with one so powerful as this, Barry could contend bitterly and fiercely. Living alone; absorbed in the practice of his art; dreaming of what his position might be could he but restore the grand style of painting which his heart so worshipped; fancying in his lonely hours that some Egeria whispered of fame, and in the dim vista of some far-off future pointed to a wreath more splendid than that of Michael Angelo, or more brilliant than that of Rubens, he looked with contempt upon Reynolds's productions, and sneered at him as "a man who painted faces." Barry was not ungrateful, but his pride in his art blinded him to his own interests, and even to the dictates of friendship. Doctor Brocklesby, who was his sincere admirer, perceived that the line of conduct which he pursued, must eventually injure both his fame and his chances of advancement; he knew that portrait painting was the most lucrative branch of art to which Barry could in that age apply himself, and seeing the painter's unwillingness to devote himself to the more money-making pursuit of his profession, he induced Burke to sit to Barry for his portrait. But although Burke readily and good-naturedly consented, the painter would see some slight in the manner of his attendance at the sittings. Burke frequently went to Barry's house, and though he always found him at home, he was too

much engaged to devote himself to the portrait of his best friend, and most illustrious sitter, stating that it was impossible for him to take a sitting without a previous notice of twenty-four hours. After many calls, Burke grew weary of dangling in the studio of the man whom he had served, and accordingly wrote to him, stating that he had offered to sit at the request of Doctor Brocklesby, and had called at the hours he thought most suitable to Barry's convenience, and most adapted to his own leisure. To this letter Barry sent the following characteristic reply :—

"Sir—It is some time since I have found it necessary to train myself in such dispositions and habits of mind as were in my judgment best calculated to carry me with quiet and ease through a situation every way encompassed with thorns and difficulties: and I did flatter myself with the hopes of being able by this time to meet any attack upon my quiet with a proportionable degree of patience and serenity of mind. But I have been mistaken: for your letter has vexed me, it has exceedingly vexed me. There are passages in it which, perhaps, you can explain, and which I wish you would; indeed, the whole cast and ironical air of it seemed to be meant as an—— but I am not (I thank God for it) in any misfortune, and if I was, it is with difficulty I can bring myself to believe that you would be inclined to add anything to the weight of it; and yet you tell me 'that, knowing you had no title to flatter yourself with the vanity of being painted by so eminent an artist as I am,' you mention 'my being particularly knowing in the value and duties of friendship,' and you talk of 'your very sincere, though unlearned homage to my great talents and acquirements.'—What am I to understand from all this? If it is the language of contempt and anger, why it is so, and how comes it of all people in the world to be addressed to me? Surely there must be something in your mind; what is it? I should be glad to know it in its full extent, and permit me to say that I ought not to be left in ignorance of any matter that is likely to make a breach between us. As to Dr. Brocklesby's picture, it is a miserable subject to be made the ground of a quarrel with me. I will paint it, as I always was earnestly inclined to do, when I can get a sitting upon the terms that are granted to all other painters; I only begged the notice of a day before-hand, and you well know that much more is required by others, and from the very nature of the thing, it must be evident that this business cannot be carried on without it. If this should not be found convenient, I am sorry for it; but there is no reason of complaint on any side, as I am resolved not to spoil what I have done.

I am, Sir, with great respect,  
Your obliged humble servant,

JAMES BARRY.

July 11, 1774."

In answer to this piece of folly Burke wrote as follows :—

“ Sir—I have been honored with a letter from you, written in a style which, from most of my acquaintances, I should have thought a little singular. In return to an apology of mine for an unseasonable intrusion, couched in language the most respectful I could employ, you tell me that I attack you, and endeavour to make a quarrel with you. You will judge of the propriety of this matter, and of this mode of expression. When I took the liberty of offering myself to sit for my picture on Saturday last, I could not possibly mean to offend you. When you declined the offer in the manner in which you declined offers of the same kind several times before, I confess I felt that such importunity on my part, and on such a subject, must make me look rather little in the eyes of others, as it certainly did in my own. The desire of being painted is one of the modes in which vanity sometimes displays itself. I am, however, mistaken, if it be one of the fashions of that weakness in me. I thought it necessary, on being dismissed by you so often, to make you at length some apology for the frequent trouble I had given you. I assured you that my desire of sitting solely arose from my wish to comply with the polite and friendly request of Doctor Brocklesby. I thought I should be the more readily excused on that account by you, who, as you are a man informed much more than is common, must know, that some attention to the wishes of our friend even in trifles, is an essential among the duties of friendship: I had too much value for Doctor Brocklesby's to neglect him even in this trivial article. Such was my apology. You find fault with it, and I should certainly ask your pardon, if I were sensible that it did or could convey anything offensive. When I speak in high terms of your merit and your skill in your art, you are pleased to treat my commendation as irony. How justly the warm (though unlearned and ineffectual) testimony I have borne to that merit and that skill upon all occasions, calls for such a reflexion, I must submit to your own equity upon a sober consideration. Those who have heard me speak upon that subject have not imagined my tone to be ironical; whatever other blame it may have merited. I have always thought and I always spoke of you as a man of uncommon genius, and I am sorry that my expression of this sentiment has not had the good fortune to meet with your approbation. In future, however, I hope you will at least think more favorably of my sincerity; for if my commendation and my censure have not that quality, I am conscious they have nothing else to recommend them. In the latter part of your letter you refuse to paint the picture except upon certain *terms*. These terms, you tell me, are granted to all other painters. They who are of importance enough to grant terms to gentlemen of your profession, may enter into a discussion of their reality or their reasonableness. But I never thought my portrait a business of consequence. It was the shame of appearing to think so by my *importance* that gave you the trouble of my apology. But that I may not seem to sin without excuse, because with knowledge, I must answer to your charging me, that ‘I well know that much more is required by others,’ that you think far too highly of my

*knowledge* in this particular. I know no such thing by any experience of my own. I have been painted in my life five times; twice in little and three times in large. The late Mr. Spencer, and the late Mr. Sisson painted the miniatures. Mr. Worlidge and Sir Joshua Reynolds painted the rest. I assure you, upon my honor, I never gave any of these gentlemen any regular previous notice whatsoever. They condescended to live with me without ceremony; and they painted me, when my friends desired it, at such times as I casually went to admire their performances, and, just as it mutually suited us. A picture of me is now painting for Mr. Thrale by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and in this manner, and this only. I will not presume to say, that the condescension of some men forms a rule for others. I know that extraordinary civility cannot be claimed as a matter of strict justice. In that view, probably, you may be right. It is not for me to dispute with you. I have ever looked up with reverence to merit of all kinds; and have learned to yield submission even to the caprices of men of great parts. I shall certainly obey your commands; and send you a regular notice whenever I am able. I have done so at times; but having been, with great mortification to myself, obliged once or twice to disappoint you, and having been as often disappointed by your engagements, it was to prevent this, that I have offered you (I may freely say) every leisure hour that I have had sure and in my own possession, for near two years past. I think a person possessed of the indulgent weakness of a friend, would have given credit to the *irregularity* of the calls of my little occupations, on my assuring him so frequently of the fact. There are expressions in your letter of so very extraordinary a nature, with regard to your being free from any misfortune, that I think it better to pass them over in silence. I do not mean to quarrel with you, Mr. Barry; I do not quarrel with my friends. You say a picture is a miserable subject for it; and you say right. But if any one should have a difference with a painter, some conduct relative to a picture is as probable a matter for it as any other. Your demanding an explanation of a letter, which was itself an explanation, has given you the trouble of this long letter. I am always ready to give an account of my conduct. I am sorry the former account I gave you should have offended. If this should not be more successful let the business end there. I could only repeat again my admiration of your talents, my wishes for your success, my sorrow for any misfortune that should befall you, and my shame, if ever so trifling a thing as a business of mine should break in upon any order you have established in an employment to which your parts give a high degree of importance. I am, with the greatest truth and respect, Sir,

Your most obedient

And most humble servant,

EDMUND BURKE."

This letter, so kind and so considerate, convinced Barry of the error into which he had fallen, and the portrait was painted, close in resemblance, able and artistic in execution.

Continuing still to adhere to his old design of reviving the great school of historic painting, he next produced *Mercury Inventing the Lyre*, and *Narcissus Admiring Himself in the Water*. Whilst engaged upon the former work, Burke said to him, "What are you now painting?" Oh! but this little slight thing," said Barry, pointing to the picture, "it is young Mercury inventing the Lyre. The God, you know, found a tortoise-shell at break of day on the sea-shore, and fashioned it into a fine instrument of music." "I know the story," replied Burke, "such were the fruits of early rising—he is an industrious deity and an example to man. I will give you a companion to it: Narcissus wasting time looking at himself in the fountain, an image of idleness and vanity." The Narcissus was painted upon this hint, but is lost to the world; Mercury is still considered one of Barry's best productions, the god stands upon the shore with the tortoise-shell in his hand; he strikes one of the fibres still remaining extended across it, and bending to catch the sound, which his own fingers have awakened, he designs the Lyre; Cupid, who had stolen behind, at the same moment forming the like conception, presents him with another chord—his own bowstring.

In the year 1775 Barry published his *Inquiry into the Real and Imaginary Obstructions to the Progress of Art in England*, one of the most able essays which had to that period appeared upon the subject of painting in these kingdoms. Its origin, like that of most of Barry's writings, was wounded pride and disappointed ambition. From the time when Barry had gazed upon the wonders and the glories of Sistine Chapel, he had longed with all the ardor of his soul for some happy opportunity of transmitting a noble record of his genius and of his ability to the future. In the year 1773 the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's had agreed to leave the ornamenting of their Cathedral to the Royal Academy, to which body they had also committed the power of selecting such painters as they should think qualified to execute historical pictures of a size from fifteen to twenty feet high. It was also intended to erect some monuments within the church—one, in particular, to Pope was mentioned, and the sculptor was to be paid by subscription, and by a benefit from Drury-lane Theatre: Barry, it should be observed, was the person who proposed this plan to the Academy some short time after he had been admitted an Associate. He writes:—"I had long set my heart upon it, as the only means for establish-

ing a solid manly taste for real art, in place of our contemptible passion for the daubing of inconsequential things, portraits of dogs, landscapes, &c.—things which the mind, which is the soul of art, having no concern in them, have hitherto served to disgrace us over all Europe.” This project of adorning the Cathedral of St. Paul’s at the expense of the Royal Academicians was not carried out, as it was met by the strenuous opposition of the Bishop of London; but we may mention that the subject chosen by Barry, for his own painting, was Christ rejected by the Jews when Pilate begged his release.

Distracted as his mind must necessarily have been whilst this proposed adornment of St. Paul’s was under consideration, he was forced, working as he did for bread, to paint his *Chiron and Achilles* at the rate of twenty guineas per figure. The picture was painted for a Mr. Palmer, at the above mentioned price, as Barry wrote to the Duke of Richmond when about to paint a picture for his Grace.

But, although the Bishop of London was not willing to permit the decoration of St. Paul’s, either gratuitously or for money, yet the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, were quite prepared to submit their rooms in the Adelphi to the pencil and to the brush of those artists who had been anxious to display their ability in the adornment of the Cathedral. These intentions, however, were not at that particular period carried out, and it was whilst disappointed by the Bishop of London, whilst neglected, as he fancied, by Burke, whilst slighted and harassed by his brother Academicians, that Barry wrote his *Inquiry into the Real and Imaginary Obstructions to the Progress of Art in England*, to which we have referred. In this work his chief objects were the overturning the visionary theories of Montesquieu and of Winkelmann, and the vindication of his own views of Art. He proved that climate and race, so far as England is concerned, have in no respect injured either the poetic faculty or the full development of artistic genius. And he was right—England does not possess, and probably never may possess, a Rubens, a Michael Angelo, a Paul Veronese, or a Guido, but, to say that her race or her climate are devoid of, or inimical to, genius or fancy, is simply to forget the grandeur of Milton, the magic of Spenser, and the immortality of Shakspeare. Whether we consider Barry’s essay as a defence of the position of Art in England, or



as the chief contribution of the Royal Academy to the literature of the Fine Arts, it is, in all respects, worthy of its author, and of the society of which he was an Associate.

At length the Society of Arts agreed to accept his offer of decorating their room; he agreed to fulfil his promise at his own expense, they giving him only full and free scope for his judgment, free admission at all times to his work—the Society to furnish him, free of charge, with the necessary models.

When he made this offer he possessed in all the world but sixteen shillings; he had grown cool and formal with Edmund Burke, and thus circumstanced he commenced his six years' labor on the Adelphi rooms. Of these pictures the following accurate description has been given :—

“The subject which he selected for illustration was Human Improvement—presenting a succession of varied pictures of society. He divided the whole into six compartments. ‘We begin,’ said the artist, describing his own conceptions, ‘with man in a savage state, full of inconvenience, imperfection and misery, and we follow him through several gradations of culture and happiness, which, after our probationary state here, are finally attended with beatitude or misery. The first is the story of Orpheus; the second, a Harvest-home or Thanksgiving to Ceres and Bacchus; the third, the Victors at Olympia; the fourth, Navigation, or the Triumph of the Thames; the fifth, the Distribution of Premiums in the Society of Arts; and the sixth, Elysium, or the State of Final Retribution. Three of these subjects are poetical; the others historical.’ He commenced these works in 1777, and finished them in 1783. A short description may not be unacceptable. The first picture represents Orpheus as the founder of Grecian civilization, uniting in one character the legislator, divine, philosopher, poet, and musician. He stands in a wild and savage country, surrounded by people as uncultivated as their soil, to whom, as messenger of the gods, he is pouring out his song of instruction, accompanied by the music of the lyre. The hearers of this celestial delegate are armed with clubs, and clad in the skins of wild beasts; they have courage and strength, by which they subdue lions and tigers: but they want wisdom for their own protection and for that of their offspring. In illustration of this, a matron is seen, at a little distance from the door of her hut, milking her goat, while her children are about to become the prey of a lion; two horses are run down by a tiger; and a damsel, carrying a dead fawn, leans on the shoulder of her male companion. ‘I wished to glance,’ said the painter, ‘at a matter often observed by travellers, which is, that the value and estimation of women increase according to the growth and cultivation of society, and that among savage nations they are in a condition little better than the beasts of burden.’ In the distance, Ceres descends on the world, and by the side of Orpheus lie paper, an egg, a bound lamb, and materials for sacrifice. The second piece exhibits a dance

of youths and maidens round the terminal figure of Pan. On one side appears the father of the harvest feast, with a white staff or rustic sceptre in his hand, accompanied by his wife; on the other is a group of peasants, carousing amid rakes and ploughs, and fruits and flowers; while behind the whole, two oxen are seen drawing a load of corn to the threshing-floor. Ceres, Bacchus, and Pan, overlook from the clouds this scene of innocent festivity. A farm-house, with all its in-door and out-door economy, is there. Love, too, and marriage mingle in the scene: children abound; rustic games are not forgotten; and aged men repose on the ground, applauding sports in which they can no longer participate. The third picture, the crowning of the victors in the Olympian games, shows the judges seated on a throne, bearing the likenesses of Solon, Lycurgus, and other legislators, and trophies of Salamis, Marathon, and Thermopylæ. Before them pass the victors crowned; people are crowding to look on them. The heroes, poets, sages, and philosophers of Greece are present. Pindar leads the chorus: Hiero, of Syracuse, follows in his chariot: Diagoras, the Rhodian, is borne round the stadium on the shoulders of his victorious sons: Pericles is seen speaking to Cimon; while Socrates, Anaxagoras, and Euripides listen, and Aristophanes laughs and scoffs. The fourth piece descends to modern times, and the scene is laid at home. The Thames triumphs in the presence of Drake, Raleigh, Cabot, and Cooke. Mercury, as Commerce, accompanies them; and Nereids are carrying articles of manufacture and industry. Some of these demi-celestial porters are more sportive than laborious, and others still more wanton than sportive. As music is connected closely with all matters of joy and triumph Burney, the composer, accompanies Drake and Raleigh, and cheers them with his instrument.\* The fifth picture is a meeting of the members of the Society of Arts, discoursing on the manufactures, commerce, and liberal pursuits of the country, and distributing the annual premiums. It is an assemblage of the chief promoters of the institution, male and female, with the gratuitous addition of Johnson and Burke. The sixth picture is a view of Elysium. Mental Culture conducts to Piety and Virtue, and Piety and Virtue are rewarded by Immortal Happiness. In a picture forty-two feet long, the artist had room for the admission of many of the great and the good of all nations. Greece and Rome, France, Italy, and England, supplied him largely; and he has endeavoured to bring together the chief of their distinguished sons in one connected group, over which a splendor is shed from between the wings of angels."

Whilst these pictures were being painted, Barry's feelings had become softened; and, happy in the exhibition of his genius, he had begun to learn that friends are worthy of kind words and of kind thoughts. It was when the painter had thus grown reasonable that Burke proposed to him they should

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\* Referring to this introduction of Dr. Burney amongst the Nymphs, a Dowager said to the painter—"Mr. Barry, I don't like to see Dr. Burney dabbling amongst a group of naked girls in a horse-pond."

dine together, and Barry consented, provided that the statesman would dine at his house. Burke argued, and joined him at his residence, number 36 Castle-street. It was a poor place, but in the dining room there hung the sketches of the Adelphi pictures, and the unfinished painting of *Pandora*. The walls and ceiling were damp and cracked, the look of poverty was upon all the house, but the beefsteak had been bought, and brought home from Oxford Market by Barry himself, and, putting into Burke's hands a tongs, he requested the orator to "look to the steaks" whilst he went to fetch the porter. These were sad and poor phases in the life of a great genius—it is easy to excite laughter by recounting them; it requires no great wisdom to understand that Burke may have stepped *down* from his path to visit Barry's humble house; but Barry was content to be a poor man, to paint small pictures, such as *Lear*, the *Birth of Venus*, *Job*, the *Death of Chatham*; to labor at slight and hurried engravings, that he might pay for bread to support existence whilst completing the Adelphi pictures gratuitously.

At length they were finished, and exposed to the public criticism. He had prepared an exposition of his views, and a defence of the manner in which he had embodied those views in the paintings thus exhibited, and he published it upon the same day that the Adelphi rooms were opened. The best, the wisest, and the most critical men of the age thronged the chambers; so much curiosity had been excited, so many hopes and fears had been raised, that all the London world of taste was impatient for a view. Reynolds came and looked—

"——shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff."

Jonas Hanway came, and having, on entering, paid a shilling, laid down a guinea when leaving the room. Lord Aldborough wrote that the painter had grasped "all the perfections, combined all the qualities of Raphael, Titian, Guido, and the most celebrated artists of the Grecian and Roman schools." Boswell was enraptured and fancied himself a painter, because he was a friend of Barry; and the great old Samuel, having shambled and rolled around the apartments, said to Boszy, as they sat after tea at Miss Burney's—"Sir, whatever the hand may have done, the mind has done its part. There is a grasp of mind there which you find no where else." The Earl of Buchan, who was always willing to be a penny Mæcenas, promised grand things

to the painter of these great pictures,\*—and so the world received the labor of six years—the labor of six years spent in poverty so gnawing, that Barry had entreated the Society of Arts to allow him some small pittance sufficient to support life, whilst he gave up all his powers to the adornment of their room. We may judge how pressing his wants must have been when he could bend his proud spirit to make this request, and, failing in it, to ask Sir George Saville to secure for him, by subscriptions, one hundred pounds per annum during the two years he expected to be employed in the completion of his work, the money to be repaid when the task was accomplished. The Society at first refused to advance any money whatever; but before the completion of the pictures they presented Barry with two sums of fifty guineas, a gold medal, and, when all the work was accomplished, they handed him two hundred pounds.

In the year 1782, Barry, whilst engaged on the most important part of the Adelphi pictures, was elected Professor of Painting to the Royal Academy. He neglected the duties of his appointment, and it became the unenviable office of Sir Joshua Reynolds, as the President, to represent the impropriety of this neglect to the erring Professor. Barry, always willing to quarrel with Reynolds, said—"If I had no more to do, in the course of my lectures, than produce such poor mistaken stuff as your *Discourses*, I should soon have them ready for reading."

His first lecture on painting was delivered on the 2nd of March, 1784, to a very large audience, and of the six discourses forming the course, not one is unblemished by abuse of, or sneers at, his cotemporaries; even Reynolds, who was, as President, obliged to sit and listen to all, does not escape—but he bore it in silence—sometimes he pretended to sleep—but said, he "fell asleep only at the personalities"—here he shifted

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\* This Earl of Buchan was a very absurd nobleman; he fancied himself the patron of art and literature. Lord Cockburn tells a laughable story of his petty rage. In the twenty-fifth number of the Edinburgh Review Jeffrey wrote a notice of "Cevallos on the French Usurpation in Spain," which gave great offence to a certain class of politicians. Lord Cockburn writes: "The late Earl of Buchan, not a stupid, but a very vain and foolish man, made the door of his house in George's-street be opened, and the Cevallos number be laid down on the innermost part of the floor of his lobby, and then, after all this preparation, his Lordship personally kicked the book out to the centre of the street, where he left it to be trodden into the mud; which he had no doubt must be the fate of the whole work—after this open proof of his high disapprobation."

the trumpet judiciously. Barry praised the old masters in his lectures and dispraised the new, just as in the *Adelphi* pictures, he placed his friends in Elysium and his foes in Tartarus.

His life as a professor was neither happy nor dignified, he quarrelled with all; and when the particular purpose for which the accumulated money of the Academy should be set aside, came to be debated, Barry proposed that it should be used in the purchase of a collection of the old masters, Reynolds wished that it should be invested in the purchase of his own gallery of pictures. Thus he found continual causes of dispute, and though ever arguing for the advancement of that which he considered truth, yet his advocacy of art was more injurious to its real interest and dignity than the worst efforts of the most determined opponent.

Barry had resolved to render the *Adelphi* pictures a source of as much emolument as they could be made to render, and thus repay himself for the six years of poverty, labor, and application which he had devoted to them. He accordingly published the prospectus of a series of engravings of the subjects: they were hurriedly, roughly, and coarsely executed, and as he had solicited subscriptions, many of those who had subscribed upon the reputation of his name, were grievously disappointed when the copies were transmitted to them. Barry became vexed at the comments of his supporters, and to Nollekens, who said to him, 'Well, Jem, I have been very successful for you this week; I have got you three more subscribers for your prints,' the painter snarled, and damning him, desired that he would mind his own business—if people wished for copies of his engravings, they knew where he lived, and could call, damn them.—To a subscriber who objected to the style of the prints, Barry said, "Can you tell me, Sir, what you did expect?" The reply was conclusive, "More finished engravings." The objection to the style of these engravings was more galling than may at first appear natural, but it should be understood that Barry, who was the painter of the original pictures, was also their engraver, and printed them, with his own hands, at his own press.

At this period he had begun to learn the advantages that money can bestow, and from the proceeds of two exhibitions of his paintings, granted to him by the Society of Arts, he had derived the sum of five hundred pounds: the sale of his engravings of these pictures produced him two hundred pounds

more; Lord Romney presented him with one hundred guineas for a portrait introduced into one of the Adelphi pictures; one hundred pounds were bequeathed to him, as the "Painter of the work upon Human Culture in the Adelphi," by Timothy Holles; Lord Radnor sent him a cheque for fifty pounds, and after the labor and thought of forty-five years, James Barry was enabled, by these sums, to purchase for himself an annuity of sixty pounds per annum for the remainder of his life.

Either from affectation or from poverty—it might have been from negligence or carelessness—he had begun to grow mean and slovenly in dress; his house, as Burke described it, was miserable and dilapidated, and yet he was now, what he had ever before been, careful of his money, and anxious to secure those appointments which he believed to be lucrative. He applied to the Duke of Richmond that he might be made painter to the Ordnance department—he found that this was the office of a house-painter. He asked for the post of serjeant-painter to the court, and learned that the emolument was only eighteen pounds per annum, and thus, upon his sixty pounds annuity, and thirty pounds, his salary as Professor of Painting in the Royal Academy, he lived, and painted, and quarrelled.

In the year 1791 Sir Joshua Reynolds died, and at his death Barry forgot all resentment, and spoke an honest, hearty, eulogy to his memory. It was a great change, and the Marchioness of Thomond, the niece of Sir Joshua, as a tribute of regard, presented to Barry that chair in which Oliver Goldsmith and Samuel Johnson had sat whilst their portraits were being taken—the chair in which, as on a throne, Mrs. Siddons, so noble, so graceful, and withal so womanly, had sat whilst Reynolds painted her as the TRAGIC-MUSE.\*

In addition to Barry's ninety pounds per annum, he derived about fifty pounds a year from the sale of engraved co-

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\* This famous picture is now in the Dulwich Gallery. Many of our readers may know it from Haward's engraving, published in the year 1787, and dedicated to the king. Upon the edge of the petticoat, and convolved in its ornamental border, the words "Joshua Reynolds, pinxit, 1784" appear. When Mrs. Siddons perceived this, she said, "What an odd place, Sir Joshua, to place your name!" He replied, "Surely, Mrs. Siddons, you can have no objection that an old friend's name should go down to posterity at the tail of your petticoat." At Barry's auction the chair above mentioned was purchased by Sir Thomas Lawrence; it is now, we believe, the property, as it should be, of the Royal Academy.

pics of his pictures; and, rich in the possession of one hundred and forty pounds annually, he devoted himself to those speculations, and to those branches of art loved by him so continuously and so ardently. He was, if we may so phrase it, a metaphysical painter—the Dante of the brush; and in this frame of mind he designed to paint the Progress of Theology, of which his world-known picture, *Pandora*, was the first of the intended series, and his unfinished sketch, *The Progress of the Mosaic Doctrines*, the second and the last. The one proves how thoroughly the hand would have supported the bright fancies and the noble conceptions of the glowing mind; the other, in its pitiable immaturity, makes us feel with Wordsworth—

“ Things incomplete, and purposes betrayed,  
Make sadder transits o’er Truth’s mystic glass,  
Than noblest objects utterly decayed.”

His next effort was the *Letter to the Dilettanti Society*. It appeared in the year 1797; and as in it he stated his firm conviction to be, that whenever an appeal should be made to the judgment of the members of the Royal Academy upon any subject connected with art, the vote of each member should be guaranteed as to its integrity by an oath. This, of course, roused all the ire of the Academicians; and, without informing Barry of their intention, they laid before the King their charges against him, and their complaints of his conduct obtained the royal sanction for his dismissal. To this proceeding Nollekens, always honest, outspoken, and true-hearted, was the only dissentient.

From this period Barry was, for many months, in thought and acts, a lunatic. His house was plundered on two occasions, and he accused the Academicians of being the robbers; or he said, if they were not the plunderers, being too cowardly for house-breaking, the inciters and abettors of more vulgar, but more courageous rogues. All who met him at this period considered him insane. Robert Southey wrote to Samuel Taylor Coleridge—“ I saw Barry, the painter, poor fellow! He is too mad and too miserable to laugh at.”

In his sixty-fifth year he was the recipient of an annuity purchased from the father of the late Sir Robert Peel, with the sum of one thousand pounds, the product of his various exhibitions, and of the sales of his pictures and engravings.

Sixty-five years old, and possessing but an annuity of one hundred and fifty pounds!—The moral is grave, and proves that genius mis-used or ill-used is, after all, a gift in no respect calculated to contribute to the happiness of its possessor. We do not lament Barry's years of want, or his life of poverty; we do not claim for the man of genius the luxury of repining, or the joys of fancied martyrdom. Barry never considered his poverty disgraceful, or a subject of regret; in the practice of his art, in observing the growth beneath his hand of those conceptions, grand, and graceful, and lovely, there grew around him, in his pictures, mind-children, in which he saw his dreams of art take shape, and at the completion of the *Adelphi* paintings—when, above all, *Pandora* was presented to the world—his hours of gloom, and sadness, and want—even his conflicts with the Academy—were forgotten, and in the glowing forms his hand had designed he saw the glory of his life—the triumph of his intellect.

He was anxious, at the period of the Irish Union, to devote himself to the signalization of that event by painting a picture emblematic of the subject. Whether, if he had lived till now, he would hold the opinions of O'Connell or Montgomery Martin we know not; but he wrote to William Pitt, in the year 1800, stating his anxiety to employ himself upon the picture—explaining that he meant to make Peace and Harmony the presiding deities of the work, and continued:—

“I have made a design for a picture and an engraving on the subject of the happy union of Great Britain and Ireland, which union has been long the desideratum of all well informed and good people, and was unfortunately overlooked and neglected in the reign of James I., when the abilities of Sir John Davies were employed in settling the affairs of that kingdom. However, by the long withholding and delay of this great national blessing, in being reserved for our times, and for the glory of your administration, the most desirable opportunity is thus afforded to me of employing my art, and such abilities as I may happen to possess, in the commemoration of this glorious achievement, and of the hero by whom it was achieved. Surely there never was nor could be a Holy Union more pregnant with felicity and blessings of every kind, and made up of more naturally cordial and coalescing materials, than that which you have thus happily effected. As my mind has been strongly impressed with this persuasion and those feelings, the above-mentioned design for a picture, and an engraved print, has emanated from me, accompanied with more *venustas*, unction, and happy adaptation, than will be found in any thing else which I have hitherto done.”



This offer was not made for the purpose of gaining the favor of the Minister. Barry, as we have seen, was neither a flunkey nor a time-server, and believing that art, like literature, required but genius and integrity in its possessor to render it noble, and himself respected, could fully agree with those who feel no shame in the motto—

“Tenui musam meditamur avena.”

Thus thought Spenser—thus thought Shakespeare—thus thought Horace—thus thought Homer—thus all whose minds were their wealth, and but their only wealth—never whined at the want of patronage, the want of appreciation, or the envious malice of their time. Barry possessed as noble a mind as these; but, in his pride-racked soul, peace and forbearance found no resting-place; even religion in his old age, became a subject of fierce dispute; and, in the rage of his wild dogmatism, he too often forgot the wise maxim of a great exemplar in his church, St. Francis de Sales—“A good Christian is never outdone in good manners.”

His services to art in these kingdoms are very considerable; his *Letter to the Dilettanti Society* was the chief cause of the collection and opening of the Gallery of Orleans pictures to the world, from which exhibition we may date the improved taste for art amongst our people. But his contempt of portrait painting was in the highest degree absurd. Had he considered the subject with the unbiased mind of a painter, of a poet, of a philosopher, or of a philanthropist, he would have felt as Robert Southey when he wrote thus playfully, but thoughtfully:—

“Helen in her old age, looking at herself in a mirror, is a subject which old sonnetteers were fond of borrowing from the Greek Anthology. Young Ladies! you who have sat to Sir Thomas, or any artist of his school, I will tell you how your portraits may be rendered more useful monitors to you in your progress through life than the mirror was to Helen, and how you may derive more satisfaction from them when you are grown old. Without supposing that you actually ‘called up a look’ for the painter’s use, I may be certain that none of you during the times of sitting permitted any feeling of ill-humor to cast a shade over your countenance; and that if you were not conscious of endeavouring to put on your best looks for the occasion, the painter was desirous of catching them, and would catch the best he could. The most thoughtless of you need not be told that you cannot retain the charms of youthful beauty, but you may retain the charm of an amiable expression through life:

never allow yourselves to be seen with a worse than you wore for the painter! Whenever you feel ill-tempered, remember that you look ugly; and be assured that every emotion of fretfulness, of ill-humor, of anger, of irritability, of impatience, of pride, haughtiness, envy, malice, any unkind, any uncharitable, any ungenerous feeling, lessens the likeness to your picture, and not only deforms you while it lasts, but leaves its trace behind; for the effect of the passions upon the face is more rapid and more certain than that of time."

Or if Barry did not hold these opinions, he, as a Roman Catholic, and as a believer in the watching of guardian angels, must have felt with Leigh Hunt, who writes:—

"Mr. Hazlitt has said somewhere, of the portrait of a beautiful female with a noble countenance, that it seems as if an unhandsome action, would be impossible in its presence. It is not so much for restraint's sake, as for the sake of diffusiveness of heart, or the going out of ourselves, that we would recommend pictures; but, among other advantages, this also, of reminding us of our duties, would doubtless be one; and if reminded with charity, the effect, though perhaps small in most instances, would still be something. We have read of a Catholic money-lender, who, when he was going to cheat a customer, always drew a veil over the portrait of his favorite saint. Here was a favorite vice, far more influential than the favorite saint; and yet we are of opinion that the money-lender was better for the saint than he would have been without him. It left him faith in something; he was better for it in the intervals; he would have treated his daughter the better for it, or his servant, or his dog. There was a bit of heaven in his room,—a sun-beam to shine into a corner of his heart,—however he may have shut the window against it, when heaven was not to look on. The companionship of anything greater or better than ourselves must do us good, unless we are destitute of all modesty or patience. And a picture is a companion, and the next thing to the presence of what it represents."

At length, on the 6th of February, 1806, Barry felt, for the first time in his life, seriously indisposed, and was seized, without forewarning, by his fatal illness. Of his death and last hours, Robert Southey gives the following account:—

"I knew Barry, and have been admitted into his den in his worst (that is to say, his maddest) days, when he was employed upon his Pandora. He wore at that time an old coat of green baize, but from which time had taken all the green that incrustations of paint and dirt had not covered. His wig was one which you might suppose he had borrowed from a scarecrow; all round it there projected a fringe of his own grey hair. He lived alone, in a house which was never cleaned; and he slept in a bedstead, with no other furniture than a blanket nailed on the one side. I wanted him

to visit me. 'No,' he said, 'he would not go out by day, because he could not spare time from his great picture; and if he went out in the evening, the Academicians would waylay him and murder him.' In this solitary, sullen life he continued till he fell ill, very probably for want of food sufficiently nourishing; and after lying two or three days under his blanket, he had just strength enough to crawl to his own door, open it, and lay himself down with a paper in his hand, on which he had written his wish to be carried to the house of Mr. Carlisle (Sir Anthony), in Soho Square. There he was taken care of; and the danger from which he had thus escaped, seems to have cured his mental hallucinations. He cast his slough afterwards; appeared decently dressed in his own grey hair, and mixed in such society as he liked. I should have told you that, a little before his illness, he had, with much persuasion, been induced to pass a night at some person's house in the country. When he came down to breakfast the next morning, and was asked how he had rested, he said, remarkably well, he had not slept in sheets for many years, and really he thought it was a very comfortable thing. He interlarded his conversation with oaths as expletives, but it was pleasant to converse with him; there was a frankness and animation about him which won good will as much as his vigorous intellect commanded respect. There is a story of his having refused to paint portraits, and saying, in answer to applications, that there was a man in Leicester-square who did. But this he said was false; for that he would at any time have painted portraits, and have been glad to paint them. God bless you.

Yours very truly,

R. S."

He died upon the 22nd day of February, in the sixty-fifth year of his age. By the Royal Academy his death was unnoticed; the Society of Arts allowed his body to be placed in their room, which his hand had adorned, and from which it was borne to St. Paul's, where it now moulders, commemorated by a monument, for the erection of which Sir Robert Peel—the first baronet—paid two hundred pounds.

We have already named a few of Barry's chief pictures; there is, in the vestibule of the Fine Art Gallery of the Royal Dublin Society, an original picture painted by him, representing the scene in *Cymbeline*, in which Iachimo watches Imogen sleeping. Barry's writings, with a memoir of his life prefixed, were published in two volumes, quarto, in the year 1809, by Cadell and Davies, London. They should be on the book-shelves, and the principles which they contain in the mind, of every artist who desires to advance his profession.

We have selected this particular period for the publication of our memoir of Barry, because the time seems to us peculiarly appropriate. Ninety-three years ago he came to Dublin for the purpose of exhibiting his picture of *St. Patrick Baptizing the King of Cashel*; he placed it in the room of the Dublin Society; he became a pupil of their schools, and brought honor upon them by his life-labors. From his days to the present, many distinguished men have gone forth from that school, and in the fame of the Irish born painters and sculptors, the Society may well feel proud of their élèves. Amongst the many students of promise who now attend the drawing-school, and school of design, amongst the thousands of our youths who will, within the next three months, throng the halls and galleries of our Crystal Palace, there will be many who possess a taste, if not a genius, for painting and for sculpture. As they pause before the grand pictures, ancient and modern, that may grace the walls; as they linger before Barry's *Imogen*, and recall the struggles of his life, let them remember wisely his self-denial, his patient toil, his lonely studies, his honest-hearted love of all the noble, manly, traits of his fellow-men, and his honorable care in all matters of debt and of money; let them recollect the high dignity of the painter's art, noble as the poet's, inspiring as the musician's, called in other days to aid God's Priest in exciting the languid devotion of the sinner; leaving to posterity the likeness of great heroes, or transmitting to the future those goddess features, the beauty which "makes beautiful old rhyme," till the world knows not whether there dwells a deeper charm in the glowing, breathing, magic canvas of the painter, or in the glorious hymn that rises from the full-swelling heart of the poet. To compare the poet and the painter is but an idiot's play; each in his rich boon, heaven's own gift of genius, is the steward of the Almighty; and when there lives upon the painter's canvas, when there breathes in the poet's song, some conception that proves God within our breasts, ineffable as in Nature, the light of Intellect, rising above the mists of mortality, shines forth in all the primal brilliancy of its origin,

" And bravely furnish'd all abroad to fling  
 The winged shafts of truth,  
 To throng with stately blooms the breathing spring  
 Of Hope and Youth."

The moral of James Barry's life is the most melancholy in all the biographies of Art. George Morland, regaining transient gleams of intellect through drunkenness, is not more sad; but each instance proves that good sense, good temper, moderation and patience, must be combined with genius, else its possession may become a close-clinging, life-long, curse. The world never yet trampled true genius in the dust, but, alas! true genius has but too often grovelled so deeply in the mire, that the world has crushed it unwittingly and unwillingly.

### ART. III.—THE STREETS OF DUBLIN.

#### No. VI.

MOLESWORTH-STREET, Kildare-street, and their vicinity, stand on the site of a considerable lot of ground, known at the commencement of the last century by the name of "Molesworth-fields," which remained nearly unbuilt upon until an act of parliament, in 1725, enabled "the right honorable John, lord viscount Molesworth, and Richard Molesworth, and the several other persons in remainder for life, when in possession of certain lands, near St. Stephen's Green and Dawson-street, in the county of the city of Dublin, to make leases thereof." Robert, first viscount Molesworth, distinguished by his writings in defence of liberty, has already been noticed in our account of "Molesworth's Court," in Fishamble-street: his son John, the second viscount, born in 1679, was, in 1710, despatched as envoy extraordinary from Great Britain to Tuscany, and subsequently appointed ambassador at Florence, Venice, and Switzerland, which offices he held till his death, in 1727. Ritson ascribes to him the song commencing

"Almeria's face, her shape, her air,  
With charms resistless wound the heart;  
In vain you for defence prepare,  
When from her eyes Love shoots his dart."

Park observes, "that he is likely to have written more from having turned this so well." His successor, Richard, third viscount Molesworth, designed by his father for the law, fled from the Temple to Flanders, and served as a volunteer in the allied army there until he obtained an ensigncy, and was appointed aide-de-camp to the duke of Marlborough, whose

life he saved at the battle of Ramillies in 1706, a circumstance unfairly suppressed by English writers. After serving with distinction throughout all the campaigns in Flanders, and against the Scots at Preston, he was appointed lieutenant general and commander-in-chief of the troops in Ireland, and field-marshal of his majesty's forces; his death took place in 1758, five years subsequent to which lady Molesworth and several of his children fell victims to an accidental fire in London. The building of Molesworth-street was completed before the middle of the last century, and its inhabitants were then people of the highest rank in the city. Of Richard Parsons, first earl of Rosse, one of the earliest residents in the street, a writer in 1762 has left the following notice:

"The late earl of Ross was, in character and disposition, like the humorous earl of Rochester; he had an infinite fund of wit, great spirits, and a liberal heart; was fond of all the vices which the beau monde call pleasures, and by those means first impaired his fortune, as much as he possibly could do; and finally, his health beyond repair. To recite any part of his wit here is impossible, though I have heard much of it, but as it either tended to blasphemy, or at the best obscenity, it is better where it is. A nobleman could not, in so censorious a place as Dublin, lead a life of rackets, brawls, and midnight confusion, without being a general topic for reproach, and having fifty thousand faults invented to complete the number of those he had: nay, some asserted, that he dealt with the devil; established a hell-fire club at the Eagle tavern on Cork-hill;\* and that one Worsdale, a mighty innocent facetious painter, who was

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\* For a notice of this tavern, see the account of Cork-hill, *IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW*, Vol. II. 327. James Worsdale, above referred to, studied under sir Godfrey Kneller, with whose niece he eloped. "In the beginning of his manhood he went to Ireland; where he met with more success as an artist than he deserved; but his poignant table chat and conviviality begat him many admirers, among whom lord Blayney stood the most conspicuous. It was his custom, when a portrait was finished, and not paid for, to chalk the surface over with intersected lines, which conveyed the appearance of the subject being in prison; and this was exhibited continually in his painting room, until shame or pride induced the parties concerned to liberate the effigy, by paying the artist. I have heard it was he who introduced the practice of demanding one half of the general sum, at the first sitting. His talents as a painter were inconsiderable. He was appointed master painter to the board of ordnance, through the influence of sir Edward Walpole, who had been accused of a detestable crime; but Worsdale discovered the conspiracy against his patron's honour; and by great address and incessant pains brought the delinquents to justice. To effect this, he lodged on Saffron-hill, as a hay-maker, from Munster; and in the Mint, Southwark, as the widow of a recruiting sergeant from Sligo." The manuscript viceregal accounts, in our possession, contain the following entries relative to Worsdale.

indeed only the agent of his gallantry, was a party concerned; but what won't malicious folks say? Be it as it will, his lordship's character was torn to pieces everywhere, except at the groom porter's, where he was a man of honour; and at the taverns where none surpassed him in generosity. Having led this life till it brought him to death's door, his neighbour, the reverend John Madden (vicar of St. Anne's and dean of Kilmore), a man of exemplary piety and virtue, having heard his lordship was given over, thought it his duty to write him a very pathetic letter, to remind him of his past life; the particulars of which he mentioned, such as profligacy, gaming, drinking, rioting, turning day into night, blaspheming his Maker, and, in short, all manner of wickedness; and exhorting him in the tenderest manner to employ the few moments that remained to him, in penitently confessing his manifold transgressions, and soliciting his pardon from an offended Deity, before whom he was shortly to appear. It is necessary to acquaint the reader, that the late earl of Kildare was one of the most pious noblemen of the age, and in every respect a contrast in character to lord Ross. When the latter, who retained his senses to the last moment, and died rather for want of breath than want of spirits, read over the dean's letter (which came to him under cover) he ordered it to be put in another paper, sealed up, and directed to the earl of Kildare: he likewise prevailed

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"July 21, 1738, paid Mr. James Worsdale for drawing your grace's picture for Mrs. Conolly, thirty guineas—£34 2s 6d.—April 24, 1740, paid Mr. James Worsdale for your grace's picture and frame, drawn by him for the Royal Hospital, forty guineas—£45 10s.—April 26, paid him in full for the frame, upon Mr. Dance's enquiry about the value of it, six guineas—£6 16s. 6d." In a privately printed satire of the year 1740, we find the following allusion to the painter:—

"Tho' Worsdale is for satire too obscure,  
Must he uncensur'd artfully procure?  
Frequent as painter, his employer's house,  
And thence delude his mistress or his spouse?  
True to the lover's procreating cause,  
He breaks all ties, all hospitable laws,  
And pimps, restless, while his pencil draws."

Worsdale instituted a suit for libel, against James Wynne and Mathew Gardiner, the supposed authors of this satire; they were, however, acquitted in the king's bench in February, 1742. In the preceding year, the right honorable Luke Gardiner, master of the revels in Ireland, appointed Worsdale his deputy in that office, a post for which he was admirably calculated, having written a number of songs, ballads, and the following dramatic pieces:—"A cure for a scold," ballad opera, 1735. "The Assembly," a farce in which the author acted the part of "Old Lady Scandal." "The Queen of Spain," a musical entertainment, 1744. "The Extravagant Justice," a farce. "Gasconado the great," tragedy, 1750. Many of the compositions published as his own were written for him by Mrs. Pilkington. He died in June 1767, and was buried in St. Paul's, Covent-garden, with the following epitaph of his own composition:—

"Eager to get, but not to keep the pelf,  
A friend to all mankind, except himself."

on the dean's servant to carry it, and to say it came from his master, which he was encouraged to do by a couple of guineas, and his knowing nothing of its contents. Lord Kildare was an effeminate, puny little man, extremely formal and delicate, inasmuch, that when he was married to lady Mary O'Brien, one of the most shining beauties then in the world, he would not take his wedding gloves off to embrace her. From this single instance may be judged with what surprise and indignation he read over the Dean's letter, containing so many accusations for crimes he knew himself entirely innocent of. He first ran to his lady, and informed her that dean Madden was actually mad; to prove which, he delivered her the epistle he had just received. Her ladyship was as much confounded and amazed at it as he could possibly be, but withal, observed the letter was not written in the stile of a madman, and advised him to go to the archbishop of Dublin (Dr. John Hoadly) about it. Accordingly, his lordship ordered his coach, and went to the episcopal palace, where he found his grace at home, and immediately accosted him in this manner: 'Pray, my lord, did you ever hear that I was a blasphemer, a profligate, a gamester, a rioter, and everything that's base and infamous?' 'You, my lord,' said the bishop, 'every one knows that you are the pattern of humility, godliness, and virtue.' 'Well, my lord, what satisfaction can I have of a learned and reverend divine, who, under his own hand, lays all this to my charge?' 'Surely,' answered his grace, 'no man in his senses, that knew your lordship, would presume to do it; and if any clergyman has been guilty of such an offence, your lordship will have satisfaction from the spiritual court.' Upon this lord Kildare delivered to his grace the letter, which he told him was that morning delivered by the dean's servant, and which both the archbishop and the earl knew to be dean Madden's handwriting. The archbishop immediately sent for the dean, who happening to be at home, instantly obeyed the summons. Before he entered the room, his grace advised lord Kildare to walk into another apartment, while he discoursed the gentleman about it, which his lordship accordingly did. When the dean entered, his grace, looking very sternly, demanded if he had wrote that letter? The dean answered, I did, my lord. Mr. Dean, I always thought you a man of sense and prudence, but this unguarded action must lessen you in the

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\* A Dublin author of the time writes of Robert, earl of Kildare, as follows:—

" Kildare's a precedent for lords,  
To keep their honor and their words,  
Since all our peers to him give place,  
His fair examples let them trace,  
Whose virtues claim precedence here,  
Even abstracted from the peer,  
His morals make him still more great,  
And to his titles, and estate,  
Add such a lustre and a grace,  
As suits his ancient noble race,  
Surrounding him with all their rays  
Above the compass of our lays,

Instead of duns to crowd his door,  
It is surrounded by the poor,  
My lord takes care to see them serv'd,  
And saves some thousands from being  
starv'd,  
Nor does he think himself too great  
Each morning on the poor to wait;  
And as his charity ne'er ceases,  
His fortune ev'ry day increases,  
Has many thousands at command,  
A large estate and lib'ral hand."



esteem of all good men ; to throw out so many causeless invectives against the most unblemished nobleman in Europe, and accuse him of crimes to which he and his family have ever been strangers, must certainly be the effect of a distempered brain : besides, sir, you have by this means laid yourself open to a prosecution in the ecclesiastical court, which will either oblige you publickly to recant what you have said, or give up your possessions in the church. My lord, answered the dean, I never either think, act, or write anything, for which I am afraid to be called to an account before any tribunal upon earth ; and if I am to be prosecuted for discharging the duties of my function, I will suffer patiently the severest penalties in justification of it. And so saying the dean retired with some emotion, and left the two noblemen as much in the dark as ever. Lord Kildare went home, and sent for a proctor of the spiritual court, to whom he committed the dean's letter, and ordered a citation to be sent to him as soon as possible. In the meantime the archbishop, who knew the dean had a family to provide for, and foresaw that ruin must attend his entering into a suit with so powerful a person, went to his house, and recommended him to ask my lord's pardon, before the matter became publick. Ask his pardon, said the dean, why the man is dead ! What ! lord Kildare dead ! No, lord Ross. Good God, said the archbishop, did you not send a letter yesterday to lord Kildare ? No truly, my lord, but I sent one to the unhappy earl of Ross, who was then given over, and I thought it my duty to write to him in the manner I did. Upon examining the servant, the whole mistake was rectified, and the dean saw with real regret, that lord Ross died as he had lived ; nor did he continue in this life above four hours after he sent off the letter. The poor footman lost his place by the jest, and was indeed the only sufferer for my lord's last piece of humour."

The death of lord Rosse occurred in Molesworth-street, on the 21st of June, 1741, two days after which he was privately interred in St. Anne's church ; and although his career may appear extraordinary at the present day, a glance at the irreligion and depravity of his times will shew that his vices, however inexcusable, were but those of the era in which he lived.

A writer of the time of Charles II., speaking of the state of Ireland, at that period, tells us that :

"Prophane cursing and swearing, a wickedness, through custom, grown into that credit, it disdains reproofs ; nay, some persons seem to value themselves by their wit to invent and courage to utter the most horrid oaths, at which moral Heathens would tremble, who retain so great a veneration to their gods, especially their chief gods, as Jupiter, &c., they will not mention their names without great reverence, and will only swear by their attributes, as by the great, the wise, the just, &c., whereas our prophanenists so glory in their shame, they will oft belch out their filthy vomit in the face of magistrates, who when they reprove them, and demand one shilling

for one oath,\* have contemptuously both to God and the king's laws thrown down their guinny, and immediately swore it out, like those prophane desperate ones, the psalmist complains of, Psalm xii. 4, 'Who have said, with our tongue will we prevail: our lips are our own: who is Lord over us?' Now though this is the most unpleasant and unprofitable vice in this world, yet it is the most frequent; for 100s of oaths are uttered at the committal of any one of the other debaucheries, and so universal, that from the man stooping with age to the lisping infant before it speaks plain, shall you hear oaths and curses, to the reproach of their parents, that no better instruct them, so that this is a long lived weed, that buds early in the spring, and continues green in the depth of winter; the food of other lusts may be devoured by poverty, age, and bodily infirmities; of the latter we have had dreadful examples of some, who could plainly express horrid oaths, and not one other word to be understood, and others so hardened through the custom of this sin, that on their deathbeds, when they could not utter a word of sense, they have breathed out their last breath with dreadful oaths and curses, which I have received from the testimony of credible persons then present."

A partizan author of the reign of William III., speaking of the conduct of the Irish Roman Catholics and their adherents, during the time of James II., asserts that—

"The perjuries in the courts, the robberies in the country; the lewd practices in the stews; the oaths, blasphemies, and curses in the armies and streets; the drinking of confusions and damnations in the taverns, were all of them generally the acts of Papists, or of those who owned themselves ready to become such, if that party continued uppermost. But more peculiarly they were remarkable for their swearing and blaspheming and prophanation of the Lord's day; if they had any signal ball or entertainment to make, any journey or weighty business to begin, they commonly chose that day for it, and lookt on it as a kind of conquest over a Protestant, and a step to his conversion, if they could engage him to prophane it with them.—And they would often laugh at our scrupling a sin, and our constancy at prayers, since, as they would assure us with many oaths, we must only be damned the deeper for our diligence; and they could not endure to find us go about to punish vice in our own members, since, said they, it is to no purpose to trouble yourselves about vice or virtue, that are out of the church, and will all be damned."

Notwithstanding the above statements, we find that profaneness and immorality prevailed to an appalling extent amongst the Protestants, of whose rectitude their partisans have given such glowing, though false, descriptions. Dr.

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\* An act of parliament passed at Dublin in 1634-5 imposed a penalty of twelve pence on persons convicted of profane swearing or cursing, and in case the offender was unable to pay, he was to be set in the stocks for three hours; if under the age of twelve years, the culprit was to be whipped by the constable, or by his parents or master in the presence of a justice of the peace.

Gorge, secretary to marshal Schonberg, wrote to colonel James Hamilton, that the "soldiers in the Protestant army, under king William, robbed and plundered at pleasure; that some of its leaders ridiculed, scorned and condemned all motions for its good government and order, and said that religion was nothing but canting, and debauchery the necessary practice of a soldier;" facts which receive confirmation from the following document:—

**"A PROCLAMATION BY FREDERICK, DUKE OF SCHONBERG, LORD GENERAL OF ALL THEIR MAJESTIES FORCES, &c.**

Whereas, the horrid and detestable crimes of prophane cursing, swearing, and taking God's holy name in vain, being sins of much guilt and little temptation, have by all nations and people, and that in all ages, been punished with sharp and severe penalties, as great and grievous sins: And we to our great grief and trouble, taking notice of the too frequent practice of these sins, by several under our command, and that some have arrived to that height of impiety, that they are heard more frequently to invoke God to damn them, than to save them, and this, notwithstanding the heavy and dreadful judgments of God upon us at this very time, for these and our other sins, and notwithstanding the penalties enjoined by their majesties articles of war on these offenders; and we justly fearing that their majesties army may be more prejudiced by these sins, than advantaged by the conduct and courage of those guilty of them: do think fit strictly to charge and command all officers and soldiers under our command, that they and every one of them from hence-forward, do forbear all vain cursing, swearing, and taking God's holy name in vain, under the penalties enjoined by the aforesaid articles; and our further displeasure. And that all officers take particular care to put the said articles of war into execution on all under their respective commands, guilty of the said offences, as they will answer to the contrary at their utmost peril. Given at our head quarters at Lisburn, the 18th of January, 1689-90, in the first year of their majesties reign. (Signed)

SCHONBERG."

The reduction of the kingdom, consequent on the Treaty of Limerick, was succeeded by what a writer of the day styles "a torrent of vice," a feeble attempt to stem which was made by an association formed in Dublin, "for the reformation of manners." This laudable institution, of which scarcely a vestige has been preserved, appears to have had but little influence in the generation which it sought to reform; and nearly all the vices which then disgraced England were communicated to the neighbouring island. The act of Charles I., against profane cursing and swearing, having been found ineffectual, another statute was passed in 1695, subjecting every "servant, day-labourer, common soldier, and common seaman,"

guilty thereof, to a penalty of one shilling for every offence, and other offenders to a fine of two shillings, these sums to be doubled on the repetition of the crime.

During the latter part of the seventeenth and the earlier years of the eighteenth century, the suppression of the then increasing irreligion and blasphemous opinions occupied the attention of several committees, appointed by the Irish house of commons. Some members of that body, in 1697, allowed their zeal to incite them to propose that the author of "Christianity not mysterious," should be burned alive; another member, less violent, suggested that Toland should be obliged to burn his own book publicly; but their intended victim having decamped, the committee was obliged to rest content with having the obnoxious publication burned at the gate of the Parliament house, by the common hangman. The writer, consequently, compared them to the "Popish Inquisitors, who performed that execution on the book, when they could not seize the author whom they had destined to the flames." In 1703 the house of commons punished by expulsion the heterodoxy of Mr. Asgil, one of its members, whom they found guilty of propagating "blasphemous doctrines and positions, contrary to the Christian religion, and the established doctrine of the church of Ireland, and destructive of human society." The treatise thus condemned had been published with the following title: "An argument proving, that according to the covenant of eternal life, revealed in the scriptures, man may be translated from hence into that eternal life, without passing through death, although the human nature of Christ himself could not be thus translated till he had passed through death." The description of lord Wharton, viceroy of Ireland, in 1708, may be regarded as typical of the state of morals and religion among those of the higher classes of society, who in this country endeavoured to emulate the vices of the English aristocracy at that period:

"Thomas earl of Wharton, lord lieutenant of Ireland, by the force of a wonderful constitution, has some years passed his grand climacteric, without any visible effects of old age, either on his body or his mind, and in spite of a continual prostitution to those vices which usually wear out both. His behaviour is in all the forms of a young man at five and twenty. Whether he walks or whistles, or swears, or talks obscenely, or calls names, he acquits himself in each, beyond a templar of three years standing. With the same grace, and in the same style, he will rattle his coachman in the midst of the street, where he is governor of the kingdom; and all this is without

consequence, because it is his character, and what everybody expects. He seems to be but an ill dissembler, and an ill liar, although they are the two talents he most practises, and most values himself upon."—"He goes constantly to prayers in the forms of his place, and will talk indecency and blasphemy at the chapel door."

The infamous associations, known as "Hell fire clubs,"\* of which the earl of Wharton was supposed to have been the originator, appear to have been introduced into Ireland from England early in the last century; of their abominable profanities an idea may be formed from the fact, that in 1729 Vincent Fitzgerald and John Jackman were tried at Dublin on a charge of having been in the habit of "drinking healths to the Devil and his angels, and confusion to Almighty God." The levity with which the most sacred dogmas of religion were discussed at this period, has been noticed by a Dublin writer in 1729, who tells us that—

"The coffee houses in this town are now (1729) become so many divinity schools; nor is there a tavern or ale-house kitchen which escapes the noise and insults of divinity wranglers. The public converse formerly turned on politicks; but as that was sometimes attended with civil animadversions, religion, a less dangerous, is become the universal theme. The Incarnation, the Resurrection, the Trinity, Predestination, &c., are perpetual subjects of debate; the old and new Testament are translated *de novo*; the Fathers are censured and vindicated; Councils criticized on, canons of the church exploded and defended, old creeds abrogated, new ones substituted, and absurd and incongruous systems of religion hourly introduced.—This foul practice of argumentizing frequently prevails in parties of pleasure, and sometimes in those of a criminal nature. In the dirty confusion of a drunken room, religion is too often the topic; the argument ushered in with obscenity circulates the glass, and every returning bumper inflames the conference, which is maintained with wanton nonsense and loquacious blasphemy. 'Tis needless to say, that whatever side of the question these common and hackney sophs defend or oppose, it certainly suffers. To Greek they are utter strangers; a shoe-cleaner at Trinity-college would puzzle them in Latin; nor does their whole stock of erudition comprehend more than some common places picked from Toland, Clerke, and others, the new publishers of old heresies."

The committee appointed in 1737 by the house of lords, "to examine into the causes of the present immorality and

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\* A massive silver cup, richly engraved and chased, said to have been used at the orgies of the Dublin Hell fire club, is at present in the possession of Edward Vernon, esq., of Clontarf castle, Co. Dublin. In the cabinets of some collectors are likewise preserved specimens of elaborately executed gold medals bearing infamous devices, believed to have been the badges of the association. The rules of the Dublin "Cherokee club" will be found in the third paper of the present series.

profaneness," reported that "an uncommon scene of impiety and blasphemy appeared before them;" and that:

"Several loose and disorderly persons have, of late, erected themselves into a society or club under the name of 'Blasters,' and have used means to draw into their impious society several of the youth of this kingdom. What the practices of this society are, (beside the general fame spread through the whole kingdom) appears by the examinations of several persons, taken upon oath before the lord mayor of this city, in relation to Peter Lens, painter, lately come into this kingdom, who professes himself a 'Blaster.' By these examinations, it appears, that the said Peter Lens professes himself to be a votary of the Devil; that he hath offered up prayers to him, and publicly drunk to the Devil's health; that he hath at several times uttered the most daring and execrable blasphemies against the sacred name and majesty of God; and often made use of such obscene, blasphemous, and, before unheard-of expressions, as the lords committees think they cannot even mention to your lordships; and therefore choose to pass over in silence."\*

The committee recommended that a reward should be offered for the apprehension of Lens, and that the judges, in their several circuits, should charge the magistrates to put the laws in execution against immorality and profane cursing, swearing, and gaming, and to inquire into atheistical and blasphemous clubs. From the preceding particulars the reader will be able to form an estimate of the state of religion and morality in Dublin at the time when the earl of Rosse was regarded as the leader of the "choice spirits" of our metropolis.

The family of Parsons continued to reside in Molesworth-street for some years subsequent to the death of the first earl of Rosse, by the death of whose son, Richard, in 1764, the title became extinct, and was conferred in 1772, on sir Ralph Gore, after whose decease the peerage was restored, in 1806, to the predecessor of William Parsons, its present distinguished representative.

On the south side of this street stood "Kerry house," the residence of the family of Fitz Maurice. Thomas Fitz Maurice, twenty-first lord of Kerry, was created viscount Clan Maurice and earl of Kerry, in 1722; in his house died in the year 1707, John lord Cutts, one of the most valiant soldiers of his age, who acquired the name of the "Salamander" from the great intrepidity which he displayed amidst a murderous discharge of artillery at the siege of Namur in 1696. He received

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\* For further illustrations of the state of society in Dublin in the early part of the eighteenth century, see the notice of Lucas's Coffee-house on Cork-hill, IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, Vol. II., 328.

the title of baron of Gowran from William III., and during part of Anne's reign, held the office of commander-in-chief of the British troops on the Continent, his withdrawal from which, by being appointed commander of the forces in, and one of the lords justices of Ireland in 1705, was supposed to have caused his death. He published a collection of verses in the year 1687, under the title of "Poetical Exercises," and having obtained a captain's commission for sir Richard Steele, the latter dedicated to him his theoretical treatise named the "Christian hero," and in the "Tatler," quoted his lordship's love verses as those of "honest Cynthio, a man of wit, good sense, and fortune." "He hath abundance of wit," says a writer in 1703; "but too much seized with vanity and self-conceit; he is affable, familiar, and very brave. Few considerable actions happened in this as well as the last war, in which he was not, and hath been wounded in all the actions where he served; is esteemed to be a mighty vigilant officer, and for putting the military orders in execution; he is pretty tall, lusty, well shaped, and an agreeable companion; hath great revenues, yet so very expensive, as always to be in debt; towards fifty years old."

The first earl of Kerry married Anne, only daughter to sir William Petty, through which alliance the estates and honors of the Shelburne family subsequently passed to the Fitz Maurices. Lady Kerry was one of Swift's most intimate friends; and as an illustration of the style in which the establishments of the Irish nobility were maintained in the early part of the last century, we insert the following document, with reference to which it may be observed, that so much has the country suffered by absenteeism and centralization, that during the past year, the vehicle provided to convey a circuit judge to one of our assize towns was of so vile a description, that his lordship was obliged to threaten legal proceedings to ensure better treatment in future:—

"Dublin, March the 24th, 1732-3. We have been informed that the hon. John Fitz Maurice, esq., high sheriff of the county of Kerry, received the judges of assize at the bounds of the county, in a most magnificent and splendid manner, the particulars of which are as follow:—Two running footmen led the way, being clothed in white, with their black caps dressed with red ribbons, and red sashes with deep fringes. Four grooms leading four stately horses with embroidered caparisons, their manes and tails dressed with roses of red ribbons. A page in scarlet laced with silver, bearing the sheriff's white rod. The high sheriff in scarlet, his sword hanging in a broad shoulder belt of a crimson velvet, covered with silver lace, mounted on a very beautiful horse, having a Turkish bridle, with reins of

green silk intermixed with gold, the caps and hoosings of green velvet, that was almost covered with gold lace, and bordered with a deep gold fringe. Two trumpets in green, profusely laced with silver. Twelve livery men in the colours of the family, mounted on black horses, from £20 to £40 price, with long tails, which, as well as their manes, were decked with roses of red ribbons; the caps and hoosings having a centaur in brass, which is the crest of the Fitz Maurices. They had short horsemen's wigs of one cut, with gold laced hats. Their back-swords hung in broad buff belts. Their cravats or stocks were black, fastened with two large gilt buttons behind. Each had a brace of pistols, and a bright carabine hanging in a bucket on his right side, with a stopper in the muzzle, of red mixt with white, that looked not unlike a tulip: his riding coat, with a scarlet cape and gilt buttons, was rolled up behind him. The earl of Kerry's gentlemen of the horse single, mounted on a very fine bay horse. The steward, waiting gentlemen, and other domesticks of the lord Kerry. This cavalcade of the earl's own family, and all mounted out of his own stable, to the number of thirty-five, being passed, there followed another of the gentlemen of the country, which was very considerable, there being about twenty led horses with field cloths attending them. But the day proved very unfavourable, and all this pomp and gallantry of equipage was forced to march under a heavy and continued rain to Listowel, where the high sheriff had prepared a splendid entertainment, consisting of one hundred and twenty dishes, to solace the judges and gentlemen after their fatigues; which, it seems, they greatly wanted; for the roads were so heavy and deep, by reason of the excessive rain, that the judges were forced to leave their coach, and betake themselves to their saddle horses. But their repast was short, for tidings being brought that the river Foyl was swelling apace, they soon remounted, in order to pass over while it was fordable."

In 1768 "Kerry house," in Molesworth-street, came into the possession of Anthony Foster, eldest son of John Foster of Dunleer, appointed, in 1765, chief baron of the Irish Exchequer, a post which he resigned in 1776, and was succeeded in his house here on his death in 1778, by his son, John Foster, who was born in 1740, educated at Trinity College, Dublin, elected member for the borough of Dunleer at the age of eighteen, and called to the bar in 1766. In 1768 John Foster was returned for the county Louth, ten years subsequent to which he was appointed chairman of the committee of supply; and on the resignation of Edmond Sexton Pery at the close of the session in 1785 Foster was unanimously chosen as his successor in the chair of Speaker of the Irish commons.

"Notwithstanding some blemishes in his public character, he was endowed with many excellent qualities—his measures in support of the corn trade of Ireland were good, he followed in this respect the track of lord Pery, and was of great utility to his country; his care and general attention to



the linen and cotton manufactures were highly serviceable to the people, and redounded greatly to his credit. He had surprising knowledge of the resources of Ireland, her trade, her commerce, and her capabilities. His design in proposing the original commercial propositions in 1785 was excellent; he forbore to urge those that were so faithfully sent from England, and acted a wise and judicious part. He was an Irishman, though too much of a courtier, and too little inclined to the people; his commencement in Ireland was bad, but his conclusion was good. At his outset he supported a perpetual Mutiny bill—opposed Free trade in 1779, and opposed Independence in 1781: these, however, were times when England was all dominant, and few men dared to speak or even think for their country; but his fatal error was hostility to the Catholics—on this question he discovered his mistake too late, and in 1800 he found at last how vain it was to contend for the freedom of a country without the aid of all her people. When Speaker of the lower house he abridged the privileges of the commons, limiting the space usually allotted to them in the gallery of the house, and appropriating it to the attendants of the court, and here he acted in a partial and arbitrary as well as an unconstitutional manner. In 1795, at the time of Lord Fitzwilliam's short administration, he was sent for by the advisers of the Whig party, and was consulted by them in preference to Mr. Beresford; the reason was that Foster was an Irishman attached to Ireland, though usually supporting government, but Mr. Beresford was an English slave, though in private an honorable man. Foster was at no period ever popular, and his conduct in '98 was abominably bad, but at the Union he redeemed himself; his arguments on that subject were excellent and unanswerable, and it was a fortunate circumstance for Ireland that he was friendly to her at that crisis, as a speech from him against her would have been highly prejudicial to her interests.\* He did not possess any eloquence, but had a calm delivery—his manner was neither impassioned nor vehement, but he was accurate and firm; his argument was generally able, his positions well arranged, close, and regular; his knowledge of the financial affairs of Ireland was extensive, and his speeches on her trade and commerce at the time of the Union were unrivalled and never answered. He received little attention from Mr. Pitt after the Union, and was not regarded by him; the latter remembered that Mr. Foster called his speech on that subject a *paltry production*, and his knowledge of finance was designedly disparaged in England; he was, however, created chancellor of the exchequer for Ireland, on the retirement of Mr. Corry, and supported the Corn bill in 1815, with a view to promote the agriculture of Ireland. On the whole, he was a remarkable Irishman, and so long as Ireland need refer to the his-

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\* After the termination of the debate in the commons on 24th January, 1799, when the paragraph in favor of the Union was negatived by a majority of five, we are told that:—"On the Speaker's coming out of the House, the horses were taken from his carriage, and he was drawn in triumph through the streets by the people, who conceived the whimsical idea of tackling the lord chancellor to the coach, and (as a captive general in a Roman triumph) forcing him to tug at the chariot of his conqueror. Had it been effected it would have been a signal anecdote, and

tory of the Union for proof that it was neither a gain nor a compact, her advocates will consult Mr. Foster's speeches."

After the passing of the act of Union, government demanded the Speaker's mace from Foster, which the latter refused to surrender, saying that "until the body that entrusted it to his keeping demanded it, he would preserve it for them." This interesting relic, together with the old chair of the Irish house of commons, which was removed to make way for a new one (now in the Board-room of the Royal Dublin Society), is at present in the custody of Lord Massereene, the Speaker's grandson, and author of "O'Sullivan, the bandit Chief, a legend of Killarney, in six cantos, 8vo. Dublin: 1844. John Foster was created baron Oriel of Collon, County Louth, in 1821; his only son, Thomas Henry Foster, viscount Ferrard, having married viscountess Massereene, assumed the name of Skeffington, and died in 1843. To his eldest son, who now enjoys the titles of baron of Lough Neagh, viscount Ferrard, baron Oriel in the peerage of Ireland, and baron Oriel of Ferrard in the peerage of England, we are indebted for some of the foregoing particulars connected with the history of the late Speaker and his residence in Molesworth-street.

Dr. John Van Lewen, the son of a Dutch physician, who had accidentally settled in Ireland at the close of the seventeenth century, also dwelt in this street. Van Lewen studied at Leyden under the famous Boerhaave, and became very eminent in his profession, being the only accoucheur in Dublin during the early part of the last century. He was elected

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would, at least, have immortalized the classic genius of the Irish. The populace closely pursued his lordship for that extraordinary purpose; he escaped with great difficulty, and fled, with a pistol in both hands, to a receding doorway in Clarendon-street. But the people, who pursued him in sport, set up a loud laugh at him, as he stood terrified against the door; they offered him no personal violence, and returned in high glee to their more innocent amusement of drawing the Speaker." A description of Foster's conduct in the chair of the house of commons on the passing of the act of Union, was given in the notice of the Irish Parliament house, *IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW*, Vol. II., 750. In the Dublin Penny Journal, Vol. II., 259, will be found an engraving of the Speaker's residence, the site of which is now occupied by the three houses known as 29, 30, and 31 Molesworth-street. The Royal Dublin Society possesses a portrait of Foster, whose likeness was engraved in oval by Maguire, and also, at full length, in 1792 by C. Hodges, from a painting by C. G. Stuart. On the south side of Molesworth-street stands a large house, said to have been erected by lord Lisle towards the middle of the last century, which was occupied from 1783 by Thomas Kingsbury, L.L.D., commissioner of bankruptcy and vicar of Kildare. In the year 1819 it came into the possession of Mr. John Lawler, its present occupier, who gave it the name of "Lisle house," by which it is now known.

president of the College of physicians in 1734, and died at his house here in 1736; his daughter Letitia, who became the wife of the Rev. Matthew Pilkington, was well known in the last century by her misfortunes and her writings.

Lieutenant General Gervas Parker, commander of the forces in Ireland, whose only daughter married Amyas Bushe of Kilfane, author of "Socrates," a dramatic poem, resided here in 1746; and in Molesworth-street, until his death in 1756, the Rev. Roger Ford kept a school of great reputation, at which were educated Robert Jephson, author of the "Count of Narbonne;" and Edmond Malone, the commentator on Shakspeare, both of whom took leading parts in the private theatricals performed in this academy, under the superintendence of Macklin.

In Molesworth-street, till late in the last century, was the town residence of the family of Vesey, members of which, from the year 1734, enjoyed the office of comptroller and accountant general of the Irish revenue. Agmondisham Vesey, the first of his family appointed to that post, married the heiress of William Sarsfield of Lucan, by his wife Mary, sister to the unfortunate duke of Monmouth. The present earl of Lucan is descended from Vesey's daughter Anne, wife of sir John Bingham. Mr. Burke, compiler of the Peerage, asserts that Bingham's desertion of the cause of king James mainly caused the loss of the battle of Aughrim, a statement which is totally unfounded, as he held no rank in the Jacobite army. His conduct in parliament is thus described in 1736 —

" There observe the tribe of Bingham,  
For he never fails to bring 'em;  
While he sleeps the whole debate,  
They submissive round him wait;  
Yet would gladly see the hunks,  
In his grave, and search his trunks,  
See they gently twitch his coat,  
Just to yawn and give his vote,  
Always firm in this vocation,  
For the court against the nation."

To lady Bingham's artistic acquirements we are indebted for the portrait of her grand-uncle, Patrick Sarsfield, the Jacobite earl of Lucan. From this painting, which, in the last century, was in the possession of sir Charles Bingham, of Castlebar, an admirable engraving was executed by F. Tilliard, a French artist.

Here also dwelt Arthur Dawson, a native of Ireland, called to the Bar in 1723, and appointed baron of the exchequer in 1741, a post which he resigned in 1768. Dawson was one of the judges who tried the case in ejectment of James Annesley against the earl of Anglesey in 1743; on this extraordinary trial, which lasted from the 11th to the 25th of November, Walter Scott founded his novel of "Guy Mannering." A writer well acquainted with him tells us that—

"The baron was a gentleman of a grave, reserved and penetrating aspect, though extremely handsome both in his person and countenance; but he had such an unbounded flow of real wit and true humour, that he said more good things in half an hour, and forgot them the next, than half the comick writers in the world have introduced into their plays; and what added to the delight such an entertainment must afford, was, that it was all genuine, unstudied, and concise; so that while he sat,

'Laughter holding both his sides,'

He appeared himself with the same steadfastness that accompanied him on the bench as a judge: and so happy was this great man in the talent of unbending his mind, that he could even make companions of his son and myself, though both so young and giddy; nay, he would adapt his discourse exactly to our degree of comprehension, and by that means became master of our minutest thoughts. He has wandered with us for hours through his wide domains, leaped over ditches, looked for birds' nests, flown a kite, and played at marbles: he might in this respect be compared to that great Roman, who, when called on to serve the senate, was found toying amongst his children."

Baron Dawson composed the famous song on Thomas Morris Jones, of Money Glas,\* from which we extract the following stanzas:

- "Ye good fellows all  
 Who love to be told where there's claret good store,  
 Attend to the call of one who's ne'er frighted,  
 But greatly delighted with six bottles more:  
 Be sure you don't pass the good house Money Glas,  
 Which the jolly red god so peculiarly owns;  
 'Twill well suit your humour, for pray what wou'd you more,  
 Than mirth with good claret, and bumper Squire Jones."
- "Ye poets who write,  
 And brag of your drinking fam'd Helicon's brook,  
 Tho' all you get by't is a dinner oft-times,

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\* A corruption of *Muine Glas* (*Muine glas*),—the green brake.

In reward for your rhimes, with Humphry the duke ;\*  
 Learn Bacchus to follow, and quit your Apollo,  
 Forsake all the Muses, those senseless old drones ;  
 Our jingling of glasses, your rhyming surpasses,  
 When crown'd with good claret, and bumper Squire Jones.

" Ye soldiers so stout,  
 With plenty of oaths, tho' no plenty of coin,  
 Who make such a rout, of all your commanders,  
 Who served us in Flanders, and eke at the Boyne,  
 Come, leave off your rattling, of sieging and battling,  
 And know you'd much better to sleep with whole bones,  
 Were you sent to Gibraltar,\* your note you'd soon alter,  
 And wish for good claret and bumper Squire Jones.

" Ye lawyers so just,  
 Be the cause what it will who so learnedly plead,  
 How worthy of trust, you know black from white,  
 Yet prefer wrong to right, as you're chanc'd to be fee'd,  
 Leave musty reports, and forsake the king's courts,  
 Where Dulness and Discord have set up their thrones,  
 Burn Salkeld† and Ventris,‡ with all your damn'd entries,  
 And away with the claret, a bumper, Squire Jones.

" Ye physical tribe,  
 Whose knowledge consists in hard words and grimace,  
 Whene'er you prescribe, have at your devotion  
 Pills, bolus or potion, be what will the case :  
 Pray where is the need to purge, blister and bleed,  
 When ailing yourselves, the whole faculty owns,  
 That the forms of old Galen, are not so prevailing,  
 As mirth with good claret, and bumper Squire Jones."

Of the origin of this song, which we are inclined to attribute to the year 1727, the following account was given by the late

\* An English literary antiquarian observes that "the phrase of dining with Duke Humphrey, which is still current, originated in the following manner:—Humphrey, duke of Gloucester, though really buried at St. Alban's, was supposed to have a monument in old St. Paul's, from which one part of the church was termed 'Duke Humphrey's Walk.' In this, as the church was then a place of the most public resort, they who had no means of procuring a dinner, frequently loitered about, probably in hopes of meeting with an invitation, but under pretence of looking at the monuments."

\* Gibraltar was ceded to England by the peace of Utrecht in 1713. The above reference appears to have been to its unsuccessful, though protracted, siege by the Spaniards in 1727.

† William Salkeld, author of "Reports of cases in the King's Bench, &c., from the first of William and Mary to the tenth of queen Anne. Sixth edition published in 3 vols. 8vo., 1795.

‡ Sir Peyton Ventris, compiler of Reports from the time of Charles II. to the third of William III. Fourth edition published in 1726.

dean of St. Patrick's, a collateral descendant of the baron, who, however, appears to have been ignorant that Carolan's death took place three years before Dawson had been promoted to the bench :—

“ Carolan and baron Dawson happened to be enjoying together, with others, the hospitalities of Squire Jones at Moneyglass, and slept in rooms adjacent to each other. The bard, being called upon by the company to compose a song or tune in honour of their host, undertook to comply with their request, and on retiring to his apartment, took his harp with him, and under the inspiration of copious libations of his favorite liquor, not only produced the melody now known as ‘Bumper, Squire Jones,’ but also very indifferent English words to it. While the bard was thus employed, however, the judge was not idle. Being possessed of a fine musical ear, as well as of considerable poetical talents, he not only fixed the melody on his memory, but actually wrote the noble song now incorporated with it before he retired to rest. The result may be anticipated. At breakfast on the following morning, when Carolan sang and played his composition, baron Dawson, to the astonishment of all present, and of the bard in particular, stoutly denied the claim of Carolan to the melody, charged him with audacious piracy, both musical and poetical, and, to prove the fact, sang the melody to his own words amidst the joyous shouts of approbation of all his hearers—the enraged bard excepted, who vented his execrations in curses on the judge both loud and deep.”

The baron, who for many years represented the county of Londonderry in parliament, died at his house in Molesworth-street in 1775. He was succeeded by his nephew, Arthur Dawson, whose son, Henry Richard, became dean of St. Patrick's. The present representative of the family is the Right Hon. George Robert Dawson, of Castle Dawson.

In Molesworth-street, in the early part of the reign of George III., was the residence of Kane O'Hara, the distinguished burletta-writer, who was a member of the tribe of O'Hara, or *Ua h-Eaghra*, which descended from Cian or Kane, son of Oliol Olum, king of Munster in the third century, and received their surname from *Eaghra*, or Hara, lord of Luighne or Leyny, in the county of Sligo. Dr. O'Donovan tells us, that “according to Duald Mac Firbis, Fearghal mór O'Hara, who erected *Teach-Teampla*, now Temple-house, was the eleventh in descent from this *Eaghra*, and Cian or Kean O'Hara, who was living in 1666, was the eighth in descent from that Fearghal.” In 1706, Charles O'Hara, a distinguished soldier, was created baron of Tir Awley; and Carolan, in his song entitled

*Cupan Uí h-Eaghra*, has eulogized, as follows, the hospitality of Kane O'Hara of Nymphsfield, county Sligo :—

“ Oh ! were I at rest  
Amidst Aran's green isles,  
Or in climes where the summer  
Unchangingly smiles ;  
Tho' treasures and dainties  
Might come at a call,  
Still, O'Hara's full cup,  
I would prize more than all.”

The author of “ *Midas* ” held a distinguished position in the fashionable circles of Dublin in the last century, and being a very skilful musician, he was elected vice-president of the Musical Academy, founded mainly through his exertions, in 1758. In the succeeding year he produced his celebrated burletta of “ *Midas*,” at a series of private theatricals performed at the seat of Mr. Brownlow, at Lurgan, county Armagh. It originally consisted of one act, commencing with the fall of Apollo from the clouds ; the author played the part of “ *Pan*,” the other characters being filled by members of the family and their relations. “ *Midas* ” was first publicly performed at Crow-street theatre in 1762, with the object of throwing ridicule on the Italian burlettas, which were then filling the coffers of Mossop, manager of the opposition theatre in Smock-alley. “ *Spranger Barry* was to have performed *Sileno* in ‘ *Midas*,’ and rehearsed it several times ; but not being equal to the musical part, gave it up, and it was played by Robert Corry, a favourite public singer. The first cast was thus : *Apollo*, Vernon ; *Midas*, Robert Mahon ; *Dametus*, Oliver ; *Pan*, Morris ; *Daphne*, Miss Elliott ; *Nysa*, Miss Polly Young (afterwards married to Barthelemon, the fine violin performer) ; and *Mysis*, Miss Macneil (afterwards Mrs. Hawtrey). *Midas* is made up of Dublin jokes and bye sayings, but irresistibly humorous.” A writer in 1773 describes O'Hara as having the appearance of an old fop, wearing spectacles and an antiquated wig, and adds, that “ he is, notwithstanding, a polite, sensible, agreeable man, foremost and chief modulator in all fashionable entertainments, the very pink of gentility and good breeding, and a very necessary man in every party for amusement, and only he is sometimes a little too long-winded in his narratives, he would be a very amusing companion, as he seems to be very well informed.”

In the extremely meagre published notices of O'Hara, no

reference has been made to his skill as an artist, of which we have a specimen in his etching of Dr. William King, archbishop of Dublin, in a wig and cap, of which portrait a copy has been made by Richardson. One of his contemporaries tells us, that "O'Hara was so remarkably tall, that, among his intimate friends in Ireland, he was nicknamed 'St. Patrick's steeple.' At one time, Girardini's Italian glee was extremely popular, and sung everywhere, in public and private. The words in Italian are:

'Vivan tutte le vezrose  
Donne, amabile, amorose,  
Che no' hanno crudeltà.'

It was parodied, and for the last line they substituted this:

'Kane O'Hara's cruel tall.'"

Michael Kelly further tells us that

"Kane O'Hara, the ingenious author of 'Midas,' had a puppet-show for the amusement of his friends; it was worked by a young man of the name of Nick Marsh, who sang for 'Midas' and 'Pan.' He was a fellow of infinite humour; his parody on 'Shepherds, I have lost my love,' was equal to any thing written by the well-known Captain Morris; and with many others of equal merit, will be long remembered for the rich vein of humour which characterises it. The love of company, joined to a weak constitution, condemned this truly original genius to an early grave, regretted by all who knew him. In the performance of this fantoccini I sang the part of Daphne, and was instructed by the author himself; the others were by other amateurs. It was quite the rage with all the people of fashion, who crowded nightly to see the gratuitous performance."—"On the 25th of October, 1802, the burletta of 'Midas' was revived at Drury Lane Theatre, with unqualified approbation. It had a run the first season, of twenty-seven nights. From my earliest days, I was fond of the music of 'Midas,' which in my opinion is delightful. It was entirely selected by Kane O'Hara, who was a distinguished musical amateur; his adaptations were not alone elegant and tasteful, but evinced a thorough knowledge of stage effect. I have heard him, when a boy, sing at his own house in Dublin, with exquisite humour, the songs of Midas, Pan, and Apollo's drunken song of,

'Be by your friends advised,  
Too harsh, too hasty dad!  
Mangle your bolts and wise head,  
The world will think you mad.'

When I acted the part of Apollo at Drury Lane, I formed my style of singing and acting that song from the recollection of his manner of singing it. The simple and pretty melody, 'Pray Goody, please to moderate the rancour of your tongue,' (before I sang it at Drury-lane,) was always sung in a quick jig time; it struck me, that the air would be better slower, and I therefore resolved to sing it in the



'andantino gracioso' style, and added a repetition of the last bar of the air, which I thought would give it a more stage effect. When I rehearsed it the first time as I had arranged it, Mr. Kemble was on the stage, who, with all the performers in the piece, as well as the whole band in the orchestra, *unâ voce*, declared that the song ought to be sung in quick time, as it had ever been; but I was determined to try it my own way, and I did so: and during the run of the piece, it never missed getting a loud and unanimous encore. When 'Midas' was revived at Covent Garden Theatre, it was sung by Mr. Sinclair in the exact time in which I sung it, and with deserved and additional success. It is not, I believe, generally understood, that Rousseau was the composer of it."

In addition to "Midas," O'Hara wrote "The Golden Pippin," a burletta, 1773; "The Two Misers," a musical farce, 1775; "April Day," a burletta, 1777; and "Tom Thumb," 1780, the very successful alteration of Fielding's burlesque, with the addition of songs. O'Hara's death took place on 17th June, 1782, for some time previous to which he had been totally deprived of sight. "Kane O'Hara," says the most recent English dramatic critic, "was the very prince of burletta writers. His 'Golden Pippin' is whimsical; his lyrical additions to 'Tom Thumb' are every way worthy of that inimitable burlesque; and his 'Midas' is the most perfect thing of its kind in our language." O'Hara was also author of an unfinished *jeu d'esprit* entitled "Grigri, a true history, translated from the Japanese into Portuguese by Didaquez Hadezczuca, companion to a missionary at Yendo; from Portuguese into French by the Abbé du Pot a beurre, almoner to a Dutch vessel, on the whale-fishery; and now, lastly, from the French into English, by the Rev. Doctor Turlogh O'Finane, chaplain to an Irish regiment, in the Turkish service. Forbidden by the fathers of the holy Inquisition, and by all the states and potentates upon earth to be printed any where, yet printed and published for the translator here and there, and everywhere. *Sine ullo privilegio*." The manuscript of this production was presented in 1762, by the author to his intimate friend, Thomas Kennedy, Esq., of Clondalkin castle, county Dublin, whose descendants permitted it to be published in the "Irish Monthly Magazine" for 1832. At No. 11 (now No. 13) in this street, from the year 1781, was the residence of James Fitzgerald, an eminent lawyer, called to the bar in 1769, appointed third sergeant in 1778, second sergeant in 1783, and prime sergeant in 1786. One

of his professional contemporaries tells us, that Fitzgerald was at the very head of the bar, as prime serjeant of Ireland; and adds:—"I knew him long in great practice, and never saw him give up one case whilst it had a single point to rest upon, or he a puff of breath left to defend it; nor did I ever see any barrister succeed, either in the whole or partially, in so many cases out of a given number as Mr. Fitzgerald: and I can venture to say (at least to think), that if the right honorable James Fitzgerald had been sent ambassador to Stockholm, in the place of the right honorable Vesey Fitzgerald, his cher garcon, he would have worked Bernadotte to the stumps, merely by treating him just as if he were a motion in the court of Exchequer." Government having found that no bribes could induce Fitzgerald to lend his sanction to the proposed union, dismissed him from office in 1798; the bar, however, passed a resolution thanking the prime serjeant "for his noble conduct in preferring the good of his country to rank and emolument;" and determined to allow him the same precedence which he enjoyed when in office, the result of which was the occurrence of the following incident in the court of Chancery:—

"It was motion day, and according to usage the senior barrister present is called on by the bench to make his motions, after which the next in precedence is called, until the whole of the bar have been called on, down to the youngest barrister. The Attorney and Solicitor-Generals having made their motions, the Chancellor called on Mr. Smith, the father of the bar, who bowed and said Mr. Saurin had precedence of him; he then called on Mr. Saurin, who bowed and said Mr. Ponsonby had precedence of him; Mr. Ponsonby in like manner said Mr. Curran had precedence; and Mr. Curran said he could not think of moving anything before Mr. Fitzgerald, who certainly had precedence of him; the Chancellor then called on Mr. Fitzgerald, who bowed and said he had no motion to make; and this caused the Chancellor to speak out—'I see, gentlemen, you have not relinquished the business; it would be better at once for his Majesty's council, if they do not choose to conform to the regulations of the court, to resign their silk gowns, than sit thus in a sort of rebellion against their sovereign. I dismiss the causes in which these gentlemen are retained, with costs on both sides;' and thus saying, Lord Clare left the bench. The attorneys immediately determined they would not charge any costs."

This honorary precedence was continued to Fitzgerald until he expressly desired that it should be relinquished as injurious to the public business. In the house of commons he argued

ably against the union, the illegality of which he demonstrated by constitutional arguments.

Sir Jonah Barrington tells us, that "no man in Ireland was more sincere in his opposition to a union than Mr. Fitzgerald; he was the first who declared his intention of writing its history. He afterwards relinquished the design, and urged me to commence it—he handed me the prospectus of what he intended, and no man in Ireland knew the exact details of that proceeding better than he." Fitzgerald died in 1835, aged ninety-three years. By his wife, Catherine Vesey, elevated in 1826 to the Irish peerage, as baroness Fitzgerald de Vesci, he left a son, William, who, in 1815, assumed the additional name of Vesey, and successively held the posts of chancellor of the Irish exchequer, paymaster general of the forces, president of the board of trade and of the board of control. He was created a peer in 1835, as baron Fitzgerald of Desmond and Clan Gibbon, county Cork, and died unmarried in 1843, when the peerage expired, and the barony devolved upon his brother, the Rev. Henry Vesey Fitzgerald.

Among the other residents in Molesworth-street, in the last century, were Robert Emmett, state physician (1770 to 1776); viscount Ranelagh (1786); lord Blayney (1796); and lord Carberry (1799).

James Fitzgerald, twentieth earl of Kildare, wanted two months of twenty-one years of age at the decease of his father in 1743. The arts and sciences were at that period rapidly progressing in Dublin under the encouragement of a wealthy resident aristocracy who emulated each other in the splendour of their establishments; and lord Kildare, who had passed two years on the Continent, conceiving that the premier peer of Ireland should possess a town residence more suited to his rank and dignity than that then occupied by the Fitzgerald family in Suffolk-street, determined to erect for that purpose a building equalling in magnificence the mansion of any nobleman in Europe. Architectural designs having been obtained from Richard Castles, the high ground on the south-east side of the city was at first proposed as the site of the projected edifice, the foundation stone, with the following inscription, was, however, finally laid in 1745 in "Molesworth-fields," a portion of which had acquired the appellation of "Coote-street," a name since changed into "Kildare-street:—"

" Domum  
 Cujus hic lapis fundamen  
 In agro Molesworthiana,  
 Extrui curavit  
 Jacobus  
 Comes Kildarise vicesimus,  
 Anno Domini, MDCCCXXXV.  
 Hinc discas,  
 Quicumque temporum infortunio  
 In ruinas tam magnificæ domus  
 Incideris,  
 Quantus ille fuit, qui extruxit,  
 Quamque caduca sint omnia,  
 Cum talia talium virorum  
 Monumenta  
 Casibus superasse non valeant.

Richardo Castello, Arch."

When Prince Charles Edward landed in Scotland in 1745, the earl of Kildare, emulating the spirited conduct of the Irish Jacobite nobles in 1688, volunteered, at his own expense, to levy, clothe, arm and maintain a regiment of cavalry for the king's service; his offer was, however, declined, and in 1746 he married lady Emilia Lennox, sister to the duke of Richmond, and one of the most celebrated beauties of the day.\* In 1753, lord Kildare took a leading part in opposing the proceedings of the English ministry in its attempt to obtain a parliamentary recognition of the right of the king of England to dispose of the surplus of £77,500 then in the Irish exchequer; his popularity was also much increased by his proceeding direct to the king with an independent memorial impugning the conduct of the ministers in Ireland. Among the medals struck to commemorate the parliamentary rejection of the money bill as altered by the English cabinet, was one presenting a full length portrait of the earl, sword in hand, guarding a sum of money, heaped upon a table, from the grasp of a hand outstretched from a cloud, with the motto, "Touch not! says Kildare;" and so great was the exultation of the populace at the defeat of the "Castle party" on the 16th of November, 1753, that his lordship, who was said to have rejected all the most alluring overtures of government, was occupied for an entire hour

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\* The portraits of the earl and countess, painted by Reynolds, now preserved at Carton, were engraved in the last century, by James Mac Ardel, one of the pupils of John Brooks of Cork-hill, noticed in our account of that locality.

in passing from the parliament house on College-green to "Kildare house."

"Lord Kildare resided in Ireland almost constantly. He not only supported his senatorial character with uniform independence, but, as a private nobleman, was truly excellent, living either in Dublin or among his numerous tenantry, whom he encouraged and protected. In every situation he was of the most unequivocal utility to his country; at Carton, in the Irish house of lords, or that of England, (he was a member of both,) or speaking the language of truth and justice in the closet of his sovereign. No man ever understood his part in society better than he did; he was conscious of his rank, and upheld it to the utmost; but let it be added, that he was remarkable for the dignified, attractive politeness, or, what the French call, nobleness of his manners. So admirable was he in this respect, that when he entertained some lord lieutenants, the general declaration on leaving the room was, that, from the peculiar grace of his behaviour, he appeared to be more the viceroy than they did. He was some years older than lord Charlemont, and took a lead in politics when that nobleman was abroad, and for some time after his return to Ireland; but when the house of lords became more the scene of action, they, with the late lord Moira, generally co-operated; and, in truth, three noblemen so independent, this country, indeed any country, has seldom seen."

The mansion at Carton, county Kildare, was also rebuilt by this nobleman from designs by Castles, who died there suddenly, in 1751, while writing directions to some of the artificers employed at Leinster house, Dublin. O'Keeffe laid the scene of his play of the "Poor Soldier" at Carton, and among a series of dramatic entertainments there in 1761, we may notice the performance of the "Beggar's Opera," by the following distinguished amateurs, as affording an illustration of the state of Irish society in those days:

Macheath,	Captain Morris.
Peach'um,	Lord Charlemont.
Lockit,	Rev. Dean Marlay.
Filch,	Mr. Conolly of Castletown.
Polly,	Miss Martin.
Lucy,	Lady Louisa Conolly.
Mrs. Peach'um,	Countess of Kildare.
Diana Trapes,	Mr. Gore.
Mrs. Slammekin,	Lord Powerscourt.
Jenny Diver,	Miss Vesey.
Mrs. Coaxer,	Miss Adderley.

The ensuing prologue was written for the occasion, and spoken in the character of "Lockit," by dean Marlay, who;

although satirized at that time as a "canonical buck," was subsequently appointed bishop of Waterford :

" Our play, to-night, wants novelty 'tis true :  
That to atone, our actors all are new.  
And sure, our stage than any stage is droller ;  
Lords act the rogue, and ladies play the stroller ;  
And yet, so artfully they feign, you'll say,  
They are the very characters they play :  
But know they're honest, tho' their looks belie it—  
Great ones ne'er cheat, when they get nothing by it.  
Our ladies too, when they this stage depart,  
Will pilfer nothing from you but your heart.  
The melting music of our Polly's tongue  
Will charm beyond the syren's magic song ;  
Vincent\* with grief shall hear fair Martin's fame ;  
And tuneful Brent† shall tremble at her name.  
If Lucy seem too meek, yet, never fear ;  
For all those gentle smiles, she'll scold her dear ;  
But, her keen rage so amiable is found,  
Macheath you'll envy, though in fetters bound.  
If Peach'um's wife too fair, too graceful prove,  
And seem to emulate the queen of love ;  
If no disguise her lustre can conceal,  
And every look a matchless charm reveal ;  
We own the fault—for spite of art and care,  
The Loves and Graces will attend Kildare.  
'Diver' and blooming 'Coaxer,' if you knew them,  
You'd think you ne'er could be too loving to them ;  
When you behold our 'Peach'um,' 'Filch,' and 'Lockit,'  
You'll shudder for your purse, and guard your pocket.  
Our 'Trapes' from Douglas‡ self the prize would win,  
More virgins would decoy, and drink more gin.  
When 'Slammekin' you view, politely drunk,  
You'll own the genuine Covent Garden punk.  
Thus, virtue's friends their native truth disguise,  
And counterfeit the follies they despise ;  
By wholesome ridicule, proud vice to brand,  
And into virtue laugh a guilty land :  
But, when this busy, mimic scene is o'er,  
All shall resume the worth they had before,  
'Lockit' himself his knavery shall resign,  
And lose the gaoler in the dull divine."

In 1761 the ancient title of earl of Kildare was merged in that of marquis, and in 1766 his lordship was created duke of Leinster, a dignity which he enjoyed for only seven years.

\* A famous singer in London.

† An actress celebrated for her performance of "Polly," in the "Beggars' Opera."

‡ An infamous London character.

This dukedom, it may be observed, was first conferred in 1691 by William III. upon Meinhardt, second son of Frederic Schonberg, the famous veteran who was cut down in the midst of his troops by the Irish Jacobites, at the battle of the Boyne. Meinhardt Schonberg, also a distinguished officer, married Charlotte, daughter of Charles Louis, elector palatine, and dying without issue male, in 1719, the title of this Dutch duke of Leinster became extinct.

William Robert, second Geraldine duke of Leinster, born in 1748, first entered the political arena in 1767, when he successfully contested the representation of the city of Dublin with John La Touche, as already noticed in our account of that family. Shortly after his accession to the title in 1773, masquerades were introduced into Dublin, and conducted on a scale of great splendour; on such occasions, before the company assembled at the Music Hall or the Rotunda, it was customary for the various characters to visit and walk through the state apartments of the mansions of the principal nobility and gentry in the city, which were usually thrown open for their reception, and hospitably provided with the choicest delicacies for the masqueraders, who were thus always most sumptuously regaled at Leinster house. When masqued balls were held at his mansion, the duke standing at the head of the great staircase, received and welcomed the various groupes; his grace patronized these amusements very extensively, and at a great masquerade at the Music Hall, on St. Patrick's eve, 1778, he appeared dressed as an itinerant fruit vender, significantly changing his oranges for shamrocks as St. Patrick's day dawned.\*

On the formation of the Volunteers, the appointment of a commander-in-chief over their corps in the metropolis became an object of deep national importance to the heads of the organization:—

"They did not, however, long hesitate in their choice of a commander;—every eye seemed to turn, by general instinct, on William duke of Leinster.—His family, from the earliest periods had been favorites of the people—he had himself, when marquis of Kildare, been the popular representative for Dublin—he was the only duke of Ireland—his disposition and his address combined almost every quality which could endear him to the nation. The honesty of his heart might occasionally mislead the accuracy of his judgment—but he

\* For a full description of this masquerade, see account of the Music Hall, Fishamble-street, IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, Vol. II. 44.

always intended right—and his political errors usually sprung from the principle of moderation. This amiable nobleman was therefore unanimously elected, by the armed bodies of the metropolis, their general, and was immediately invested with all the honours of so high a situation; a guard of Volunteers was mounted at his door—a body guard appointed to attend him on public occasions—and sentinels placed on his box when he honoured the theatre; he was followed with acclamations whenever he appeared; and something approaching to regal honours attended his investiture.\* This was the first measure of the Volunteers towards the formation of a regular army;—its novelty and splendour added greatly to its importance, and led the way to the subsequent appointments which soon after completed their organization. The mild and unassuming disposition of the duke, tending, by its example, to restrain the over zeal of an armed and irritated nation, did not contribute much to increase the energy of their proceedings, and at no distant period deprived him, for a moment, of a portion of that popularity which his conduct (with but little deviation) entitled him to, down to the last moments of his existence.—William duke of Leinster had long been the favourite and the patron of the Irish people, and never did the physiognomist† enjoy a more fortunate elucidation of his science:—the softness of philanthropy—the placidity of temper—the openness of sincerity—the sympathy of friendship—and the ease of integrity—stamped corresponding impressions on his artless countenance, and left but little to conjecture, as to the composition of his character. His elevated rank and extensive connections gave him a paramount lead in Irish politics, which his naked talents would not otherwise have justified;—though his capacity was respectable, it was not brilliant, and his abilities were not adapted to the highest class of political pre-eminence.‡ On public subjects, his conduct sometimes wanted energy, and his pursuits perseverance; in some points he was weak, and in some instances erroneous—but in all he was honest;—from the day of his maturity to the moment of his dissolution, he was the undeviating friend of the Irish nation—he considered its interests and his own indissolubly connected—alive to the oppressions and miseries of the people, his feeling heart participated in their misfortunes, and felt the smart of every lash which the scourge of power inflicted on his country.—As a soldier, and as a patriot, he performed his duties; and in his plain and honourable disposition, was found collected a happy specimen of those qualities which best compose the character of an Irish gentleman. He took an early and active part in promoting the formation and discipline of the Volunteer associations—he raised many corps and commanded

\* See the account of the Irish Volunteers on College-green in 1779, IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, Vol. II. 762.

† His portrait was engraved by J. Dixon in 1775 from a painting by Reynolds; and in 1792 by Hodges, from an original by C. G. Stuart.

‡ “The political abilities of his Grace were likened, by a gentleman of great public talent, to a fair fertile field, without either a *weed* or a *wild* flower in it.”



the Dublin army. The ancient celebrity of his family—the vast extent of his possessions—and his affability in private intercourse, co-operated with his own popularity in extending his influence—and few persons ever enjoyed a more general and merited influence amongst the Irish people.”

The various Volunteer corps were constantly drilled and paraded on the duke's lawn, from which, surrounded by an immense concourse of spectators, on the 19th of July, 1785, the first Irish aeronaut, Richard Crosbie, son of sir Paul Crosbie, made an ascent, of which we have the following particulars:—

“At half-past two, P.M. Mr. Crosbie ascended with an elegant balloon, from the duke of Leinster's lawn, after being twice forced to descend; but on throwing out more of his ballast, he surmounted all obstacles. The current of the wind which carried him at first, at due east, soon after seemed inclined to bear him north-east, and pointed his voyage towards Whitehaven. When the balloon was seventeen minutes in view, it immersed in a cloud, but in four minutes after, its appearance again was testified by the numerous plaudits of the multitude. It now continued in sight by the aid of achromatic glasses, thirty-two minutes from its ascent, when it was entirely lost to the view; some rockets were then sent off, and the troops of volunteers, who attended, discharged their last volleys. Mr. Crosbie had about 300 lb. weight of ballast, but discharged half a hundred in his first rise of ascension. At upwards of fourteen leagues from the Irish shore, he found himself within clear sight of both lands of the sister kingdoms, at which time, he says, it is impossible to give the human imagination any adequate idea of the unspeakable beauties which the scenery of the sea, bounded by both lands, presented. It was such (said he) as should make me risk a life, to enjoy again. He rose, at one time, so high, that the mercury in the barometer sunk entirely into its globe, and he was constrained to put on his oil-cloth cloak, but unluckily found his bottle of cordial broke, and could obtain no refreshment. The upper current of air was different from the lower, and the cold so intense, that his ink was frozen. He experienced a strong repulsion on the tympanum of the ears, and a sickness which must have been aggravated by the anxiety and fatigue of the day. At his utmost height, he thought himself stationary; but liberating some of his gas, he descended to a current of air, blowing north, and extremely rough. He now entered a black cloud, and encountered a repulsion of wind, with lightning and thunder, which brought him rapidly towards the surface of the water. Here the balloon made a circuit, but falling lower, the water entered his car, and he lost his notes of observation; but recollecting that his watch was at the bottom of the car, he groped for it, and put it into his pocket. All his endeavours to throw out ballast were of no avail, the intemperance of the weather plunged him into the ocean. He now thought of his cork waistcoat, and by much difficulty having put it on, the propriety of his idea became manifestly useful in the construction of his boat, as by the admission of the water into the lower part of it, and the suspension of his bladders, which were arranged at the top, the water, added to

his own weight, became proper ballast, and the balloon maintaining its poise, it became a powerful sail, and by means of snatch-block to his car, or both, he went before the wind as regularly as a sailing vessel. In this situation, he found himself inclined to eat a morsel of fowl; when at the distance of another league, he discovered some vessels crowding after him; but as his progress outstripped all their endeavours, he lengthened the space of the balloon from the car, which gave a consequent check to the rapidity of his sailing, when the Dunleary barge came up, and fired a gun. One of the sailors jumped into his car, and made it fast to the barge, on which the *aéronaut* came out with the same composure and fortitude of mind which marked the whole complexion of his adventure. At this time another of the sailors, after the car was brought on board, laid hold of the halyard which suspended the balloon, and it being released from its under weight, a ludicrous scene ensued, for the balloon ascended above one hundred feet into the air, to the utmost extent of the rope, the fellow bawling most vehemently, under the apprehension of taking a flight to the clouds; but being dragged down, by the united efforts of the whole crew, the poor tar was, for once, eased of his fears of going to heaven. The barge now steered for Dunleary, and towed the balloon after it. About ten o'clock they landed. On the morning of the 20th, Mr. Crosbie had the honor of receiving the congratulations and breakfasting with their graces the duke and duchess of Rutland, at Mr. Lee's elegant lodge at Dunleary. He was afterwards conducted to town by lord Ranelagh and sir Frederick Flood, bart, chairmen of his committee, and at two o'clock he waited on his grace the duke of Leinster, at Leinster house, and afterwards went to Dr. Austin's, at Stephen's-green. The populace having received intimation of this, crowded to the house, and notwithstanding all his endeavours to the contrary, they forced him into a chair, and carried him in triumph to the college. After he had remained at Mr. Hutchinson's house an hour, his committee waited on him, and a prodigious multitude having gathered in College-green, and insisting on chairing him again, he found himself in reality constrained to submit, and the intrepid *aéronaut* was borne on the shoulders of his friends, (his committee walking before him) to the castle, and afterwards, in the same procession, to his house in North Cumberland-street, amidst the acclamations of surrounding thousands.\*

Crosby, says one of his friends, "was of immense stature, being above six feet three inches high: he had a comely looking, fat, ruddy face, and was beyond all comparison, the most ingenious mechanic I ever knew. He had a smattering of all sciences, and there was scarcely an art or trade of which he had not some practical knowledge. His chambers at College

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\* Of the extraordinary balloon mania which prevailed at this period in Dublin, an account will be hereafter given.

were like a general workshop of all kinds of artizans : he was very good tempered, exceedingly strong, and as brave as a lion—but as dogged as a mule : nothing could change a resolution of his when once made, and nothing could check or resist his perseverance to carry it into execution. I never saw two persons in face and figure more alike than Crosby and Daniel O'Connell : but Crosby was the taller by two inches, and it was not so easy to discover that he was an Irishman."

The following description of Leinster house was written by an English artist in 1794 :—

"Leinster house, the town residence of his grace the duke of Leinster, is the most stately private edifice in the city ; pleasantly situated at the south-east extremity of the town, commanding prospects few places can exhibit ; and possessing advantages few city fabricks can obtain, by extent of ground both in front and rear : in front, laid out in a spacious court yard ; the ground in the rear, made a beautiful lawn with a handsome shrubbery, on each side, screening the adjacent houses from view : enjoying, in the tumult of a noisy metropolis, all the retirement of the country. A dwarf wall, which divides the lawn from the street, extends almost the entire side of a handsome square, called Merrion-square. The form of the building is a rectangle, one hundred and forty feet long, by seventy feet deep ; with a circular bow in the middle of the north end, rising two stories. Adjoining the west front, which is the principal, are short Doric colonnades, communicating to the offices ; making, on the whole, an extent of more than two hundred and ten feet, the breadth of the court-yard. The court is surrounded by a high stone wall, ornamented with rusticated piers ; which, after proceeding parallel with the ends of the building, as far as a gateway on the western side and another opposite it, the court being uniform, it takes a circular sweep from one gate to the other, but broke in the middle by a larger and handsomer gateway directly fronting the house, communicating to the street, and exhibits there a plain, but not inelegant, rusticated front. The house, or rather the gateway of the court-yard, is in Kildare-street ; so named from one of the titles of his grace, who is marquis of Kildare ; and is the termination of a broad genteel street, called Molesworth-street. The garden front has not much architectural embellishment ; it is plain, but pleasing ; with a broad area before it, the whole length of the front, in order to obtain light to offices in an under story, but which receive none from the west, to the court-yard. From the middle of the front, on a level with the ground floor, a handsome double flight of steps extends across the area to the lawn. The greater part of the building is of native stone ;\* but the west front and all the ornamental parts throughout are of Portland. South of the building are commodious offices and stables. The inside

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\* Quarried at Ardbraccan, co. Meath.

of this mansion, in every respect, corresponds with the grandeur of its external appearance. The hall is lofty, rising two stories, ornamented with three-quarter columns of the Doric order, and an enriched entablature; the ceiling is adorned with stucco ornaments, on coloured grounds; and the whole is embellished with many rich and tasty ornaments. To the right of the hall are the family private apartments;\* the whole, convenient, beautifully ornamented, and elegantly furnished: overlooking the lawn, is the great dining parlour,† and adjoining it, at the north end, is an elegant long room, the whole depth of the house, twenty-four feet wide, called the supper room,‡ adorned with sixteen fluted Ionic columns, supporting a rich ceiling. Over the supper room is the picture gallery, of the same dimensions, containing many fine paintings by the first masters, with other ornaments, chosen and displayed with great elegance; the ceiling is arched and highly enriched and painted, from designs by Mr. Wyatt.¶ The most distinguished pictures are a student, drawing from a bust, by Rembrandt; the rape of Europa, by Claude Lorraine; the triumph of Amphitrite, by Lucca Giordano; two capital pictures of Rubens and his two wives, by Van Dyck; dogs killing a stag; a fine picture of Saint Catherine; a landscape, by Barrett; with many others. In a bow, in the middle of one side, is a fine marble statue, an Adonis, executed by Poncet; a fine bust of Niobe, and of Apollo, are placed one on each side. In the windows of the bow, are some specimens of modern stained glass, by Jervis. Several of the apartments, on this floor, are enriched with superb gildings; and elegantly furnished with white damask. From the windows of the attic story, to the east, are most delightful prospects over the bay of Dublin, which, for three miles, is divided by that great work, the South Wall, with a beautiful light house at the termination: the sea, for a considerable extent, bounds the horizon, and every vessel coming in or going out of the bay, must pass in distinct view. To the left is seen the beautiful promontory of Howth, the charming low grounds of Marino, and Sheds of Clontarf: to the right the pleasing village and seats of the Black Rock, the remote grounds and hills of Dalkey, and the Sugar loaves, backed by the extensive mountains of Wicklow, which most picturesquely close the view. The finishing of the picture gallery, and making several improvements at the north end of the house, were reserved to display the taste of the present possessor (1794), William Robert, duke of Leinster, whose excellent judgment is therein eminently conspicuous, as well as in many other instances at his grace's

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\* Now used as the offices of the secretaries, registrar, &c.

† The present "Conversation room."

‡ Now the "Board room" of the Society.

¶ The picture gallery is now used as the Society's Library; the decorations above referred to have been recently restored by the removal of the whitewash with which they were coated by order of the council of the Society in 1815. The paintings, noticed in the text, are now preserved at Carton. The drawing room is at present occupied by the Museum. For various particulars connected with the history of "Leinster-house" we are indebted to the information of the Right Hon. the Marquis of Kildare.

country residence, at Cartown, near Dublin; and all evince his patriotism, and refined enjoyment of a domestic life."

The duke's popularity suffered a temporary diminution from the misconstructions popularly placed upon his expressions in the house of lords, where he declared that, in his opinion, Ireland should, for the present, rest satisfied with the concessions extorted from Great Britain, and calmly await further instalments of her rights. In 1789 a series of magnificent entertainments was given here by the duke to those who supported his parliamentary party on the Regency question. The "Whig club," formed in the same year to oppose the violence of the government partizans, frequently assembled at Leinster house, where also were held the meetings of the "Opposition party," and of the leaders of the movement for the relaxation of the Roman Catholic disabilities. From his return to Europe from America in 1789, Leinster house was the occasional residence of lord Edward Fitzgerald; in 1791, while attending his place in the house of commons, we find him observing that he, with his brother Henry, had been "living quite alone in Leinster house," whence they generally rode to the Blackrock; and in 1794, after his marriage, he writes to his mother:—"I confess Leinster house does not inspire the brightest ideas. By the by, what a melancholy house it is; you can't conceive how much it appeared so, when first we came from Kildare; but it is going off a little. A poor country house-maid I brought with me cried for two days, and said she thought she was in a prison. Pamela and I amuse ourselves a good deal by walking about the streets." After joining the United Irish organization, various conferences were held here by lord Edward Fitzgerald with Thomas Reynolds, then privately in the pay of the government. This informer, in his depositions, swore as follows:—

"About four o'clock, on Sunday, the 11th of March, I called at Leinster house, upon lord Edward Fitzgerald. I had a printed paper in my hand, which I had picked up somewhere, purporting to be directions or orders signed by counsellor Saurin to the lawyers' corps. These required them, in case of riot or alarm, to repair to Smithfield, and such as had not ball-cartridge were to get them at his house, and such as were going out of town and did not think their arms safe, were to deposit them with him; and there was a little paper inside, which mentioned that their orders were to be kept secret. Lord Edward Fitzgerald, upon reading this paper, seemed greatly agitated: he said he thought government intended

arrest him, and he wished he could get to France to hasten the invasion, which he could do by his intimacy with Talleyrand Perigord, one of the French ministers. He said he would not approve of a general invasion at first, but that the French had some very fine fast-sailing frigates, and that he would put on board them as many English and Irish officers as he could procure to come over from France, and as many men as were capable of drilling, and stores and ammunitions of different kinds, and run them into some port in this country; he said he thought Wexford might do: that it would be unsuspected, and if they succeeded they could establish a rallying point until other helps should come. Lord Edward, after this conversation, walked up and down the room in a very agitated manner: 'No,' said he, 'it is impossible, government cannot be informed of it; they never have been able to know where they Provincial meet.' Shortly after this, the servant came and asked was he ready for dinner. I went away;—he wanted me to stay dinner, but I would not."

On the day after this conversation the delegates assembled at Bond's were arrested through the informations lodged by Reynolds; lord Edward not having been found in their company, a separate warrant was issued for his apprehension, and he was about to enter Leinster house when he received intelligence that the soldiery were then in the mansion by virtue of their authority.

Of the state of things at the time in Leinster house, we have the following account from a journal of lady Sarah Napier, aunt to lord Edward Fitzgerald, and mother of the historian of the Peninsular war:—

"The separate warrant went by a messenger, attended by sheriff Carlton, and a party of soldiers, commanded by a major O'Kelly, into Leinster house. The servants ran up to lady Edward, who was ill with the gathering in her breast, and told her; she said, directly 'there is no help, send them up:' they asked very civilly for her papers and Edward's, and she gave them all. Her apparent distress moved major O'Kelly to tears; and their whole conduct was proper. They left her, and soon returned (major Boyle having been with two dragoons to Frescati, and taken such papers as were in their sitting room, and not found Edward) to search Leinster house for him, and came up with great good nature to say, 'Madam, we wish to tell you our search is in vain, lord Edward has escaped.' Dr. Lindsay returning from hence (Carton) went to Leinster house to her, and there found her in the greatest agitation, the humour quite gone back, and he was a good deal alarmed for her; but, by care, she is, thank God, recovered."—"Louisa (Conolly) went to Leinster house, where poor little Pamela's fair, meek, and pitiable account of it all moved her to the greatest degree, and gained my sister's good opinion of her sense and good conduct.' My sister charged her not

to name his name,—not to give a soul a hint of where he was, if she knew it, and to stay at Leinster house, seeing everybody that called, and keep strict silence,—to which Pamela agreed.—By this time I had heard from others, that all Dublin was in consternation on Monday morning; that upon the papers being carried to council, the chancellor was sent for at the courts to attend it; that he dashed out in a hurry, and found a mob at the door, who abused him, and he returned the abuse by cursing and swearing like a madman. He met lord Westmeath, and they went into a shop and came out with pistols, and the chancellor thus went on foot to council.”\*

Soon after these events, lady Pamela Fitzgerald removed from Leinster house, which appears never to have been revisited by lord Edward, although it was reported in the city that he was for some time concealed there. Tradition state that one of his last interviews with his lady took place in the small house now known as No. 23 Molesworth-street. The duke of Leinster invariably opposed the tyrannical proceedings of lord Clare and his associates, and consequently was not summoned to the privy council when violent measures were contemplated. His name appears at the head of the list of Irish peers who protested against the union; lord Charles Fitzgerald, however, in opposition to the duke, supported that measure for which he was compensated with a peerage. Augustus Frederick, the present duke, succeeded to the title in 1804, and having in 1815 offered to dispose of Leinster house to its present occupants for the sum of £20,000, the Royal Dublin Society finally became his Grace's tenants by payment of £10,000, together with an annual rent of £600, and assembled for the first time in Kildare-street, on the first day of June, 1815.

Previously to the building of “Kildare house,” a few other mansions had been erected on that portion of “Molesworth-fields,” since called “Kildare-street.” Castles built two houses in Kildare-place,† one for the Massereene family, the

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\* Arthur O'Connor was arrested in Kildare-street, in February, 1797.

† Lady Parsons resided in Kildare-place till her death in 1775; we find that in 1774 her house here was robbed of plate and jewels to the amount of £2,500, for which Patrick St. John and William West were subsequently arrested in London. In 1783 the earl of Lanesborough lived in Kildare-place, the end house of which, next to that of the duke of Leinster, was the town residence of the Archdall family. In the middle of the last century the ground now occupied by the buildings of Erasmus Smith's schools, &c., was laid out in gardens extending to the rear of Shelburne house, now the Shelburne hotel. As a general ignorance prevails relative to the

other for sir Skeffington Smith; and John Ensor, who erected several houses in this locality, set in 1753 the dwelling-house on the north, next corner of "Coote-street, otherwise Kildare-street," to Mary, countess dowager of Kildare, for 999 years, at the annual rent of £36. Here also were the residences of Arthur Smith (1755), bishop of Down and Connor, and of William Carmichael, bishop of Meath, whose house, next to lord Kildare's, was in 1762 occupied by Denison Cumberland, bishop of Clonfert, father of

"The Terence of England, the mender of hearts," -

who, in speaking of the social condition of the city in his time says—

"I found the state of society in Dublin very different from what I had observed in London; the professions more intermixt, and ranks more blended; in the great houses I met a promiscuous assembly of politicians, lawyers, soldiers and divines; the profusion of their tables struck me with surprise; nothing that I had seen in England could rival the Polish magnificence of Primate Stone, or the Parisian luxury of Mr. Clements. The style of Dodington was stately, but there was a watchful and well-regulated economy over all, that here seemed out of sight and out of mind. The professional gravity of character maintained by our English dignitaries was here laid aside, and in several prelatical houses the mitre was so mingled with the cockade, and the glass circulated so freely, that I perceived the

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history of Erasmus Smith, we may here state that he was younger son of sir Roger Smith, alias Heriz, of Edmondthorpe, Leicestershire. He engaged extensively in the trade with Turkey and was elected an alderman of London; by advancing money to the English parliament on security of the lands of which the Irish loyalists were despoiled by the Cromwellians, he acquired vast estates in this country, at the rates particularized in the paper on the "Survey of Ireland, A.D. 1653," published in the second volume of this Review. Smith was confirmed in his lands by the Acts of settlement and explanation, and the trustees of his schools were incorporated by letters patent granted in the year 1669, which enacted "that there shall be for ever hereafter thirty-two persons, which shall be called 'Governors of the schools founded by Erasmus Smith, esq;,' and that they and their successors shall have and enjoy for ever a common seal, which shall be engraven and circumscribed with these words 'We are faithful to our trust.'" At an advanced age Smith married Mary, daughter of Hugh Hare, baron Coleraine, by whom he left a son, Hugh, who became his heir. There are extant two mezzotinto portraits of Erasmus Smith and his wife, "Madam Smith," engraved by George White about the year 1690. In pursuance of an act of parliament passed in 1724 "for further application of the rents and profits of the lands and tenements formerly given by Erasmus Smith, esq, deceased, for charitable uses," the professorships of oratory and of natural and experimental philosophy were founded in the University of Dublin; and in 1762 the Board of Erasmus Smith established the three new professorships of mathematics, history, and Oriental languages.



spirit of conviviality was by no means excluded from the pale of the church of Ireland."

The following peers resided in Kildare-street, in the last century: viscount Hillsborough (1750); lord Doneraile (1751), whose house is now known as No. 45; the earl of Louth (1783); viscount Dungannon (1783); lord Muskerry (1783); the earl of Courtown (1783); lord Harberton (1783), his house is the present No. 5; the earl of Portarlington (1793); lord Trimleston (1799); and lord Rossmore, the site of whose spacious mansion is occupied by three houses, built about 1837, which at present form Elvidge's hotel. Hussey Burgh resided in Kildare-street from 1770 to 1772; John Hely Hutchinson, created prime sergeant in 1761, resided here till he was appointed provost of the University of Dublin in 1774; and here also sir Henry Cavendish, teller of the exchequer, erected two houses on a plot of ground demised to him by James, earl of Kildare. Cavendish died in 1776, owing to the government the sum of £67,305 7s. 2d., a portion of which was recovered from his representatives; in November, 1782, the interest in one of the houses erected here by him was conveyed to David La Touche, the younger, "in trust and for the use of the gentlemen of the Kildare-street club," an institution founded in that year, on the occasion, it has been said, of the right honorable William Burton Conyngham having been black-balled at Daly's in Dame-street, already noticed. In 1786 the club, through their treasurer, La Touche, purchased the second house erected by Cavendish, which, with the former one, now forms the Kildare-street club house. Of this institution a recent writer has left the following anecdote:—

"Within these forty years lord Llandaff proposed his brother general Montague Mathew as a candidate for admission into the Kildare-street club, Dublin. Montague was black-balled. Eighty-five black-balls registered the political rancour of the club, which was eminently Tory; amongst whom, nevertheless, the sons of three Roman Catholic brewers (C. F. and M.) figured; but they had been admitted because they had fixed political principles, and to give to the club an apparent claim to a character for liberality of opinion. When the numbers were declared, the great room of the club was full. lord Mathew, or rather Llandaff, (for his father was now dead), closed the door, and put his back to it. He then said in a loud voice: 'There are eighty-five ——— rascals in this room.' 'Llandaff! Llandaff! recal those words,' cried several of his friends. 'No, I

will not. I repeat that there are eighty-five ——— scoundrels in this room.' 'Surely, my lord, you will allow men to exercise their right?' 'Certainly I will; but I repeat my words—there are eighty-five ——— scoundrels in this room, for every man it contains pledged himself to me to vote for my brother's admission.' The effect of this statement may be conceived. The haughty, indignant, and now supercilious earl, after a pause, proceeded amidst breathless attention: 'Montague Mathew is the only man in Ireland for whom I could not succeed in procuring admission into this club. Who among you is better entitled to the distinction, if it were one, than Montague Mathew? Which of you is of a nobler family, or more illustrious descent? Who among you is more Irish, or rather more patriotic in principle and conduct, than he? Bear in mind, every man of you, that I denounce eighty-five of those who hear me as scoundrels!' He then threw open the door, and for the last time descended the staircase of the Kildare-street club."

Barry Yelverton, chief baron of the exchequer, resided in Kildare-street from 1792 to 1798, where also was the residence of Richard Power, baron of the same court, from 1771 to his death in 1793.

"Baron Power," says one of his contemporaries, "was considered an excellent lawyer, and was altogether one of the most curious characters I have met in the profession. He was a morose, fat fellow, affecting to be genteel; he was very learned, very rich, and very ostentatious. Unfortunately for himself, baron Power held the office of usher of the court of chancery, which was principally remunerated by fees on monies lodged in that court. Lord Clare (then chancellor) hated and teased him, because Power was arrogant himself, and never would succumb to the arrogance of Fitzgibbon. The chancellor had a certain control over the usher; at least he had a sort of license for abusing him by inuendo, as an officer of the court, and most unremittingly did he exercise that license. Baron Power had a large private fortune, and always acted in office strictly according to the custom of his predecessors; but was attacked so virulently and pertinaciously by lord Clare, that having no redress, it made a deep impression, first on his pride, then on his mind, and at length on his intellect. Lord Clare followed up his blow, as was common with him; he made incessant attacks on the baron, who chose rather to break than bend; and who, unable longer to stand this persecution, determined on a prank of all others the most agreeable to his adversary! The baron walked quietly down early one fine morning to the south wall, which runs into the sea, about two miles from Dublin; there he very deliberately filled his coat-pockets with pebbles; and having accomplished that business, as deliberately walked into the ocean, which however did not retain him long, for his body was thrown ashore with great contempt by the tide. His estates devolved upon his nephews, two of the most respectable men of their country; and the lord chancellor enjoyed the double gratification of destroying a baron, and recommending a more submissive officer in

his place. Had the matter ended here, it might not have been so very remarkable; but the precedent was too respectable and inviting not to be followed by persons who had any particular reasons for desiring strangulation; as a judge drowning himself gave the thing a sort of dignified legal éclat! It so happened, that a Mr. Morgal, then an attorney residing in Dublin, (of large dimensions, and with shin bones curved like the segment of a rainbow,) had, for good and sufficient reasons, long appeared rather dissatisfied with himself and other people. But as attorneys were considered much more likely to induce their neighbours to cut their throats than to execute that office upon themselves, nobody ever suspected Morgal of any intention to shorten his days in a voluntary manner. However, it appeared that the signal success of baron Power had excited in the attorney a great ambition to get rid of his sensibilities by a similar exploit. In compliance with such his impression, he adopted the very same preliminaries as the baron had done; walked off by the very same road, to the very same spot; and having had the advantage of knowing from the coroner's inquest, that the baron had put pebbles into his pocket with good effect, adopted likewise this judicial precedent, and committed himself in due form to the hands of father Neptune, who took equal care of him as he had done of the baron; and, after having suffocated him so completely as to defy the exertions of the Humane Society, sent his body floating ashore, to the full as bloated and buoyant as baron Power's had been.—As a sequel to this little anecdote of Crosby Morgal, it is worth observing, though I do not recollect any of the attorneys immediately following his example; four or five of his clients very shortly after started from this world of their own accord, to try, as people then said, if they could any way overtake Crosby, who had left them no conveniencies for staying long behind him."

John Forbes, M.P. for and recorder of Drogheda, one of the most zealous advocates of Catholic emancipation and parliamentary reform, resided in Kildare-street from 1785 to 1796. The "Whig club" occasionally assembled in Forbes' house here, and the Catholic convention of 1793 originated from a meeting held there in 1792, at which were present George Ponsonby, lord Donoughmore, Grattan, Keogh, Edmund Byrne, and others:

"Without any very distinguished natural abilities, and but moderately acquainted with literature, by his zealous attachment to Mr. Grattan, his public principles, and attention to business, Mr. Forbes received much respect, and acquired some influence in the house of commons. He had practised at the bar with a probability of success, but he mistook his course; and became a statesman, as which he never could rise to any distinction. As a lawyer, he undervalued himself, and was modest; as a statesman, he over-rated himself, and was presumptuous. He benefited his party by his indefatigable zeal, and reflected upon it by his character; he was a good Irishman, and, to the last, undeviating in his public principles. He died in honorable exile, as governor of the Bahama isles."

In Kildare-street also was the residence of sir Kildare Dixon Borrowes, bart., of Giltown, co. Kildare, of whose house here Moore has left the following juvenile reminiscence :—

"Among the most intimate friends of my schoolmaster,\* were the Rev. Joseph Lefanu and his wife,—she was the sister of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. This lady, who had a good deal of the talent of her family, with a large alloy of affectation, was, like the rest of the world at that time, strongly smitten with the love of acting; and in some private theatricals held at the house of a lady Borrowes, in Dublin, had played the part of Jane Shore with considerable success. A repetition of the same performance took place at the same little theatre in the year 1790, when Mrs. Lefanu being, if I recollect right, indisposed; the part of Jane Shore was played by Mr. Whyte's daughter, a very handsome and well-educated young person, while I myself—at that time about eleven years of age—recited the epilogue; being kept up, as I well remember, to an hour so far beyond my usual bed time, as to be near falling asleep behind the scenes while waiting for my début. As this was the first time I ever saw my name in print, and I am now 'myself the little hero of my tale,' it is but right I should commemorate the important event by transcribing a part of the play-bill on the occasion, as I find it given in the second edition of my master's poetical works, printed in Dublin, 1792 :—

‘LADY BORROWES’ PRIVATE THEATRE,  
KILDARE STREET.  
*On Tuesday, March 16th, 1790,*  
Will be performed  
The Tragedy of  
JANE SHORE.  
Gloucester, Rev. Peter Lefanu.  
Lord Hastings, Counsellor Higginson,  
etc. etc.,  
And Jane Shore, by Miss Whyte.  
An occasional Prologue, by Mr. Snagg.  
Epilogue, a Squeeze to St. Paul's, Master Moore.  
To which will be added  
the Farce of  
THE DEVIL TO PAY.  
Jobson, Colonel French,  
etc. etc.’”

Many years subsequent to the performance here commemorated, Moore formed one of the distinguished literary and artistic circle assembled by the authoress of the “Wild Irish Girl” at the house of sir Charles Morgan, which is now known as number 39 Kildare-street.

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\* For a memoir of Samuel Whyte, see the paper on Grafton-street, IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, Vol. III., p. 20.

ART. IV.—THE GARRET, THE CABIN, AND  
THE GAOL.

1. *The Rookeries of London: Past, Present, and Prospective.* By Thomas Beames, M.A., Preacher and Assistant of St. James', Westminster. Second edition, 1 vol. 8vo. London: Thomas Bosworth. 1852.
2. *Crime: Its Amount, Causes, and Remedies.* By Frederick Hill, Barrister-at-Law, Late Inspector of Prisons, 1 vol. 8vo. London: John Murray. 1853.
3. *The Social Condition and Education of the People in England and Europe; Shewing the Results of the Primary Schools, and of the Division of Landed Property in Foreign Countries.* By Joseph Kay, Esq., M.A. of Trinity College, Cambridge, Barrister-at-Law, and late Travelling Bachelor of the University of Cambridge, 2 vols. 8vo. London: Longman and Co. 1850.
4. *The Conditions and Education of Poor Children in English and in German Towns.* Published by the Manchester Statistical Society. By Joseph Kay, Esq., M.A. of Trinity College, Cambridge, Barrister-at-Law; Author of "The Social Condition and Education of the People in England and Europe." London: Longman and Co. 1853.
5. *Moral-Sanatory Economy.* By Henry Mc'Cormack, M.D., Consulting Physician to the Belfast General Hospital, Visiting Physician to the District Asylum for the Insane, Recent Professor of the Theory and Practice of Medicine in the Royal Belfast Institution, Corresponding Member of the American Institute, Washington. Belfast: Printed for Private Circulation, by Alexander Mayne. 1853.
6. *Juvenile Depravity.* £100 Prize Essay. By Rev. Henry Worsley, M.A., late Michel Scholar of Queen's College, Oxford, Rector of Euston, Suffolk. Dedicated, by special permission, to the Lord Bishop of Norwich. London: Charles Gilpin. 1849.
7. *Report from the Select Committee on Outrages (Ireland).* Ordered to be printed June 4th, 1852.

To the man who looks but at the surface of our social condition, who sees London thronged by a teeming population, who observes on every side the tokens of enterprize, the riches of the

wondrous worlds which science has laid open, and which all the people of the earth agreed, by a peaceful confederation, to place in that glorious palace, shewing all the products of those "long results of time" which have sprung in this age from the lonely study of the thoughtful designer, or have been produced by the sweat and labor of the ever-toiling worker; to the man who knows that in every sea floats the ensign of England, that in every land her arms are victorious, that the indomitable courage, the iron resolution of her sons, great in Raleigh, greater in Anson, greatest above all in the peasant-born Cook, are still as fervid as ever in that class represented by Parry and by Ross; who sees Layard, by his labors, enlightening the world, and by his researches confuting the atheist; who sees the missionary going forth to civilize and to save; who knows that amidst the wild conflict of jarring systems in revolutionary Europe, where patriots have but dreamed of freedom and wooed only her shadow, the English people have continued at peace, steady in all the pride of their true liberty—secure in all the glory of their free constitution; who sees a Newspaper Press, in genius and in learning worthy to rank with the classic writings of the last age, and trusted to expose the blunderer in politics or in statesmanship, though he be a prime minister—free to denounce the scoundrel, though he disgrace a crown; who sees the Judicial Bench untainted by partiality and rendered illustrious by legal learning; who sees the merchant honored and the manufacturer respected; who sees honorable and successful trade sending its freely chosen representatives to the House of Commons, whence Royalty calls the worthiest to be its own Peers; who sees the meanest criminal treated with all the indulgence extended to the highest born offender against the law; who knows that the foulest rebel that ever sinned against the majesty of the nation, is scatheless till convicted by the free and unanimous voices of a careful jury; to the man who observes all this, the stability and the glory, and the honor of England appear the proudest, the surest, the truest things in life; and yet could he but look below the surface of the social world about him, he would find much at the very thought of which the statesman might grieve, the patriot murmur, and, alas! the Christian tremble.

That in the condition of all classes in the kingdom there has been a vast change during the past two hundred years, no student of history can deny; and it is likewise true that

this change, whilst, as was natural, it has shown its effects most distinctly and most clearly in the refinements and luxury, the increased comforts and extended spheres of enjoyment of the richer classes of the community, it has also, in a very evident manner, operated to the advantage and amelioration of the poorer section of the community. Better markets are open to the poor man, in which he can sell and buy—cheaper modes of transit are at his command—the laborer can now pass from place to place at speed never dreamed of by George the Fourth, who ever loved to, as he fancied it, fly along between Brighton and London, at the rate of twelve miles in the hour. The comforts and appliances of science are all extended to the poor man now, and the beggar in the public hospital has more chances of recovery, and is certain to suffer less pain, than the richest and most powerful monarch who tossed upon a sick bed two hundred years ago. As Macaulay truly writes, "Every bricklayer who falls from a scaffold, every sweeper of a crossing who is run over by a carriage, now may have his wounds dressed, and his limbs set with a skill such as, a hundred and sixty years ago, all the wealth of a great lord like Ormond, or of a merchant prince like Clayton, could not have purchased."\*

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\* It is to be regretted that some member of the medical profession, with ability, learning, and practice in writing like Copeland, or Corrigan, or Taylor, or Wilde, has not devoted some portion of his time to composing the history of the progress of medical science. Few subjects are more important, and, if properly arranged, it could be made interesting as Whewell's *Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences*, or useful as Mackintosh's *Dissertation on the Progress of Ethical Philosophy*. Within the last three hundred years the advances in Medicine and Surgery have been most remarkable. By a decree of Boniface the VIII. all persons taking bodies from the grave were declared excommunicated, and anatomy was pronounced abominable in the sight of God and man. Surgery, through the prohibition of the church, was like money-lending, through the prohibition of receiving interest, confined solely, in its higher branches, to the Jews. The Jews were pronounced impious, and medicines received through their prescriptions declared accursed, and by a decree of the council of Lateran, the physicians were directed, under heavy penalties, to require that the patients should receive the sacraments of penance and the eucharist, before medicine could be prescribed for them—thus it was supposed that the Jewish physicians would be readily discovered, as through bigotry they would refuse to obey this direction. The prescriptions were curious, but amongst the most strange of all was that commonly known as the Doctrine of Signatures—that is, certain herbs and plants were presumed useful in curing those parts of the human body to which they bore, or were fancied to bear, a resemblance. Capillary

That the nation has thus advanced is evident to every thinking man; but progress has brought with it evils, great, palpable, and terrible. The steam-ship, the railway, the fac-

herbs were good in diseases of the hair. Wallnuts were presumed to be a sovereign cure in all diseases of the head, from the great resemblance between them and that portion of the human frame—the green covering of the outer husk, represented the pericranium, and salt made of the husk was good for injuries to the outside of the head. The soft inner shell was like the skull and the thin yellow skin was like the dura and the pia mater. The kernel was so like the brain that it must of necessity be a perfect remedy for all diseases or injuries of that organ. William Coles the herbalist writes, that the “Lily of the Valley is good to cure the apoplexy, for as that disease is caused by the dropping of humours into the principal ventricles of the brain, so the flowers of this lily hanging on the plants as if they were drops, are of wonderful use herein.” Kidney beans, from their perfect resemblance to the kidneys, were considered of great service in all urinary diseases. The yellow and purple spots upon the flowers Eye-bright, resembling the marks upon diseased eyes, the flowers were esteemed most efficacious in curing these disorders. Thistles and Holly, from their stinging the hand which touched them, were believed to be useful in curing the pricking pains of pleurisy, and the Saxifrage, from the manner of its growth, was esteemed a most powerful dissolvent of the stone. And because the cones of the pine tree resembled the front teeth, a gargle of vinegar in which they had been boiled was classed as a most efficacious remedy for the toothache. But the Doctrine of Signatures was surpassed in its absurdity by the remedies and ingredients prescribed for the cure of diseases generally.—For consumption, pills of powder of pearls and white amber were prescribed; for this disease and also for dropsy, water distilled from a peck of garden snails and a quart of earth worms was good, and cockwater was also recommended and was made from the water in which a cock that had been chased, beaten, and plucked alive, had been boiled. For broken bones, the oil of swallows was prescribed; this was made by pounding twenty live swallows in a mortar; a grey eel with a white belly, closed in an earthen pot, and buried alive in a dunghill, gave forth an oil which was good for the hearing; but the water of man’s blood was the most famous and expensive of all the old remedies, and in the time of Queen Elizabeth was “an invention whereof some princes had very great estimation.” To make it—a strong man of a warm nature, and twenty-five years old, was to be selected and well dieted for a month with meat, spices and wine; when the month had elapsed, veins in both his arms were to be opened and as much blood as he could bear taken from him. One handful of salt was to be added to six pounds of the blood, and this was to be seven times distilled, water being each time poured upon the residuum. This was to be taken three or four times a year, in doses of an ounce at a time—health and strength were supposed to be transferable by means of this mixture. May not the doctrine of transfusion have its origin in this custom?

The practice of surgery was still more curious.—It was necessary that a dangerous and difficult operation should be performed on Louis XIV., and several men afflicted with a like disease were carried to the house of Louvois the Minister, where the chief surgeon Felix operated upon them before Fagon, the physician of the King. Most of those operated on died; and that the King might know nothing of his dangerous condition,



tory-engine, the printing-press, have, with the blessed influences which they spread around, been, like all human efforts at extended usefulness, but too frequently sources whence spring sin, and crime, and poverty. Our object in this paper is not to laud the past, is not to prove that our era,—

“ — the heir of all the ages in the foremost files of time,”  
is blacker and more shameful than the truth and fact

or, of the means adopted to ensure certainty and safety in the cure, they were buried privately and by night. The operation was performed successfully upon the king; but Felix was so much agitated, that a nervous tremor settled upon him for life, and in bleeding a friend on the day succeeding that upon which the king had been so happily cured, he disabled the patient irreparably. When Felip de Utre went in search of the Omeguas from Venezuela, he was wounded by a spear, thrust through the ribs just beneath the right arm. A Spaniard, who was ignorant of surgery, undertook to cure him, and de Utre's coat of mail was placed upon an old Indian who was mounted on a horse; the amateur surgeon then drove a spear into the Indian's body, through the hole in the armour, and his body having been opened, the spear being still kept in the wound, it was discovered that the heart was uninjured—thus they assumed that de Utre's wound was not mortal, and being treated as if the wound were an ordinary one, he recovered. When Henry II. of France was mortally wounded by a splinter from a spear, in tilting with Montgomerie, which entered his visor and pierced his eye, the surgeons, for the purpose of discovering the probable injury done to the King, cut off the heads of four criminals, and thrust splinters into their eyes, as nearly at the same inclination as the fatal one had entered that of the King. Ambrose Paré's chapter on poisons and his “Strange Cure for a Cut off Nose” which we give in the words of his translator Johnson, is remarkable:—  
“There was a Surgeon of *Italy*, of late years, which would restore or repair the portion of the Nose that was cut away, after this manner. He first scarified the callous edges of the maimed Nose round about, as is usually done in the cure of Hair-lips; he then made a gash or cavity in the muscle of the arm, which is called *biceps*, as large as the greatness of the portion of the Nose, which was cut away, did require; and into that gash or cavity so made, he would put that part of the Nose so wounded, and bind the patient's head to his arm, as if it were to a post, so fast that it might remain firm, stable and immovable, and not lean or bow any way; and about forty days after, or at that time when he judged the flesh of the Nose was perfectly agglutinated with the flesh of the arm, he cut out as much of the flesh of the arm, cleaving fast unto the Nose, as was sufficient to supply the defect of that which was lost, and then he would make it even, and bring it, as by licking, to the fashion and form of a Nose, as near as art would permit; and in the meanwhile he did feed his patient with panadoes, gellies, and all such things as were easy to be swallowed and digested. The flesh that is taken out of the arm is not of the like temperature as the flesh of the Nose is; also the holes of the restored Nose cannot be made as they were before.” This translation was published by Mary Clark. London: 1678—and is at page 526 of the book, which is dedicated by Johnson to Lord Herbert of Cherbury.

require. We know that in a free nation, where every man possesses the right, without fear of hindrance or of check, to act openly as may suit his mind, provided he infringe no positive law, and where competition and the struggle for advancement are the moving springs of men's actions, and make the glory of the kingdom, abuses must exist, and errors must be expected. Were this a nation ruled by the will of a despot, and regulated in the details of mercantile affairs, and watched in every turn of daily life by the officials of a bureau, or the spies of a police commissioner, the evils of which we complain might not be less grievous, though less patent in glaring enormity. Naples, with its iron rule; Paris, with its never slumbering, ever suspicious police; Rome, with its foreign hirelings, and its political inquisition; Milan and Vienna, with their miserable petty prying into every subject's affairs, are stained by crimes peculiar to their people, and as these cities and their countries are corrupt, notwithstanding all the care and watching bestowed upon them, it can excite but little wonder in the mind to find the United Kingdoms marked, in their moral and social condition, by wide-spread and pitiable errors and vices. The time has arrived when the government of these countries must adopt those admirable rules of other nations, by which the health, the morality, and the education of the people can be secured. The preacher has implored, the economist has explained, the patriot has urged, the physician has warned, and in the flight from the old land of those who will work, in the heathenish crime of too many who remain, a grave and momentous lesson is inculcated which must be learned by the statesman who remembers his allegiance to his country, and who knows that in the neglect of these provisions for the amelioration of their social and moral condition lies the foulest treason to the people. We have cured the diseases of their bodies, but the mind we leave to fester in its corruption. We punish those who are criminal, but we never tried to shield them from the blasting contamination of vice. The churchman thunders forth God's curse against sin, and we suffer the grasping house owner to cram his wretched rooms with human beings, age and sex unnoticed. We cry out against this error, and yet permit the building of habitations which can but perpetuate the abuse. We build Lock hospitals, and yet the fallen woman flaunts in our streets, "making night hideous," uncared and unwatched,

bearing the seeds of disease, more terrible than that of Job. Our cities are crowded with brothels over which the executive holds no guard. Our manufactories are the seminaries of sin. The cottages of our laborers are but the schools of vice. Our coal-mines are only the working places of biped brutes. Drunkenness is the common luxury of our poor. Murder, incest, infanticide, and a nameless crime, are common entries upon our assize calendars—the Town Missioners of Glasgow write, that upon their mission they find proofs of crimes similar to those recounted in the black pages of Suetonius, outmatching in baseness the foul fancies of the Neapolitan Secret Gallery. And all this arises not because our people are more vicious than other nations, but because our government, in its love for God-like Freedom, takes no care that the corruption of our human nature may not degenerate into devilish licence, and is ignorant or heedless of the home life and condition of our poor.

Let us first examine the state of the poorer classes in a great city. The Rookeries of London, like the Liberty of Dublin, are the herding places of the toilers and rogues—they are the abodes of the costermonger, the Irish laborer, the street seller, the servant out of place, the poor artizan, the sweep, the prostitute, and the thief. Here the poor live on from generation to generation. The changing tide of population brings new faces among them, but poverty or vice are still the characteristics of all. The boy is taught to thieve; the girl, at the age of twelve years, is sent upon the streets; blows and starvation are their lot if they return without a sum of money sufficient to contribute to support the parent in debauchery, and in drunkenness. To the homes in the Rookeries come at night those who have begged, or stolen, or honestly worked all day. Here the robber, and the decent, but poor man are lodged; the married and the unmarried; the shrinking innocent girl; and the bold, laughing, fallen sister woman; childhood and age all placed side by side; decency neglected in every point; the sense of common delicacy blunted; the name of God never heard save in blasphemy; the air so foul that one scarce knows how human beings can inhale it and live: these are the homes of the vicious, the homes of the virtuous poor—the homes which still exist because the government will not interfere with the RIGHTS of property. The rights of property require that one hundred

human beings should sleep nightly in a small house; that in another house twelve persons should be permitted to sleep in a room, eight feet by twelve in size; fifteen in another; and twenty-four in a third; and forty in a fourth. Describing these sleeping places, Mr. Beames writes:—

“The aspect of these rooms is singular; in some, heaps of bedding—that is to say, blanket and mattress are tied up in a bundle, and placed against the wall so as to leave the middle of the room clear for meals; little bags, containing the whole of their small stock, are hung on a nail; shavings carefully gathered into a heap, occupy one corner; old hats, reaping hooks, bonnets, another—some sick child moaning in another part of the room. These peculiarities are arranged with some neatness; there is an individuality about them, the idea of a *meum* and *tuum*, the little stake in the country's welfare, which is not altogether lost; there seemed something like attachment to these shadows, which we wished we could see exercised on more substantial comforts; some clinging still as to a home, miserable as it was, enough to show that reformation was not quite hopeless. Many, perhaps most of the inhabitants, were Irish; how strong their attachment to their native country! One old man, breaking fast, was about to return, to lay his bones in the “ould country.” Those about him spoke with warm enthusiasm of his return; their eyes glistened, and some of them, we ascertained, had wrung a little horde even from the wretchedness around them, as a fund on which to subsist in their native land. Seldom have we seen the love of country so strong; and strong it must be to survive long separation, the wrongs they had suffered before they had left their native shore, the demoralising air of Rookeries, and the ties they had formed in England. In several of the rooms, four and five distinct families lodged together; in the time of the cholera, this induced fearful suffering. It was warm weather; those who were well, were engaged either in their daily business, or in their out-door lounge. In one room a benevolent man told us he saw three persons dying at the same time of the epidemic; there were several cases where, because the disorder was sudden, or they had no connections, or perhaps from fear, those stricken were left to die alone, untended, unheeded, ‘they died and made no sign,’ without mentioning their relatives, without a word which betokened religious feeling on their lips, without God in the world, poor hapless outcasts, acclimatised long to the atmosphere they breathed, reckless from want of knowing better. In these lodging-houses, many of the families are stationary, that is, comparatively so, remaining for the week, the month, or the quarter; but we have said tramps come in, and the poverty of the inhabitants makes them glad to receive these chance customers. We were curious to know the charge for the night's lodging, and found it to be 1d. per night upon the bare boards, 3d. per night on a mattress. The habits of the dwellers in these Rookeries are of course strange. Women will be seen crawling out to beg, who have been only two days confined.

Marriage is too often dispensed with ; men leave their wives, and wives their husbands, in Ireland, and come over here with other partners, or else pick them up in England. Thus, some years since, in our noviciate, we paid the passage of a poor woman, who was very ill, to Ireland. She left her husband, he intending to join her ; she soon returned, and found him provided with a partner ; and it is difficult to convince them this is wrong ; indeed, when anything happens, which, in higher circles, would lead to a divorce, the working classes generally take the law into their own hands, separate from their erring wives, and live with some other woman ; and they justify themselves on religious grounds,—defend, as they think, this breach of morality. Among these people, superstition abounds. We saw a sick child, whose sufferings were severe ; we asked why it was not in the infirmary ? The answer was, it had been there, but the mother took her babe away, conveyed it to Mile End, that it might be *charmed*, and thus restored to health. In another house was a young man who said he had been ‘in trouble ;’ in other words, he had just returned from the House of Correction. He said he had stolen a desk purposely, that he might be committed, for he was starving ; that he would now willingly work, but that he had pawned his shoes, and therefore must resort to the old trade for a livelihood. He could read and write ; we asked why he did not enlist before he took to thieving ? and he answered, that his arm had been broken. Prostitution prevailed here to a fearful extent. In one large house it is said that £10, in a smaller that £5 per week, are cleared by this traffic ; the most open and shameless immorality is carried on ; the middle classes contribute to the evil. Six or seven houses in one street are applied to this nefarious trade, and there are from 200 to 300 fallen females here, for mothers send out their own daughters on these errands, and live on the proceeds. Juvenile theft is also recruited by the same means, and there are parents in this neighbourhood, training their children to this iniquity, punishing them severely when they return home empty-handed, and living on the fruits of their success. Two houses are used by known thieves, and the police are very often there in search of bad characters, both male and female, also *boys and girls*. In another house they have ninety beds (single) for males only. Two houses are occupied by thieves, both men and women, two beds in each room. A woman was confined in one of these houses, with another family in the same room, which is not ten feet square. On the same side, next door, are two houses, in which they have twenty-four single beds at 3d. per night each, this house is used by known thieves. In one of them are three beds in a very small room, so close that there was not space to pass up the side to make them. They were occupied by six females, paying 1s. 6d. each per week ;—the persons in charge of the houses are not the owners, and are not willing to give any information, fearing it might be made public. The parlours, or kitchens of these houses, resemble the tap-room of a low public house. Some of the worst characters in London—men, and in others men and women sitting, conversing, and smoking—using the most disgusting conversation.”

Thus the poor live in London ; these are Mr. Beames' own experiences of their condition ; and in every syllable of the statement he is supported by Mr. Hill, and by Henry Mayhew in his *London Labour and the London Poor*—and thus housed, and thus banded together, the necessary result is crime.

The fallacy of those who contend for the improved state of the moral condition of the kingdom, arises from the fact, that they look only to those great crimes, such as murder, piracy and highway robbery, accompanied with violence—forgetting that the deplorable state of our poor is only the more dangerous, because it is looked upon as the usual course of the poor man's life ; it is not legally criminal, but leads to that condition of godless sin, the woful results of which were exemplified in the first French Revolution.

The poor in our manufacturing and large towns are drunken, sinful, ignorant, and determinedly vicious. Our work-houses are calculated to make them idle, and their fellow paupers are more than likely to make them corrupt, as, owing to the want of classification in these places, and in our gaols, the depraved become more hardened, and the less depraved more confirmed in vice.

Great and glaring crime, in its increase and in its decrease, is not the subject which should afford us the chief matter for regret or for congratulation, with crime, the law and society deal. The burglar may have descended into the pickpocket—the murderer who hacked and gashed his victim, may have laid aside his weapon, but the spirit of the murderer is still busy in its frightful work, and poison is placed in father's cup by the child—mothers, whose breasts might suckle tigers, kill their own offspring for a few paltry pence—wives, in the arms of their husbands, plot these husbands' deaths.—the first faint wail of the shrinking new-born infant is, in hundreds of cases, but the signal for its death, the mother's hand clenched in agony is opened but to kill her child, and the silent river, or the deep foul cess-pool receives the smothered baby, hiding, not the mother's shame, for that she never knew, but the thing which might be a burthen or an occasion of expense. The laws may hear nothing of these things for years. The prison reports may show that crime has decreased, because crime is not discovered, or because vice is so seductive that crime loses half its incentives—the necessities for it, through the facility with which all its demands are conceded, all its requirements satisfied,

and no man informs, he sees none around worse than himself. The real question before us is not one of prison discipline, or of the reformation of convicted culprits. Mr. Hill fancies that all is admirable, because the Scotch prisons over which he has been so able and so useful an Inspector, are improved in their economy, because the young and old offenders seem less reprobate than in other gaols, and are neither Uriah Heaps nor Jack Sheppards, but willing to tell the whole history of their past lives, to express repentance for their faults, and be the accusers of their former companions, all in the true mould of that amiable model convict—Jenkinson, in the *Vicar of Wakefield*. It is easy to multiply instances of reformation amongst pet prisoners; converted pickpockets, reformed burglars, and amiable larcenists may follow a deceased gaoler's corpse to the grave, or may send money from the backwoods, or from the gold regions, to comfort the heart of the old mother at home whose peace has been so often disturbed by the now penitent one's misconduct. These, and such instances as Mr. Hill presents to us, merely prove that with proper care the evil passions of the vicious may be changed, but the instances are only exceptions, the maxim of the logicians—"non valet argumentum a particulari ad universale" applies indeed in too many cases; at all events, whilst the reformed remain in these kingdoms, the change to virtue must, of necessity, be modal rather than essential. Mr. Beames, Mr. Kay, and Dr. M'Cormack, have applied themselves to the true subject that should engage the heart of the Christian and the energy of the patriot—the condition of our poor, who, though not criminal in the eye of the law, are deeply sunk in vice, in irreligion, and in ignorance.

We first direct attention to the state of the poor in the manufacturing districts. Here irreligion and sin are the distinguishing characteristics. The sources of crime both in country and in town may be resolved into the following—first, ignorance and want of knowledge of all religious or moral truth; second, poverty; third, drunkenness; fourth, factory labor; fifth, want of proper educational institutions; sixth, both in country and town, overcrowding in the abodes of the poor; seventh, the want of classification in our gaols and work-houses. That our poor are ignorant and irreligious is a fact so undeniable that it scarcely requires a proof. Mr. Porter has clearly explained, by comparing the numbers of instructed, half

instructed, and totally ignorant, in the thirteen years from 1836 to 1848, that the ratio of crime was in proportion to the amount of ignorance or of knowledge distinguishing the culprit. Of 252,544 committed in these years, more than ninety in every hundred were instructed, 1085 had received instruction beyond the elementary degree, 22,159, knew, but barely knew, how to read and write; amongst the total number above stated to have been committed, 47,113 were females, being 18·65 per cent of the whole: and of the uninstructed 44,881 were females, or 19·57 per cent; and amongst those who could read and write well there were only 2,189 females, or 9·88 per cent; amongst the better instructed there were but 45 females, or 3·96 per cent; and in nine years there were only 28 educated females brought to the bar of criminal justice. We are, of course, aware that it may be objected to these figures that they refer to a time when the various systems of education now either in full operation, or in course of trial, were but half understood, or doubted by their best supporters: the fact, however, of the practical working of our present plan of instruction is best exhibited in the following manner. Taking the entire number of committals in Scotland and Ireland, for the years 1850 and 1851 at, as furnished by the Prison Inspectors of each country, we find the totals of those who could read and write, read only, and ignorant of both, to be as shown in the following table:—

COMMITTALS.	SCOTLAND.		IRELAND.	
	1850	1851	1850	1851
Read and Write	733	757	5,517	5,015
Read only -	2,848	2,398	3,961	3,043
Neither -	848	830	14,273	12,018

It is a curious fact that whilst in Ireland the numbers committed who can read and write exceed those who can read only, the reverse is the case in Scotland. In Ireland, those



committed who can read and write are more than doubled in number by those who are entirely ignorant—in Scotland, those who can read and write are little more than exceeded by those who can do neither.

Hundreds of thousands of our poor never enter a church or hear the name of God, and hence springs the terrible crime of infanticide which so disgraces our criminal annals. The number of infanticides in England and Wales in 1851, was, unsupported by the proofs, incredible; and these crimes were openly committed either for the purpose of avoiding the support of the child, or of escaping the trouble and inconvenience of its care. It has been stated that this infanticide is now a common and unregarded act. At the Reading assizes just concluded, Ann Good, a servant girl aged 18, was tried for having cut off her child's head with a knife soon after its birth. At Nottingham Mary-Ann Parr, aged 25, was found guilty of suffocating her child, by pressing it to her bosom till life was extinct. At Nottingham also, Mary Antliff, aged 25, was convicted of the murder of her husband's son, only two and half years' old, by beating him and starving him to death. At Lincoln, Elizabeth Hizzitt, aged 38, was tried for having drowned her child in a tub of water. Most of our Police Reports are made notorious by accounts of this crime perpetrated cruelly, heartlessly, and with determined savagery. And we should recollect that the atrocities have not been met by that decided and vigorous punishment which should be inflicted upon the perpetrators; maudlin sympathy has taken upon itself the garb of Justice; efforts have been made to screen the guilty; the possibility of natural death has been strained in too many cases, and women who having just passed the throes of child-birth and possessing only sufficient strength to mangle or to choke their new-born offspring, have walked free from the coroner's inquest to the world, or when tried before an assize jury, have escaped through the presumption that their worse than brutal crime was but the result of puerperal mania.

No such excuse can be made for those unhappy parents who, through the love of money, have entered their children in Burial Clubs, and have slaughtered them more cruelly than the Innocents were destroyed by the ruthless myrmidons of Herod. Mr. Chadwick in his Sanitary Inquiry Report, 1843, states that the officers of Burial

Societies, and others, mingling much officially with the poor, inform him that children enrolled in these clubs are ill-cared or mis-used; and when a child is perceived by the neighbours of the parents to be neglected by them, the former often say to the latter, "You are not treating that child properly; it will not live: *is it in the club?*" The superintendent registrar of the Stockport Union mentioned two cases; in the first, three children had been poisoned with arsenic; in the second, three children were poisoned, and arsenic was found in the stomachs of two. These six children were entered in Burial Clubs; the cost of the coffin, and the interment dues, would be about one pound for each; the sum allowed by the Burial Club for each was three pounds. The clerk of the Manchester Union, considering the cause of death assigned in the case of a certain child unsatisfactory, inquired into the facts, and discovered that the parents had wilfully starved the child. It appeared that the child had been enrolled in at least ten Burial Clubs, and it was proved that this was one of the family of seven children who had only lived from nine to eighteen months respectively. The parents had received for one of their children, from the several Burial Clubs, the sum of twenty pounds, and they expected to receive a like sum for the interment of the child whose death had excited the suspicion of the clerk of the Union. The town clerk of Stockport stated to Mr. Chadwick that infanticide, to a considerable extent, had been committed in his borough, and that mineral poison, causing sickness and purging—the common appearance of many infantile diseases—was the agent adopted. The collector of a Burial Society in Manchester stated, that it had become a practice to neglect children for the sake of the money allowed for their interment by the societies. The case of Mary May, which was brought under the cognizance of the law through the active inquiry of the Rev. Mr. Welkins, vicar of Wicks, was one in which it was proved that the mother had poisoned fifteen of her own children; and previously to her execution she said, "If I were to tell all I know, it would give the hangman work for the next twelve months." At Runcorn, in the year 1846, it was proved that a woman had entered three of her children in the Liverpool Victoria Legal Burial Society—that one died on the sixth of March, another on the twenty-first, and another on the thirtieth. At the death of the first she obtained £1 5s.; on

the death of the second, £5; from another society she obtained £1 5s.—each of the three children was proved to have been poisoned. John Bodda was convicted at York for the wilful murder of his own child, by pouring sulphuric acid down his throat. It was proved that he had said he did not care whether it lived or died, as he should have £2 10s. from the society—that he had another whose death would bring a like sum; and there were two older children for whose deaths he should receive £5 each. A collector of cottage rents in Preston stated, that almost all the children in poor families were entered in the clubs, and that when he called for rent, poor people told him—“when a certain member of the family—generally a child—died, they would be able to pay.” Hired nurses speculate on the lives of the infants committed to their care, by entering them in burial clubs, and the daughters of a nurse, the last mentioned witness states, enter in these clubs the children committed to the care of their mothers.

But the evil does not end here; and those who begin by poisoning the sinless infant, soon learn how, in a manner equally easy, money can be procured by poisoning the older members of the family. Every tie of nature is disregarded; and when the murderess has once immersed herself in all the horror of these crimes, her mind seems to be in no respect different from the instinct of the tiger—blood is all around her; and like one of Eugène Sue’s few real creations—the Chourineur—*she sees red*. Thus, in June 1847, Mary Anne Milner, for the purpose of obtaining burial money, murdered, by arsenic, her mother-in-law, her sister-in-law, and her niece; her father-in-law she reduced to idiotcy, by doses too weak to kill the body, but sufficiently strong to shatter the mind. Anne Mather, tried in the year 1847, entered her husband’s name in three burial clubs; poisoned him by arsenic, and made £20 at his death. Mary May, to whom we have already referred, died without confessing her guilt, but the impression left upon the minds of all who studied her case was, that the practice of poisoning husbands and children, for the purpose of obtaining burial money, is wide-spread and common. These are melancholy facts; they form the Ghoulish statistics of political economy, but they must be stated when men like Mr. Hill, with all his experience and all his knowledge, write of social improvement, and decreased crime.

The statements are not ours, we glean them from the various sanitary reports, and from Mr. Kay's most valuable work.\* The woful result of all these enquiries is, that the male children are spared in preference to the female, and that both sexes are ruthlessly slaughtered, or pitilessly neglected, when affected by weakness, or disease, of mind or body.

But it cannot well be otherwise ; working as our town poor do, from morning till night ; neglected by those who should be their guardians ; mingled in the factories—the most virtuous and the most depraved ; hearing language habitually at which the prostitute might blush, or the devils rejoice ; growing up with no regard for man as a benefactor, no love for God as the Almighty, the Saviour, and the Exemplar,—who, knowing these facts, can feel surprised that our manufacturing towns are the abodes of ignorance, of vice, and of crime ? Those who talk of our improvement in all the arts of life, or of our social progress, and who make it a subject of self, and national, congratulation, should dwell upon the following.—Our poor, those who work in long and weary hours for bread, often sleep in cellars ten or twelve feet square, flagged or badly boarded, and frequently less than six feet high, different families, and sexes herded together ; a man is found sleeping with one woman, sometimes with two, sometimes with young girls ; brothers and sisters of eighteen, nineteen, and twenty years of age, sleeping in one bed—creatures who have never heard of the existence of a Deity, never been inside a church, have scarcely any sense of a distinction between right and wrong—when we recall these things, as stated in the Reports of the Health of Towns Commission, we may well hold the opinion of Mr. Kay, that “ the character of the cellars themselves is by no means the worst feature of this miserable class of dwellings.” And the richer classes suffer for this neglect. Fever, cholera, and other pests, go forth from these haunts to revenge God's slighted commands upon those who endure, and who have so long endured, the existence of this terrible condition ; but there is a deeper curse, and a more frightful scourge behind—the awful demoralization which prevails in these moral and physical plague-spots, where the youth learns to be a sinner, and from whom must hereafter spring a race of criminals.

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\* The Social Condition and Education of the People, Vol. I., p. 434.

We have already given Mr. Beames' description of the condition of the poor in the Rookeries of London. We now present, from the pages of Mr. Kay, and from other sources, the state of our poor in the manufacturing towns. There is not in all the fictions of the novelist who panders to the taste of the lovers of the horrible or the sinful, so piteous a picture of abandonment, or of crime, or of misery. There are, in these reports, descriptions of scenes of life in the quarters of the poor, of the industrious poor, so disgusting, or so fraught with sin, that we cannot print them here. In the parish of St. George's in the East, London, 1954 families, containing a population of 7,711 individuals were, in the year 1848, thus divided :— 551 families, containing a population of 2,025 persons, had only *one* room each, where father, mother, sons, and daughters, live and sleep together; 562 families, containing a population of 2,454 persons, had only *two* rooms each, in one of which people of different sexes must undress and sleep together;— 705 families, containing a population of 1,950 persons, have only *one bed* each, in which the whole family sleep together;— 728 families, including a population of 3,455 persons, have only two beds each, in one of which the parents sleep, and in the other of which all the sons and daughters sleep together. In more than one-fourth of these houses there were no serious book, prayer book, or Bible, and the impression of the agents employed in visiting the houses, that of all the books there found the Bible was the least read. According to the *City Mission Reports* for July, 1848, there were in Orchard Place, a spot about forty-five yards long by eight broad, and containing twenty-seven houses, not less than 217 families, consisting of 882 persons, of whom 582 were above fourteen years of age. The manner in which some of the rooms in these courts are occupied may be stated as follows : a widow with three children, a widow with one child, three single women, a man and his wife, a single man, a man and his wife, making in all, for the occupancy of one room, fourteen. In the ground floor front of another house there were—a woman and five children, a woman and five children, a man and his wife, a single woman, sister to the last-named wife, making in all fourteen; the ages of the children were from four to sixteen. Straw was the only bed in the room, and day clothes their only covering by night. Neither of these rooms exceeded

seven feet by ten, and of the twenty-eight people living in them not one could read.

The result of this over-crowding upon morality is palpable and frightful. Women live on from year to year as the wives of these men with whom they cohabit, and have acknowledged that it was "by such crowded rooms they were led into temptation." Manchester, Liverpool, and Birmingham are in the like state. In the Report of the Sanitary Condition of the Laboring Population, Mr. Riddall Wood stated that he had "met with upwards of forty persons sleeping in the same room, married and single, including, of course, children, and several young adult persons of either sex." He continued—"I have met with instances of a man, his wife, and his wife's sister sleeping in the same bed together. I have known at least half a dozen cases in Manchester in which that has been regularly practised, the unmarried sister being an adult." The impropriety of this, he said, "seemed not to be thought of." This fact need not surprise us; the minds of these creatures were made familiar with that upon which they should not even dwell—it blunts the sense of woman's modesty, and man's dignity in himself and respect for her. "Early in my visitation of Pendleton," continues Mr. Wood, "I called at the dwelling of a person whose sons worked with himself as colliers. It was in the afternoon, when a young man, one of the sons, came down stairs in his shirt, and stood before the fire where a very decently dressed young female was sitting. The son asked his mother for a clean shirt, and on it being given to him very deliberately threw off the shirt he had on, and after warming the clean one, put it on. In another dwelling at Pendleton a young girl, eighteen years of age, sat by the fire in her chemise during the whole time of my visit. Both these were houses of working-people (colliers), and not by any means of ill fame." Truly we may apply to this course of life the lines of Burns—

"It hardens a' within,  
And petrifies the feelings."

From this existence spring consequences which, as Mr. Baker of Leeds truly observed, "humanity shudders to contemplate." Hence fathers have been proved to have committed incest with their own daughters, mothers have lived in the same room in which their daughters have cohabited with

a paramour. Bad and deplorable as this condition is, it must continue so long as our people live in houses fit only for the shelter of brutes, where every feeling of decency or of delicacy is destroyed. We meet and discuss the relative merits of improved breeds of cattle; grave thinking men become enthusiastic upon the subject of sub-soil ploughs. Pounds are spent in hundreds on fancy fowl, and on rare poultry; every improvement, securing ventilation and cleanliness, which art can supply or care can procure, the purest water and the properest food are lavishly prepared for our cattle, but in city and in country, in the manufacturing towns, where the furnace roars and the engine clanks, in the quiet dreamy hamlets of the far-off country places, the poor live on in ignorance, in vice, and in squalor, differing little from the condition of a Laplander or a Bushman. The children, born in these haunts of wretchedness, are never children in heart or mind, they are but the living proofs of that bitter truth taught by Charles Lamb, that "the children of the poor are not reared up but dragged up;" life to them has no realities but those which are iron. We have already quoted Mr. Beames' description of some London homes in the *Rookeries*; we now present another from the same book. It refers to a spot rendered notorious by Charles Dickens in his novel, *Oliver Twist*. Jacob's Island was then, as it has since continued, the spot in which numbers of poor weavers are compelled, by the necessity of their trade, to live. The police, the government, the officers of health, the clergymen, the employers, have all been aware of its existence, since its horrors were disclosed by Dickens more than thirteen years ago. The following is its present state:—

"We do not say there is nothing to startle a stranger in the buildings of this place—there is much; but, unhappily, twelve years of experience in crowded districts of London have shown us many such sights,—Chelsea, Whitechapel, St. Andrew's Holborn, have many such Rookeries. The floors of the houses being below the level of the foot-path must be flooded in wet weather; the rooms are mouldy and ill savoured; dark, small, and confined, they could not be peopled as the alleys of St. Giles's, because their size would not admit of it. There is the usual amount of decaying vegetable matter, the uneven foot-path, the rotten doors, the broken windows patched with rags, ash heaps in front of the houses, dogs, &c. housed there, ragged children, and other features well known to those conversant with such neighbourhoods. But here the parallel ends:—there are peculiar nuisances in this spot which go far to justify the language used by the writer of the articles in *The*

*Morning Chronicle*, and which he describes technically as perhaps a surgeon alone could do. These abominations we proceed to notice; not, of course, that we can go into many details;—the gentleman we have alluded to has done it much better than we could pretend to do,—done it too with a knowledge of the consequences involved in such neglect, and done it at a season when such supervision as he exercised involved the greatest results. He saw it while cholera was decimating its victims, making wholesale ravages; we now see it when frost and cold have purified the air; when what was a reeking flood of pestilence is now frozen over; so that you might walk on it. Some slight attempts have been made to supply the wants of the people,—public attention has been called to the nuisances which here, to the disgrace of our laws, still pollute this wretched district. The writer we have alluded to, says,—‘The striking peculiarity of Jacob’s Island consists in the wooden galleries and sleeping rooms at the back of the houses, which overhang the dark flood, and are built upon piles, so that the place has positively the air of a Flemish street flanking a sewer instead of a canal; while the little rickety bridges that span the ditches and connect court with court, give it the appearance of the Venice of drains.’ . . . . This is the source of all the disgust with which the visitor to these dens of wretchedness is inspired. This district, we have said before, is insulated by a quadrangular ditch; the very figure of the island tells you that such reservoirs must be stagnant; and stagnant they are until moved for a while by the tide, which does not at each rising pour fresh water into them, but which at intervals alone, twice or thrice a week, is sparingly introduced, and checked again when enough is supposed to have been done for the purposes of those who are concerned in traffic. Meanwhile, this circumambient point is the common sewer of the neighbourhood, and the only source from which the wretched inhabitants can get the water which they drink—with which they wash—and with which they cook their victuals: and because habit reconciles men to any anomaly, in the summer, boys are seeing bathing there, though the Thames is not far distant, and offers at least a cleaner bathing-place. Imagination will picture to itself much which we cannot describe, when we point to such a disgraceful condition of being as that entailed upon the denizens of Jacob’s Island. We may well blush for the parish which can tolerate such a plague spot,—for our country, whose insulted laws do not at once sweep from the face of the earth such a record of its disgrace. Is it indeed come to pass, that men, women, and children habitually drink water whose ingredients decency forbids us to describe?—that with no affected squeamishness we shrink from picturing that on which our eyes have rested, which courts no secrecy, and which is naked and open to all who would inspect it? not carefully fenced off, lest the indignant spirit of Englishmen should doom it to destruction; not carefully guarded, lest perchance some wandering Christian should denounce it as the future city of God’s wrath—the Babylon of his country? Is it indeed come to pass, that heavy taxes are wrung from hard-pressed industry, and the poor man divides his loaf with the tax gatherer, and yet no shield is thrown



between him and horrors like these? that fierce cabals agitate rival vestrymen, and some patriotic agitator, plethoric and bloated with good wishes for his country, wields his thunder, and yet no one is heard to decry these scenes, till at length a stranger comes and speaks, and men awake as from a dream, and go and see this new exhibition, and a few guineas drop in for the fund raised to relieve the poor sufferers, and then perhaps the wound will be scarred over, till when?—till it festers in some outbreak which shakes the nation. Yet, gentle reader, we shall be told we are romancing. We say, Go and see. ‘We then,’ says the author of the pamphlet, ‘journeyed down London Street (that London Street we have spoken of before, the best specimen of Rookeries, two hundred years old, and upwards). In No. 1 of this street the cholera first appeared seventeen years ago, and spread up it with fearful virulence; but this year it appeared at the opposite end, and ran down it with like severity. As we passed along the reeking banks of the sewer, the sun shone upon a narrow slip of water. In the bright light it appeared the colour of strong green tea, and positively looked as solid as black marble in the shadow; indeed, it was more like watery mud than muddy water: and yet *we were assured this was the only water the wretched inhabitants had to drink.* . . . As we stood, we saw a little child, from one of the galleries opposite, lower a tin can with a rope, to fill a large bucket that stood beside her. In each of the balconies that hang over the stream the self-same tub was to be seen, in which the inhabitants put the muckey liquid to stand, so that they may, after it has rested for a day or two, skim the fluid. We asked if the inhabitants did really drink the water? The answer was, They were obliged to drink it, without they could beg a pailful or thieve a pailful of purer water. ‘But have you spoken to your landlord about having it laid on for you?’ ‘Yes, sir, and he says he’ll do it, and he’ll do it, but we know him better than to believe him.’ ‘Why, sir,’ cried another woman who had shot out from an adjoining room, ‘he won’t even give us a little whitewash.’ We had scarce left the house when a bill caught our eye, announcing that this valuable estate was to be sold. The inmates had begged for pure water to be laid on, and the rain to be shut out, and the answer for eighteen years had been,—that the lease was just out.”

But disgraceful as is this condition of our town poor, the abodes, the morals, and the state generally, of our agricultural population, is still more deplorable: from Berwick-upon-Tweed to the Lands-end, from Haverford-West to Great-Yarmouth, the moral and social condition of our agricultural poor is one great, pestilent, sore in the commonwealth. Mr. Kay writes that—“The majority of the cottages are wretchedly built, often in very unhealthy sites; they are very low, seldom drained, and badly roofed; and they scarcely have any cellar or space under the floor of the lower rooms. The floors are formed either of

flags, which rest upon the cold undrained ground, or, as is often the case, of nothing but a mixture of clay and lime. The ground receives, day after day, and year after year, between the crevices of the flags, or in the composition of clay and lime, water and droppings of all kinds, and gives back from them and from its own moisture combined, pestilential vapors, injurious to the health and happiness of the inmates of the cottage." These cottages, all through England, are usually built of brick, of one story in height, with a thatched roof. They consist of two rooms, small in size, between seven and eight feet in height; one used as a day and cooking room; the other as a sleeping room—"where husband and wife, young men and young women, boys and girls, and very often a married son and his wife, all sleep together." These cottages, Mr. Kay informs us, are common in all parts of England and Wales, particularly in Cambridgeshire; they are very numerous in Hertfordshire, Leicestershire, Dorsetshire, Devonshire, Somersetshire, Cornwall, Surrey, Sussex, Kent, Essex, Bedfordshire, Buckinghamshire, Berkshire, the northern counties, and in Wales. The fact that this overcrowding is injurious to the morality of the people, can be at once perceived by those who refer to the criminal returns of England and the Principality. Marriage is of course a paramount object with the labouring poor; and so long as the family is young, the confined space in those cottages is scarce discovered to be a disadvantage; but when the children have grown up, and are verging upon the age of manhood or of womanhood, it becomes a serious evil, and instances are not uncommon in which the parties have been forced to crawl over each other to get to their beds. Let us consider a family situated as in the following powerful description, which Mr. Kay quotes from an eminent writer:—"Some of its members may yet be in their infancy, but others of both sexes have crossed the line of puberty. But there they are still together in the same room, the father and mother, the sons and the daughters, young men, young women, and children. Cousins, too, of both sexes, are often thrown together into the same room, *and not unfrequently into the same bed.* I have also known cases in which uncles slept in the same room with their grown-up nieces, and newly-married couples occupied the same chamber with those long married, and with others marriageable but unmarried. A case also came to my notice, already

alluded to in connection with another branch of the subject, in which two sisters, who were married on the same day, occupied adjoining rooms in the same hut, with nothing but a thin board partition, which did not reach the ceiling, between the two rooms, and a door in the partition which only partly filled up the doorway. For years back, in these same two rooms, have slept twelve people, of both sexes and all ages. Sometimes, when there is but one room, a praiseworthy effort is made for the conservation of decency. But the hanging up of a piece of tattered cloth between the beds, which is generally all that is done in this respect, and even that but seldom, is but a poor set off to the fact, that a family which, in common decency should, as regards sleeping accommodations, be separated at least into three divisions, occupy, night after night, but one and the same chamber. This is a frightful position for them to be in when an infectious or epidemic disease enters their abode. But this, important though it be, is the least important consideration connected with their circumstances. That which is most so, is the effect produced by them upon their habits and morals. In the illicit intercourse to which such a position frequently gives rise, *it is not always that the tie of blood is respected*. Certain it is, that when the relationship is even but one degree removed from that of brother and sister, that tie is frequently overlooked. And when the circumstances do not lead to such horrible consequences, the mind, particularly of the female, is wholly divested of that sense of delicacy and shame, which, so long as they are preserved, are the chief safeguards of her chastity. She therefore falls an early and an easy prey to the temptations which beset her beyond the immediate circle of her family. People in the other spheres of life are but little aware of the extent to which this precocious demoralization of the female amongst the lower order in the country has proceeded. But how could it be otherwise? The philanthropist may exert himself in their behalf, the moralist may inculcate even the worldly advantages of a better course of life, and the minister of religion may warn them of the eternal penalties which they are incurring; but there is an instructor constantly at work, more potent than them all—an instructor in mischief, of which they must get rid ere they can make any real progress in their laudable efforts—and that is, *the single bed-chamber in the two-roomed cottage.*”

By this method of overcrowding all sense of decency is annihilated and health is injured—three or four persons not unfrequently sleeping in one bed. For instance—in a room ten feet square, seven feet high, and lighted by a window fifteen inches square, three beds were placed; in one bed slept the father, mother, a little boy and an infant; in the second bed slept three daughters, the two eldest twins, aged twenty years each, the other aged seven; the third bed was occupied by three sons aged respectively seventeen, fourteen, and ten. Mr. Phelps, the agent of the Marquis of Lansdowne, said that in Studely the number of bastards was very great, and this he attributed not to the fact that the women worked in the fields, but to the overcrowding in the houses. Mr. Gilbert, an Assistant Poor Law Commissioner, stated that in Tiverton, in Cornwall, the houses were wretchedly built, the wind and rain entering through windows, doors and roofs; the inhabitants living, it was stated by another witness, almost wholly on bread and potatoes, scarcely ever tasting animal food, and, through the close packing and bad diet, typhus fever has been propagated, together with small pox and scarlet fever. At Southleigh, in Devonshire, it was found that in a cottage rented at one shilling per week, a father and mother, with a son aged twenty-one, and two daughters aged eighteen and thirteen, slept in the same room, the whole cottage being miserable in the extreme; yet here the visitor finds the women weaving the beautiful Honiton lace which graces the peeress on court days. In Launceston, in a room twelve feet square, slept a man and his wife and eight children; the father, mother and two children in one bed; the other six children, the eldest girl fifteen, the oldest boy fourteen, slept, three with their heads to the top, and three with their heads to the bottom of the second bed. Some of the women say that it is not right or christian that such things should be, but what can they do?—the cottages larger in size cannot be procured, and it has been stated that there is an unwillingness on the part of proprietors to increase cottage accommodation, indeed there is an anxiety to pull down many of those already standing. The prices the people who inhabit these cottages pay for tea and sugar is enormous. Sugar bought in Norwich for 3½d. and 4d. and 5d. per lb. was proved to be better than their samples at 5d. 6d. and 7d. Eviction also prevails in many of the counties, whole estates in the county of Norfolk have been cleared of tenants, and, owing to the system of levelling cottages in the last named county, more

than "five hundred agricultural labourers have to walk to their work distances varying from three to seven miles."

The moral effect of the overcrowding may be judged from the following, particularly in the counties of Norfolk, Suffolk, Hereford, Cumberland, and Essex. Bastardy is so common that it has ceased to surprise the magistrate, or to excite shame in the women; it is a crime so general that a clergyman stated, he never recollected to have married a woman who was not either pregnant at the time of her marriage, or who had not had one, or more, children before her marriage. Another clergyman who went to baptize the illegitimate child of a woman aged thirty-five years, found it impossible to convince the mother that she had done wrong. He said truly that "there appears to be, among the lower orders, a perfect deadness of all moral feeling upon this subject." Mothers of daughters, who have borne illegitimate children, state, "What was the poor girl to do? the chaps say that they won't marry 'em first, and the girls give way. I did the same myself with my husband." At Cossy, in Norfolk, a woman said that she and her daughter had each a child by a man who lodged with them, and who had promised to marry the daughter. Norfolk seems particularly depraved, and, in the city of Norwich, "out of 656 licensed public houses, there are not less than 220 which are known to the police as common brothels." Mr. Foy, an officer of the Romsey Union states, "In the parish of Mottisfont, I have known fourteen individuals of one family sleeping together in a small room, the mother being in labour at the time, and in the adjoining room seven other people sleeping, making twenty-one persons, in a space which ought to have been occupied by six persons at most. Here are the young woman and young man of eighteen or twenty years of age, lying alongside of the father and mother, and the latter actually in labour! It will be asked, what is the condition of the inmates? Just as might be expected." Thus reared who, it may indeed be very naturally demanded, can wonder at the unchastity of the English and Welsh agricultural laborers. Through the testimony of Captain Napier we know that immorality prevails, not only in the farm houses, where men and women are in constant association with each other, but the men roam through the country at night, and are admitted to other houses by the female servants who reside there; and on the evidence of Messrs. Roberts we can state, that amongst a population of 786, there are fourteen public houses, nearly all of which are scenes of frightful immorality. The Rev. John Griffith, vicar of Aberdare said,

"Nothing can be lower, I would say more degrading, than the character in which the women, married as well as single, live in the same house, *and sleep in the same room*. The men do not hesitate to wash themselves naked before the women; on the other hand, the women do not hesitate to change their under garments before the men. Promiscuous intercourse is most common, is thought of as nothing, and the women do not lose caste by it." But amidst all this wretchedness, moral and corporeal, the spirit of the mother and the woman still dwells within the heart, and the love for the child steals out in little acts of kindness. A close observer of the poor writes, "In one cottage which I visited I found the woman busily employed in chopping up some pieces of fat pork, which she was about to mix up with some cold potatoes and flour, for dumplings by 'way of a treat for the children, because it was Mary's birth-day.'" Some of these houses are so poor that no matter how, or of what disease, an inhabitant of a room may die, the survivors must continue to sleep in it during the time the corpse may remain unburied.

Drunkenness and ignorance are the popular characteristics, and as has been stated, education may counteract them, but mere instruction cannot. On this point all the witnesses agree, and the difficulty of checking these or any other vices may be gathered from the following statements of the Rev. L. H. Davies of Troedey Raur, and of the Rev. John Price, a magistrate, and rector of Bledfu :

"The young people often meet at evening schools in private houses, and this tends to immoralities between the young persons of both sexes, who frequently spend the night afterwards in the hay lofts together. So prevalent is the want of chastity among the females, that though I promised to return the marriage fee to all couples whose first child should be born after nine months from the marriage, only one in six years entitled themselves to claim it. Most of them were in the family way. It is said to be a customary matter for them to have intercourse together, on condition that they should marry if the woman becomes pregnant; but the marriage by no means always takes place. Morals are generally at a low ebb, but want of chastity is the giant sin of Wales. The prevailing vice of the country is a want of chastity, a breach of which is considered neither a sin nor a crime. Apparently there is no disgrace attached to it; the women who have had two or three illegitimate children are as frequently selected by the young men for their wives as those of virtuous conduct. But after marriage the women are generally well conducted."

These are truths, terrible truths; they would be melancholy were they but the records of frailty hiding itself from the light,

blushing at the discovery of its shame ; but in England and in Wales, more particularly in North Wales, this state of things is supported, advocated, suffered to riot unchecked by the masters, who should be the first to discountenance the very mention of these vices. We know of nothing more disgraceful than the state of feeling which the following evidence, given by the Rev. J. W. Trevor, chaplain to the Lord Bishop of Bangor, presents :

“ Both parents, or either of them, come forward to prove the parentage of their daughter's bastard, witnesses often to the very act. I might multiply such instances to prove the utter disregard of common natural decency and shame among the people. This evidence was given (with but few exceptions it is always given) without the slightest reluctance or modesty, and with a levity and confidence of manner, which prove the parties to be quite callous and lost to all sense of shame. When I have attempted at the union board to persuade the guardians to build a workhouse (we have done it in Anglesey), and used as an argument, that it would check the increase of bastardy, which is a monstrous charge on our poor-rates, as well as a disgrace to our community ; they quite scouted the notion of its being any disgrace, and they maintained that the custom of Wales justified the practice. In fact, the guardians, who are almost always country farmers, are so familiarised to this iniquity, and have so long partaken in it, that they are totally incapable of any right feeling on the subject. They absolutely encourage the practice ; they hire their servants agreeing to their stipulation for freedom of access for this purpose at stated times, or it may be, whenever they please. The boys and girls in farm houses are brought up from childhood with these filthy practices ever before their eyes and ears, and of course on the first temptation they fall into the same course themselves. In short, in this matter even in a greater degree than the other which I have noticed, the minds of our common people are become thoroughly and universally depraved and brutalised. To meet this appalling evil the present system of education in Wales is utterly powerless.”

Thus far we have endeavoured to show in the clearest terms, and by the most undeniable facts, the condition of the poor in the towns and counties of England and Wales. The matter is indeed most deplorable, matter which we would willingly forbear to record, but that we believe with Charron, “*La Philosophie se mesle et parle librement de toutes choses pour en trouver les causes, les juger et régler.*” There is no fiction in what we have written ; it is but the story of crime and error, and ignorance, in all their glaring horrors ; we, with Mr. Kay, have

“ Quoted the statements and statistics of government officers or eminent individuals on every branch of our enquiry. From those

statements and statistics, it is only too evident that the social degradation and misery of our labouring classes is appalling."

Although the condition of the adult poor is deplorable, yet one might hope that with the passing away of this generation, an improvement might be expected to take place in those who are now springing around us ; but the hope must be delusive, so long as every incentive to vice, every lure to crime, is suffered to continue, and to corrupt the ignorantly reared, and still worse cared, children of the poor. There are no more depressing histories, of the social condition of a people, than those placed before us by Mr. Worsley and Mr. Kay, in describing the state of the juvenile population in country and town. Of religion they have no knowledge ; of every phase of vice they are perfect masters ; drunkenness and debauchery are but too common, and, in very many cases, children of both sexes attend our hospitals afflicted by sexual diseases, at an age much earlier than the years at which physiologists assume that puberty begins. But what man that has read the evidences contained in the *Report of the Committee of Criminal and Destitute Juveniles*,\* or adduced by Mr. Mayhew in his *London Labour and the London Poor*, or so well condensed by Doctor M'Cormack, can doubt the existence of this state of things ? Through the continuance of our present system, crime must spread with a rapidity, and with a certainty of increase, too painful for contemplation. In the year 1844, 13,600 persons, under twenty years of age, were taken into custody in London. In the year 1848, 16,917 were committed ; and the total for five years, ending with that last named, was 76,895 ; and of 9,774 male prisoners, between the ages of seven and seventeen, confined in the prisons of England, in the year 1850, only 225 could read and write well.

These unfortunates sleep under dry arches, on door steps, or under hedges, or in dirty, unwholesome, ill-drained tenements, in rooms too small for the separation of the sexes, and for the purposes of decency—well have they been called "City Arabs." "As many as 40 and 50 'Arabs' sometimes sleep in one room, boys and girls promiscuously. At fifteen or sixteen years of age, the male 'Arab' is mated, but not with a wife. They indulge in intoxicating liquors—are afflicted with degrading and unmentionable diseases—and are far more vicious in their conduct, and filthy in their persons and their language, than full grown men and women of their own class." One

\* Published by order of the House of Commons, 1852.



set steal provisions from shop doors; a second class pick men's pockets; a third devote themselves to picking the pockets of women, and a fourth steal from shop tills. The number of these "City Arabs" is supposed to be about 424,000. The following account was given by a boy aged sixteen, examined in September, 1851, in the Middlesex House of Correction:—"I live in Case-street, Whitechapel. Always a heap of boys there. Should think a hundred. About forty slept in the same room with me:—all thieves. I was there about a month, and paid 3*d.* a night. I have been thieving about eighteen months, and have only been caught twice. I have done about sixty robberies in the eighteen months. The most I ever got was £1 15*s.* 6*d.* from a woman's pocket in Whitechapel. I have never been in want the whole time. I did lead an uneasy life; but I used to say often to myself, when I was going to pick a pocket, 'I may be caught this time and transported; but I pray God I may be lucky, and shall not.' Owing to the manner in which our poor are closely packed, the good and the bad residing in close proximity to each other, the evil, as Mr. Kay most truly observes, extends to the children of an honest, and even of a comparatively wealthy class, as by association in the streets, the innocent learn the vices of the guilty. The effect of this association is eloquently, vigorously, and undeniably shown by Mr. Beames in the following passages:—

"It is no uncommon thing for boys to stay out all night, and, when they return, not to be able to give a satisfactory account of themselves. Though their parents are honest, there is little doubt that they themselves have been entrapped by designing criminals, and made the instruments of nefarious practices. Thus the poor are often disgraced by their own offspring, who have fallen under the evil influence of some professor of wickedness. Boys are easily tempted by some bait suited to their years,—are initiated into the unhallowed mysteries of the craft,—are taught to deceive by plausible excuses the vigilance of their parents. A poor man is bereaved of his wife by disease,—is left with young children, his trade being one which takes him much from home; he leaves his children under the guardianship of a neighbour who has children of her own, and can feel no particular interest in the welfare of another's offspring. In the very Rookery which he inhabits are people of questionable occupation,—old and juvenile victimizers. What a tempting speculation, to make these poor motherless children—such at least as are old enough—the means of carrying out their iniquities! These harpies know the occupation of the father,—daily experience teaches them to calculate the moment of his return,—his habits are no secret, the dispositions

of his family easily ascertained,—they are tempted, in their ignorance, by a bait they cannot resist, and enter gradually on the course of crime. The writer has known more than one such instance, and has had reason to be thankful that Refuges for the Destitute afforded an asylum for those thus early betrayed. Too often—hard as it may seem to write such things—female children, in haunts like these, have fallen victims to the gross passions of abandoned men, when their tender age would have seemed to have put such dangers out of the way, and when their very ignorance was the cause of their fall. And recollect, the arrangements of Rookeries foster such things. When distinction of sex is practically ignored, can you expect decency to survive? When the sexes are thrown promiscuously together, do you wonder at paradoxes in immorality? When vice bears with it little disgrace, can you expect the blush of shame? and where exclusion from society is a penalty which cannot be carried out, do you look for the virtues which are the growth of mingled fear and self-respect? And some speculator will talk in set terms about the danger of interfering with capital, as though this capital by a native elasticity adapted itself to the necessities of those over whom its influence extended; much in the same way in which a novel machine feeds the steam engine with just so much and no more coals than it requires. Verily men must not have faith, but credulity,—reverence for great names, and the sway of large firms, who will believe it. Confide in this, and the Stock Exchange shall discourse sublime morality, and the Bourse endow a lecturer to declaim against avarice. Confide in this, and the kitchens of the Mansion House shall glow with the fires which cook the dinners of the poor, and the rafters of Guildhall ring with cheers from the denizens of St. Giles."

Mr. Kay in his pamphlet, *The Condition and Education of Poor Children*, with which we have headed this paper, thus enumerates the principal causes which have concurred in demoralizing the children of our great towns:

"1. The want, in very many districts, of sufficient school-rooms and of any kind of refuges for the children, whose parents are obliged, by their occupations, to desert them every day, and leave them exposed to the injurious influences I have mentioned. 2. The degraded and drunken character of numbers of parents, who are quite careless about their children, and utterly ignorant of the advantage of sending them to school. 3. The great poverty of many parents, who are unable either to pay the fees, which are required at most of the schools for the instruction of their children, or to provide them with decent clothing for attendance. This cause operates very extensively, even in the most prosperous of the manufacturing towns. And yet, the school managers can very seldom afford to dispense with the payment of the weekly fees, as these often form the principal, and sometimes the only fund, out of which to pay the teacher and support the school. 4. The want of any local organization, by means of which the municipal bodies might raise funds to assist such poor persons, by paying the school fees for them and providing decent clothing for their children.

5. The fact, that neither the police nor the municipal authorities have any power to compel bad parents to do their duty towards their children, or to save those children, who are neglected by the parents; although power is given them to punish the children severely, when they have committed crime. 6. The fact, that a great proportion of the existing schools in our towns have no play ground, so that even those children who go to school, are often turned out into the streets during the play time for exercise and amusement, and suffer all the evil, which the companions and scenes they come in contact with, must exercise upon them. It is thought in Germany so fatal a course to leave young children in the streets, without superintendence, that the law expressly provides that every school must have a roomy, dry playground attached to it, and that the children must be exercised in it during the play hours, and in the middle of both the morning and the afternoon school hours."

Nearly all who have written upon the state of our juvenile poor, attribute many of the evils into which they fall to the shameful representations which they witness at the "Penny Gaffs," or cheap theatres. We dare not describe the exhibitions that are presented to the children at these places; their indecency is frightful, and the greater the indecency the more successful and more in favour with the audience. The shows are the same in London, and in all the large cities; they are the nightly haunts of the factory children; they lead to robbery, for the purpose of securing money to obtain admission, and their certain and well-proved result is drunkenness and prostitution. What the worst of these places is, may be gathered from the following description of one, not by any means bad, judged with relation to others. The room is in Preston and was visited, and the account which we here insert signed, by unimpeachable witnesses. We beg the reader to observe the publicity with which the affair was carried on, and the size which the building must have been to contain so many spectators—

"Having frequently heard of the demoralizing scenes to be witnessed in the principal singing-room in this town, and their effects on society, we were determined to visit it and judge for ourselves. Our visit was made on a Saturday evening. The advertisements announced that the 'Illustrious Stranger' would be performed; afterwards Singing and Dancing; to conclude with the 'Spare Bed.' On proceeding up the archway leading to the room, we passed several groups of very young boys, whose apparent poverty but not their will prevented their entrance. The price of admission is two-pence or four-pence. Desirous of seeing as much as we could, we paid four-pence. On receiving our tickets we went into the lower part of the room, and the sight which then presented itself baffles description. The performance had commenced, and what with the 'mouthings' of

the performers, the vociferous shouts, the maledictions, the want of sufficient light, and the smoke from about one hundred tobacco pipes, the effect was quite bewildering for a few minutes. The room is of an oblong form, about 30 yards by 10, and capable of holding with the galleries, from 800 to 1000 persons. One end is fitted up as a stage. The bar where the liquors are served out is placed in the middle. The place between the bar and the stage is appropriated to juveniles, or boys and girls from 10 to 14 years of age; of them there were not less than one hundred, they were by far the noisiest part of the audience, and many of the boys were drinking and smoking. The compartment behind the bar appears to have been fitted up for the 'respectables,' the seats being more commodious. Leaving this lower part of the room we had to proceed up a dark staircase (some parts being almost impassable, owing to the crowds of boys and girls), to the lower gallery which extends round three parts of the room. This gallery was occupied by the young of both sexes, from 14 years and upwards. To reach the top gallery we had to mount some more crazy stairs. This gallery is composed of two short side sittings and four boxes in the front. The occupants of these boxes are totally secluded from the eyes of the rest of the audience. They were occupied by boys and girls. From this gallery we had a good view of all that was passing in the room. There could not be less than 700 individuals present, and about one-seventh of them females. The pieces performed encouraged resistance to parental control, and were full of gross innuendoes, 'double entendres,' heavy cursing, emphatic swearing, and excitement to illicit passion. Three-fourths of the songs were wanton and immoral, and were accompanied by immodest gestures. The last piece performed was the 'Spare Bed,' and we gathered from the conversation around, that this was looked for with eager expectation. We will not attempt to describe the whole of this abominable piece; suffice it to say that the part which appeared most pleasing to the audience, was when one of the male performers prepared to go to bed. He took off his coat and waistcoat, unbuttoned his braces, and commenced unbuttoning the waistband of his trowsers, casting mock-modest glances around him; finally he took his trowsers off and got in bed. Tremendous applause followed this act. As the man lay in bed the clothes were pulled off; he was then rolled out of bed and across the stage, his shirt being up to the middle of his back. After this he walked up and down the stage, and now the applause reached its climax,—loud laughter, shouting, clapping of hands, by both males and females, testified the delight they took in this odious exhibition. This piece terminated about 11 o'clock, and many then went away. It is necessary to state that the man had on a flesh-coloured pair of drawers, but they were put on so that the audience might be deceived, and some were deceived. It needs little stretch of the imagination to form an opinion what the conduct of these young people would be on leaving this place—excited by the drink which they had imbibed,—their witnessing this vile performance—their uncontrolled conversation. We have heard many persons express their sorrow at the apparent increase in the number of prostitutes in this town, some

ascribing it to one thing and some to another. Visit this place and a very palpable cause is manifest. It is the manufactory and rendezvous of thieves and prostitutes. We saw several boys who had been recently discharged from prison. The audience was composed entirely of young persons, the average age of the whole assembly would not be above 17 years. We did not see during the evening half a dozen respectable working men. The audience consisted of that portion of society which demands our most especial care and attention—the rising generation. Many of them we could tell, by their conversation, were regular visitors. Some of the boys and girls were enabled to follow the singers in their songs; they could tell the names of the performers, their salaries, and converse on their relative merits. We did not see one female whose modesty seemed shocked or offended by anything done or said on the stage.”

“We left the room about 11 o'clock, and there remained between 2 and 300 persons, one-fourth of whom would be juveniles. As we have said, the room contained at one period 700 spectators; but the entire number which *visited* it, during the night, must have reached 1000. We have visited many singing-rooms, both metropolitan and provincial, but for gross and open immorality, for pandering to the depraved tastes of an audience, for exciting the passions of the young, for sensual exhibitions, this place surpasses all. We left it with a firm conviction that we may build Mechanics' Institutes, erect and endow Churches, increase the number of Gospel Ministers, and improve our Prison Discipline, but while we tolerate this nuisance we labour in vain.

CHARLES CASTLES.

AMOS WILSON.

P.S.—Since the above account was drawn up, a boy has been committed to the prison, to take his trial on several charges of felony,—whom we saw taking a prominent part among the loud applauders of ‘The Spare Bed.’ ”

So far for the condition of our juvenile population; but the result of the enquiry is painful in the extreme; and Mr. Hill, who is so distinguished an advocate of our improvement, confesses that *crime is now hereditary*. He writes, “Nothing has been more clearly shown, in course of my enquiries, than that crime is, to a considerable extent, hereditary; crime appearing, in this respect, greatly to resemble pauperism, which, according to the evidence collected by the Poor Law Commissioners, often proceeds from father to son in a long line of succession.” We shall, in another part of this paper, refer to the methods best calculated to stay this evil of juvenile delinquency.

Drunkenness, all our records prove, is a most prolific source of crime; the Chaplain of the Glasgow prison stated to Mr. Hill, in the year 1843, that it is impossible to find one hundred

sober criminals in a single year. The vice grows upon the culprit with his age—parents send their children into the streets to steal, that whiskey may be purchased with the money. A boy, a habitual pickpocket, aged only sixteen, stated that he often drank twelve glasses of whiskey a day, that such a quantity was common to most of them when they could procure it—that it only made them bolder in thieving; and it is proved beyond all dispute, that whilst only *seventeen* felonious offences could be attributed to distress,—that being in many cases the consequence of drink or idleness,—*one hundred and seventeen* were caused by drunkenness. We are not contending that drunkenness has increased or decreased, because the returns may show how an increase or decrease is apparent in the number of gallons of whiskey on which duty has been paid. But we know that public houses and gin palaces have been extended in number within the past two years, and we regret to find that in Ireland drunkenness is once again enthralling, slowly but surely, our people. Thus in the Districts guarded by the Dublin Metropolitan Police, the total number of houses in which whiskey was sold in the year 1849, numbered 943; in the year 1850, 978; in the year 1851, 1016; in the year 1852, 1035; showing a gradual and steady increase. In the year 1849 the number of houses in which whiskey was suspected to be sold, without licence, numbered 39; in the year 1850 they amounted to 52; in the year 1851 they numbered 65. In the year 1850, 17 temperance coffee houses were opened, 23 were closed. In the year 1851, 23 were opened, 41 were closed. The total number of new coffee houses was 92 in the year 1849; 86 in 1850; 68 in 1851.

We have no anxiety to represent our Irish fellow-countrymen, or our English and Scotch brethren, as either more vicious or more ignorant than they really are; but truth and justice, and the support of those views which we hold, namely, that the nation is not socially and morally progressing, require that we should express, clearly and unmistakeably, the sentiments by which we are actuated. To talk of the Great Exhibition of 1851, or of popular amusements, or of Mechanics' Institutes, or Lectures on literary and intellectual subjects, whilst our people continue in their present condition, is a simple absurdity. We treat the poor and ignorant as if each man were a legislator, and fit to rule, as Byron bitterly yet truly wrote, "that heritage of woe"—himself. The whole mistake of our system of legis-

lation upon moral and social subjects is—we assume that every man has a right to do wrong until he shall have been convicted of crime. We could understand this principle were the people of these kingdoms educated, thoughtful, and moral; but springing as they do from foul beds of fetid immorality, can the legislature, in justice to itself or to the nation, suffer the continuance of the present abuses? We send Missionaries to the far-off islands of the Pacific; and by our “flannel waistcoats and scriptural, pictorial, moral pocket handkerchiefs,” attempt to teach Christianity and civilization to half converted heathens in every sea; but our Jellabys confine their efforts to the Colonies, and leave our home population of heathens to live on sinfully in our alleys, or to drag out life in our Penal settlements, or to perish ignominiously beneath the drop.

There is not, in all the history of our present social condition, a subject that chills the heart and oppresses the mind of the Christian or the philanthropist so deeply as the state of our female poor. We know that so long as human nature shall be constituted as from the beginning it has been, concubinage and prostitution must, and will, go step by step with population. We know too that a thousand sources conduce to foster these evils amongst the people of the nineteenth century; we are not contending for any such ridiculous impossibility as that brothels should be abolished; but we do assert that the present condition of these houses, and of the people who inhabit them, is a terrible injustice, a crime against the well being of the community, a disgrace to a nation civilized and thoughtful as the English. In each and every of the books—the most valuable books with which we have headed this paper—the question is brought prominently before the nation, the effects of the present system are clearly shown, and the evils are in no respect exaggerated. No check is placed upon the inhabitants of these abodes of sin at home; abroad, in the streets at noonday, they flaunt in all the pride of dress, and when, as the poor needle women, who, as the great lay preacher, Thomas Hood writes—

“Work! Work! Work!  
In the dull December night;  
Work! Work! Work!  
When the weather is warm and bright—”

toil by, bearing to its owner the produce of that labor which

is to be paid by farthings numbered against hours, they see these daughters of sin apparently so happy and so content, who can wonder that they soon follow their example, or hide grief, and hunger, and pain, beneath the black and silent tide of the cold river—not more cold or silent than that world which misery taught them to know, and to cry—

“ Oh God, that bread should be so dear  
And flesh and blood so cheap.”

If we analyse the statistics of the City Missions, we find that some women are thrown upon the streets from natural depravity; many because step-mothers or step-fathers treat them harshly; many because in their own homes, in which their own parents reside, poverty and want have annihilated all love and all family affection, till the girl falls, feeling with Goethe's poor *Margaret* in *Faust*\*:—

“ Our humble household is but small,  
And I, alas! must look to all.  
We have no maid, and I may scarce avail  
To wake so early and to sleep so late;  
And then my mother is in each detail  
So accurate.”

But whilst we believe that to suppress these houses is neither judicious nor wise, our experience from history, and the truths taught and proved by Sabbatier, show that these evils may be checked or counteracted by making the calling infamous.†

It is a singular fact, that in Wales the rural population is more depraved than in England, although one would suppose that the strict tenets of John Wesley, a great and good man, might restrain the passions of his followers by the counsel and example which he left them; his error, however, was, that in his innate piety he assumed all the world to be John Wealeys. In Scotland, where it might be assumed the stern tenets of Calvinism could curb, with its iron dogmas, the vices of their supporters, the town populations are, judged by their numbers, the most depraved in the United Kingdoms. Of Wales we have already written; of drunkenness in Glasgow, Sir Archibald Alison has given evidence, that, in the year 1838, “ every

\* Lord Ellesmere's translation.

† Histoire de la Législation sur Les Femmes Publiques et Les Lieux de Débauche. Par M. Sabbatier. Paris. J.—P. Boret. Quai des Augustins. 1828.



tenth house in Glasgow was a spirit shop; the quantity of spirits drunk in Glasgow was twice or thrice as much as in any similar population on the face of the globe." The population of Glasgow was then 257,000; of these, 80,000 had hardly any religious or moral education. The people of Glasgow have not improved since the year 1838, they are now more drunken than ever; and it is stated upon good authority, that Edinburgh has become more immersed in drunkenness than Glasgow. But Glasgow has vices peculiar to itself—prostitution there has become not a vice but an abomination. By the report of Mr. Logan, a City Missionary,\* it appears that there were in Glasgow, in the year 1843, 3,600 prostitutes who received, as the wages of their sin, £9,900 weekly, or the annual sum of £514,800; and of these creatures 300 die annually; six years the medical officers state to be the usual term of their lives. Leeds is in a condition equally degraded; the number of prostitutes in it exceeds 1,425, and it is calculated that £4,500 are spent weekly in support of these women, making an annual sum of £218,400. In the year 1843, Mr. Logan stated that there were in Manchester about 15,000 prostitutes; and that the sum of £470,000 was spent annually in debauchery; and a medical man informed him that 250 of these girls died every year. There are, it is stated, 15,000 unfortunate females in London; 2,000 in Liverpool; 300 in Hull; 250 in Paisley, and in Dublin there were, in the year 1851, 248 common brothels, 299 houses occupied or frequented by prostitutes, the total number of those unfortunates was 1170; the numbers showing a decrease of about 100 per annum, in four years. These figures refer to the year 1843; the Police reports prove that the numbers have increased, in some instances one-half, in others one-third, within the last ten years. There are no more frightful histories of human degradation than those painted by Mayhew, Ryan, Duchâtelet, and Tait. Want is the chief source of this crime; of 5,183 courtézans in Paris, 2,696 had been cast off by relatives, 89 resorted to vice to procure sustenance; 280, impelled by shame, had forsaken their homes; 218, abandoned by their seducers, had no other mode of life to which they could turn. Alas! true it is, that want is the chief cause of these miseries.—Of 1,200 sempstresses who, at his

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\* Glasgow: Gallie and Fleckfield.

request, attended Henry Mayhew's second meeting, four only, had under garments; 58 only, had blankets; 151 had no beds. We look upon this state of things, we know of its existence, and yet with it legislation never grapples. The seducer prowls abroad; the procuress, in street and in railway carriage; in the private house and in the factory; worst of all, in the Temple of the God of Purity, corrupts and destroys. Our streets are, after night-fall, no better than some town of Sparta, where ruled the antique wickedness of Lycurgus; and, as midnight tolls over our cities, the scenes witnessed in the public streets are but those of the Lupercula, with the actors clothed. It has been proved—in numberless instances, that initiation into crime may be laid to the temptation which this disgraceful condition of our towns places before our youth; thousands of cases clearly prove the fact; and when we know that ten amongst every fourteen of these women are foully diseased, we read with a shudder the terrible facts expressed by Dr. M'Cormack, when he writes—

“Hideous disorders attend the unlawful commerce of the sexes, blighting the infant unborn, inducing inevitable ruin and decay. The skin, throat, bones even, do not escape. The so beautiful structure of the eye is doubly implicated, first in syphilitic iritis, then in gonorrhœal ophthalmia, that wretched malady which, as I conceive, has housed itself in Egypt, and infects our race. These disorders are at once acute and chronic, nor does one attack yield exemption from another. The evil is urgent, the very remedy is dire. Medical writings are rife with details only to be surpassed by the yet more horrible reality. Very children even are found in the lock hospitals of great cities, while millions, it may be affirmed, are lavished on the wages of debauchery. No lady, Tait asserts, dare venture abroad after dark in the streets of Edinburgh! But is Edinburgh the only city? He counts it one-fourth the annual mortality among the female victims to prostitution, this so brutish vice and utter violation of the loftier destinies of our kind. Brothels, and low lodging houses, if possible worse, subsist by hundreds in all our large towns, and there, prostitution and syphilis, the sin and the soil, go hand in hand. Forty thousand illegitimate children, according to the Registrar, are yearly born in England, besides those who perish, sometimes mother and child together, through the execrable arts of hired aborters! In London alone, two thousand women, it is said, annually replace those who die amid their sin and misery.”

The evil of this system does not stop with the immediate victims, it spreads its baleful influence over all around; and because we will not adopt the wise rule of other nations, because we will not strive to remedy our neglect, or render less noxious

those evils which nature will not suffer us to destroy, we expose ourselves to that reproach which, more than two hundred and fifty years ago, Montaigne applied to his own country when he wrote, that legislators forgot the duty of their high office, in the neglect of those small rules for the guidance of petty officials in small things, which, disregarded, become great evils. Prostitution and drunkenness move with the pace of equal progression, and those females in our factories who have worked during day till the powers of life are all but exhausted, attempt to revive their failing energies by draughts of gin and porter. Years ago, able and christian patriots wrote and spoke in favor of the factory operatives. To the energies of Sadler we owe the *Report* of 1833; the horrors detailed in the evidence given before the Committee of 1818 were shown in the former year to be in few particulars altered. Children—infants—are no longer sent to work, as slaves never toiled amongst the cotton fields of Alabama; but there is a moral hell in our manufacturing towns most frightful to contemplate. The Rev. Henry Worsley writes—

“ In Birmingham juvenile prostitution greatly prevails, the ages varying from fourteen to eighteen; none under fourteen, except one case of a child under nine years of age. These females have principally worked in the factories of the town; most of them are notorious thieves. The men who frequent the brothels, are in age from fourteen to twenty. In a district, which witness could walk in fifteen minutes, there are 118 brothels, and 42 other houses of ill fame resorted to by prostitutes. The fact of boys and girls working together in the same factories leads much to prostitution. It is the beginning, the very first step towards both prostitution and stealing. In the low brothels and lodging houses of the town, there are many juvenile prostitutes not more than thirteen, fourteen, and fifteen. Among the causes of prostitution we must enumerate parental concubinage; as many as 120 and often 300 men and women are found living together unmarried, in a single district of the London City Mission, comprising no more than 550 families. Parental neglect, or even parental incitation, is one of the most frequent causes of prostitution. The prison reports afford many instances in which girls under twelve or thirteen years of age have been forced into the streets in order to supply a brutalised parent with *drink*.”

We have stated, that owing to the total neglect of police regulations upon the subjects to which we have last referred, whole neighbourhoods are corrupted; we now assert, that by this same neglect, every feeling of common morality is outraged. Drunkenness is fostered through the licence which the law gives to prostitution, for, as that most able and most

estimable man, the Rev. Mr. Clay, writes, quoted by the Rev. Mr. Worsley—

“My last year's intercourse with the subjects of my ministry has made me acquainted with practices, resorted to in certain beer houses, which must be mentioned in order to show what demoralizing agencies are added to those already existing in them, viz.: the keeping of prostitutes. Sixteen houses in one town, harbouring, or rather maintaining, about 54 prostitutes, have been *named* to me. But this is not the full amount of the evil. The neighbourhood of those houses is corrupted. Women, married women, occupied to all appearance with their own proper avocations at home, hold themselves at the call of the beer house for the immoral purposes to which I have referred.”

How, it may be asked, can these vices be checked? We answer, by adopting those measures likely to render the course of life of those fallen women less glaring, less brazen in daring impudence, and by compelling them, and those who support them, to shun the public thoroughfares and public gathering places of our cities; by regulating more strictly the public houses, and the places of cheap and vicious amusement in which an incentive is held out to drunkenness; by education, and by low priced rational entertainment for the people: thus we may check drunkenness, and in checking it we lighten the criminal calendars of half the offences by which they are blackened.—Mr. Justice Wightman has observed, that four-fifths of the crimes in the kingdom are caused by “the besetting sin of drunkenness.” Baron Alderson has stated, that if we take away from the calendar all the cases with which drunkenness has any connection, they would make a large calendar a very small one. Mr. Justice Patteson has said frequently to juries, “if it were not for this drinking, you and I would have nothing to do.” Mr. Justice Coleridge has stated, “that he never knew a case brought before him which was not directly or indirectly connected with intoxicating liquors;” and one of the Scotch Justices has said, that “from the evidence brought before him, as a Judge, it seemed that every evil in Glasgow began and ended in whiskey;” and Dr. Gordon, Physician to the London Hospital, has stated, “that out of every hundred diseases, as many as sixty-five were found to be strictly attributable to the effects of ardent spirits.” If these drinking houses were carefully regulated, and if the French system of Police regarding prostitution were enforced, the evil of which we have complained would be most materially lessened. The regu-

lations of the French executive, upon the subject, are the following.—Brothels are suffered, by licence, to exist in certain quarters; but at and from the period of their establishment, they are placed under the entire management, the servile yoke of a portion of the police, whose office is to guard “*attentats aux mœurs.*” They are not permitted in the vicinity of public schools, or of a church, or, indeed, of any public institution. The keeper of the brothel is bound, within twenty-four hours, to forward to the prefecture of the police, the name, for the purpose of registration, of every young woman who may be anxious to reside in the house. The woman is then brought before the authorities, she is cautioned, warned, and is told, that if she enter upon this course of life, she must be under the surveillance of the police, and that her name once entered upon the list as “*une fille inscrite,*” must ever remain as a record of her degradation. If her youth be remarkable she is sent to the Hospital of St. Lazare, where she is employed in needle-work, and; if she be from the provinces, her parents, or the Mayor, is written to for the purpose of inducing her, through their, or his, interposition, to return to her home. If she be friendless, she is received in the hospital of St. Lazare, and if this fail, she is then suffered to place her name upon the roll, and her place of residence is numbered in the books of the prefecture; she is forced to carry with her, and to produce when required, *by any person*, the ticket showing the weekly medical report of her health, made by the physician appointed to inspect these houses, and the people who inhabit them. She cannot wear showy dress, and is forbidden to appear in public places, particularly in the gardens of the Luxembourg, of the Palais National, of the Tuilleries, or of the Jardin du Roi; she is on no account to appear at the windows of the house in which she may reside; and for a breach of any of these laws the punishment is imprisonment for two months. These who live quietly in this course of life are also watched by the authorities, and the *fille isolée* is tracked through her way of sin, and every indignity that woman can suffer is inflicted upon her by the active police.

So far we have written of the condition of Great Britain and Scotland; but our own country has its particular evils springing from, and engendered by, the peculiar moral and social state in which we exist. Our national crimes are not the foul, sensual offences common to Great Britain; agrarian outrage is

the evil which disgraces our people; and if in England women murder the children whom they themselves have borne, in Ireland life is taken by those who have never been injured by the victim. That this should be the one great crime of Ireland, can excite no astonishment in those who witness the unchecked efforts of the newspaper proprietor patriots, or the traders in popular politics, who harangue the tenant-farmers throughout the country, who deceive them by hebdomadal schemes of visionary tenures, and who, having entered Parliament to advance the interests of Ireland, forsake that trust in endeavouring to secure a code of legislation founded upon their own views of self-interest, of self-aggrandizement, and of factious scoundrelism.

Since the establishment of the Tenant League Society every right of property in land has been, in its discharge, rendered more difficult or dangerous than before; the murder of landlords has been inculcated as affording a salutary warning to the survivors of their class, and the abrogation of landlordism has been looked upon as a most desirable and necessary object of attainment. To the designs and demands of this society there are no reasonable limits, and kindness in a landlord seems but to render the tenant more unreasonable in his requirements. As a specimen of what these requirements are, and as showing how the peasantry are urged onward by their newspaper supporters, we give the following case, which was stated by several of these journals as one of great hardship and injustice—this virtuous and indignant protestation of the League supporters may be read in any of their papers published in the fourth week of February, 1852, and the cause is as follows.

Daniel Quig, a tenant upon the northern property of the Marquis of Waterford, agreed, when at the point of death, that the farm which he then held should pass into the possession of his brother Robert, upon the payment by Robert of £30 to the widow of Daniel. After the death of the latter, Robert called upon the agent of the Marquis of Waterford, stated the above facts to him, and explained that he was prepared to pay the £30 to the widow. The agent refused, upon the part of the landlord, to be bound by any such agreement as that in question, and thereupon the entire body of the League slang whangers, including the Dublin organs, raised the cry that it was an injustice, a breach of right, and high treason against all the principles of that Magna Charta of the tenant farmer,

the bill prepared by the most disinterested of legal patriots, and most oily appropriator of church revenues, Mr. Sergeant Shee. Some of our readers may remember that many months ago we exposed the falsehoods of this League, and proved—that the “banditti legislators” falsified and garbled the theories of political economists to suit their own purposes and designs.\* All we then stated to be the probable result of this movement has been since proved true, and in the Thirtieth Report of the Inspectors-General of Prisons in Ireland, we find the following passage :—

“It is a fact worthy of attention, that in a district of inconsiderable extent, comprising co-terminous portions of the adjoining counties of Armagh, Down, Monaghan, and Louth, in which the system of Ribbonism has produced its deadliest results, and where justice has failed to overtake the agents of that fearful conspiracy, the preponderance of ‘threatening notices and letters,’ having reference to the possession of land, is very great. The aggregate of all such letters, for the whole kingdom, amounts to 395, of which no less than 144 are furnished by the locality specified—

Armagh,	...	...	56
Down,	...	...	21
Monaghan,	...	...	18
Louth,	...	...	49
			<hr/>
			144

the latter county being the smallest but one in Ireland.”

To Irish readers we need scarcely add, that the three last named counties are those in which the tenant-right agitation has been carried on in a manner most audacious, most virulent, and most rampant.

In the four counties above named the comparative statement of agrarian outrage, as furnished to the Select Committee, was as follows :—

In the county of Armagh, population, by census of 1851—196,420 :—

“ Agrarian outrages reported in 1844	...	...	5
Ditto, ditto, in 1850	...	...	79
			<hr/>
Increase of 1850 over 1844	...	...	74

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\* See IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, Vol. I., pp. 25, 246.

Agrarian outrages reported in 1845 ...	...	18
Ditto, ditto, in 1851 ...	...	96
		—
Increase of 1851 over 1845 ...	...	78
Increase of 1851 over 1844 ...	...	91
Total agrarian outrages for first Three Months of 1852 ...	...	30."

In the county of Down, population, by census of 1851—  
317,778 :—

" Agrarian outrages reported in 1844 ...	..	6
Ditto, ditto, in 1850 ...	...	84
		—
Increase of 1850 over 1844 ...	...	78
Agrarian outrages reported in 1845 ...	...	9
Ditto, ditto, in 1851 ..	...	44
		—
Increase of 1851 over 1845 ...	...	35
Increase of 1851 over 1844 ...	...	38
Total agrarian outrages for first Three Months of 1852 ...	...	21."

In the county of Monaghan, population, by census of 1851—  
143,410 :—

" Agrarian outrages reported in 1844 ...	...	20
Ditto, ditto, in 1850 ...	...	48
		—
Increase of 1850 over 1844 ...	...	28
Agrarian outrages reported in 1845 ...	...	22
Ditto, ditto, in 1851 ...	...	48
		—
Increase of 1851 over 1845 ...	...	26
Increase of 1851 over 1844 ...	...	28
Total agrarian outrages for first Three Months of 1852 ...	...	11."

In the county of Louth, population, by census of 1851—  
91,045 :—

" Agrarian outrages reported in 1844 ...	...	5
Ditto, ditto, in 1850 ...	...	34
		—
Increase of 1850 over 1844 ...	..	29
Agrarian outrages reported in 1845 ...	...	14
Ditto, ditto, in 1851 ...	...	73
		—
Increase of 1851 over 1845 ...	...	59
Increase of 1851 over 1844 ...	...	68
Total agrarian outrages for first Three Months of 1852 ...	...	23."



This is a startling array of facts, but it is only the natural course of events. So long as newspapers are suffered to write of landlord slaughter, and of the rights of property, as we every day read in the Tenant League journals, these agrarian outrages must of necessity increase. Shortly after the murder of Mr. Mauleverer, this passage appeared in the *Dundalk Democrat*, for August 3rd, 1850 :—" We have been in the last week on a tour through the neighbouring counties, and are assured that the murder of Mr. Mauleverer has been attended with very good effects in the neighbourhood of Crosmaglan." This is the teaching given to the people ; this is the paper which receives the support of all the tenant leaguers in the vicinity ; even the bloody prompting contained in the above extract, was palliated and explained by the Rev. Mr. Lennon in his evidence before the Select Committee on Outrages ;\* and this teaching was inculcated amongst a people where all, of all religions feel, according to the evidence of the Rev. Mr. M'Meel,† a unity of dissatisfaction upon the land question.

We know that landlords have done injustice in many cases, and that hardships have been inflicted upon tenants, most pitiable to contemplate. It is the slang of those who drove the people into antagonism with the landlords at the late elections, that "vengeance" is now being taken upon the offending peasant. We are neither the supporters of the landlord interests when unfairly urged, nor the apologists of their actions when they make the assertion of right an oppression ; but surely the landlord has a duty to perform in endeavouring to prevent the mis-use of his tenant's vote, and a claim upon it equally strong with the usurpation of the parish priest or Presbyterian minister. It is easy to talk of popular right, and popular feeling, and the open, unbiassed vote of free subjects ; but before we grant the justice or good sense of the observations, or the arguments to be deduced from them, we require to find the Irish people capable of appreciating some other teaching than that given in the virulent language and unproved statements of Dr. Cahill's letters ; we require that the people, and not the "hierarchy and clergy" of any church, shall be the constituency of Ireland ; or, at least, that the "hierarchy and clergy" shall show some better sense of that which suits the country, than is proved by the return, as Parlia-

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\* See Questions 5,628 to 5,656.

† See Question 3,186.

mentary representatives, of an impeached traitor, with an impromptu qualification; or a mouthing English adventurer, thrust forward to slander Irish gentlemen, and to malign the motives of every man who will not be ruled by opinions of ultra-montane importation.\*

It may be objected that our calculations of the increase or decrease of crime, by comparing year with year, are liable to many exceptions, and must prove fallacious, in various instances, from the inferences drawn; but our argument is to show that crime has not really decreased, and we have clearly proved that the state of stolid vice in which the people are immersed, which is unheeded by the legislature, and which increases day by day, until the moral and social state of the country has become marked by all the atrocities of the pagans. At the Chester Assizes held last April, the panel numbered 98 felonies; amongst these ten were charges of murder, nine wounding with intent to kill, four for manslaughter, eight for cutting and maiming, three for arson.

From the *Tables of Criminal Offenders in England and Wales* for the year 1851, drawn up by Mr. Redgrave of the Home Office, it appears that in the year 1850, 813 were convicted of simple larceny; in 1851 the number of convictions rose to 965; the total convictions for larceny were in 1850,

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\* It is a mistake of the writer's to suppose that the proprietor of *The Tablet* represents, in his holy ravings, the feelings of the Irish Roman Catholics as a body. For an insight into what those feelings were a few years ago, see *The Nation* on Mr. Lucas' betrayal of Mr. T. C. Anstey's confidence—for what they are now, amongst the thinking classes, see the scathing, crushing, letters of the Rev. Dr. Murray, Professor of Dogmatical and Moral Theology in Maynooth College, and the wicked articles in *The Telegraph*. "Lucas," said a most estimable and learned dignitary of the Roman Catholic Church to us a few days since, "is doing the Catholics more harm than any enemy they have, and if any Minister were inclined to disfranchise the Priests, Lucas's speeches and newspaper would afford the best excuse." Just so; speeches and writings which, if they represented the feelings of Irish Roman Catholics, would show that the Catholics are unworthy to hold a political position in any free country—as they would foster slavish and unconstitutional opinions, incompatible with our character and with our law. When out-speaking old George Buchanan went in the suite of his master to pay respect to the Pope, and when he saw him kiss the Pontiff's toe, he felt considerable uneasiness in surmising as to the quarter of the Papal body to which so insignificant a person as himself might possibly be expected to apply his lips—any Irish Roman Catholic holding the Lucas opinions could, in the old Scotchman's place, feel little uneasiness. Let the world say as it will of O'Connell, he never taught the Roman Catholics to forget that they were men, and that Ireland, not Rome, was their country.—Ed.

11,931; in 1851 they amounted to 12,145. In England, too, offences, by females, against the person are increasing in number. The proportion of this class of crimes committed by females was, in the year 1849, 24·2; in 1850, 24·4; in 1851, 24·8. In the year 1850, 28 males were convicted of offences against the person, and 24 females; in the year 1851, 33 males and 41 females. The total number of committals in London and Middlesex in the year 1850, was 3,732; in the year 1851, 3,974. With these facts before us, we must reluctantly agree with Mr. Porter when he writes:—"If we refer to our criminal returns, it will be found that in England and Wales, the number of persons committed for trial is now more than five times as great as it was at the beginning of the century; while in Ireland the proportional increase has been even more appalling, there having been, in 1849, twelve-fold the number of committals that were made in 1805, the earliest year for which our records are available. There are not any accounts of so early a date, by which we are able to make a similar comparison for Scotland; but comparing the number of committals in 1815 with those in 1849, we find that in these thirty-four years they have augmented nearly seven-fold."\*

We have frequently differed in opinion with Mr. Hill, but we fully co-incide with his views as to the best means of reforming and ameliorating the condition of the poor. He clearly proves that prison discipline, prison labor, prison education, must be advantageous as they teach the culprit that although he has been guilty of a crime against the good order of the commonwealth, yet that he is a man subject to all the rules of self-government; then when he goes forth from the prison he may commence life anew, with hopes and wishes of advantages to himself, through honesty, and through that industry which have been inculcated in the gaol. Mr. Hill's plan of making the parents of juvenile offenders personally responsible for the evil conduct of their offspring, is, in our opinion, most meritorious, and worthy the consideration of our statesmen. "Not only," he writes, "should the parent whose child falls into crime, be compelled, except in peculiar cases, to pay its cost in prison (or in default be himself deprived of his liberty and forced to toil for its maintenance), but be required also to indemnify, to some extent at least, the party injured, if not to pay part of the reasonable expenses of the prosecution; if it be

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\* *Progress of the Nation*, p. 631. Ed. 1851.

thought that such a rule would press hard on parents, let it always be remembered that the loss and expense must fall on *somebody*; and surely it is less hard that it should fall on the child's parent than on any one else. Nevertheless, to provide for peculiar cases, it might be proper, as it certainly would be liberal, when a parent could show to the satisfaction of the court, or other appointed authority, that he had used all reasonable means to prevent his child from becoming a criminal, for the State to pay part of the expense entailed by the child's misconduct."

Those who are desirous of learning the effects produced by a prison discipline, and by the properly managed silent, or solitary, or mixed discipline, and the changes of food and labor, we refer to the eighth chapter of Mr. Hill's book. The systems advocated by him, when through their means it is proposed to heal the monstrous evils we have in this paper displayed, may appear weak, more especially when we remember the unwillingness so frequently shown by the legislature, which is so prompt in punishment and tardy in prevention. But when we recollect that our system of factory labor was, thirty-two years ago, so cruel, so demoralising, so unchristian, and so brutal, that parents cursed the day that children were born to them; children just in age beyond infancy tottered from their labor with hunger gnawing, and yet so worn and so exhausted, that they sank in uneasy slumber over their wretched food; they were beaten with iron rods, buffeted and kicked like brutes; their language was so obscene that married women refused to work in the same room with boys and girls, and so great was their immorality, that openly in these factories the common subject of inquiry was the safest method to prevent conception. These things were all proved in the Factory Committee of 1818, but till that indefatigable philanthropist, Sadler, broke down the grasping power of the millocracy in the committee of 1833, this system was in great part, if not wholly, defended; and as he succeeded in his efforts to repair the blunders, or guilty omissions, of the legislature, because the evils were patent, we know not why those who are anxious for the moral and social advancement of the poor, should despair in days like these, when on all sides it is admitted that crime and sin lurk in every corner of the land, and increase, at least sin increases, because those whose bounden duty it is to educate and to elevate the poorer section of the people, forget their sacred

trust. Lord Ingestrie and Lord Ashley have done much in the cause of humanity ; they have gone in amongst the poor, have seen with their own eyes, believing with one who had sounded most of the heart's deepest depths—Sydney Smith,\* that—

“He who only knows the misfortunes of mankind at second hand, and by description, has but a faint idea of what is really suffered in the world. A want of charity is not always to be attributed to a want of compassion ; the seeds of this virtue are too deeply fixed in the human constitution, to be easily eradicated ; but the appeal to this class of feelings is not sufficiently strong ; men do not put themselves into situations where such feelings are likely to be called forth ; they judge of the misfortunes of the poor through the medium of the understanding, not from the lively and ardent pictures of sensation. We feel, it may be said, the eloquence of description ; but what is all the eloquence of art to that mighty and original eloquence with which nature pleads her cause ; to the eloquence of paleness, and of hunger ; to the eloquence of sickness, and of wounds ; to the eloquence of extreme old age, of helpless infancy, of friendless want ? What persuasiveness like the melancholy appearance of nature badly supported, and that fixed look of sadness, which a long struggle with misfortune rivets on the human countenance ! What pleadings so powerful as the wretched hovels of the

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\* It is to be regretted that, whilst the Rev. Sydney Smith's contributions to literature, as a critic and as a lecturer, are so well known and so fully appreciated, his sermons, preached at the Foundling Hospital, and at the Berkeley and Fitzroy Chapels, London, are so much neglected. They were published by Cadell in the year 1809, in two vols. 8vo. Their style may be judged from the three sermons given in the third volume of the collected edition of his works, published by Longman in 1845. The sermons are upon various subjects—that from which we have selected our extract is “Upon the Best Mode of Charity,” Vol. I., p. 274, the text being from Deuteronomy xv., verse 11. Amongst the sermons are one on Scepticism ; On the Errors of Youth ; On Self-Examination ; On the Mode of Passing the Sabbath ; On the Judgments we Form of Others, &c. &c. About all these there is a Christian spirit which reminds us of the best sermons of that Protestant De Sales, Jeremy Taylor. To those who only know Sydney Smith the Reviewer, the following prayer, composed, and read in St. Paul's Cathedral, the Sunday after the birth of the present Prince of Wales, by Sydney Smith the Priest, must prove interesting :—“We pray also for that infant of the royal race, whom, in thy good Providence, thou hast given us for our future king. We beseech thee so to mould his heart, and fashion his spirit, that he may be a blessing, and not an evil to the land of his birth. May he grow in favor with man, by leaving to its own force and direction the energy of a free people. May he grow in favor with God, by holding the faith in Christ, fervently and feelingly, without feebleness, without fanaticism, without folly ! As he will be the first man in these realms, so may he be the best—disdaining to hide bad actions by high station, and endeavouring always, by the example of a strict and moral life, to repay those gifts which a loyal people are so willing to spare from their own necessities to a good king.”

poor, and the whole system of their comfortless economy? These are the moments in which the world and its follies are forgotten, which throw the mind into a new attitude of solemn thought, which have rescued many a human being from dissipation and crime, which have given birth to many admirable characters, and multiplied, more than all exhortation, the friends of man, and the disciples of Christ."

The Model Lodging Houses, the Ragged Schools, the Shoe-Black Brigade, and the Messengers, tutored by the various charitable societies of London, are undoubtedly most admirable. Lord Ashley, Lord Carlisle, Lord Ingestrie, the Rev. Mr. Clay, and that most estimable man, Mr. Thomas Wright, of Manchester, are real benefactors to the kingdom, and have discovered the best means of advancing the social interests of the poor, by teaching them that they are an integral portion of the community, not outcasts, even though branded by poverty, and driven into crime through ignorance and neglect. Old Michael Montaigne wrote of human nature with his usual acuteness—"Notre bastiment et public et privé est plein d'imperfection. En toute police, il y'a des offices nécessaires, nonseulement objects, mais encore vicieux : les vices y trouvent leur rang, et s'employent à la conservation de notre santé." So it is with the State; and as no soul is created purposeless, even those who are depraved, and fallen, or, it may be, reprobate, have all the impress of the Almighty upon their hearts; and he who despairs of their amendment may be a sound political economist, but is neither a good Christian, a good philosopher, nor, in the true sense of the word, a good patriot. The very worst offender may be rendered of service to his country—we attempt to accomplish this, *after* crime has been committed, by the labor of the convict; had we tried the school, and a moral police, whilst he was a juvenile offender, he would not have become, in manhood, a felon.

Our argument, as we have stated, is, that though crime may have slightly decreased, vice and immorality have increased; the latter we have proved, and the real condition of the United Kingdoms, as to the prevalence of crime, is exhibited in the following tables. In the first we show the number of offenders in the kingdoms committed to prison in the years 1850-51; we give the numbers in certain great offences, and the totals in each of the six classes into which the law divides crime. The digest is compiled from the Tables of Criminal Offenders in England, Wales, and Scotland, and from the most able and most valuable Reports of Mr. Galway and Mr. Corry Connellan, Inspectors-General of Prisons in Ireland :—

COMMITTEES.	ENGLAND AND WALES.		SCOTLAND.		IRELAND.	
	1851.	1850.	1851.	1850.	1851.	1850.
Murder, -	74	52	19	33	118	113
Sodomy, -	70	63*	3	3	None	None
Assault with in- tent to com- mit unnatural crime, }	41	35	2	3	1	None
Rape, -	148	137	19	11	57	53
Assaults and Common As- saults, }	661	607	806	1,000	2,259	3,526
Assaulting Police,	277	218	33	21	61	66
Total 1st Class,	2,218	1,886	981	1,192	2,930	4,202
Total 2nd Class,	2,060	2,014	665	676	2,215	2,224
Total 3rd Class,	21,906	21,253	1,923	2,150	14,029	16,737
Total 4th Class,	305	236	54	49	361	462
Total 5th Class,	808	680	126	170	244	250
Total 6th Class,	663	774†	252	231	4,905	7,451
GRAND TOTAL,	27,960	28,813	4,001	4,468	24,684	31,326
Convictions, -	21,579	20,537	3,070	3,363	14,377	10,307
Acquittals, -	6,359	6,238	233	258	17,108	14,218
Executions, -	10	6	1	2	2	8

\* This crime seems increasing; the numbers were, in 1847, 42; 1848, 56; 1849, 54.

† To this class belong perjury and subornation; the numbers were, as shown in the following table:—

CONVICTIONS.	1851.	1850.
England, -	116	57
Ireland, -	42	47
Scotland, -	14	21

In writing of the amount of crime in the nation, and in our cities, it may be well here to state that, by the census of 1851, the population of the three kingdoms is given as follows :—

England and Wales	...	17,922,768
Scotland	...	2,870,784
Ireland	...	6,515,794

In our chief cities, by the same census, the population is stated thus :—

London	...	2,361,640
Dublin	...	254,850
Edinburgh	...	158,015
Glasgow	...	333,657

Having thus far observed on the state of the kingdom at large, and of its moral and social condition, and having included in our observations the great manufacturing cities and towns, and Dublin amongst the others, we now turn to a more particular inquiry into the state of the latter city, and in this we have happily been aided with facts stated to us by a gentleman, whose sources of information are most undoubted and genuine, and whose ability and truth are equalled only by his integrity, usefulness, and experience.

In reference to the Police institutions of the Irish metropolis, and their effect upon society within the scope of their operation, we feel that most important considerations are involved, and that most striking results would arise in a close examination of their nature and working. As to the police force, in point of appearance, they are the finest body of men, not even excepting the grenadier guards, in the British empire; and as for their discipline, the paucity of complaints against the members of a body upwards of 1,209 in number, and possessing, individually, very extensive authority, is really surprising. The Police Commissioners divide, as far as possible, the discharge of the duties devolving upon them; and whilst Mr. O'Ferrall devotes his attention to the investigation of reports, the direction of proceedings on complaints, and all other matters suited for the consideration of a man whose previous life was spent in attaining and practising the legal profession, Colonel Browne attends to the organization and discipline of the force, which he has certainly rendered a model for all similar bodies.



There are some erroneous opinions entertained respecting extraordinary inducements existing for constables to convict on any accusations which they prefer. We believe that nothing is more unfounded than the idea that a police constable, in Dublin, is personally interested in any case prosecuted by him. He is, of course, reprehensible for preferring frivolous or vexatious complaints, as he is laudable and likely to be remembered when an opportunity of promotion may offer, for having detected crime and rendered its perpetrators amenable; but nothing can be more absurd than the notion that a certain number of car fines, or publicans' penalties, or dirty footway cases, or gratings out of repair, or defective house spouts, or boys sliding in frosty weather, or drunken and disorderly passengers on his "beat," will suffice to make a constable a sergeant, or a sergeant an inspector. The habits, character, conduct, integrity, and intelligence of a constable, constitute his chance of promotion; and the citizens of Dublin are, perhaps, not aware that in the police force of their city the highest interest, or official influence, would not suffice to obtain admission or promotion for a candidate who had a better man for his competitor. In the year 1844, the writer of these pages recommended two men for admission, they had unexceptionable characters, were tolerably educated, and their persons were of powerful make and fine proportion. Two other candidates produced the personal request of a noble earl who was then on a visit with the Viceroy, but although a very close scrutiny was required to determine the choice, the nobleman's candidates were rejected and the others received, and the only explanation given for the preference was simply this—"We take the best value we can get for our money." There is another excellent point to be remarked in our metropolitan force, it is almost inaccessible to corruption or venality. The strict surveillance maintained through the various ranks of the service, prevents any connivance at the impunity of guilt; and the acceptance of reward for exertion, however effective, without the permission of the Commissioners, subjects the recipient to certain dismissal. An application for leave to present a man with a gratuity is seldom refused, and when a reward is permitted to be received, it is openly notified in orders, and thus operates, not only to the gratification of the deserving individual, but to the incitement of his comrades to use their best exertions in similar circumstances. We do not assume to be the censors

of other police establishments, but we know certain localities amongst our trans-channelite friends where, if the reader should ever require the assistance of the guardians of the public peace, we would strongly urge him to have money in his pocket before he makes his application, and to have less when his application is made.

The Dublin police owes much of its efficiency to the total absence of all religious or political preferences. In it, a very close watch is kept upon the performance of duty, but no inquiry is made as to the religious opinions of any member of the force. Controversial or political conversations are prohibited amongst them, and, consequently, there is peace, good feeling, mutual reliance, and, probably, not the less real religion.

In treating of the executive branch of the force, truth compels us to advance the opinion, that except in the very essential requisite of contributing to its support through the medium of the tax collector, the public do nothing to promote or maintain its character or efficiency. We have lately heard a divisional magistrate, who has had upwards of twelve years official experience of both public and police, declare that he has frequently been disgusted at the conduct of persons occupying respectable positions in society when complaints instituted by constables were under investigation. He stated that amongst some thousands of cases he had experience only of *two* instances in which the testimony of a police constable was deliberately false. One was the case of a young man, a respectable trader, who, intending to visit the theatre, was importuned by his sister to allow her to accompany him; he evaded compliance, but she watched him closely, and as he left the house, she ran into the street after him, and catching him by the arm, insisted on being taken to the play. At the moment a constable came up and took her into custody; the brother remonstrated, perhaps resisted, and was himself apprehended. The young and respectable female was charged at the station-house as "a disorderly prostitute," and her brother was charged with "disorderly conduct and attempting to rescue the prisoner, &c." On the hearing, the magistrate dismissed the constable's complaint, and desired the aggrieved parties to lodge informations for the gross assault committed on them, the impropriety of the constable's conduct being aggravated by his persisting in swearing to a charge which was totally disproved by most respectable witnesses. The young man and his sister refused to

comply with the magistrate's advice, *even for the purpose of a summary conviction*, and all that remained was to dismiss the constable from a force to which he was a disgrace. But, in a few days, the injured parties waited on the justice for the purpose of imploring his interference to procure the pardon of the constable, and they presented a memorial to the Commissioners, praying that the man who had acted so scandalously "should not be deprived of his bread." The memorial had no effect. The other case was the apprehension of a respectable citizen's wife at her husband's door, where she was standing whilst her husband was speaking to her brother on the other side of the street, where the brother resided. The charge described the woman as "a prostitute loitering on a thoroughfare for the purpose of prostitution;" but nothing could induce the parties to prosecute the constable, and the husband argued gravely, "that when *they* forgave the policeman, it was very unjust in his superiors to dismiss him." Upon these cases we must remark, that it is rather unreasonable in the public to expect perfection amongst a body of men, whose transgressions they refuse to aid in punishing, and for whose offences they seek forgiveness.

In treating, however superficially, of a police force, we cannot omit alluding to the prejudice so strong for a time, and still existing to some extent, against the employment of a "detective division." There are many who insist that a constable should adopt no disguise, but that in the uniform of the force to which he belongs he should perambulate the streets, suppress disorders, apprehend offenders, and when directed to execute warrants, he should go in search of the culprit openly and avowedly. To such we would suggest, that if in the organization of a police there is anything unconstitutional, it is rather to be found in the adoption of an uniform than in the attire of "plain clothes." The old common-law constable had no uniform; he went, and came, and mixed amongst other men, without a number on his collar or a crown on his buttons, and still his office and its functions were not denounced as unconstitutional. A policeman in uniform may patrol our streets, suppress riots, restrain indecency, and apprehend the pickpocket or drunkard; but it is not by such that the progress of the swindler is to be traced and stopped, the haunts of the burglar ascertained, or that the minute circumstances, trifling to the casual observer, but amounting, in the aggregate, to perfect conviction, are to be

discovered and concatenated to establish the fearful guilt of the murderer.

The editor of *Household Words* has occasionally given to his readers a few pages of the reminiscences of leading members of the English metropolitan detectives; and although the details of the cases are not in general so complicated amongst the Irish members of the "Catch Club," yet instances are not wanting of the quickest perception being evinced. Several years have elapsed since a clergyman was murdered near Bandon, on the high road, and in the open day. No clue was obtained to fix the guilt of his assassination on its perpetrators; but a soldier in a regiment quartered at Fredericton, New Brunswick, stated to his officer that he had been concerned in the crime, and he named two others as his accomplices: the man was sent home, and was brought before a divisional justice for examination. One of the Dublin detectives mentioned to the justice that he had been, at the period of the murder, orderly to the constabulary officer at Bandon, that he had been at the scene of the offence very soon after its commission, and that he wished to be present at the examination of the prisoner. This was acceded to, and the self-accusing caitiff detailed that on the day and at the hour when the man was murdered, he and the two men whom he named, met the unfortunate gentleman on his way home, that one of them seized his horse, and the other shot him with a blunderbuss; that they immediately fled, and he made a statement of where and how they spent the remainder of the day. The detective, through the magistrate, asked him, which of you backed the horse into the grip and overturned the gig? to which the reply was, I did. He then asked, which of you cut the traces? The response was, L— did. He proceeded, which of you struck the poor woman who saw the murder, for screaming? He was answered, P— did. The detective then said to the magistrate, that the fellow was telling a tissue of falsehoods, for the horse had not been backed into the grip, and the vehicle was not a gig but an outside jaunting-car; that the traces were not cut, neither was any woman near the place assaulted by the murderers. Subsequent inquiries established the fact, that one of the persons accused in the fellow's confession was, at the period of the murder, apprentice to a cabinet-maker in Cork, a reference to whose books showed that he had been on his concerns all that day, and it appeared that the statement was made for the mere

purpose of its fabricator being sent home from service in a regiment with which he was discontented.

The residence of the universally lamented Dr. Graves in Merrion-square, was robbed five or six years ago by the thief's entering the front drawing-room windows, which had been left unfastened. The balcony did not appear accessible by ordinary means, but was easily attained from that of the adjoining house. A detective at once perceived the traces left by a soiled foot in climbing by the pillars of the hall door next to Dr. Graves's; he then walked over to the rails of the square, and found marks where some person had recently crossed; amongst the bushes there were a few heaps of twigs, the parings or prunings of the shrubs; and beneath one of these he discovered an excavation or *cache*, in which was a quantity of the stolen property. At night he lay down at a little distance from the place, and was not long there when a person approached and proceeded to take up the articles, and whilst the robber was encumbered with his load, he was readily captured, subsequently convicted, and transported. His name, if we recollect rightly, was Cuddy, and he was, let us hope, the last of the regular, professional, Dublin burglars.

A most extraordinary class of miscreants has been almost entirely banished from Dublin by the sole agency of the detective division. A few years ago it was discovered that a nest of impostors had located themselves in Bridgefoot-street, and that the members of this nefarious association were levying contributions on the many thousands in whose disposition charity and credulity were united. Forty-one of them were arrested and committed for trial on charges of "conspiring to defraud, obtaining money under false pretences, and forgery at common law." They were, however, consigned to Newgate, exactly at the time when the State prosecutions against O'Connell had been commenced, and it was the received opinion in police quarters that they owed their escape—for they were not prosecuted—to a feeling on the part of the Attorney-General of that period, that all his attention was demanded in bringing down the eagle, and that none of his energies could be spared to scatter a flock of kites. But they were not relinquished by the detectives, and were brought in detail under the castigation of the law, until the confederacy was broken up. Their system consisted in writing begging letters and petitions, termed in their slang, "*Slums*," to all whom they considered likely to yield the

slightest attention to their requests. One represented that she was a clergyman's widow, with four or five female children, the eldest only eleven years of age; that her pious, exemplary, and most affectionate partner had died of malignant fever, contracted whilst whispering the words of Christian consolation to the departing sinner, and imparting the joyful assurance that the life flickering away, the socket glimmer of a mere earthly light, would be rekindled in a lamp of everlasting duration and unvarying brilliancy. That resigned to her suffering, and adoring the hand from which she had experienced chastening, she was not forbidden to hope that the blessed spirit of charity would be manifested in her relief, and in shielding her helpless, artless babes from the privations of distress in their infancy, and from the still more fearful danger of being, in advanced youth, exposed to the snares of sin and its depraving consequences. A contribution, however small, addressed to Mrs. —, at No. —, Bridgefoot-street, Dublin, would, it was respectfully hoped, be accorded by Lord — or Mr. or Mrs. —, whose well known, though unostentatious benevolence, must plead the poor widow's apology for such an intrusion. Another was an unfortunate man, who for many years had earned a respectable livelihood as a commercial agent, and supported a numerous and interesting family by his industry and intelligence, but having unfortunately been in the county of Tipperary, when a contested election was in progress, he unguardedly expressed a wish for the success of the Conservative candidate, and although not a voter, he was set upon by a horde of savage ruffians, and beaten so as to produce paralysis of his lower extremities, and that now nothing remained for him but to entreat the humane commiseration of one who could not, if the public testimony of his, or her generous disposition, was to be credited, refuse to sympathize with a parent whose helplessness compelled him to witness, with unavailing anguish, the poignant miseries of the offspring he had hoped, by his honest exertions, to have maintained and reared, without submitting to the galling necessity of soliciting that aid which nothing, but the most absolute destitution, could reconcile him to implore. A *military lady* announced herself as the widow of color-sergeant Robert —, who having served faithfully for twenty-seven years in India, had been severely wounded in a decisive battle in Nepal, and when invalided and pensioned, was unfortunately drowned at Blackwall, in

consequence of the boat which was conveying him ashore, being run down by a Thames steamer. That she and her eight poor orphans had no resource on reaching her native city, where she found that all her relatives had died or emigrated, and where she was friendless and alone, but to throw herself upon the charitable feelings of one whose character emboldened her to hope that the humble appeal of the soldier's widow, for herself and her poor orphans, would not be unavailing. These and a thousand other *Slums* were manufactured in Bridgefoot-street, *alias* Dirty-lane, not an unsuitable name for the locale of such proceedings, and they were invariably accompanied by lists of subscriptions, and magisterial or municipal attestations, admirably got up in the first style of forgery. It must be mentioned, that one scoundrel represented himself to be the son of a gentleman in the south of Ireland, of an old family, and of the pristine faith; that he had been educated at Louvain, had an ardent wish to become a Catholic clergyman, that one of the most distinguished dignitaries of that church was inclined to ordain him, but that his father had died in debt, without leaving him the means of providing even the very humble outfit for such a vocation. One of his missives produced the effect of relieving the lady of a civic functionary of five pounds sterling, which the excellent and worthy matron piously suggested might be useful in providing the embryo priest *with vestments*.

This confederacy was not confined to Dublin. Its branches extended through Leinster, Connaught, Munster, and in almost every important town in England its connections were established. It is, however, very curious that the Scots and our Northern countrymen were left comparatively free of its attacks. Why? Is it because the rascally crew conceived the natives of Scotland and Ulster more cautious or less benevolent than their respective Southern neighbours? The reader may judge for himself; but swindlers are not, in general, very wrong in their estimate of character or disposition.

The head quarters of the society were in an obscure country town in a central county of Ireland, and there the *matériel* of the association was seized, according to our information, about the end of 1843 or beginning of 1844. We may close our notice of this respectable body by stating, that there was found at the source of their system, a chest of very elegant manufacture, and containing, in compartments admirably executed,

counterfeits of the public seals of Cork, Waterford, Limerick, Sligo, Drogheda, Dublin, Liverpool, Bristol, Southampton, Hamburgh, Havre, and New York. These were used to seal forged certificates and attestations, which were transmitted for use to more populous places; but the seals were cunningly kept in a remote, and, for a long time, an unsuspected locality.

We now turn to the police courts, in which the magisterial business of the city of Dublin, and of the most important portion of its suburbs, is discharged by seven divisional justices. To the persons acquainted with this city, it cannot but appear extraordinary that the police offices are so close together; each of them is almost on the edge of the division to which it belongs; a quick walker could pass the three in about five minutes, and as the public do not declare that they are inconvenient, it is a fair supposition that the entire business might be consolidated into one building in which two magistrates, sitting in separate courts, could, between nine in the morning and four in the afternoon, dispose of the criminal charges and civil complaints. At present the labor, although in the aggregate by no means light, is extremely unequal in its pressure. A review in the Park fills Capel-street court with cases of detected pickpockets, disorderly drunkards, furious drivers, toss players, and thimble-riggers, whilst, perhaps, the other offices are empty. Donnybrook fills the south side with cases, whilst it depletes the blackguardism of the northern division. One police court, with two chambers, would suffice to do the business, and prevent its uneven pressure. A consolidation would also effect the advantageous result of inducing a greater uniformity of decision, and in imparting increased facilities of attendance to respectable legal practitioners.

The present police code of Dublin consists of nine or ten statutes, expressly framed for the regulation of the district; and it is favored with occasional scraps of legislation from other acts. Until the 5th Vic., sess. 2, c. 24, passed, the police institutions of Dublin were principally regulated by the 48th George III. c. 140, which passed on the 30th June, 1808. It consists of 128 sections; and when we consider the state of society here forty-five years ago, and the various requirements existing now, which were unheard, nay undreamed of then, this statute appears to indicate very peculiar power of arrangement;



and it is remarkable for a plain, simple mode of expression, which the bungling attempts of subsequent legislators to amend and explain it, have not sufficed entirely to obscure and mystify. The greater portion of it has been repealed, but such parts as still remain are clear, distinct, and intelligible. It is understood to have been concocted, and some sections are believed to have been drawn by ARTHUR WELLESLEY, who filled the office of Irish secretary from 1807 until 1809. He was a man capable of drawing either a parliamentary enactment or a sword with some effect. Through the entire of this old act the closest knowledge of the city and of the habits of its people is manifested. It forms a strong contrast to the 5th Vic., in which ignorance, or laziness, or perhaps a combination of both, produced the insertion of a section giving jurisdiction to the divisional justices over the disputes and differences arising between the *watermen, coal-whippers, &c.*, in or upon *the River Liffey*. It would have been an additional improvement if the framer of the latter enactment, when he imagined the existence of watermen and coal-whippers in Dublin, had stretched his fancy to the creation of a fishery upon the Poddle, and had provided for its encouragement and protection.

In the police courts, the good and bad points of the people of this city very prominently appear. It is worthy of remark, that only *one* committal for a capital crime has been signed by any Dublin police magistrate now living. The offence of burglary is of very rare occurrence. Shoplifting genteely restricts itself to the better classes, and is very unfrequent, when the opportunities for its indulgence are taken into account. Petty larceny is almost entirely in the hands of juvenile practitioners, who are very expert in this pursuit, and who ought to be proficient, as *they have been taught nothing else*. There is nothing more deplorable than the state of the boy robbers of Dublin—most of them without parents, friends, or habitation; the children of strangers who have died or deserted them, they have no claim for admission into our workhouses, and no means of subsistence except by thievery and earning imprisonment. Many of them are in a state of loathsome disease, and they look forward to transportation as their ultimate destiny, without much dread, for they have no ties to bind them to society, or to make their severance from their native land painful. They are singularly communicative, and frequently has the writer of this page observed the young eye glisten with

resuscitated hope, at any suggestion which offered a chance of escape from a life of crime to an existence even of privation. One of this class was lately brought before a police magistrate, charged with thieving, and he acknowledged the offence at once; he stated that he was a native of Limerick, that his mother was dead, and his father had gone to England about four years ago, and had not been heard of since; that he had walked to Dublin, and since his arrival, had lain in halls and dairy-yards at night, and had stolen whatever he could pilfer by day. He said "it would be a *murther to beat him*, that he was willing to work, and if he was *sent aboard ship*, he would go to any part of the world readily." He was a fine stout made boy, who, with good food, clothing, and instruction, would soon pull a rope or handle a capstan bar well; but although we are told that the navy is short of hands, that poor boy is feeding at the public expense in a prison, *but he was not flogged*. It is horrible to think that in a Christian country there should be hundreds of children of both sexes left unreclaimed and uninstructed. Knowing the law, not in its protective influences, but in its punishments, they are living nuisances on our streets, and are reared by us to be adult miscreants, we repeat, reared, for they are supported by the public; to-day, upon the proceeds of an individual's rifled pocket—to-morrow, lodged and fed in a prison, where their criminal education is perfected by their depraved associations.

In listening to the summonses of a police court, we cannot fail to remark upon the mild and forgiving tendencies of the men, and the vindictive rancour of the women, of Dublin. The man claims the protection of the law; "he has no wish to injure the party he complains of, but he wants him bound to the peace, just to keep him quiet." The woman wants "the coorse of the law," and to have her adversary "chastised, and kept from killing the whole world, like a *murderin' vagabone* as *she* is; 'it's no use in talkin', but the street will never be quiet until she gets *some little confinement* just to *larn* her manners." Summonses for abusive language, or, as the fair complainants term it, "street scandal," are, perhaps, the most numerous cases as a class; and on the hearing of them, there is generally elicited an amount of vituperation beyond anything that Billingsgate could attempt to supply. In every case a total absence of chastity is imputed, as a matter of course; and if a foreigner would only believe both sides of a police summons book, he

would be forced to the conclusion, that chastity was a rare virtue amongst the lower order of Dublin females. Yet the contrary is the fact; furious in their resentments, uncontrollable in their invectives, and inveterately addicted to assassination of reputation, they are, in general, extremely chaste, and attest the value they attach to female virtue by invariably imputing its absence to their opponents. Sometimes, indeed, a novel term of reproach arouses volcanic fury, and an eruption of indignation is excited by the most extraordinary and unmeaning epithet. A late instance occurred of a fish-vender from Patrick-street roaring to the magistrate, that if her enemy was not punished, her life, and her child's life (for she was *enciente*). would be lost. But what did she say? was the query. "What did she say! yer worship, what did she say! Why she come down *forenest the whole world at the corner of Plunket-street*, and called me "a bloody ould excommunicated gasometer." We may mention, that as female invective generally ascribes incontinency to its opponent, so the male scolds, happily not very numerous, have their favorite term of reproach, and when they wish to destroy a man's reputation, they designate him a thief? no, a robber? no, a murderer? no, they satiate all their malignity in calling him "an informer."

A late statute, which has enabled justices of peace to determine ejectments of tenements in cities and market towns, held at a rent not exceeding £1 per month, has produced a satisfactory alteration in the relation of landlord and tenant in the poorer portions of this city. Formerly, a regular notice to quit and a civil bill ejectment were requisite, and the landlords considered that process too tardy to get rid of an over-holding room-keeper. They accordingly ordered the defaulter out, and in case of refusal, war was declared. The door was sometimes torn off its hinges, the window sashes removed, and the grate taken away, the chimney was stopped above. If the landlord had possession of the room beneath, he broke upwards, and smoked the tenant out. If he had command of the room above, he raised the flooring, and deluged the luckless defaulter with water, not of the cleanest description: however, a few heavy fines checked this practice, and a total stop was put to it by the summary power of ejectment, on a magistrate's order. This law has been of great benefit to landlord and tenant in the poorer localities. A man can now obtain a lodging with greater facility, as his landlord knows he may easily dispossess him in case of

non-payment of the rent ; and the landlord lets his tenements at more moderate rents, as he has not the same risk as formerly, of having his premises unproductive until the execution of a civil bill decree.

We cannot avoid, when treating of police, to mention a body of men who are taxed very highly in Dublin, and are peculiarly under the control of the police authorities, we allude to the pawnbrokers, and we introduce them more readily to our readers' notice, because we believe they will bear a most favorable comparison with the members of the same trade in any other part of the empire. With many facilities, and still more numerous inducements, to shelter and screen depredators, they have long maintained a high reputation for strict integrity, and have manifested, almost invariably, the utmost readiness to assist in the detection of crime, and the repression of dishonesty. Within the last twenty years there was but one person in the pawnbroking trade who was supposed to be the willing recipient of stolen property, and he is not now in business. The pawnbrokers have, however, occasionally suffered from fraud or rapine ; and in such cases, we regret to say, they have not met with more public sympathy than is expressed in a laugh at "my uncle." About four years ago some ingenious rogues cut out portions of tea and coffee pots, sugar bowls, ladles, &c., made of copper or Britannia metal, and grafted into the excised spaces pieces of silver taken out of articles of smaller size, and on which the genuine "hall marks" were impressed. These vessels were then subjected to the electro-plating process, and when well silvered, were pawned in various offices as real plate. In several instances the depositors brought them with the appearance of having been recently cleaned, and with some of the reddish "plate powder" still in the crevices and chasing of the articles. Upon such there was a sum of about £1,100 levied. It is needless to say that the pledges were never released, and that the lenders had not sixpence to the pound of real value for their advances. They are also occasionally deceived by borrowers who bring bundles of clothes to pawn, and regularly release them at a week's interval. At last the pawnbroker takes the bundle, pays the required and usual loan, and without examining it, throws it on his shelf. This continues for a week or two longer, and at last the bundle remains without redemption. Then "my uncle" finds that he has a bundle of rags,

or a piece of old carpet, instead of "the blue frock coat," or "the olive cloth cloak," upon which he *thought* his money was advanced. Latterly, however, the perpetration of this fraud has been very rare, the lenders are more "wide awake," and are seldom "done twice."

Let us now turn to that extraordinary body peculiar to Dublin—peculiar in their slovenliness, their wit, their *sobriety*, their conversational powers, and quickness of repartee, their *honesty*; their union without combination, and their hatred of law—the carmen of the Irish metropolis. There is no subject, connected with the police of the city, more curious than the efforts heretofore vainly made to civilize this class of persons. They recoil from all authority, and are deaf to all advice. Their good qualities are their own, for they would not acquire them from any precept, or adopt them through any compulsion. They have a defence, satisfactory to their own minds, for every accusation, and an objection, quite valid in their own opinions, to every improvement. There is not a police constable employed on carriage duty that would not gladly relinquish it for any other service, however slavish; and no one has attempted to regulate them without being convinced that, at the end of his exertions, he had only "his labor for his pains." The difficulty of managing these men may be gathered from the following instances:—

When a Dublin carman is summoned by a police constable, he almost invariably meets the accusation by a direct contradiction, and generally offers to swear to his statement. If he is called upon to answer for being shabbily dressed, and dirty in his apparel, he buys or borrows a good suit of clothes, shaves, and puts on a clean shirt, and then states boldly to the magistrate that he was just in the same state when "the policeman wrote him," and "that if he's let to the book he'll swear it." If he is summoned for being absent from his beast and vehicle, he insists that he was "holding a lock of hay" to his horse all the time. If the complaint is for furious driving, the defence is set up that "the baste" was dead lame, that it was just after taking up a nail, and was on three legs "when he was wrote." If it is alleged that the horse was in wretched condition, and unfit to ply for public accommodation, he expresses his wonder that any fault should be found with a horse that could "rowl" four to the Curragh and back, without "turning a hair." Whatever statement is made for the

defence, it is one that evinces imaginative power, for the plain, dull truth is never permitted the slightest admixture in the excuse offered ; and even when the truth would amount to a defence, it is discarded "upon principle." A fellow waiting at a corn shop for a feed of oats declares that he was only ordering "a mash of bran ;" his impression being that the truth is unlucky ; besides, he never hears any one else telling truth, and why should he be singular ? An old man named Pat Markey, formerly belonging to Baggot-street stand, and now some years dead, made a statement on one occasion utterly at variance with all probability, and directly opposed to the evidence adduced against him ; however, upon the prosecutor's own showing, the case was dismissed, as the charge was not legally sustained. Pat was then asked why he did not tell the truth, as it would have been better for him, upon which he exclaimed—"Musha, cock him up with the truth ! that's more than ever I towld a magistrate yit." A Dublin carman never mentions the offence for which he is punished ; he always substitutes for it the inducement which caused him to commit the fault. A fellow goes into a tobacconist's, and while he is making his purchase, his horse moves on, and is stopped by a constable, who summons the driver. A fine is imposed, and if the mulcted party is afterwards asked what it was for, his reply is, "for taking a blast of the pipe." Another, on a Saturday evening, leaves his horse and car to mind themselves, and betakes himself to a barber's shop to have the week's growth taken off his chin, and when punished for being absent from his vehicle, he tells his friends that the "polis wrote him" for getting himself shaved. And on Sunday morning, if a devotional feeling prompts him to get "a mouthful of prayers," whilst his beast is left, without any control, upon the public street, he expresses his indignation at a consequent fine "for going to Mass," with, perhaps, the remark, that when such things can be done, there is very little use in having a Catholic Commissioner.

It is perfectly impossible to adapt the existing law, or perhaps any other, effectually to compel the Dublin carmen to keep themselves in a cleanly, respectable attire, or their vehicles in proper order. When summoned, and fined, their comments evince the inutility of the punishment. The magistrate enunciates, "Your car has been proved to be in a most disgraceful state, and I shall fine you ten shillings." The car-

man replies, "I thank yer worship, shure that fine will *help me to mend it.*" The magistrate changes his tone with the next, and tells him he will suspend his license for a month; but this only elicits a request for an order to admit the man and his family into the poor-house during the suspension. If a complaint is preferred (a very rare occurrence), by a private individual for having an ineffective or dangerous vehicle, the defendant insists that the gentleman should not be so hard upon a poor man, and asks what good it will do the complainant to ruin him? But these complaints are generally disposed of previous to the hearing; the delinquent sends his wife to the complainant's residence, or sometimes borrows a wife, if he has not one of his own, to beg him off, and the importunity of the female mollifies the anger of the injured or insulted party. She besets the door, and applies to all who enter or depart, "to save her an' her childher from the waves of the world," that the magistrate is a "rale Turk," and if her poor man is brought before him, he'll be destroyed "out of a face." Such complaints are generally dismissed for the non-appearance of the prosecutor; but sometimes the fellow who has been "begged off" appears, states that he is ready to answer any complaint, and insists on the hardship to which he is subjected in attending a summons to which the plaintiff does not appear. This almost always produces an award of costs against the forgiving party, who, for ten or twelve shillings, which he is obliged to pay in default of prosecuting an ill-conducted carman, acquires nothing but the wholesome lesson not to summon a Dublin driver without appearing to prosecute. But occasionally a gentleman attends, relates the gross treatment he has experienced, protests that such conduct should not be tolerated, and then expresses his wish that the fellow should be reprimanded *severely*, but not fined or imprisoned. The comments of the other carmen on such a case generally amount to such observations as "Well, Jem, we may do what we like with that chap from this out, for as he forgave Peter for this 'little business,' *that magistrate 'ill lean light upon any one he brings here for any case.*" Not long ago a Mr. C—— preferred a complaint for most outrageous insolence and actual violence, against a driver, who was informed by the magistrate, that as soon as Mr. C—— lodged an information, he (the delinquent) would be committed for two months with hard labor. Mr. C—— immediately declared that he would not consent to send the unfortunate

man to gaol. but that he wished him to be "bound to keep the peace." To this the magistrate acceded, and filled the condition of the recognizance with his own hand, binding the fellow to keep the peace to all her Majesty's subjects, *except Mr. C——*.

The late Major Sirr was peculiarly obnoxious to the Dublin carmen, and yet he was not a severe judge of their delinquencies; for, he dismissed nearly half the complaints preferred before him, and the average of his fines was three shillings and sixpence; still they hated the "Major;" and although he preached to them very many sermons in the Carriage-court, and occasionally sought to impart Scriptural truths to their minds, the benighted carmen detested the magisterial apostle; and, as one of them said, "If he showed them the road to heaven, and gave them liberty to drive it, d—l a many would go, even *there, at his biddin'.*" At last the "Major" died; his illness was very short, and his indisposition commenced in a covered car; he drove home and never rallied, but sank in a few hours. The story went abroad that he actually died in a covered car, and his successors were, for some months, treated occasionally to the hearing of summonses preferred by covered car-drivers against the outsiders for taking their fair turns, and defrauding them of their jobs. It was, and is, very unusual for carmen to summon members of their own body; but in the cases to which we refer there was a peculiar grossness of offence. "Yer worship," the plaintiff would exclaim, "I would not mind him *stumping me*, but he roared out to the people that were takin' me, that 'that was the very car the owld Major died in,' and, yer worship, I could'nt forgive *that.*"

The Dublin carmen are an extremely sober class. We refer to the personal experience of our Dublin readers for the truth of the assertion, that a drunken driver is indeed a *rara avis* here. London, in each year, affords upwards of five hundred complaints, in which the intoxication of the driver forms part of the alleged offence. In the entire of the last twelve years there have not been half that number in the Irish metropolitan district. They are also very honest towards the public, as the quantity of property restored by them to the owners, when forgotten in their vehicles, very strongly attests; and although they are rather fond of getting more than their fare, they become the dupes and victims of dishonest and tricky employers, and, to use their own term, are "sconced" much more



frequently than is generally supposed. The Four Courts constitute the frequent scene of such rascality. There is seldom a day in Term that some poor carman is not left "without his costs" by a plausible fellow, who alights at one door, and passing through the hall, goes out at another, leaving the driver, whom he assured that "he would be back in a minute," to find that he had been driving, for perhaps an hour or two previously, a heartless blackguard, who desired no better fun than "sconcing" him.

Two young men, brothers, residing in a street adjoining Stephen's-green, were invited to an early evening party at Summer-hill; they disputed as to who should pay for a car, and at last one of them said he would take a covered car without any payment. Accordingly, having walked to the nearest "hazard," they got in, and when seated, the gentleman who was averse to paying, directed the driver to proceed "to Santry." "Santry!" exclaimed the astonished jarvey; "is it joking you are? D—l an inch I'll go to Santry to-night. Get out of my car if you plaze, the baste is tired, and I won't go." "My good fellow," was the answer, "I shall not get out, and you may as well get on at once." "By Gorra, if you don't get out, I'll pull you out," said the carman. "If you lay a finger on me," answered the occupant, "I will resist you as well as I can, and I shall prosecute you for an assault." It was a bad business. The carman changed his tactics. "Why, yer honor," he mildly urged, "it is an unreasonableness thing to ax a man to go to such a place even in the day time, for there's nothin but murder and robbery on that bloody road, an' if I *do* go we'll be all kilt, an you'll be robbed into the bargain; shure ye haven't right sinse to think of such a jaunt." "My friend," said the fare, "there may be something in what you say, but I shall call at a house on Summer-hill and get fire-arms for myself and my companion, and with two case of pistols I fear no robbers." The carman grumbled, but he had a sturdy customer, and he mounted his seat and drove on. When they came to Summer-hill he was desired to pull up, and the two sparks alighted, assuring him that they would immediately procure the arms and resume their journey. As soon as they were inside the hall-door the jarvey plied his whip, and rattled off as fast as he could, congratulating himself that he had escaped a drive to Santry, and leaving the two scamps to enjoy

the joke of having had a gratuitous jaunt from Stephen's-green to Summer-hill.

A carman is the greatest hyperbolist in existence. The Spaniard, who described the rain as so heavy that "it wet him to the marrow," was not so poetical or forcible in his exaggeration as are some of our jarveys. When a gentleman complained of the choking dust of the Rock road, and declared that he did not think it possible for a road to be so dusty, his driver remarked—"It's thrue for yer honor; but this road bates all others for dust, for, *by all accounts, there was dust on this road the day after Noah's flood.*" A lady who resided at Castleknock was wont to give a carman who lived in her neighbourhood a glass of grog, along with his fare, at the conclusion of his engagement. However, she became too sparing of the spirits, or too generous of the water; but the grog eventually became so weak, that its recipient criticized it, of course with an oath, by asserting, that "if you threw a naggin of whiskey over Essex-bridge you might take up as strong grog at the Light-house."

When we commenced these remarks, it was our intention to have laid before our readers some statistical information, which our limits, we now find, will not admit, and which we postpone with the less regret, because it can appear more distinctly in a future number. Important changes have been effected by the operation of the powers confided to the Corporation, in reference to lodging-houses, night cellars, and sanitary regulations. At present our readers must be satisfied with the assurance of our belief that these powers are wisely and efficiently exercised, and that, although the police is totally apart from corporate control, there is the fullest confidence between the police and corporate authorities. We have also reason to believe, that the time is near at hand when measures of practical improvement will be adopted in reference to houses of public entertainment, and that a stringency of regulation alike inconvenient to the public, and injurious to the trader, and indiscriminate in its operation upon the well conducted as well as the disreputable, will be judiciously and generously relaxed. We have no party predilections, and are not disposed to be the adulators of power. There is very little in the past history of our police institutions creditable to the various executive governments, Whig, Tory, Liberal, or

Conservative, by which the local interests of Dublin have been most impartially—neglected. We have strong hopes, however, for the present, and for the future our expectations are derived from the feeling, that the existing members of the Irish executive are “men of business.”

We have already written, at some length, upon the sanitary and crowded state of the poorer portions of the English and Scotch cities. We regret to find that Dublin is not in a condition superior either to Whitechapel or the Rookeries. Through the kindness of the gentleman to whose attention we are indebted for the information upon Dublin, we are enabled to present the following statement of the mode in which the poor are packed in the Liberty, and in its neighbourhood :—

*Return of the Sanitary Condition of a few of the Fever Sites of the City of Dublin, 1852.*

Districts.	Houses occupied by Room-keepers.	Rooms.	Beds.	Persons.	Privys.
The Coombe -	102	513	784	1890	72
Cole-alley - -	34	177	131 and 273 wads on floor	930	26
Skinner's-alley-	18	77	158	304	14
Pimlico - -	24	110	182	424	16
Thomas-street-	80	491	751	1656	49
Bridgefoot-st. -	28	151	319	658	21
Meath-street -	70	421	641	1599	41
Francis-street -	72	467	777	1626	58
Church-street -	105*	635	872	2435	77

From this it will be seen that we have no reason for self-congratulation upon the sanitary state, however much we may rejoice at the moral and social condition, of Dublin when we compare it with the other great cities of the kingdoms. What all want is care, combined with education. Ragged Schools have been started in Dublin, but we regret that they have been divided into Protestant and Roman Catholic: to

\* The greater number of the above are common lodging-houses, taking nightly lodgers, not included in the statement of occupants.

this we do not object, however we may lament it. If the Roman Catholics believe that heresy and unbelief are clothed in tatters, if Protestants consider that idolatry and superstition can be inhaled from rags, each section of religionists is right. It is better teach them anything, and teach it practically, so Christ be its foundation, than send them adrift with parrot piety and vague ideas of religion, producing such effects as we find to spring from the Sunday Schools of England. That there are great difficulties in the path of education in Ireland we admit. One set of men say you must teach the whole Bible without note or comment, another set contend—You shall only teach such portions of the Bible, or of its history, as we approve, and thus, so far as in them lies, those who will not join the National Board, do an injury to the country, and retard its political well-being and its social advancement. The ultras on each side, the Cullens and Dalys, make a peculiar Christianity a vantage ground, and may battle for its particular possession; but we contend that until this country shall have become totally Protestant or entirely Roman Catholic, he who maligns, or, we may say, will not support the Board of National Education, is no friend to the interests of Ireland. What our position is now, all men know; what the difficulties were in the way of even our present advancement have been most truly shown, particularly as regards Ireland, by that very early friend of National Education, Thomas Wyse:—

“England never thoroughly subdued Ireland, and had the folly always to war against her. She contented herself with merely *garrisoning*, when she should have *incorporated* her. This, perhaps, was impracticable so long as she had a separate parliament: a separate parliament constitutes a distinct ‘*corps de nation*’; the patriotism of such a country must necessarily consist in maintaining this separation and distinction. England governed her, therefore, not in the sense of an integral portion of the empire, but as a dangerous rival; finding amalgamation impossible, she resorted to her only security to division. She set up an opposing creed, an opposing property, an opposing code, all English; and made the rich the exclusive enjoyers and guardians of all. No wonder, then, the functionary was hated with the same hatred as the system; that the aristocracy was confounded with the hereditary enemies of the country. A sullen servile war, at various intervals, and under various designations, was waged against a body which was likened far more to a hostile nation camping ‘*in transitu*,’ than an integral portion of the same political and social system. The aristocracy on their side were not less hostile than the people. They hated and despised; but it was not the scorn of real superiority, it was the spurious

pride of sect and party. Here was no clanship; the country was divided between the descendants of the invaders and invaded: here was no transfusion from the lower classes into the higher; aristocracy was religious caste not to be polluted by the admission of the Catholic Paria. It will easily be conceived that such a state of things must necessarily have been prodigal of all sorts of social disorders and disasters; such an aristocracy must have been stained with much ignorance and many vices; oppression debases as much as slavery. Of what use was superior knowledge, when superior force was always ready? Who dared to require instruction from a master? The indolent squire, succeeding to the extensive domains of his father, could not be more indifferent to all means of acquiring personal respect than the great majority of this class, heirs to the monopoly of their ancestors, were to the esteem or attachment of the nation. One set of ideas was studiously inculcated,—the inherent, incontrovertible superiority of the favoured class. Every term used in England to designate common rights and common interests was indeed retained. Men talked of country, religion, property, constitution, &c. &c., but their country was faction; their religion, anti-catholicism; their property, many offices and few candidates; their constitution, despotism. Senate, privy-council, bar, corporation, magistracy (to say nothing of the Church, their especial pasturage), were all and each, their private hereditaments. They held both the legislation and government of the country, as if by patent. From such assumptions soon flowed innumerable other errors and oppressions. Prejudices the most gross, refuted by the experience of every other nation, were taught as undeniable truths; passions the most selfish were encouraged, under the name of patriotism; sectarianism, bitter and blind, in direct contradiction to the wisdom and mercy of the Gospel, was preached as the reformed Christianity of the country. Nor was this a condition of society arising out of some temporary derangement of the political system. It was the political system itself, not merely the practice, but the doctrine, to which every act and thought of the performers, from infancy to old age, was directed. The legislature and the government took the utmost pains to train up the aristocracy to these perversities. In return, the aristocracy, so trained, poured in new absurdities and corruptions into the legislature and executive. A detestable reciprocation of vice and ignorance was established. Barriers, almost insurmountable, were raised to the progress of all moral and intellectual enlightenment. The events of the last ten years have, indeed, corrected many of these vices; whatever may be the wish, the power to oppress is in all instances shortened, in some entirely taken away. The letting in of the great body of the nation into their old inheritance has broken up the monopoly; the infusion of a popular spirit has for ever scattered the exclusive pretensions of sect and caste. The first great act of national incorporation has taken place; not merely of Ireland with England, but of every class of Irishmen with each other. Catholic Emancipation was the first decided departure from the old system of ruling by sections, and encouraging by preferences. It has not only checked

existing abuse, but has rendered a *long series of reforms indispensable*. The harmony in wrong is destroyed ; a new organisation, more consonant to the real rights and true interests of all, has become inevitable. But it must not, therefore, be supposed that none of the old corruptions remain. The legislature and government have begun to do their duty ; they have led the country into a new path, but the old impulses are still felt ; the course for some time longer must necessarily be in a diagonal. Reformers have unfortunately to do with grown-up men ; men who have contracted under another system habits conformable only to that system. It is long before these habits can be superseded, or that another generation can arise with new. The political sanction and encouragement may be withdrawn by a law, but the political education and its effects cannot be so easily eradicated. The actual aristocracy of Ireland, it must be remembered, are not only pupils of the old anti-national regime, but, as a necessary consequence of such training, are anxious, in despite of all changes which have since intervened, to impart the same to their children. This may be a great folly, and a great crime : incapacitating for the new duties and functions to which under this altered state of society their children may be called, and perpetuating, by the maintenance of the old prejudices, the old distrusts and animosities ; but it is not less the usual accompaniment of all changes. It ought not to discourage. Its worst aspect has its consolation. The obstacles which at present are opposed to Education, it clearly demonstrates, must arise only from *misgovernment and mis-education*. The first of these causes is wearing away ; the second must soon follow. So far, from considering, then, their existence as an argument for deferring Education-Reform, amongst the Upper classes, it is precisely because they do exist, that it ought not one instant to be deferred. Good government cannot possibly work without well-educated governors ; there is no motive for bad education, if bad government be expelled. The factitious support is, in great degree, taken away ; with the unassisted force of the bad habits it produced ; we have now only to contend. But to vanquish such—to diminish their resistance to education—there is no better expedient than education itself. Its diffusion may be difficult, but it is essential. The country cannot be allowed to remain disorganised in all its ranks. The evils of the existing ignorance and perversion are of too enormous a magnitude to be any longer tolerated, without the greatest peril, even to the *Upper class itself*.\*

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\* It is to be regretted, that some Irish member does not devote his attention, as Mr. Wyse used, to small Irish questions as well as large : however, we observe that Mr. Cogan, the parliamentary representative of Kildare, has given notice that he will move the extension of the Marriage Registration Act of England to Ireland. Would it not be well that an incorporated general registry of births, marriages, and deaths, should be secured by legal enactment ? The Wesleyan and Presbyterian clergy are not required to keep a register ; the Roman Catholic Pastors, by a decree of the 24 Session of the Council of Trent, are bound to do so ; but we know not if the decree is in the county districts rigidly complied with ; but all births, marriages, and deaths, should be enrolled in a proper office. We know of one town in which the Roman Catholic

Satisfactory, in many points, as our statement of the condition of Dublin is, we were not entirely unprepared for it. From whatever cause the effect may spring, it is an undeniable fact that the Irish are in every place, the most moral or the most sinful of the community; and in Ireland they appear, excepting in the hideous instance of agrarian murder, amongst the best conducted poor of the kingdoms. Let this state of things spring from race, or creed, or disposition, or from what the reader will, the fact cannot be denied, and, as Mr. Beames writes, the Irish are, when vicious, the very worst of the bad, because their descent in crime is always sudden and violent. The following extract from *The Rookeries* shows the Irish in their best phases of character, where nature is the great teacher and the great soother; and when we remember the murders and infanticides already recorded in this paper, we feel justly proud of the poor Irish who toil for bread amongst a strange race, and amidst a people who, though ever meaning to act most kindly, too frequently mistake the Irish heart and the Irish feeling. Mr. Beames is describing a visit to Church-lane, and writes:—

"No. 3 was the front attic at the top of the house, it was a low square room, inhabited chiefly by Irish. Although our visit took place in the day time, there were three or four families there,—women suckling their children, men lounging about the floor or cooking potatoes, a little heap of sacking for bed-clothes; sundry lines running across the room, on which were hung divers articles of clothing; the walls were discoloured, blackened by soot, or the plaster was peeling off; shelves were extemporized with marvellous dexterity. One of the women had been in Ireland during the fatal Skibbereen fever in 1847; she spoke in warm, and even eloquent terms of the kindness of a Protestant clergyman, whose name was Tyrrell, a man of property, who, having given his substance, at last gave his life, dying by fever, caught in visiting those who were stricken; the poor creatures round her, although Catholics, joined heartily in the benediction she poured out upon his head, saying, 'Aye, Sir, he is rewarded for it now!' There was all the courtesies

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Sacristan ran away from his creditors, taking with him, for the purpose of vexing the Parish Priest, the general registers of ten years. It was no body's business to interfere, and yet hundreds of thousands of pounds, and the legitimacy of hundreds of children, may yet depend on the production of books. We trust, therefore, that Mr. Cogan will not forego his motion, and will bear in mind that an Irish member may go to parliament for the purpose of doing something better than voting in factious minorities, or making speeches for the delectation of the *gobe-mouches*. Were Mr. Cogan a beggar, living on his politics, or a newspaper proprietor, living upon his journal, we should not think it of any avail to offer these suggestions.

and warmth of heart about these poverty-stricken tenants, which we find generally in the Irish; the language, although betraying the brogue, good and appropriate, reminding us strongly of Miss Edgeworth's description of them, where she says, 'That instead of the Englishman's benediction, long life to your honour, the Irishman prays that you may live as long as water runs, or the sun shines.' They were playing with, or nursing the children, and when asked whether their rest was not disturbed by the crying of infants, where so many were brought together, the answer was, 'the children are very good.' In the room we have called No. 4, seventeen men, women, and children, lived and slept; the size of the room was as follows,—length, 10 feet, or thereabouts, width in one part, 8 feet; in the other, where the fireplace was, 5 feet. We doubted whether it were possible that on such an area seventeen people could be placed? The answer was, 'We make shift.' This room was half filled with onions, the children must have slept on them; there were a few pieces of the coarsest brownest crockery, old hats and bonnets, no chairs, or tables—two men, and several women and children were here. One of the men was what is called a mud larker, or one who prowls about the banks of the river, and picks up the coals which are scattered there by the men who unload colliers; another, nearly blind, was supported evidently by the earnings of the rest. Their welcome to us rung cheerfully on our ears, and the salute which they gave us as we left, was full of warmth, and in a style which would not have disgraced noble blood. Round the room were the same number of cords, cupboards, and shelves, as in the other; a small fire was burning, at which an old woman was cooking. Children seemed, if we may judge by the number we saw, to thrive there, and to be fondled with an affection, the want of which renders many mansions desolate. You could not but grieve, that so much kindness and courtesy should be neutralised by wretchedness,—and that these poor creatures should live in the neighbourhood of the worst thieves and lowest prostitutes of London."

Mr. Beames is not unsupported in this testimony to the character of our poor in London. Comparing the English street-sellers with the Irish, Henry Mayhew writes:—

"The women present two characteristics which distinguish them from the *London* coster-women generally—they are chaste, and, unlike the 'coster-girls,' very seldom form any connection without the sanction of the marriage ceremony. They are, moreover, attentive to religious observances. The religious fervour of the people whom I saw was intense. At one house that I entered, the woman set me marvelling at the strength of her zeal, by showing me how she contrived to have in her sitting room a sanctuary to pray before every night and morning, and even in the day, 'when she felt weary and lonesome.' The room was rudely enough furnished, and the only decent table was covered with a new piece of varnished cloth; still, before a rude print of our Saviour, there were placed two old plated candlesticks, pink with the copper shining through; and here it was



that she told her beads. In her bed-room, too, was a coloured engraving of 'the Blessed Lady,' which she never passed without curtsying to. Of course I detail these matters as mere facts, without desiring to offer any opinion here either as to the benefit or otherwise of the creed in question. As I had shown how *English costermongers neither had nor knew any religion whatever*, it became my duty to give the reader a view of the religion of the Irish street sellers. The Irish fathers and mothers do not allow their daughters, even when they possess the means, to resort to the 'penny gaffs,' or the 'twopenny hops,' unaccompanied by them. The better class of Irish lodging-houses almost startle one by the comfort and cleanliness of the rooms. One, in particular, that I visited, had the floor clean and sprinkled with red sand, while the windows were sound, bright, and transparent; the hobs of the large fire-place were piled up with bright tin pots, and the chimney-piece was white and red with the china images ranged upon it."

The evils upon which we have written can be cured in great part by education, but it must be an education founded on religion and on truth. Mere reading and writing, as the tables we have given prove, can never make youth honest, or moral, or christian. A witness examined before the *Select Committee on Criminal and Destitute Juveniles*, and who was himself a reformed offender, stated that amongst all the youths whom he had known whilst a criminal, very few were unable to read. When we remember this, and recollect how parents, who are vicious, send their children upon the streets as beggars, or thieves, or prostitutes, and when we likewise remember the evidence of the Rev. Mr. Clay before the same Committee, that parents mis-state the ages of their children, representing them as older than they really are, for the purpose of securing employment in the factories, we cannot fail to understand how weak the hope must be of improving the condition of the people whilst the government remains inactive. According to the evidence given by Mr. John Ball, who was, when examined, a Poor Law Commissioner for Ireland, the class of destitute juveniles is increasing in this country; and, both in England and Ireland, cheap vicious literature is gradually corrupting the youth of our humbler classes. Speaking of this literature, the Rev. Mr. Clay observed:—"The demoralizing effect of those *Mysteries of the Court of London*, by Reynolds, must be beyond anything that can be conceived; demoralizing, not only as regards the excitement of

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\* London Labour and the London Poor. By Henry Mayhew, 65, Fleet-street, London. Part II., pp. 104, 108, 109, 111.

the bad passions, but the mischief which he intends politically ; all the profligates represented in those works are persons of rank, mentioned by name, but many of them have absurd stories attached to their names."\* No apophthegm of the wise has been so much misused or misunderstood as that of Bacon which declares, that KNOWLEDGE IS POWER. Knowledge is power to the philosopher, who, like Galileo, clings to discovered truth amid persecution and despite the tyrant, leaving a record of his struggles and of his triumph, to be effaced only when the stars shall be out-fired in a light more brilliant and more powerful than their own—knowledge is power to the statesman who pursues a line of policy receiving but the derision of the opposition of his time, supported only by the energy of his own convictions, and the wisdom of his own deductions—knowledge is power to him who, in the vigor of life and hope, can dare and battle against the difficulties of life, in amongst the heaving, surging, conflicts of interest, and who, secure in his own strength, feels and knows no doubt, like, in all but his dishonor, Bulwer Lytton's fine conception, *Randal Leslie*. But knowledge is not power to the artisan, or the son of the artisan, who, in learning but to read and write, acquires only the elements of noble things, which may make him a man more honorable and more worthy than the child of prince or peer, but which, misdirected and misused, make him a traitor to his Queen, a pest to his order, and a virulent enemy to the well-being of his country.

The great object of the legislator should be to place all means of improvement within reach of the people, his chief anxiety to remove from them all easy and convenient aids to immorality, and all incentives to sin. The plan adopted in these kingdoms is the very reverse, and hence it is, that whilst such melancholy books as those of Mr. Kay, of Mr. Beames, of Mr. Worsley, and of Dr. M'Cormac, can be written with perfect truth, Mr. Hill's volume can, with equal correctness, be compiled ; for our code of liberty means that every thing shall be done to punish the offender, but nothing is contrived to save him from the commission of crime when tempted. The rights of the subject, and the rights of property, have been selected as the pass-words of every faction ; we have permitted the increase of abuse after abuse ; a moral nuisance has been suffered to spring up amongst us, where drunkenness and vice riot together in congenial filth, and, as has been well observed,

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\* Question, 1686.

"Beer-houses and gin-palaces, as they are now, are moral pest-houses; they want severe legislation. We know not how to think decently of this our government, while notorious haunts of thieves, prostitutes, murderers, are almost protected, and brutalities increase. The police reports make up a history of disgrace to any government."\*

By adopting the suggestions of Mr. Kay and of Doctor Mac Cormac, who advise that parents should be compelled to send their children to *some* school; by adopting the plan of parental responsibility proposed by Mr. Hill; by carrying out, fully and strenuously, the measures necessary to secure the health, in mind and body, of the town poor suggested by Mr. Beames, some steps towards justice and right will be taken—but till this shall have been at least attempted, he who writes of the decrease of crime mistakes our real condition; and, in judging only by a decrease in great atrocities is falsely secure. The fact that all the vices of paganism are taking wide and deep root in England, is but too clearly proved by the late calendars; and if the grand total of offences be something less than in other years, in *reality* it was greater in 1851 than in 1850—yet with the evidence we have adduced, with the statements made to the *Select Committee on Criminal and Destitute Juveniles*, that crime in the manufacturing town is increasing, with the knowledge of the fact stated by Mr. Mayhew, that thousands of the poor never enter a church, and that they hate the upper classes of society, we see little ground for congratulation, even though young thieves learn shoemaking or tailoring in the gaol. It is not these within gaol who should engage our attention; the report of the Registrar-General is of far more importance than the half essay, half report, of the Prison-Inspector. In the latter we learn, that these who have been declared criminal are tended judiciously; in the former, we discover the horrible condition of those who are not malefactors in law, but who are plunged in vice, and rearing vicious offspring. In the year 1848, the births, in England and Wales, were 563,059, and of these, 36,747 were illegitimate. The births in 1850 were 578,159, and of these, 39,334 were illegitimate. The result of this is, as Mr. Kay writes, "that a greater part of the poorer classes in this country are in such a frightful

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\* See Blackwood's Magazine for April, 1853, p. 410.

depth of hopelessness, misery, and utter moral degradation, that even mothers forget their affection for their hopeless little offspring, and kill them, as a butcher does his lambs, in order to make money by the murder, and therewith to lessen their pauperism and misery." If the infants escape this fate, the life of sin begins in childhood—for, according to the testimony of Captain W. J. Williams: "In many cases, boys of fourteen are living with women of the lowest order: they are deeply diseased at 12 or 13 years of age." This shocking evidence was given before the *Committee on Criminal and Destitute Juveniles*, in May, 1852.

Here our duty ends; but we cannot conclude before we recommend the books of Mr. Kay—the most valuable of their kind we have ever read; and they contain most excellent suggestions upon the Land Question, and upon Education, founded on the systems of Prussia and Switzerland. Mr. Beames' work is most able, most useful, and most interesting, and discloses information peculiarly its own; besides, it is the production of a christian, a scholar, and a gentleman. Mr. Worsley's essay is worthy the place it holds in the estimation of all who are anxious for the good of the juvenile poor; and in Doctor McCormack's treatise, all the facts bearing upon Moral and Sanitary reform, are condensed most admirably, and connected by commentaries, evidencing great ability in the learned writer. This book should be extensively circulated amongst those who are unable to purchase, or it may be to appreciate, the more elaborate works of Mr. Kay. Mr. Hill's book requires no comment from us; he is, as we have shown, an optimist in prison discipline and reformation. Upon these subjects he is, as he ought to be, a very considerable authority; and the volume before us is valuable, as it embodies those experiences, which from time to time, have attracted attention in his various prison reports. From all these books, some good must spring, and they inculcate most forcibly the truth expressed, twenty-three years ago, by Archbishop Whately, when he said: "If the lower orders are to be the property, the slaves of their governors, and to be governed, not for *their own advantage*, but entirely for the benefit of their rulers—then, no doubt, the more they are degraded towards the condition of brutes, the more likely they are to submit to this tyranny. But if they are to be governed as rational

beings, the more rational they are made, the better subjects they will be of such a government.”\*

If the poor could be induced to attend the Churches, it would conduce, no doubt, to the advancement in morality; but the poor in the Protestant churches are not treated so as to induce them to adhere to the doctrines of the Church of England, and indeed, its service, to uninstructed minds, is cold and unimpressive. Hence it is that they join the Roman Catholics, or the Wesleyans, or entirely neglect attendance on public worship. This fact has struck the mind of M. Leon Faucher, who observed, that in the manufacturing towns of England and of Scotland, those who attended church service were almost all of the upper classes.†

We name the very best authority for the facts above stated, and we know from undoubted sources, that in Glasgow and in Preston, the public houses and brothels are much more fully attended on the sabbath. Referring to this state of things, and to its causes, Mr. Kay writes,—

“How seldom, in the course of a year, are the poor of the cellars, garrets, or lodging-houses of the towns visited by any religious minister! How often are these poor creatures never visited at all! And yet how else is religion to be spread among the masses of our town poor? Sermons will not do it. Constant personal intercourse between the ministers of the church and the poor can alone succeed in effecting this result. That intercourse, under the existing state of things, is often quite impossible. The number of clergy is too small. The social rank of the clergy is too much removed above that of the poor. Another class of clergy is required. Most of the town churches, too, are virtually closed to the poor. Go into the churches and see how little room is reserved for the poor. It is as if the churches were built exclusively for the rich; and as if the English Church thought it was of much less importance that the poor should enjoy the consolations of religious worship than that the rich should do so. In the Roman churches there are no closed pews and reserved places. In their churches, all men are treated as equals in the presence of their God. In the Roman churches, the poor are welcomed with an eagerness, which seems to say,—the church was meant especially for such as you; and in the Roman Church, many of the priests are chosen from the body of the poor, in order that the ministers of religious consolation may be able the better to understand the religious wants of their poor brethren. Let the English Church take warning. In these democratic days we want institutions

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\* Sermon for the Benefit of the Halesworth and Chediston National School. 1830, p. 15.

† Etudes sur l'Angleterre, Tom. I.

for the poor ; and especially do we want religious institutions for the poor ; and it is partly because we have in our towns no church, no religious ministers, and no effective religious ministration for the masses of the poor, that they are still in so unsettled a condition."

It has been resolved, within the last few months, to build fifty-eight new churches in the diocese of London ; two of these are to be erected in St. James's, Westminster, and two in St. Giles's-in-the-Fields, the districts upon which Mr. Beames has so ably commented. Churches and religious teaching can do nothing for the repression of evil, until the state of overcrowding in which the poor live is abolished ; until a check is given to vicious amusements ; until the police authorities receive fuller powers of supervision ; and, above all, and in addition to all, until the education of the poor is carefully and sedulously watched, fostered, and made, to some extent, compulsory. By adopting such means as these, in conjunction with Mr. Hill's project of parental responsibility, we could stem the torrent of evil, and might eventually render our poor, moral, sober, Christians. Prison discipline, too, is of vast importance, and we are every day improving in this point ; but the question is of too great moment to be embraced in a paper extending to so considerable a length as the present. Dublin is most remarkable in having carried out a plan of prison discipline which has excited the admiration of French and American writers ; and, in examining the Mountjoy Model Prison, there is matter for great and laudable self-satisfaction. English and foreign tourists who may, during the next three months, pass a few days in Dublin, should visit this prison, and, at the same time, inquire into the admirable working of the National Schools in Marlborough-street, the Christian Brothers' Schools in Richmond-street, the School for Industrious Blind in Sackville-street, the Protestant School for Deaf and Dumb at Claremont, and the Roman Catholic Schools for Deaf and Dumb Males at Prospect. In the first the mixed system can be observed ; in the second the exclusive system ; and in the two last, the wonderful goodness with which the Almighty has repaired the loss of one faculty by the increased strength of another can be studied. We regret that the Christian Brothers' Schools are exclusive ; and we rejoice to find little Protestants and little Catholics learning, at the National Schools, from the same books ; as their ancestors murdered each other, as their fathers squab-

bled, and all because neither knew the goodness of the other, we have hopes that the next generation of Irishmen will prove religion through brotherly love, and that the school friends may grow into manhood, loving each other, not because they are Roman Catholics or Protestants, but because they are Irishmen. We have hope for Ireland, too, from these schools, because in all there is inculcated that species of information which Milton indicated, in the *Tractate of Education*, when he wrote—“And though a linguist should pride himself to have all the tongues that Babel cleft the world into, yet if he had not studied the *solid things* in them, as well as the words and lexicons, *he were nothing so much to be esteemed a learned man as any yeoman or tradesman competently wise in his mother-dialect only.*”

If, through this paper, our views are those of a pessimist, it is because we love these kingdoms, their stability, their glory, their liberty—and we cannot believe that whilst heathenish sin continues, their integrity is secure, or their condition satisfactory to the Christian or the Patriot. We cannot heal the deep moral ulcer, but we have endeavoured to probe its black extent. Indian conquests, steam ships and electric telegraphs, line of battle ships and noble armies of brave and trusty soldiers, wealth and power at home and abroad—all these this great and United Kingdom possesses; but the true strength of a nation is not all in these: it is more, a thousand times more, in the virtue and dignity of its people. We have not tried to elevate Ireland, in moral excellence, above England or Scotland—she has her own faults—we only assert for her, that no nation is superior in the qualities forming a people—for how few, misgoverned as Ireland has been, could so much be asserted, and asserted truly.

## ART. V.—THE HARP OF THE NORTH.

1. *Poems, Narrative and Lyrical.* By William Motherwell. Glasgow: David Robertson. 1832.
2. *Songs.* By the Ettrick Shepperd. Now first collected. Edinburgh: William Blackwood. 1831.
3. *Fugitive Verses.* By Joanna Baillie, Author of "Dramas on the Passions," etc. A New Edition. London: Edward Moxon. 1842.
4. *The City of the Plague, and other Poems.* By John Wilson, Author of "The Isle of Palms," &c. Second Edition. Edinburgh: Archibald Constable and Co. 1817.
5. *Tales, Essays, and Sketches.* By the late Robert Macnish, L.L.D., Author of the Anatomy of Drunkenness, the Philosophy of Sleep, and various Contributions to Blackwood's Magazine, with the Author's Life. By his Friend, D. M. Moir. Second Edition. London: Henry G. Bohn. 1844.
6. *The Poetical Works of David Macbeth Moir. (Delta.)* Edited by Thomas Aird, with a Memoir of the Author. Edinburgh: William Blackwood and Sons. 1852.
7. *The Poetical Works of Thomas Aird.* Edinburgh: William Blackwood and Sons. 1847.
8. *Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers, and other Poems.* By William Edmondstone Aytoun, Professor of Rhetoric and Belles Letters in the University of Edinburgh. Fifth Edition. Edinburgh: William Blackwood and Sons. 1852.
9. *Poems.* By Alexander Smith. London: David Bogue. 1853.

Is the age of poets passed? The interrogation has been suggested to us through reading the third and fourth volumes in Moore's *Journal*, and whilst there we have been mentally associated with all the bright and brilliant minds, springing from the beginning of the century, or arising in it, we have thought how the world of genius and of fancy has deteriorated from the time of which Moore wrote.

"Star after star decays."



Aye, they rise, culminate, decline; but, who are the representatives of Byron, of Moore, of Crabbe, of Wordsworth, of Southey? Rogers, he whose *Pleasures of Memory* first taught Moore the charms of our modern school of poetry, is still living and breathing; but the fancy is weak and the lyre is mouldering with the last of all that bright band, each of whom could sing—"I too in Arcadia." Tennyson and Charles Swain are the only verse writers of the last ten years who can be named *English Poets*. By this we mean to set aside all those writers who head our paper, because some have grown into public notice within the years above mentioned, some were known long before, and they are all Scotchmen.

We regret that Ireland has not taken a higher place within these same ten years, in the poetic ranks of the kingdom, than that which we can assign her. What has become of John Anster, the author of *Xaniola*, and the translator of *Faust*? He has been merged in the lecturer on civil law in our University, and has forsaken the stories of Boccaccio for the amatory theories of Sanches, and has forgotten the novels of our day, in the *Novels* of Justinian. Where is Samuel Ferguson, of whose *Forging of the Anchor*, Christopher North wished to be the writer, declaring that the world would yet hear of him, and that he was proud of introducing Ferguson to the public in the pages of *Blackwood*? Twenty-one years have rolled by since then, and though *The Fairy Thorn*, and many exquisite contributions have proceeded from his pen, fully justifying the prediction of the renowned *Christopher*, yet he has subsided into the lawyer, and may be seen any day in the Four Courts, looking so grave and demure, behind a pair of hard, pretentious, spectacles, that one can scarcely suppose he ever sang of *Una Phelemy*, or of *The Pretty Girl of Lough Dan*. The gushing, hopeful, young spirits, who used to rave like sorcerers in the *Nation* newspaper, and who sang of rebellion, and blood, and fire, and fury, all fierce, as if, like Washington Irving's hero, "brimful of wrath and cabbage," have all vanished. Some are among the kangaroos of New Zealand, some are refugees amongst the Irish-American humbugs, disgracing their country in the face of the great people who have received them, mouthing their patriotism, and fancying themselves Emmets, whilst they are only monkey Tones, and forgetting the sterling, but fruitless,

because idiot, honesty of Martin, the honesty and self-sacrifice of Smith O'Brien.\* Speranza, who was so fierce, and yet so tender, such a very woman, and yet such an Amazon—Sappho and Boadicea commingled—has forsaken the lyre for the rocking-chair, and though *she* never can “suckle fools,” yet her pen, oh desecration! may “chronicle small beer.” All who hoped to sing the Irish into a people, and Ireland into a nation, have passed away, and we may well ask—

“Where are those dreamers now?”

In our country poetry is no more; for years we have had only one poet, but then he was a poet, like Burns, of every passion of the heart, and, as he said of his friend Dalton, we may now say of himself—“He too is gone, how fast they go.”

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\* We find that nearly all the Irish-Americans have “gone the Democratic Ticket” for Pierce, we presume because he expresses a hatred of England. It is strange to discover the Roman Catholics voting for the party who were most violent against them in the Philadelphian riots—but all Irishmen in America are anomalous—and Dr. Hughes, the Roman Catholic Archbishop of New York, who now contends that you may not revolutionize a hereditary government, but only reform it, subscribed, in the year 1848, the sum of five hundred dollars to aid the Ballygarry invincibles, stating, that he gave his money to “buy a shield for Ireland.” If Mitchel was only a reformer, what would the archbishop consider a revolutionist? There is, of course, a difference between “the bloody old British Empire” and the kingdoms of Naples, Austria, and particularly the Dukedom of Tuscany. There was a good moral in the observation of the Paris inn-keeper in “The Sentimental Journey”—“Does the difference of the time of day at Paris make a difference in the sin?” asked Yorick. “It makes a difference in the scandal,” replied the innkeeper. Yorick adds—“I like a good distinction in my heart; and cannot say I was intolerably out of temper with the man.” Nor ought we to be with archbishop Hughes, although he does impugn the title of his sovereign to her crown, and of a nation to dethrone a false and perjured pious fool. Brownson, an American Lucas, supports in “Brownson’s Quarterly Review,” the opinions of Dr. Hughes, and writes of Louis Napoleon and the Irish—“If the new French Emperor give ample security against becoming too formidable, he may count, in a war with England, on the sympathy very nearly of the whole world. The Irish, will they shed their blood for the power that is gorged with the spoil of their church, that oppresses the land of their fathers, and deprives them of their dearest rights?” This is neither Irish nor American in tone. If not Roman Catholic, why is this man undenounced? Dr. Hughes could crush him, as Cardinal Wiseman crushed Lucas some few years ago. Brownson and Dr. Hughes are ardent supporters of the “Catholic University.” Are their views of loyalty and constitutional government to be inculcated?

We have, to be sure, Slingsby, with his sweet, William Spencerish, drawing-room prettiness; and Elrington, who now writes so cleverly, and who may yet be a poet, if he will but give himself time, and treat Pegasus as a racer rather than as a cover-hack—but our only POET, now living, is M'Carthy, and we regret that he has squandered so much of his fine genius on translation, whilst possessing powers capable of producing poems so charming as his *The Bell Founder*, and *The Voyage of St. Brendan*, or papers so exquisite as *April Fancies*, printed in a recent number of *The Dublin University Magazine*. Perhaps it is that poets, now-a-days, may say to a nation, as Touchstone says to Audrey:—"When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child, understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room. Truly: I would the gods had made thee poetical. *Audrey*.—I do not know what poetical is: is it honest in deed and word? Is it a true thing?"—and the world may think it not a true thing; but true or false, the palm belongs not to Ireland, but to Scotland, for, with the exception of M'Carthy, we now possess neither poet nor dramatist. With Sheridan Knowles the sword has outworn the sheath, and truth compels us to state that neither the harps of the south, nor of the west, can now compete with those of one district of Scotland alone. Glasgow and Edinburgh have outsung London and Dublin, and against Motherwell and Alexander Smith, both, the proud boasts of Glasgow, we have no living poet capable of contending.

We like Scotchmen, we like them as a nation, we like them individually; and when men remind us of Samuel Johnson's opinions, we recollect the great old man's love for Boswell, for Strahan, and for his other Caledonian friends. And truly the Irish may well regard the Scotch with kindly feelings; we spring from the same old stock; we have both been conquered, and bullied, and bribed, and bought, by England. We have fought her fights stoutly and bravely—on every battle field where the standard of Britain has waved, on every sea where the red flag has floated, in every fortress breach where danger has been deadliest, and where the mêlée of the forlorn hope, or of the storming party, has been the fiercest, there the wild-swelling hurra of the Irish, and the yelling slogan of the Scotch, have risen above the roar of the clashing conflict, and wherever Pat has placed his ad-

vancing foot against that of the foeman, Sandy has been beside him, shoulder to shoulder.\* Our parliament, like theirs, has been merged in that of England; the national religion of Scotland has been preserved in all its integrity like that of Ireland, despite the sword of the soldier, the legislation of the statesman, the banning of the churchman. The Scotch, like the Irish, have sent forth those whose genius in art, in science, in eloquence, and in learning, have formed the brightest glory of the nation; and in the fancy of Burns and of Moore—in the grand oratory of Erskine, of Chalmers, of Curran, of Grattan, and of Burke—in the bright creations glowing on the canvas of Barry, of Wilkie, and of Maclise—in the labors of Brewster, of Bell, of Boyle, and of Kane—in the pages of Scott, of Edgeworth, of Banim, and of Griffin, England finds the noblest proofs of her mental triumph,—the glory of England is not so much in those who have sprung from her own soil, as in those who are subject to her sway, and who speak her language.

Amongst the many poets of the second order, whose muse forms the poetic and lyric charm of English literature, the names gracing this paper are the most remarkable. Scott was a mighty bard; his song soared upward in the full diapason of an organ's swell, and though the fancies of those poets to whom we have devoted this paper never rise upon the wings of inspiration, powerful as that of the great Northern Ariosto, yet in the bright, glowing, visions, in the calm musings and deep poetic visions, in the heart-touching, in the playful, genial and, when the subject requires, bold strains of the poets before us, there are charms and perfections little inferior to those which distinguish the works of the greatest of Scotchmen.

Hundreds of years ago, Horace wrote that he who possesses genius, poetic inspiration, and a noble style in which to express grand thoughts, is a poet: of all the authors named above there is not one ungifted by genius, and by high poetic fancy, and they possess, too, when necessary to employ it, the "*os magna sonaturum*." Each sings in the true melody of the genuine poet. In reading the contemplative poems of Moir, and of Wilson, we experience that gentle charm such as comes over the mind when, on a summer noon, on shipboard in some quiet bay, as the vessel rises and falls with the long,

\* In the Legend of Montrose, Captain Dalgatty says of us:—"The Irish are pretty fellows—very pretty fellows—I desire to see none better in the field."

lazy, swell, we dreamily muse of past and future—years ago seeming yesterday, yesterday a long gone time,—and, drunk with the calm beauty of nature, we enjoy an hour of euthanasia. In the metrical ballads there rings a chord that rouses the spirit like the clashing blades in *Korner's Sword Song*. In the pathetic ballads and poems of Aird, of Motherwell, of Hogg, of Wilson, of Joanna Baillie, and of Aytoun, there is a tenderness so sweet, yet sad, that one scarce knows whether to admire more the beauty of the thoughts, or the naturalness of their expression.

We have called these poems the productions of poets of the second class, and yet we might write without qualification that they are *poets*. True, they want the fiery genius of Burns; their muse cannot, like that of Moore, imbue all of which it sings with the smiling light of a rosy fancy ever beaming; they cannot, like Scott—

“Rule us from the page in which they live,”—

or, like Byron, or Crabbe, or Wordsworth, sound all the deep depths of thought; they cannot, like Shakspeare, analyze all human passion and feeling in the alembic of their own hearts, and prove all true by the test of an art, which is not an art, but only intuition. They can, however, in the ballad, the song, the word painted narrative, or the poem descriptive of external nature, prove their title, fully and thoroughly, to the noble name of poet.

Swift said that a good style meant proper words in proper places. Voltaire tells us that it consists in proper thoughts on proper subjects, and no poets more clearly prove the truth of the latter than William Motherwell and James Hogg. Reading the pathetic poems of either is like walking in some lonely Highland glen, when the wind sighs through the long grass at midnight; in a gayer mood they seem just such songs as the poets might have sung, when, at the close of evening they sat upon some mossy bank, gazing upon the bright faces of their own winsome lassies. They have gay and laughing measures, too; they were both good fellows, and “heard the chimes at midnight” many a time, and in these songs we find glad thoughts, so jovial and so genial, that Rab and Allan might have sung them round the brewing of “the peck o’ maut,” and “*The Shepherd*,” and “*Tickler*,” and “*O’Doherty*,” might have chorused them at the most rollicking evening of the immor-

**tal NOCTES** Every thought is true to nature, because they have written from the dictates of that greatest of all teachers, the heart of a true poet. Thus it is that by one word, one touch, the whole story of a life, all that pages could not express, the poet tells. This was the art which Wordsworth showed when he called Desdemona—

“The gentle lady wedded to the Moor.”

The gentle lady who had, with all her woman's love, married the hero, the man; but she is the gentle lady, always gentle; he is to us no longer the hero, but the black-a-moor; the black savage who murdered her. Again, when Wordsworth says that ‘Una,’ the ‘heavenly Una,’

“Makes a sunshine in a shady place,”

all who know Una see she must have made the sunshine, as a sporting child, or a gay, dancing, girl makes a charm, a brightness for the heart, like a floating sunbeam gliding to a mountain top. Thus, when the mad fool Othello calls Desdemona the foulest name that man can give to woman, Shakespeare knew she could not repeat the word; the thought was degradation, to speak it were infamy, and so she cries to the devil, Iago—

“Am I that name, Iago?”

*Iago*.—What name, sweet lady?

*Desdemona*.—That name which she says my lord did say I was.”

Again, when Imogen reads the letter of her husband, accusing her of being “False to his bed,” Pisanio, watching its effect upon her as she reads, cries—

“What! shall I need to draw my sword? The paper  
Has cut her throat already! No, 'tis slander,  
Whose edge is sharper than the sword!”—

and then, poor Imogen, bursting into anger, at the very thought, of the imputed infamy, cries—

“False to his bed!—what is't to be false?  
To lie and watch there, and to think of him?  
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? If sleep charge nature,  
To break it with a fearful dream of him,  
And cry myself awake?—that's false to his bed,  
Is it?”

And then who, in some summer morning, with the sky-lark

soaring away towards heaven, and the grass waving, and the wild buds offering the praise of perfume, as the matin worship of nature, to the Omnipotent, has not felt his soul swell beyond himself, and known, with Wordsworth—

“The meanest flower that blows can give,  
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.”

These are the attributes like to the Omniscient's, the power of momentary perception, which our great Mother gives to her own true son—the poet; this gift it was which taught Motherwell to write as in the succeeding lines. He paints a young girl sick and dying—not dying unforgivingly, but pityingly. Her love is the opposite to that fierce, despairing, passion which Tennyson exemplified, when he makes his hero cry, apostrophizing his false mistress—

“Better thou and I were lying, hidden from the world's disgrace,

Roll'd in one another's arms, and silent in a last embrace.”

We see her dying, she is plain before us; her hope all a wreck, and drifting drearily away, upon a black lone sea of blank despair; the lover has returned—her head rests upon his breast—her eyes look into his—heart beats against heart—and, with a weary spirit, she sighs—

My heid is like to rend, Willie,  
My heart is like to break—  
I'm wearin' aff my feet, Willie,  
I'm dyin' for your sake!  
Oh lay your cheek to mine, Willie,  
Your hand on my brierst-bane—  
Oh say ye'll think on me, Willie,  
When I am deid and gane!

It's vain to comfort me, Willie,  
Sair grief maun ha'e its will—  
But let me rest upon your brierst,  
To sabb and greet my fill.  
Let me sit on your knee Willie,  
Let me shed by your hair,  
And look into the face, Willie,  
I never sall see mair!

I'm sittin' on your knee, Willie,  
For the last time in my life—  
A pair heart-broken thing, Willie,  
A mithter, yet nae wife.  
Ay, press your hand upon my heart,  
And press it mair and mair—  
Or it will burst the silken twine  
See strang is its despair!

Oh wae's me for the hour, Willie,  
When we thegither met—  
Oh wae's me for the time, Willie,  
That our first tryst was set!

Oh wae's me for the loanin' green  
Where we were wont to gae—  
And wae's me for the destinie,  
That gart me luv thee sae!

Oh! dinna mind my words, Willie,  
I downa seek to blame—  
But oh! it's hard to live, Willie,  
And dree a warld's shame!  
Het tears are hallin' ower your cheek,  
And hallin' ower your chin;  
Why weep ye sae for worthlessness,  
For sorrow and for sin?

I'm weary o' this warld, Willie,  
And sick wi' a' I see—  
I canna live as I ha'e lived,  
Or be as I should be.  
But fauld unto your heart, Willie,  
The heart that still is thine—  
And kiss ance mair the white, white cheek,  
Ye said was red langyane.

A stoun' gae through my heid, Willie,  
A sair stoun' through my heart—  
Oh! haud me up and let me kiss  
Thy brow ere we twa part.  
Anither, and anither yet!—  
How fast my life-strings break!  
Fareweel! fareweel! through yon kirk-  
yard  
Step lightly for my sake!

The lav'rock in the lift, Willie,  
That lifts far ower our heid,  
Will sing the morn as merrilie  
Abune the clay-cauld deld;  
And this green turf we're sittin' on,  
Wi' dew-drops shimmerin' sheen,  
Will hap the heart that luvit thee  
As warld has seldom seen.

But oh! remember me, Willie,  
On land where'er ye be—  
And oh! think on the leal, leal heart,  
That ne'er luvit aye but thee!  
And oh! think on the cauld, cauld moola,  
That file my yellow hair—  
That kiss the cheek, and kiss the chin,  
Ye never sail kiss mair!

In the following song we can suppose Motherwell meant us to understand that a lover had returned after a long absence, and is recounting to his sweetheart, Jeanie Morrison, the hopes and fears which had filled his breast whilst he was away; and the picture Motherwell gives of their childish love for each other is beautiful in the extreme of poetic tenderness. The song reminds us of poor Gerald Griffin's *A Place in Thy Memory, Dearest*, and his still more charming *Gilla Machree* :—

## JEANIE MORRISON.

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,  
Through mony a weary way;  
But never, never can forget  
The luve o' life's young day!  
The fire that's blawn on Beltane e'en,  
May weel be black gin Yule;  
But blacker fa' awaits the heart  
Where first fond luve grows cule.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,  
The thochts o' bygone years  
Still fling their shadows ower my path.  
And blind my een wi' tears:  
They blind my een wi' saut, saut tears,  
And sair and sick I pine,  
As memory idly summons up  
The blithe blinks o' langayne.

'Twas then we luvit ilk ither weel,  
'Twas then we twa did part;  
Sweet time—sad time! twa bairns at scule,  
Twa bairns, and but ae heart!  
'Twas then we sat on ae laigh bink,  
To leir ilk ither lear;  
And tones, and looks, and smiles were shed,  
Remembered evermair.

I wonder, Jeanie, aften yet,  
When sitting on that bink,  
Cheek touchin' cheek, loof lock'd in loof,  
What our wee heads could think?  
When baith bent down ower ae braid page,  
Wi' ae bulk on our knee,  
Thy lips were on thy lesson, but  
My lesson was in thee.

Oh, mind ye how we hung our heads,  
How cheeks brent red wi' shame,  
Whene'er the scule-weans laughin' said,  
We clee'd thegither hame?  
And mind ye o' the Saturdays,  
(The scule then skall't at noon),  
When we ran aff to speel the braces—  
The broomy braces o' June?

My head rins round and round about,  
My heart flows like a sea,  
As aye by aye the thochts rush back  
O' scule-time and o' thee.  
Oh, mornin' life! oh, mornin' luve!  
Oh lightsome days and lang,  
When hinnie'd hopes around our hearts  
Like simmer blossoms sprang!

Oh mind ye, luve, how aft we left  
The deavin' dinsome toun,  
To wander by the green burnside,  
And hear its waters croon?  
The simmer leaves hung ower our heads,  
The flowers burst round our feet,  
And in the gloamin' o' the wood,  
The throosail whusslit sweet;

The throosail whusslit in the wood,  
The burn sang to the trees,  
And we with Nature's heart in tune,  
Concerted harmonies;  
And on the knowe abune the burn,  
For hours thegither sat  
In the silentness o' joy, till baith  
Wi' very gladness grat.

Ay, ay, dear Jeanie Morrison,  
Tears trinkled down your cheek,  
Like dew-beads on a rose, yet nae  
Had ony power to speak!  
That was a time, a blessed time,  
When hearts were fresh and young,  
When freely gushed all feelings forth,  
Unsyllabled—unsung!

I marvel, Jeanie Morrison,  
Gin I hae been to thee  
As closely twined wi' earliest thochts,  
As ye hae been to me?  
Oh! tell me gin their music fills  
Thine ear as it does mine;  
Oh! say gin e'er your heart grows grit  
Wi' dreamings o' langayne?



I've wandered east, I've wandered west,  
 I've borne a weary lot;  
 But in my wanderings, far or near,  
 Ye never were forgot.  
 The fount that first burst frae this heart,  
 Still travels on its way;  
 And channels deeper as it rins,  
 The lave o' life's young day.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,  
 Since we were sinder young,  
 I've never seen your face, nor heard  
 The music o' your tongue;  
 But I could hug all wretchedness,  
 And happy could I die,  
 Did I but ken your heart still dreamed  
 O' bygone days and me!

These two songs we have always considered most beautiful in their tenderness; we are not claiming for them a place amongst the great poems of the language; they are not immortal, like Gray's *Elegy*; they can never hold the place of Tennyson's *Locksley's Hall*; but there is no heart capable of appreciating truth of feeling, or tenderness of expression, over which the thoughts they suggest will not come like some melody of which, when past, we said—

“’Twas whispered balm,—’twas sunshine-spoken.”

And yet he who wrote these songs was a gay, jovial fellow. He was born in Glasgow in October, 1797, and was reared by an uncle at Paisley. He was “an apprentice of the law,” and his ability was so remarkable, that in his 21st year he was appointed Sheriff-Clerk-Depute at Paisley. He was of strong Tory-politics, and in the year 1828, became editor of the *Paisley Advertiser*, and conducted also a very clever periodical, entitled the *Paisley Magazine*. In the year 1829 he resigned his office as Sheriff-Clerk-Depute, and removing, in 1830, to Glasgow, was engaged as editor of an old and respectable journal, *The Glasgow Courier*. Before leaving Paisley he published his *Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern*,\* and, in the year 1832, contributed a very elaborate and remarkable preface to a collection of Scottish Proverbs, published by his friend, the late Andrew Henderson, and, in the same year, prepared for publication the poems forming the book now before us. He was also a very frequent contributor to the Glasgow paper entitled *The Day*, started by the late John Donald Carrick in the year 1832; he also edited, conjointly with Hogg, the edition of the works of Robert Burns, in five volumes, published in the year 1833. Motherwell was of rather small stature and of strong frame of body; his head was large, his neck and throat short and thick. He was fond of associating with a few friends, but in mixed society was silent or common-place; his chief friends were Carrick above mentioned, and Henderson,

\* In the “Introductory Remarks upon Popular Poetry,” prefixed to the “Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border,” Sir Walter refers to this work as “illustrated with learning and acuteness.”

the Glasgow painter. To *The Day*, to which we have already referred, he contributed a most amusing and racy sketch, entitled *Memoirs of a Paisley Baillie*. It is, in humor, quite equal to Galt's *Provost*, to Mrs. Johnson's *West Country Exclusives*, or even to Moir's *Mansie Wauch*. On the first of November, 1835, Motherwell dined some miles from Glasgow, and on returning home, after a few hours' illness, his life was terminated by a stroke of apoplexy. He was interred in the High Church burial-ground of Glasgow, where, close beside him, his friends Carrick and Henderson are laid; the latter died of apoplexy in April, 1835, the former expired in August, 1837.

Motherwell had other powers than the tender; there is a dash, a clashing fierceness, in the two following, that sounds like the clanking tramp of a mailed foot:—

## THE BATTLE-FLAG OF SIGURD.

## I.

THE eagle hearts of all the North  
Have left their stormy strand;  
The warriors of the world are forth  
To choose another land!  
Again, their long keels sheer the wave,  
Their broad sheets court the breeze;  
Again, the reckless and the brave,  
Ride lords of weltering seas.  
Nor swifter from the well-bent bow  
Can feathered shaft be sped,  
Than o'er the ocean's flood of snow  
Their snoring galleys tread.  
Then lift the can to bearded lip,  
And smite each sounding shield,  
Wassalle! to every dark-ribbed ship,  
To every battle-field!

So proudly the Skalds raise their voices of triumph,  
As the Northmen ride over the broad-boom'd billow.

## II.

Aloft, Sigurd's battle-flag  
Streams onward to the land,  
Well may the taint of slaughter lag  
On yonder glorious strand.  
The waters of the mighty deep,  
The wild birds of the sky,  
Hear it like vengeance shoreward sweep,  
Where moody men must die.  
The waves wax wroth beneath our keel—  
The clouds above us lower,  
They know the battle-sign, and feel  
All its resistless power!  
Who now uprears Sigurd's flag,  
Nor shuns an early tomb?  
Who shoreward through the swelling surge,  
Shall bear the scroll of doom?

So shout the Skalds, as the long ships are  
nearing  
The low-lying shores of a beautiful land.

## III.

Silent the Self-devoted stood  
Beside the massive tree;  
His image mirror'd in the flood  
Was terrible to see!  
As leaning on his gleaming axe,  
And gazing on the wave,  
His fearless soul was churning up  
The death-rune of the brave.  
Upheaving then his giant form  
Upon the brown bark's prow,  
And tossing back the yellow storm  
Of hair from his broad brow;  
The lips of song burst open, and  
The words of fire rushed out,  
And thundering through that martial crew

Pealed Harald's battle shout;—  
It is Harald the Dauntless that lifteth his  
great voice,  
As the Northmen roll on with the Doom-written banner.

## IV.

"I bear Sigurd's battle-flag  
Through sunshine, or through gloom;  
Through swelling surge on bloody strand  
I plant the scroll of doom!  
On Scandia's loneliest, bleakest waste,  
Beneath a starless sky,  
The Shadowy Three like meteors passed,  
And bade young Harald die;—  
They sang the war-deeds of his sire,  
And pointed to their tomb;  
They told him that this glory-flag  
Was his by right of doom.  
Since then, where hath young Harald  
been,  
But where Jarl's son should be?  
'Mid war and waves—the combat keen  
That raged on land or sea!"

So sings the fierce Harald, the thirster for  
glory,  
As his hand bears aloft the dark death-laden  
banner.

## v.

"Mine own death's in this clenched hand !

I know the noble trust ;  
These limbs must rot on yonder strand—  
These lips must lick its dust,  
But shall this dusky standard quail  
In the red slaughter day ;  
Or shall this heart its purpose fail—  
This arm forget to slay ?  
I trample down such idle doubt ;  
Harald's high blood hath sprung  
From sires whose hands in martial bout  
Have ne'er belied their tongue ;  
Nor keener from their castled rock  
Ere eagles on their prey,  
Than, panting for the battle-shock,  
Young Harald leads the way."

It is thus that tall Harald, in terrible beauty,  
Pours forth his big soul to the joyance of  
heroes.

## vi.

"The ship-borne warriors of the North,  
The sons of Woden's race,  
o battle as to feast go forth,  
With stern, and changeless face ;  
And I the last of a great line—  
The Self-devoted, long  
To lift on high the Runic sign  
Which gives my name to song.  
In battle-field young Harald falls  
Amid a slaughtered foe,  
But backward never bears this flag,  
While streams to ocean flow ;—  
On, on above the crowded dead  
This Runic scroll shall flare,  
And round it shall the lightnings spread,  
From swords that never spare."

So rush the hero-words from the Death-  
doomed one,

While Skalds harp aloud the renown of his  
fathers.

## vii.

"Flag! from your folds, and fiercely  
wake

War-music on the wind,  
Lest tenderest thoughts should rise to  
shake

The sternness of my mind ;  
Brynhilda, maiden meek and fair,  
Pale watcher by the sea,  
I hear thy wallings on the air,  
Thy heart's dirge sung for me ;—  
In vain thy milk-white hands are wrung  
Above the salt sea foam ;  
The wave that bears me from thy  
bower,

Shall never bear me home ;  
Brynhilda! seek another love,  
But ne'er wed one like me,  
Who death foredoomed from above  
Joys in his destiny."

Thus mourned young Harald as he thought  
on Brynhilda,

While his eyes filled with tears which glit-  
tered, but fell not.

## viii.

"On sweeps Sigurd's battle-flag,  
The scourge of far from shore ;

It dashes through the seething foam,  
But I return no more!  
Wedded unto a fatal bride—  
Bonne for a bloody bed—  
And battling for her, side by side,  
Young Harald's doom is sped!  
In starkest fight, where kemp on kemp  
Reel headlong to the grave,  
There Harald's axe shall ponderous ring,  
There Sigurd's flag shall wave ;—  
Yes, underneath this standard tall,  
Beside this fateful scroll,  
Down shall the tower-like prison fall  
Of Harald's haughty soul."

So sings the Death-seeker, while nearer and  
nearer

The fleet of the Northmen bears down to  
the shore.

## ix.

"Green lie those thickly timbered  
shores

Fair sloping to the sea ;  
They're cumbered with the harvest  
stores

That wave but for the free :  
Our sickle is the gleaming sword,  
Our garner the broad shield—  
Let peasants sow, but still lie's lord  
Who's master of the field ;  
Let them come on, the bastard-born,  
Each soil-stain'd churl!—alack!  
What gain they but a splitten skull,  
A sod for their base back ?

They sow for us these goodly lands,  
We reap them in our might,  
Scorning all title but the brands  
That triumph in the fight!"

It was thus the land-winners of old gained  
their glory,

And grey stones voiced their praise in the  
bays of far isles.

## x.

"The rivers of yon island low,  
Glance redly in the sun,  
But ruddier still they're doomed to glow,  
And deeper shall they run :  
The torrent of proud life shall swell  
Each river to the brim,  
And in that spate of blood, how well  
The headless corpse will swim!  
The smoke of many a shepherd's cot  
Curls from each peopled glen ;  
And, bark! the song of maidens mild,  
The shout of joyous men!  
But one may hew the oaken tree,  
The other shape the shroud ;  
As the LANDEYDA o'er the sea  
Sweeps like a tempest cloud :—"

So shouteth fierce Harald—so echo the  
Northmen,  
As shoreward their ships like mad steeds  
are careering.

## xi.

"Sigurd's battle-flag is spread  
Abroad to the blue sky,  
And spectral visions of the dead,  
Are trooping grimly by :

The spirit heralds rush before  
 Harald's destroying brand,  
 They hover o'er yon fated shore  
 And death-devoted band.  
 Marshall stout Jarls your battle fast!  
 And fire each beacon height,  
 Our galleys anchor in the sound,  
 Our banner heaves in sight!  
 And through the surge and arrowy  
 shower  
 That rains on this broad shield,  
 Harald uplifts the sign of power  
 Which rules the battle-field!"

So cries the Death-doomed on the red strand  
 of slaughter  
 While the helmets of heroes like anvils are  
 ringing.

## XII.

On rolled the Northmen's war, above  
 The Raven Standard flew,

Nor tide nor tempest ever strove  
 With vengeance half so true.  
 'Tis Harald—'tis the Sire-bereaved—  
 Who goads the dread career,  
 And high amid the flashing storm  
 The flag of Doom doth rear.  
 "On, on," the tall Death-seeker cries,  
 "These earth-worms soil our heel,  
 Their spear-points crash like crisping ice  
 On ribs of stubborn steel!"  
 Hurra! hurra! their whirlwinds sweep,  
 And Harald's fate is sped;  
 Bear on the flag—he goes to sleep.  
 With the life-scourning dead.

Thus fell the young Harald, as of old fell his  
 sire,  
 And the bright hall of heroes bade hall to  
 his spirit.

## THE SWORD CHANT OF THORSTEIN RAUDL

'Tis not the grey hawk's flight  
 O'er mountain and mere;  
 'Tis not the fleet hound's course  
 Tracking the deer;  
 'Tis not the light hoof print  
 Of black steed or grey,  
 Though sweltering it gallop  
 A long summer's day;  
 Which mete forth the Lordships  
 I challenge as mine;  
 Ha! ha! 'tis the good brand  
 I clutch in my strong hand,  
 That can their broad marches  
 And numbers define.  
 LAND GIVER! I kiss thee.

Dull builders of houses,  
 Base tillers of earth,  
 Gaping, ask me what lordships  
 I owned at my birth;  
 But the pale fools wax mute  
 When I point with my sword  
 East, west, north, and south,  
 Shouting, "There am I Lord!"  
 Wold and waste, town and tower,  
 Hill, valley, and stream,  
 Trembling, bow to my sway  
 In the fierce battle fray  
 When the star that rules Fate, is  
 This falchion's red gleam.  
 MIGHT GIVER! I kiss thee.

I've heard great harps sounding,  
 In brave bower and hall,  
 I've drank the sweet music  
 That bright lips let fall,  
 I've hunted in greenwood,  
 And heard small birds sing;  
 But away with this idle  
 And cold jargon;  
 The music I love, is  
 The shout of the brave,  
 The yell of the dying,  
 The scream of the dying,  
 When this arm wields Death's sickle,  
 And garners the grave.  
 JOY GIVER! I kiss thee.

Far tales of the ocean  
 Thy lightning have known,  
 And wide o'er the main land  
 Thy horrors have shone.  
 Great sword of my father,  
 Stern joy of his hand,  
 Thou hast carved his name deep on  
 The stranger's red strand,  
 And won him the glory  
 Of undying song.  
 Keen cleaver of gay crests,  
 Sharp piercer of broad breasts,  
 Grim slayer of heroes,  
 And scourge of the strong,  
 FAME GIVER! I kiss thee.

In a love more abiding  
 Than that the heart knows,  
 For maiden more lovely  
 Than summer's first rose,  
 My heart's knit to thine,  
 And lives but for thee;  
 In dreamings of gladness,  
 Thou'rt dancing with me,  
 Brave measures of madness  
 In some battle-field,  
 Where armour is ringing,  
 And noble blood springing,  
 And cloven, yawn helmet,  
 Stout hauberk and shield.  
 DEATH GIVER! I kiss thee.

The smile of a maiden's eye,  
 Soon may depart;  
 And light is the faith of  
 Fair woman's heart;  
 Changeful as light clouds,  
 And wayward as wind,  
 Be the passions that govern  
 Weak woman's mind.  
 But thy metal's as true  
 As its polish is bright;  
 When ill wax in number,  
 Thy love will not slumber,  
 But starlike, burns fiercer,  
 The darker the night.  
 HEART GLADENER! I kiss thee,

My kindred have perished  
By war or by wave—  
Now, childless and sireless,  
I long for the grave.  
When the path of our glory  
Is shadowed in death,  
With me thou wilt slumber  
Below the brown heath;

Thou wilt rest on my bosom,  
And with it decay—  
While harps shall be ringing,  
And Scalds shall be singing  
The deeds we have done in  
Our old fearless day.  
SONG GIVER ! I kiss thee.

We now close our notice of Motherwell with the following poems. The first is calm and contemplative enough to have formed a Sabbath Matin Song for Wordsworth. The whole scene of quietude and peace is before us, and the poem shows how true is that thought of Cowper's—

“ There is in souls a sympathy with sounds.”

#### A SABBATH SUMMER NOON.

THE calmness of this noontide hour,  
The shadow of this wood,  
The fragrance of each wilding flower,  
Are marvellously good;  
Oh, here crazed spirits breathe, the balm  
Of nature's solitude !

It is a most delicious calm  
That resteth every where—  
The holiness of soul-sung psalm,  
Of felt but voiceless prayer !  
With hearts too full to speak their bliss,  
God's creatures silent are.

They silent are; but not the less,  
In this most tranquil hour  
Of deep unbroken dreaminess,  
They own that Love and Power  
Which, like the softest sunshine, rests  
On every leaf and flower:

How silent are the song-filled nests  
That crowd this drowsy tree—  
How mute is every feathered breast  
That swelled with melody !  
And yet bright bead-like eyes declare  
This hour is ecstasy.

Heart forth ! as uncaged bird through air,  
And mingle in the tide  
Of blessed things that, lacking care,  
Now full of beauty glide  
Around thee, in their angel hues  
Of joy and sinless pride.

Here, on this green bank that o'er-views  
The far retreating glen,  
Beneath the spreading beech-tree muse,  
On all within thy ken;  
For lovelier scene shall never break  
On thy dimmed sight again.

Slow stealing from the tangled brake  
That skirts the distant hill,  
With noiseless hoof two bright fawns make  
For yonder lapsing rill;  
Meek children of the forest gloom,  
Drink on, and fear no ill !

And buried in the yellow broom  
That crowns the neighbouring height,  
Conches a loutish shepherd groom,  
With all his flocks in sight;  
Which dot the green braes gloriously  
With spots of living light.

It is a sight that filleth me  
With meditative joy,  
To mark these dumb things curiously,  
Crowd round their guardian boy;  
As if they felt this Sabbath hour  
Of bliss lacked all alloy:

I bend me towards the tiny flower,  
That underneath this tree  
Opens its little breast of sweets  
In meekest modesty,  
And breathes the eloquence of love  
In muteness, Lord ! to thee.

There is no breath of wind to move  
The flag-like leaves, that spread  
Their grateful shadow far above  
This turf-supported bed;  
All sounds are gone—all murmurings  
With living nature wed.

The babbling of the clear well springs,  
The whisperings of the trees,  
And all the cheerful jargonings  
Of feathered hearts at ease;  
That whilome filled the vocal wood,  
Have hushed their minstrelies.

The silentness of night doth brood  
O'er this bright summer noon;  
And nature, in her holiest mood,  
Doth all things well attune  
To joy, in the religious dreams  
Of green and leafy June.

Far down the glen in distance gleams  
The hamlet's tapering spire,  
And glittering in meridian beams,  
Its vane is tongued with fire:  
And hark how sweet its silvery bell—  
And hark the rustic choir !

The holy sounds float up the dell  
To fill my ravished ear,  
And now the glorious anthems swell  
Of worshippers sincere—  
Of hearts bowed in the dust, that shed  
Faith's penitential tear.

Dear Lord! thy shadow is forth spread  
On all mine eye can see;  
And filled at the pure fountain-head  
Of deepest piety,  
My heart loves all created things,  
And travels home to thee.

Around me while the sunshine flings  
A flood of mocky gold,  
My chastened spirit once more sings  
As it was wont of old,  
That lay of gratitude which burst  
From young heart uncontrolled,

When, in the midst of nature nursed,  
Sweet influences fell  
On childly hearts that were athirst,  
Like soft dews in the bell  
Of tender flowers that bowed their heads,  
And breathed a fresher smell.

So, even now this hour hath sped  
In rapturous thought o'er me,  
Feeling myself with nature wed—  
A holy mystery—  
A part of earth, a part of heaven,  
A part, great God! of Thee.

Fast fade the cares of life's dull sween,  
They perish as the weed,  
While unto me the power is given,  
A moral deep to read  
In every silent throe of mind  
External beauties breed.

The next and last specimen is so charming and so graceful, so full of fancy, and all the glories of "the leafy month of June," that it might be the conjoint lay of two such minds as those of Thomas Moore and Felicia Hemans:—

#### THEY COME! THE MERRY SUMMER MONTHS.

THEY come! the merry summer months of  
Beauty, Song, and Flowers;  
They come! the gladsome months that bring  
thick leafiness to bowers.  
Up, up, my heart! and walk abroad, fling  
cark and care aside,  
Seek silent hills, or rest thyself where peaceful  
waters glide;  
Or, underneath the shadow vast of patri-  
archal tree,  
Scan through its leaves the cloudless sky in  
rapt tranquillity.

The grass is soft, its velvet touch is grateful  
to the hand,  
And, like the kiss of maiden love, the breeze  
is sweet and bland;  
The daisy and the buttercup are nodding  
courteously,  
It stirs their blood, with kindest love, to  
bless and welcome thee:  
And mark how with thine own thin locks—  
they now are silvery grey—  
That blissful breeze is wantoning, and whis-  
pering "Be gay!"

There is no cloud that sails along the ocean  
of yon sky,  
But hath its own winged mariners to give it  
melody:  
Thou see'st their glittering fans outspread  
all gleaming like red gold,  
And hark! with shrill pipe musical, their  
merry course they hold.  
God bless them all, these little ones, who  
far above this earth,  
Can make a scoff of its mean joys, and vent  
a nobler mirth.

But soft! mine ear upcaught a sound, from  
yonder wood it came;  
The spirit of the dim green glade did breathe  
his own glad name;—  
Yes, it is he! the hermit bird, that apart  
from all his kind,  
Slow spells his beads monotonous to the soft  
western wind;  
Cuckoo! Cuckoo! he sings again—his notes  
are void of art,  
But simplest strains do soonest sound the  
deep founts of the heart!

Good Lord! it is a gracious boon for thought-  
crazed wight like me,  
To smell again these summer flowers be-  
neath this summer tree!  
To suck once more in every breath their  
little souls away,  
And feed my fancy with fond dreams of  
youth's bright summer day,  
When, rushing forth like untamed colt, the  
reckless truant boy,  
Wandered through green woods all day long,  
a mighty heart of joy!

I'm sadder now, I have had cause; but oh!  
I'm proud to think  
That each pure joy-fount loved of yore, I yet  
delight to drink;—  
Leaf, blossom, blade, hill, valley, stream, the  
calm unclouded sky,  
Still mingle music with my dreams, as in  
the days gone by.  
When summer's loveliness and light fall  
round me dark and cold,  
I'll bear indeed life's heaviest curse—a heart  
that hath waxed old!

Who is here now? James Hogg, James Hogg the Ettrick  
Shepherd—James Hogg bringing bright thoughts, gay fancies,

quaint humour, the soul of poetry ringing through every line, because he was always the natural man and the born poet. When we come to consider Hogg's position in life, and how, when only the shepherd boy, he had sung as sweetly and as poetically as in later years, and when we know, too, that he lived and died but the shepherd, we must acknowledge that his poems and his tales are little less than wonderful. He was introduced, in the year 1800, to Walter Scott, by William Laidlaw, to whose father, at Blackhouse, Hogg had been a shepherd. From the first moment of their acquaintance, Scott, as Lockhart writes, "found him a brother poet, a true son of nature and genius, hardly conscious of his powers. He had taught himself to write, by copying the letters of a printed book, as he lay watching his flock on the hill side, and had probably reached the utmost pitch of his ambition when he first found that his artless rhymes could touch the heart of the ewe milker, who partook the shelter of his mantle during the passing storm. As yet his naturally kind and simple character had not been exposed to any of the dangerous flatteries of the world; his heart was pure—his enthusiasm buoyant as that of a happy child; and well as Scott knew that reflection, sagacity, wit, and wisdom, was scattered abundantly among the humblest rangers of these pastoral solitudes, there was here a depth and a brightness that filled him with wonder, combined with a quaintness of humour, and a thousand little touches of absurdity, which afforded him more entertainment, as I have often heard him say, than the best comedy that ever set the pit in a roar."

Scott endeavoured to push Hogg's interest, as he ever did that of all with whom he was connected, he enabled him to publish his *Mountain Bard*, and through his influence with the Duke of Buccleuch, obtained for the shepherd a farm on his Grace's property. Here he wrote his *Poetic Mirror*, his *Forest Minstrel*; and at Altrive, his *Queen's Wake*, *Jacobite Relics* and his *Tales*. He was a frequent visitor in Edinburgh, and occasionally extended his trips to London, and his conversation on these occasions, his little egotism, mingled with his deep poetic fancy, furnished the outlines for the exquisite conversations, in which, in the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, Wilson has made him take so considerable a part. As he advanced in fame his worldly prospects appeared to brighten, and he married a handsome and amiable woman much above his own original rank in life.

In the expectation of receiving with her a marriage portion of £1,000, he resolved to become, what we in Ireland call, a "strong farmer," and took, on lease, the farm of Altrive from the Duke of Buccleuch, "He is," writes Scott to Byron, in November, 1813, "a wonderful creature for his opportunities, which were far inferior to those of the generality of Scottish peasants. Burns, for instance, (not that their extent of talents is to be compared for an instant,) had an education not much worse than the sons of many gentlemen in Scotland. But poor Hogg literally could neither read nor write till a very late period of his life; and when he first distinguished himself by his poetical talent, could neither spell nor write grammar. When I first knew him, he used to send me his poetry, and was both indignant and horrified when I pointed out to him parallel passages in authors whom he had never read, but whom all the world would have sworn he had copied." Scott, indeed, was right in all he has here written; and it is to be regretted, that his kindness to Hogg did not meet from the shepherd either the gratitude, or the heartfelt appreciation, to which it had the fullest and most rightful claim. Hogg lived but a very few months longer than Scott, yet in these months he threw dirt upon the memory of his old friend. He died on the 21st day of November, 1835. There was a racy humour, a species of pushing, poetic vulgarity about Hogg,—that is, if one can fancy a vulgar poet. He wished to know every body famous, because each was famous; he wished to know every body influential, because each was influential; and he never suffered the feeling of the moment to be guided by prudence, or by the rules of ordinary social life; but then he never was prudent, even for his *own* interest's sake. Thus—Byron wrote to him, giving his opinion of what was called the Lake School of Poets, and Hogg showed the letter to John Wilson, even whilst knowing, as he must have known, that it was precisely the very thing which he should not do, and excused himself to Byron by saying—"he'd be damned if he could help it." Byron, however, forgave him, and some short time after wrote to Moore:—"Oh! I have had the most amusing letter from Hogg, the Ettrick Minstrel, and Shepherd. He wants me to recommend him to Murray; and, speaking of his present bookseller, whose 'bills' are never 'lifted,' he adds, *totidem verbis*, 'God damn him and them both!' I laughed, and so would you



too, at the way in which this execration is introduced. The said Hogg is a strange being, but of great, though uncouth powers. I think very highly of him as a poet; but he, and half those Scotch and Lake troubadours are spoilt by living in little circles and pretty societies." With this introduction, and surely it would be difficult to introduce a poet under stronger or better prestige than that afforded in the praise of Scott and Byron, we present the following selections. The first song was written to an air in Purdie's *Border Garland*: it appeared before Shelley's celebrated *Ode to the Skylark*:—

## THE SKYLARK.

BIRD of the wilderness,  
Blithesome and cumberless,  
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!  
Emblem of happiness,  
Blest is thy dwelling-place—  
O to abide in the desert with thee!  
Wild is thy lay and loud,  
Far in the downy cloud,  
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.  
Where, on thy dewy wing,  
Where art thou journeying?  
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,  
O'er moor and mountain green,  
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,  
Over the cloudlet dim,  
Over the rainbow's rim,  
Musical cherub, soar, singing, away!  
Then, when the gloaming comes,  
Low in the heather blooms  
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!  
Emblem of happiness,  
Blest is thy dwelling-place—  
O to abide in the desert with thee!

The following songs are quite in the pastoral style of Burns, little below him, and fully equal to Allan Ramsay:—

## WHEN THE KYE COMES HAME.

Come all ye jolly shepherds  
That whistle through the glen,  
I'll tell ye of a secret  
That courtiers dinna ken:  
What is the greatest bliss  
That the tongue o' man can name?  
Tis to woo a bonny lassie  
When the kye comes hame.  
When the kye comes hame,  
When the kye comes hame,  
Tween the gloaming and the mirk,  
When the kye comes hame.

'Tis not beneath the coronet,  
Nor canopy of state,  
'Tis not on couch of velvet,  
Nor arbour of the great—  
'Tis beneath the spreading birk,  
In the glen without the name,  
Wi' a bonny, bonny lassie,  
When the kye comes hame.  
When the kye comes hame, &c.

There the blackbird bigs his nest  
For the mate he loes to see,  
And on the topmost bough,  
O, a happy bird is he;  
Where he pours his melting ditty,  
And love is a' the theme,  
And he'll woo his bonny lassie  
When the kye comes hame.  
When the kye comes hame, &c.

When the blewart bears a pearl,  
And the daisy turns a pea,  
And the bonny lucken gowan  
Has fauld it up her ee,  
Then the laverock frae the blue lift  
Drops down, and thinks nae shame  
To woo his bonny lassie  
When the kye comes hame.  
When the kye comes hame, &c.

See yonder pawkie shepherd,  
That lingers on the hill,  
His ewes are in the fauld,  
An' his lambs are lying still;  
Yet he downa gang to bed,  
For his heart is in a flame,  
To meet his bonny lassie  
When the kye comes hame.  
When the kye comes hame, &c.

When the little wee bit heart  
Rises high in the breast,  
An' the little wee bit starn  
Rises red in the east,  
O there's a joy so dear,  
That the heart can hardly frame,  
Wi' a bonny, bonny lassie,  
When the kye comes hame!  
When the kye comes hame, &c.

Then since all nature joins  
In this love without alloy,

O, wha wad prove a traitor  
To Nature's dearest joy?  
Or wha wad choose a crown,  
Wi' its perils and its fame,  
And miss his bonny lassie  
When the kye comes hame?

When the kye comes hame,  
When the kye comes hame,  
'Tween the gloaming and the mirk,  
When the kye comes hame!

## THE WOMEN FO'K.

O SAIRLY may I rue the day  
I fancied first the womenkind;  
For aye sinayne I ne'er can hae  
Ae quiet thought or peace o' mind!  
They hae plagued my heart an' pleased  
my ee,  
An' teased an' flatter'd me at will,  
But aye, for a' their witcherye,  
The pawky things I lo'e them still.  
O the women fo'k! O the women fo'k!  
But they hae been the wreck o' me;  
O weary fa' the women fo'k,  
For they winna let a body be!

I hae thought an' thought, but darena tell,  
I've studied them wi' a' my skill,  
I've lo'ed them better than mysell,  
I've tried again to like them ill.  
Wha sairest strives, will sairest rue,  
To comprehend what nae man can;  
When he has done what man can do,  
He'll end at last where he began.  
O the women fo'k, &c.

That they hae gentle forms an' meet,  
A man wi' half a look may see;  
An' gracefu' airs, an' faces sweet,  
An' waving curls aboon the bree;  
An' smiles as soft as the young rose-bud,  
An' een sae pawky, bright, an' rare,  
Wad lure the laverock frae the cludd—  
But, laddie, seek to ken nae mair!  
O the women fo'k, &c.

Even but this night nae farther gane,  
The date is neither lost nor lang,  
I tak ye witness ilka ane,  
How fell they fought, and fairly dang.  
Their point they've carried right or wrang,  
Without a reason, rhyme, or law,  
An' forced a man to sing a sang,  
That ne'er could sing a verse ava.  
O the women fo'k! O the women fo'k!  
But they hae been the wreck o' me;  
O weary fa' the women fo'k,  
For they winna let a body be!

## BONNY MARY.

Where Yarrow rows among the rocks,  
An' wheels an' boils in mony a linn,  
A brisk young shepherd fed his flocks,  
Unused to wranglement or din;  
But love its silken net had thrown  
Around his breast, so brisk an' airy,  
An' his blue eyes wi' moisture shone,  
As thus he sang of bonny Mary.

O Mary, thou'rt sae mild and sweet,  
My very being clings about thee;  
This heart would rather cease to beat,  
Than beat a lonely thing without thee.  
I see thee in the evening beam—  
A radiant, glorious apparition;  
I see thee in the midnight dream,  
By the dim light of heavenly vision!

When over Benger's haughty head  
The morning breaks in streaks sae bonny,  
I climb the mountain's velvet side,  
For quiet rest I get nae ony.  
How dear the lair on yon hill cheek,  
Where many a weary hour I tarry,  
For there I see the twisting reek  
Rise frae the cot where dwells my Mary!

When Phoebus keeks outower the muir,  
His gowden locks a' streaming gally;  
When Morn has breathed her fragrance pure,  
An' life an' joy ring through the valley,  
I drive my flocks to yonder brook—  
The feeble in my arms I carry,  
Then every lammie's harmless look  
Brings to my mind my bonny Mary!

Of has the lark sung ower my head,  
And shook the dewdrops frae his wing,—  
Of has my flocks forgot to feed,  
An' round their shepherd form'd a ring.  
Their looks condole the lee-lang day,  
While mine are fix'd and never vary,  
Aye turning down the westlin brae,  
Where dwells my loved, my bonny Mary!

When gloaming, creeping west the lift,  
Wraps in deep shadow dell and dingle,  
An' lads an' lasses mak a shift  
To raise some fun around the ingle,  
Regardless o' the wind or rain,  
Wi' cautious step and prospect wary,  
I often trace the lonely glen  
To steal a sight o' bonny Mary!

When midnight draws her curtain deep,  
An' lays the breeze among the bushes,  
An' Yarrow in her sounding sweep,  
By rock and ruin raves and rushes,  
Though sunk in deep and quiet sleep,  
My fancy wings her flight so airy,  
To where sweet guardian spirits keep  
Their watch around the couch of Mary!

The exile may forget his home  
Where blooming youth to manhood grew;  
The bee forget the honey-comb,  
Nor with the spring his toil renew;  
The sun may lose his light and heat,  
The planets in their rounds miscarry,  
But my fond heart shall cease to beat  
When I forget my bonny Mary!

## THE WEE HOUSIE.

I LIKE thee weel, my wee auld house,  
Though laigh thy wa's an' flat the riggin',  
Though round thy lum the sourrock growa,  
An' rain-drops gaw my cozy biggin'.  
Lang hast thou happit mine and me,  
My head's grown grey aneath thy kipple,  
And aye thy ingie cheek was free  
Baith to the blind man an' the cripple.

What gart my ewes thrive on the hill,  
An' kept my little store increasin' ?  
The rich man never wish'd me ill,  
The poor man left me aye his blessin'.  
Troth I maun greet wi' thee to part,  
Though to a better house I'm flittin' ;  
Sic joys will never glad my heart  
As I've had by thy hallan sittin'.

My bonny bairns around me smiled,  
My sowsy wife sat by me spinning,  
Aye likin' o'er her ditties wild,  
In notes sae artless an' sae winning.

Our frugal meal was aye a feast,  
Our e'ming psalm a hymn of joy ;  
Sae calm an' peacefu' was our rest,  
Our bliss, our love, without alloy.

I canna help but haud thee dear,  
My auld, storm-batter'd, hamely shieling ;  
Thy sooty lum, an' kipples clear,  
I better love than gaudy ceiling.  
Thy roof will fa', thy rafters start,  
How damp an' cauld thy hearth will be !  
Ah ! sae will soon ilk honest heart,  
That erst was blithe an' bauld in thee !

I thought to cower aneath thy wa',  
Till death should close my weary een,  
Then leave thee for the narrow ha',  
Wi' lowly roof o' sward sae green.  
Fareweel, my house an' burnie clear,  
My bourtree bush an' bowzy tree !  
The wee while I maun sojourn here,  
I'll never find a hame like thee.

The following song Robert Burns might be proud to own ; he has few better, and many, highly prized, are not so poetical and yet so gay. It appeared originally in a volume of the Annual, entitled *Friendship's Offering* :—

## AULD JOE NICHOLSON'S NANNY.

THE daisy is fair, the day-lily rare,  
The bud o' the rose as sweet as it's bonny ;  
But there ne'er was a flower, in garden or  
bower,  
Like auld Joe Nicholson's bonny Nanny !  
O, my Nanny !  
My dear little Nanny !  
My sweet little noddety-noddety Nanny !  
There ne'er was a flower,  
In garden or bower,  
Like auld Joe Nicholson's bonny Nanny !

As day she came out, wi' a rosy blush,  
To milk her twa kye, sae couthy and  
canny ;  
I cower'd me down at the back o' the  
bush,  
To watch the air o' my bonny Nanny.  
O, my Nanny, &c.

Her looks that stray'd o'er nature away,  
Frae bonny blue een sae mild an' mellow,

Saw naething sae sweet in nature's array,  
Though clad in the morning's gowden  
yellow.

O, my Nanny, &c.

My heart lay beating the flowery green  
In quaking, quivering agitation,  
An' the tears cam' tricklin' down frae my  
een,  
Wi' perfect love an' wi' admiration.  
O, my Nanny, &c.

There's mony a joy in this world below,  
An' sweet the hopes that to sing were  
uncanny  
But of all the pleasures I ever can know,  
There's nae like the love o' my bonny  
Nanny.

O, my Nanny !

My dear little Nanny !

My sweet little noddety-noddety Nanny !  
There ne'er was a flower,  
In garden or bower,  
Like auld Joe Nicholson's bonny Nanny.

Who comes now before us ?—An old man, worn and tottering ; an aged Hercules, bringing with him thoughts of other times, when in pathos, in humor, in eloquence, in piercing criticism, in fierce invective, in staunch and stern Toryism, he was amongst the first of his era—and that era was an epoch of mental giants—John Wilson—CHRISTOPHER NORTH—the writer of *THE NOCTES AMBROSIANÆ*. Is he a

great poet? No; but he is a poet of a very high order, and to whose discriminating criticism Wordsworth owes half his fame, and Tennyson his whole poetic existence.

John Wilson was born at Paisley in the year 1788; he was educated at the University of Glasgow, and subsequently entered Magdalen College, Oxford, where he obtained the Newdigate Prize for the English poem. He was called to the Scotch bar, and, in the year 1820, was appointed Professor of Moral Philosophy, in the University of Edinburgh. Whilst the necessary canvassing for this office was being carried on, great and powerful opposition was raised against Wilson, and against his pretensions. In this state of affairs the name and support of Sir Walter were most invaluable, and he was enlisted in Wilson's cause. Of the whole affair, Lockhart furnishes the subjoined particulars:—

“While Scott remained in London, the Professorship of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh became vacant by the death of Dr. Thomas Brown; and among others who proposed themselves as candidates to fill it, was the author of the *Isle of Palms*. He was opposed in the Town Council (who are the patrons of most of the Edinburgh Chairs), on various pretences, but solely, in fact, on party grounds—certain humorous political pieces having much exacerbated the Whigs of the North against him; and I therefore wrote to Scott, requesting him to animate the Tory Ministers in his behalf. Sir Walter did so, and Mr. Wilson's canvass was successful. The answer to my communication was in these terms:—

*To J. G. Lockhart, Esq., Great King-street, Edinburgh.*

London, 30th March, 1820.

Dear Lockhart,—I have yours of the Sunday morning, which has been terribly long of coming. There needed no apology for mentioning anything in which I could be of service to Wilson; and, so far as good words and good wishes *here* can do, I think he will be successful; but the battle must be fought in Edinburgh. You are aware that the only point of exception to Wilson may be, that, with the fire of genius, he has possessed some of its eccentricities; but did he ever approach to those of Henry Brougham, who is the god of Whiggish idolatry? If the high and rare qualities with which he is invested are to be thrown aside as useless, because they may be clouded by a few grains of dust which he can blow aside at pleasure, it is less a punishment on Mr. Wilson than on the country. I have little doubt he would consider success in this weighty matter as a pledge for binding down his acute and powerful mind to more regular labour than circumstances have hitherto required of him, for indeed, without doing so, the appointment could in no point of view answer his purpose. He must stretch to the oar for his own credit, as well as that of his friends; and if he does so, there can be no doubt that his efforts will be doubly blessed, in reference both to himself and to public utility. He must make

every friend he can amongst the Council, Palladio Johnstone should not be omitted. If my wife canvasses him, she may do some good. You must, of course, recommend to Wilson great temper in his canvass—for wrath will do no good. After all, he must leave off sack, purge and live cleanly as a gentleman ought to do; otherwise people will compare his present ambition to that of Sir Terry O'Fag, when he wished to become a judge. 'Our pleasant follies are made the whips to scourge us,' as Lear says; for otherwise, what could possibly stand in the way of his nomination? I trust it will take place, and give him the consistence and steadiness which are all he wants to make him the first man of the age.

WALTER SCOTT."

*Blackwood's Magazine* was started in the year 1817, and Wilson was one of its earliest contributors. In it he wrote much, and his chief contributions have been republished in three volumes, bearing the title, *Recreations of Christopher North*. He has also published three sets of Tales—*Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life*, *The Trials of Margaret Lyndsay*, and *The Forresters*. His poetical works are *The Isle of Palms*, *The City of the Plague*, and the *Minor Poem* contained in the latter volume, that now before us. It is, however, to the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, and the *Dies Boreales*, that we look with the greatest pleasure. The former were contributed to *Blackwood* for about five and twenty years; the latter were commenced three years ago—and, if we recollect rightly, only five parts have appeared. The *Noctes Ambrosianæ* were supposed to be the conversations carried on at Ambrose's Tavern, in Edinburgh, and were originally suggested by Lockhart. The speakers are, in general, writers for the Magazine, Christopher himself being always President; Maginn, Hogg, and the others, carrying on the conversation, each under his own nom de plume. Poetry, criticism, politics—all in fact that men could talk about, form the subject matter of the papers; and whether a book received praise or dispraise; whether O'Connell, or Peel after the enactment of the Emancipation Act, or the Whigs and Radicals, during the agitation which preceded the passing of the Reform Bill, were before the meeting, wit, and wisdom, quip, and song, and joke, were bestowed upon all, powerfully, judiciously and judiciously. Of Wilson, as an author, Henry Hallam has stated it as his opinion, that his genius is the most ardent and enthusiastic—his eloquence like the rushing of a mighty torrent. *The City of the Plague* is founded upon the Great Plague of London. *Frankfort*, and his friend *Wilmot*, two naval officers, disembark on the banks

of the Thames, and all their hopes of finding friends, and home, and happiness, are crushed by an old man, who thus tells them of the raging pest :—

*Old Man.*—Know ye what ye will meet with in the city?  
 Together will ye walk through long, long streets,  
 All standing silent as a midnight church.  
 You will hear nothing but the brown red grass  
 Rustling beneath your feet; the very beating  
 Of your own hearts will awe you; the small voice  
 Of that vain bauble, idly counting time,  
 Will speak a solemn language in the desert.  
 Look up to heaven, and there the sultry clouds,  
 Still threatening thunder, lower with grim delight,  
 As if the Spirit of the Plague dwelt there,  
 Darkening the city with the shadows of death.  
 Know ye that hideous hubbub? Hark, far off  
 A tumult like an echo! on it comes,  
 Weeping and wailing, shrieks and groaning prayer;  
 And, louder than all, outrageous blasphemy.  
 The passing storm hath left the silent streets.  
 But are these houses near you tenantless?  
 Over your heads from a window, suddenly  
 A ghastly face is thrust, and yells of death  
 With voice not human. Who is he that flies,  
 As if a demon dogg'd him on his path?  
 With ragged hair, white face, and bloodshot eyes,  
 Raving, he rushes past you, till he falls,  
 As if struck by lightning, down upon the stones,  
 Or, in blind madness, dash'd against the wall,  
 Sinks backward into stillness. Stand aloof,  
 And let the Pest's triumphal chariot  
 Have open way advancing to the tomb.  
 See how he mocks the pomp and pageantry  
 Of earthly kings! a miserable cart,  
 Heap'd up with human bodies; dragg'd along  
 By pale steeds, skeleton-anatomies!  
 And onwards urged by a wan meagre wretch,  
 Doom'd never to return from the foul pit.  
 Whither, with oaths, he drives his load of horror.  
 Would you look in? Grey hairs and golden tresses,  
 Wan shrivell'd cheeks that have not smiled for years,  
 And many a rosy visage smiling still;  
 Bodies in the noisome weeds of beggary wrapt,  
 With age decrepit, and wasted to the bone;  
 And youthful frames, august and beautiful,  
 In spite of mortal pangs,—there lie they all  
 Embraced in ghastliness! But look not long,  
 For haply 'mid the faces glimmering there,  
 The well-known cheek of some beloved friend  
 Will meet thy gaze, or some small snow-white hand,  
 Bright with the ring that holds her lover's hair.  
 Let me sit down beside you. I am faint  
 Talking of horrors that I look'd upon  
 At last without a shudder.

The next scene is in the City—an Astrologer is haranguing a crowd—a young and beautiful lady approaches him, and cries—

O man of fate! my lovely babes are dead!  
 My sweet twin-babes! and at the very hour  
 Thy voice predicted did my infants die.  
 My husband saw them both die in my arms,  
 And never shed a tear. Yet did he love them  
 Even as the wretch who bore them in her womb.  
 He will not speak to me, but ever sits  
 In horrid silence, with his glazed eyes

Full on my face, as if he loved me not—  
 O God! as if he hated me! I lean  
 My head upon his knees and say my prayers,  
 But no kind word, or look, or touch is mine.  
 Then will he rise and pace through all the rooms,  
 Like to a troubled ghost, or pale-faced man  
 Walking in his sleep. O tell me! hath the Plague  
 E'er these wild symptoms? Must my husband perish  
 Without the sense of his immortal soul?  
 Or,—bless me for ever with the heavenly words,—  
 Say he will yet recover, and behold  
 His loving wife with answering looks of love.

The scene changes to St. Paul's Cathedral—*Magdalen* is kneeling before the altar—another character, *Stranger*, enters, and in his despair and terror thus describes to the girl the hideous life he has led during the plague:—

*Stranger*.—'Mid all the ghastly shrieking,  
 Black sullen dumbness, and wild starting frenzy,  
 Pain madly leaping out of life, or fetter'd  
 By burning irons to its house of clay,  
 Where think you Satan drove me? To the haunts  
 Of riot, lust, and reckless blasphemy.  
 In spite of that eternal passing-bell,  
 And all the ghosts that hourly flock'd in troops  
 Unto the satiated grave, insane  
 With drunken gull, I mock'd my Saviour's name  
 With hideous mummery, and the holy book  
 In scornful fury trampled, rent, and burn'd.  
 Oh! ours were dreadful orgies!—At still midnight  
 We sallied out, in mimic grave-clothes clad,  
 Aping the dead, and in some church-yard danced  
 A dance that oftentimes had a mortal close.  
 Then would we lay a living Body out,  
 As it had been a corpse, and bear it slowly,  
 With what at distance seem'd a holy dirge,  
 Through silent streets and squares unto its rest.  
 One quaintly apparell'd like a surpliced priest  
 Led the procession, joining in the song:—  
 A jestful song, most brutal and obscene,  
 Shameful to man, his Saviour, and his God.  
 Or in a hearse we sat, which one did drive  
 In masquerade-habilliments of death;  
 And in that ghastly chariot whirl'd along,  
 With oaths, and songs, and shouts, and peals of laughter,  
 Till sometimes that most devilish merriment  
 Chill'd our own souls with horror, and we stared  
 Upon each other all at once struck dumb.

*Magd.*—Madness! 'twas madness all.

*Stranger*.—Oh! that it were!

But, lady! were we mad when we partook  
 Of what we call'd a sacrament?

*Magd.*—Hush! Hush!—

*Stranger*.—Yes—I will utter it—we brake the bread,  
 And wine pour'd out, and jesting ate and drank  
 Perdition to our souls.

*Magd.*—And women too,  
 Did they blaspheme their Saviour?

*Stranger*.—Aye, there sat

Round that unhallow'd table beautiful creatures,  
 Who seem'd to feel a fiend-like happiness  
 In tempting us wild wretches to blasphemy.  
 Sweet voices had they, though of broken tones;  
 Their faces fair, though waxing suddenly  
 Whiter than ashes; smiles were in their eyes,  
 Though often in their mirth they upwax'd look'd,  
 And wept; nor, when they tore distractedly  
 The garments from their bosoms, could our souls  
 Sustain the beauty heaving in our sight

With grief, remorse, despair, and agony.  
We knew that we were lost, yet would we pluck  
The flowers that bloom'd upon the crater's edge,  
Nor fear'd the yawning gulf.

*Magd.*—Why art thou here?

*Stranger.*—Riot hath made us miserably poor,  
And gold we needs must have. I heard a whisper  
Tempting me to murder, and thy very name  
Distinctly syllabled. In vain I strove  
Against the Tempter—bent was I on blood!  
But here I stand in hopeless penitence,  
Nor even implore thy prayers—my doom is seal'd.

(He flings himself down before the altar.)

*Magd.*—Poor wretch, I leave thee to the grace of God.—  
Ah me! how calmly and serenely smile  
Those pictured saints upon the holy wall,  
Tinged by that sudden moonlight! That meek face  
How like my mother's! So she wore her veil;  
Even so her braided hair!—Ye blessed spirits,  
Look down upon your daughter in her trouble,  
For I am sick at heart. The moonlight dies—  
I feel afraid of darkness. Wretched man,  
Hast thou found comfort? Groans his sole reply—  
I must away to that sad Funeral.

The chief objection to the poem is, that it deals too much with the horrible. Shortly after its publication Southey wrote to Wynne—"Is there not something monstrous in taking such a subject as the Plague in a Great City? Surely it is out-germanizing the Germans. It is like bringing racks, wheels, and pincers upon the stage to excite pathos. No doubt but a very pathetic tragedy might be written upon 'The Chamber of the Amputation,' cutting for the stone, or the Cæsarean operation; but actual and tangible horrors do not belong to poetry. We do not exhibit George Barnwell upon the ladder to affect the gallery now, as was originally done; and the best picture of Apollo slaying Marsyas, or of the Martyrdom of St. Bartholomew, would be regarded as more disgusting than one of a slaughter-house or of a dissecting-room." Wilson might have defended himself by citing many old examples, even that of *The Red Cross Knight*, in *The Fairy Queen*, although many will agree with the opinion of Fuseli, who says that "when Spenser dragged into light the entrails of the serpent slain by the Red Cross Knight, he dreamt a butcher's dream, and not a poet's." The following passages from *The Children's Dance*, are as graceful as they are natural:—

HAIL to the Night! whose image oft beguiled  
Youth's transient sadness with a startling cheer!  
The *Ball-night* this by youngsters proudly styled!  
The joy, at distance bright, burns brighter near—  
Now smiles the happiest hour of all their happy year!  
All day the earthen floors have felt thier feet  
Twinkling quick measures to the liquid sound  
Of their own small-piped voices shrilly sweet,—  
As hand in hand they wheel'd their giddy round.  
Ne'er fairy-revels on the greensward mound



To dreaming bard a lovelier show display'd :—  
 Titania's self did ne'er with lighter bound  
 Dance o'er the diamonds of the dewy glade,  
 Than danced, at peep of morn, mine own dear mountain-maid.  
 Oft in her own small mirror had the gleam,  
 The soften'd gleam of her rich golden hair,  
 That o'er her white neck floated in a stream,  
 Kindled to smiles that infant's visage fair,  
 Half-conscious she that beauty glistened there !  
 Oft had she glanced her restless eyes aside  
 On silken tash so bright and debonnaire,  
 Then to her mother down with leaf-like glide,  
 Who kiss'd her cherub-head with tears of silent pride.  
 But all these glad rehearsals now are o'er,  
 And young and old in many a glittering throng,  
 By tinkling copse-wood and hill-pathway pour,  
 Cheering the air with laughter and with song.  
 Those first arrived think others tarrying long,  
 And chide them smiling with a friendly jeer,  
 " To let the music waste itself was wrong,  
 So stirringly it strikes upon the ear,  
 The lame might dance," they cry, " the aged-deaf might hear."  
 And lo ! the crowded ball-room is alive  
 With restless motion and a humming noise,  
 Like on a warm spring-morn a sunny hive,  
 When round their Queen the waking bees rejoice.  
 Sweet blends with graver tones the silvery voice  
 Of children rushing eager to their seats  
 The Master proud of his fair flock employs  
 His guiding beck that due attention meets, —  
 List ! through the silent room each anxious bosom beats !  
 Most beautiful and touching is the scene !  
 More blissful far to me than Fancy's bower !  
 Arch'd are the walls with wreaths of holly green,  
 Whose dark-red berries blush beside the flower  
 That kindly comes to charm the wintry hour,  
 The Christmas rose ! the glory white as snow !  
 The dusky roof seems brighten'd by the power  
 Of bloom and verdure mingling thus below,  
 Whence many a taper-light sends forth a cheerful glow.  
 There sit together, tranquilly array'd,  
 The friends and parents of the infant band.  
 A mother nodding to her timid maid  
 With cheering smiles—or beckoning with her hand,  
 A sign of love the child doth understand.  
 There, deeper thoughts the father's heart employ :  
 His features grave with fondness melting-bland,  
 He asks his silent heart, with gushing joy,  
 If all the vale can match his own exulting boy.  
 See ! where in blooming rows the children sit—  
 All loving partners by the idle floor  
 As yet divided—save where boy doth sit,  
 Lightly as small wave running long the shore,  
 To whisper something, haply said before,  
 Unto the soft cheek of his laughing May !  
 The whiles the Master eyes the opening door—  
 And, fearing longer than one smile to stay,  
 Turns on his noiseless heel, and jocund wheels away.

The next poem, entitled *The Sisters*, is, in its thoughts and feelings, bright enough to be the offspring of Mrs. Norton's fancy :—

SWEET Creature ! issuing like a dream  
 So softly from that world !  
 — She glideth on a sunny gleam—  
 In youth, in innocence so bright,  
 She lendeth lustre to day-light,  
 And life to solitude !  
 O'er all her face a radiance fair,  
 That seemeth to be native there !

No transient smile, no burst of joy,  
 Which time or sorrow may destroy,  
 A soul-breathed calm that ne'er may cease !  
 The spirit of eternal peace !  
 The sunshine may forsake the sky,  
 But the blue depths of ether lie  
 In steadfast meek serenity.

Onward she walks—with that pure face  
Shedding around its gladdening grace—  
Those cloudless eyes of tenderest blue  
Sparkling through a tearlike dew—  
That golden hair that floats in air  
Fine as the glittering gossamer—  
That motion dancing o'er the earth  
Without an aim—in very mirth—  
That lark-like song, whose strengthening  
measure

Is soaring through the air of pleasure—  
— Is she not like the innocent Morn ?

When from the slow-unfolding arms  
Of Night, she starts in all her charms,  
And o'er the glorious earth is borne,  
With orient pearls beneath her feet,—  
All round her, music warbling sweet,  
And o'er her head the fulgent skies  
In the fresh light of Paradise.

Lo ! Sadness by the side of Joy !

— With raven tresses on her brow  
Braided o'er that glimpes of snow—

O'er her bosom stray locks spread  
As if by grief dishevelled—  
Unsparkling eyes where smiles appear  
More mournful far than many a tear—  
Voice most gentle, sad, and slow,  
Whose happiest tones still breath of woe—  
As in our ancient Scottish airs  
Even joy the sound of sorrow wears—  
Motion like a cloud that goes  
From deep to more profound repose—  
Seems she not in pensive light  
Image of the falling night ?  
— Still survive faint gleams of day,  
But all sinking to decay—  
There is almost mirth and gladness,  
Temper'd soft with peace and sadness,  
Sound comes from the stream and hill,  
But the darkening world is still—  
The heavens above are bright and holy,  
Most beautiful—most melancholy—  
And gazing with suspended breath,  
We dream of grief—decay—and death !

Of Joanna Baillie it is unnecessary that we should write at any length. A woman who was applauded by Scott and Jeffrey, and, in many respects, the equal, if not the superior, of most of the dramatists who have arisen in England during the past two hundred years, and whose poems are so genial and so kindly in spirit, that they go to the heart, like the revived memory of half forgotten pleasures, is best judged from the succeeding extracts.

Upon her *Plays Illustrative of the Passions*, the fame of Joanna Baillie must chiefly rest. As a song and as a verse writer, her ability is of the first order ; but those whose genius has enabled them to excel in the higher branches of art, can never, with justice, be judged by their productions in the lower. Sir Walter, who was a sincere friend, dedicated to her his drama—*Mac Duff's Cross*, which appeared originally in a small volume of miscellaneous poems published, by her for a charitable purpose, in the year 1823 ; and in the *Introduction* to the third canto of *Marmion*, he thus writes of her, referring to her tragedy *De Montfort* :—

“ Or, if to touch such chord be thine,  
Restore the ancient tragic line,  
And emulate the notes that wrung  
From the wild harp, which silent hung  
By silver Avon's holy shore,  
Till twice an hundred years roll'd o'er ;  
When she, the bold Enchantress, came,  
With fearless hand and heart on flame !  
From the pale willow snatch'd the treasure,  
And swept it with a kindred measure,  
Till Avon's swans, while rung the grove  
With Montfort's hate and Basil's love,  
Awakening at the inspired strain,  
Deem'd their own Shakspeare lived again.”

Her best tragedy is entitled *De Montfort*. It was first represented at Drury Lane Theatre, on the 29th of April,

1799—John Kemble playing *De Montfort*, to the *Jane de Montfort* of Mrs. Siddons. Writing of this piece, Thomas Campbell thus expresses his opinion of the genius of the authoress:—"She brought to the drama a wonderful union of many precious requisites for a perfect tragic writer: deep feeling, a picturesque imagination, and, except where theory and system misled her, a correct taste, that made her diction equally remote from the stiffness of the French, and the flaccid flatness of the German school—a better stage style than any we have heard since the time of Shakespeare, or, at least, since that of his immediate disciples."

It has been a favorite custom with dramatic authors to give a word-painted portrait, in describing the heroine, of the actress by whom she is represented. Thus, in *Adelaide*, Richard Sheil portrays Miss O'Neill:—

"Those fair blue eyes  
Where shines a soul most pensive and most loving,  
Her soft variety of winning ways,—  
And all the tender witchery of her smiles,  
That charm each sterner grief, her studious care  
In all the offices of sweet affection,  
Would render the world enamoured."

Joanna Baillie followed the custom, and in describing *Jane de Montfort*, in the dialogue between the *Page* and the *Countess Friberg*, gives the following portrait of Mrs. Siddons:—†

*Page.*  
Madam, there is a lady in your hall  
Who begs to be admitted to your presence.

*Lady.*  
Is it not one of our invited friends?

*Page.*  
No; far unlike them. It is a stranger.

*Lady.*  
How looks her countenance?

*Page.*  
So queenly, so commanding, and so noble,  
I shrunk at first in awe; but when she smiled,  
Methought I could have compassed sea and land  
To do her bidding.

*Lady.*  
Is she young or old?

---

\* In "*Evadne*" he has given another fine portrait of Miss O'Neill. See Sheil's *Memoir* in *IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW*, No. 3, Vol. I. p. 379.

† Act II. Scene I.

*Page.*

Neither, if I right guess ; but she is fair.  
For Time has laid his hand so gently on her,  
As he too had been awed.

*Lady.*

The foolish stripling !

She has bewitch'd thee. Is she large in stature ?

*Page.*

So stately and so graceful is her form,  
I thought at first her stature was gigantic ;  
But, on a near approach, I found in truth  
She scarcely does surpass the middle size.

*Lady.*

What is her garb ?

*Page.*

I cannot well describe the fashion of it ;  
She is not deck'd in any gallant trim,  
But seems to me clad in the usual weeds  
Of high habitual state.

*Lady.*

Thine eyes deceive thee, boy.

It is an apparition thou hast seen.

*Friberg.*

It is an apparition he has seen,  
Or it is Jane de Montfort.

'The play was not very successful, owing, perhaps, to the fact that the authoress was ignorant of all stage matters. It was, however, revived at Drury-lane in December, 1821, Edmund Kean playing *De Montfort*. "Kean of course," Barry Cornwall writes, "acted the principal character ; and, in order, we suppose, to invest it with sufficient gloom, studied it by night in the church-yard at Hastings ! The tragedy, which possesses very great merit, failed in becoming popular, even when supported by John Kemble and Mrs. Siddons (a host in herself) ; and it is, therefore, no reproach to Kean, that his performance was attended with no better success. Every body seems to allow that he filled this character with great ability. The authoress herself complimented him highly on his acting, and the critics were almost unanimous in his favour." Campbell, however he may have been deceived in his estimate of the play, and in his admiration of it, must have been undeceived by the last-named actor, as he writes—"When I congratulated Kean on having rescued *De Montfort*, he told me that though a fine poem, it would never be an acting play." The following

extracts will show the powers of Joanna Baillie's mind, excluding, of course, the tragic:—

## THE KITTEN.

Wanton droll, whose harmless play  
Beguiles the rustic's closing day,  
When, drawn the evening fire about,  
Sit aged crone and thoughtless lout,  
And child upon his three-foot stool,  
Waiting till his supper cool,  
And maid, whose cheek outblossoms the rose,  
As bright the blazing faggot glows,  
Who, bending to the friendly light,  
Fills her task with busy sleight;  
Come, show thy tricks and sportive graces,  
Thus circled round with merry faces.

Backward coiled and crouching low,  
With glaring eyeballs watch thy foe,  
The housewife's spindle whirling round,  
Or thread or straw that on the ground  
Its shadow throws, by urchin sly  
Held out to lure thy roving eye;  
Then stealing onward, fiercely spring  
Upon the tempting faithless thing.  
Now, wheeling round with bootless skill,  
Thy bo-peep tail provokes thee still,  
As still beyond thy curving side  
Its jetty tip is seen to glide;  
Till from thy centre starting far,  
Thou sidelong veer'st with rump in air  
Erected stiff, and gait awry,  
Like madam in her tantrums high;  
Though ne'er a madam of them all,  
Whose silken kirtle sweeps the hall,  
More varied trick and whim displays  
To catch the admiring stranger's gaze.

Doth power in measured verses dwell,  
All thy vagaries wild to tell?  
Ah no!—the start, the jet, the bound,  
The giddy scamper round and round,  
With leap and toes and high curvet,  
And many a whirling summerset,  
(Permitted by the modern muse  
Expression technical to use.)  
These mock the dearest rhymester's skill,  
But poor in art though rich in will.

The featest tumbler, stage bedight,  
To thee is but a clumsy wight,  
Who every limb and sinew strains  
To do what costs thee little pains;  
For which, I trow, the gaping crowd  
Requits him oft with plaudits loud.

But, stopped the while thy wanton play,  
Applauses too thy pains repay:  
For then, beneath some urchin's hand  
With modest pride thou tak'st thy stand,  
While many a stroke of kindness glides  
Along thy back and tabby sides.  
Dilated swells thy glossy fur,  
And loudly croons thy busy purr,  
As, timing well the equal sound,  
Thy clutched feet bepat the ground,  
And all their harmless claws disclose  
Like prickles of an early rose,  
While softly from thy whiskered cheek  
Thy half-closed eyes peer, mild and meek.

But not alone by cottage fire  
Do rustics rude thy feats admire.  
The learned sage, whose thoughts explore  
The widest range of human lore,  
Or with unfettered fancy fly  
Through airy heights of poesy,  
Pausing smiles with altered air  
To see thee climb his elbow-chair,  
Or, struggling on the mat below,  
Hold warfare with his slipped toe.  
The widowed dame or lonely maid,  
Who, in the still but cheerless shade  
Of home unsocial, spends her age  
And rarely turns the lettered page,  
Upon her hearth for thee lets fall  
The rounded cork or paper ball,  
Nor chides thee on thy wicked watch,  
The ends of ravelled skein to catch,  
But lets thee have thy wayward will,  
Perplexing oft her better skill.

Even he, whose mind of gloomy bent,  
In lonely tower or prison pent,  
Reviews the coil of former days,  
And loathes the world and all its ways,  
What time the lamp's unsteady gleam  
Hath roused him from his moody dream,  
Feels, as thou gambol'st round his seat,  
His heart of pride less fiercely beat,  
And smiles, a link in thee to find  
That joins it still to living kind.

Whence hast thou then, thou witless puss!  
The magic power to charm us thus?  
Is it that in thy glaring eye  
And rapid movements, we descry—  
Whilst we at ease, secure from ill,  
The chimney corner snugly fill—  
A lion darting on his prey,  
A tiger at his ruthless play?  
Or is it that in thee we trace  
With all thy varied wanton grace,  
An emblem viewed with kindred eye,  
Of tricky, restless infancy?  
Ah! many a lightly sportive child,  
Who hath like thee our wits beguiled,  
To dull and sober manhood grown,  
With strange recoil our hearts disown.

And so, poor Kit! must thou endure,  
When thou becom'st a cat demure,  
Full many a cuff and angry word,  
Chased roughly from the tempting board.  
But yet, for that thou hast, I ween,  
So oft our favoured play-mate been,  
Soft be the change which thou shalt prove!  
When time hath spoiled thee of our love,  
Still be thou deemed by housewife fat  
A comely, careful, mousing cat,  
Whose dish is, for the public good,  
Replenished oft with savoury food.  
Nor, when thy span of life is past,  
Be thou to pond or dunghill cast,  
But, gently borne on goodman's spade,  
Beneath the decent sod be laid:  
And children show with glistening eyes  
The place where poor old pussy lies.

The succeeding lines are in a mood more grave, but very poetical:—

## ST. JOHN XXI. 1.

TOLL-WORN upon their wavy sea,  
With empty nets and wasted store,  
The fishermen of Galilee  
Are steering cheerless to the shore.  
But lo! upon the shelving strand  
A form, like one of Abraham's race,  
Beckons, with friendly outstretched hand,  
Yet moves with more than mortal grace.

And words came wafted on the wind,—  
"Friends, have ye meat?"—they answered,  
"None."  
"Cast to the right and ye shall find;"  
And to the right their nets were thrown,  
When all the treasures of the deep  
Into their meshy cells were poured.  
"Who may it be?"—within them leap  
Their yearning hearts—"It is the Lord."

So he, traversing life's broad main,  
Who long hath toiled and nothing won,  
Will feel how profitless and vain  
A worldling's task when it is done!  
His hands hang listless by his side,  
With languid eye and gathered brow  
He wanders, hope no more his guide,  
For what hath she to offer now?

But hark, a voice! he turns his head;  
A treasure rich before him lies;  
And rays of light from heaven are shed,  
To gleam the fair unfolded prize.  
Who doth this better gift impart  
Than earth or ocean can afford?  
O feel, and rouse thee, grateful heart!  
And gladly own it is the Lord.

With the following gay song we close our notice of the best female poet of Scotland—perhaps of the kingdom:—

## HOOLY AND FAIRLY.

(Founded on an old Scotch Song).

Oh, neighbours! what had I a-do for to marry!  
My wife she drinks possets and wine o' Canary,  
And ca's me a niggardly, thrav-gabbit fairly:  
O, gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!  
Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly,  
O, gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!

She supe wi' her kimmers on dainties enow,  
Aye bowing and smirning and wiping her mou,  
While I sit aside, and am helpit but sparely:  
O, gin my wife wad feast hooly and fairly!  
Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly,  
O, gin my wife wad feast hooly and fairly!

To fairs and to bridals and preachings and a',  
She gangs see light-headed and buikit see braw,  
In ribbons and mantuas that gar me gae barely:  
O, gin my wife wad spend hooly and fairly!  
Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly,  
O, gin my wife wad spend hooly and fairly!

I' the kirk sic commotion last Sabbath she made,  
Wi' babe o' red roses and breast-knots o'erlaid!  
The Dominie stickit the psalm very nearlly:  
O, gin my wife wad dress hooly and fairly!  
Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly,  
O, gin my wife wad dress hooly and fairly!

She's warring and flyting frae morning till e'en,  
And if ye gainsay her, her een glowr see keen,  
Then tongue, nieve, and cudgel she'll lay on ye sairly:  
O, gin my wife wad strike hooly and fairly!  
Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly,  
O, gin my wife wad strike hooly and fairly!

When tired wi' her cantrips, she lies in her bed,  
The warp a' neglectit, the chaumer unred,  
While a' our guld neighbours are stirring see early:  
O, gin my wife wad work timely and fairly!  
Timely and fairly, timely and fairly,  
O, gin my wife wad work timely and fairly!

A word o' guid counsel or grace she'll hear none;  
 She bandies the Ellers, and mocks at Mess John,  
 While back in his teeth his own text she flings rarely:

O, gin my wife wad speak hooly and fairly!  
 Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly,  
 O, gin my wife wad speak hooly and fairly!

I wish I were single, I wish I were freed;  
 I wish I were doited, I wish I were dead,  
 Or she in the moul, to dement me na mair, lay!

What does it 'vail to cry hooly and fairly?  
 Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly,  
 Wasting my breath to cry hooly and fairly!

In Ireland almost all our late, or present, poets are of the legal profession; we know of no medical man since Drennan's time who has been worthy of the "honorable" name. In Scotland, however, the doctors remember that Apollo knew something of physic, and like true worshippers, follow the example of the god. Macnish and Moir, two of the literary children of *Christopher North*, were physicians. Macnish was born in Henderson's Court, Jamaica-street, Glasgow, on the 15th day of February, 1802. His father was of some position as a general practitioner, and intending that Robert should follow the same profession, sent him, in his eighth year, to a school at Hamilton, kept by the Rev. Alexander Easton; and here, although noted for his inquiring mind and great anxiety for extensive reading, he was not remarkable as a proficient in classics, which he always considered secondary accomplishments, believing, with Sydney Smith, that we have in our schools "too much Latin and Greek." By a rule of the Scotch colleges the only manner in which pupilage in them can be abridged is by the apprenticeship of three years to some master in that profession to which the youth seems inclined to devote himself. Macnish was, accordingly, bound to his grandfather, who had set up in Glasgow as a surgeon after returning from a long residence and practice in the island of Antigua. By this arrangement he was prepared to undergo his examination at an early age, and in his eighteenth year he obtained, from the University of Glasgow, the degree of *Magister Chirurgiæ*. He then removed to Clyth, and became an assistant to Doctor Henderson, author of *The General View of the County of Caithness*, and during eighteen months passed there he labored continuously as a country doctor, but found time, amidst such duty as Mungo Park declared to be far more harassing in its miseries and privations than the hardships and difficulties of the African desert, to prepare his most able and most interesting *Anatomy of Drunkenness*, the ninth edition of which now lies before us.

He also, whilst residing in Clyth, and after having imbued his mind with all the charms of the muses of Campbell, Byron, Moore, and Southey, wrote a very pretty poem, something in the style of the *Light of the Harem*, and to the *Inverness Journal* contributed many poetical fugitive pieces. Amongst these the following is the best :—

## THE HARP OF SALEM.

## I.

Jerusalem, Jerusalem,  
Thou wert of earth the fairest gem,  
But who, alas! may strive to tell,  
Thy starry splendours ere they fell,  
Or, steeped in inspiration's hue,  
Thy prophet songs again renew?  
Who may recall the parted strain?  
Wake, Harp of Salem, wake again!

## II.

Deserted queen of Palestine,  
What peerless beauty once was thine,  
Ere on thy stately turrets came  
The wrath of the Avenger's flame?  
Thy diadem was placed upon  
The cedar tops of Lebanon,  
And Carmel with her groves of bloom  
Around thy borders shed perfume.  
All desolate and faded now,  
The dazzling lustre of thy brow,  
Dimm'd is the splendour of thine eyes—  
Is there no gifted voice to rise,  
And bid a second life be spread  
Around the relics of the dead?  
Who shall recall thine ancient strain?  
Wake, Harp of Salem, wake again!

## III.

Deserted city of the Lord,  
Who heard the echo of his word,  
To slay the victim at the shrine  
Of the Invisable was thine,  
And spread the pomp of sacrifice  
Before the Ruler of the Skies:  
But now the harp is all unstrung;  
The censer down to earth is flung;  
The clouds of incense cease to spring,  
The psaltery forgets to sing,  
And silent now as Chilmimar,\*  
The Prophets raptured voices are,—

Who shall recall their parted strain?  
Wake, Harp of Salem, wake again!

## IV.

Deserted pride of Israel,  
How beauteous are thy glories fell!  
But they are furrowed with a trace  
Which sternest time may not efface.  
Look to yon mountain—is it thine,  
Dark-fated queen of Palestine!  
Look up, and blight thy lustrous eye—  
That mountain ridge is Calvary;  
Look up—then hang for aye thy head—  
And see, where heavenly blood was shed,  
And say, if Salem's harp may deign  
To chaunt thy glories o'er again!

## V.

Away, away—thy claim hath fled,  
Its strain is all unmerited;  
But Oh! if Justice may not bring  
One tone of that enchanted string,  
Which with Isaiah's voice arose,  
Or echoed Jeremiah's woes,  
Yet harp of Salem deign to wake  
Thy choral voice for Pity's sake.  
Thou wert not silent, when the words  
Of inspiration smote thy chords,  
But ah! heaven's accents breathe not nigh  
To wake thee now to ecstasy,  
Yet to the last and piteous cries  
Of pleading Nature deign to rise.  
Time was when, o'er Judea's land,  
The mountains smiled at thy command,  
And sullen Jordan paused to hear  
Thy mystic spirit murmuring near;  
Awake as at that early hour,  
When Nature owned thy syren power,  
And shed upon the world again  
One echo of thine ancient reign!

In the year 1825 he was admitted a member of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons of Glasgow, and, as his inaugural thesis, presented his *Essay on the Anatomy of Drunkenness*, prepared, as already stated, whilst he resided in Clyth.

In May, 1826, he first became a contributor to *Blackwood*, and at page 511 of the number for that month appears his tale, *The Metempsychosis, by a Modern Pythagorean*—in the same number there is a paper from poor Moir, entitled *The Barley Fever*. Our readers may remember that William

\* The ancient Persepolis,—now in ruins.



Maginn introduced himself to *Blackwood* under the signature Ralph Tuckett Scott,\* in like manner Macnish, having borrowed a friend's name with the friend's concurrence, introduced himself as Mackay Gordon. When thus enrolled amongst *Blackwood's* staff, he continued one of its ablest and most admired contributors; under his nom de plume, *The Modern Pythagorean*, he wrote tales and poems. For the Glasgow publisher, M'Phen, he wrote *The Book of Aphorisms* in the style of Maginn's *Maxims of Sir Morgan O'Doherty*, and his *Anatomy of Sleep*, a most ingenious physiological essay. As a specimen of his poetic style, in various phases, we insert the following:—

## THE LOVER'S SECRET.

## I.

Thou walk'st in tender light, by thine own beauty made,  
And all thou passest by are hidden in the shade;  
Forms fair to other eyes appear not so to me,  
So fully glows my heart with thoughts alone of thee.

## II.

I dream of thee by night—I think of thee by day—  
Thy form, where'er I go, o'ertakes me on my way;  
It haunts my waking thoughts—it fills mine hours of sleep,  
And yet it glads me not, but only makes me weep:—

## III.

It only makes me weep—for though my spirit's shrine  
Is filled with thee, I know that thou can'st ne'er be mine:  
"Unconquerable bars," raised up by Fate's decree,  
Stand and will ever stand, between my soul and thee!

## IV.

Hope long hath passed away; and nothing now remains  
For me but bootless love—its sorrows, and its pains;  
And to increase each pang, I dare not breathe thy name,  
Or, in thy gentle ear, confess my secret flame.

## V.

Hope long hath passed away, and still thou art enshrined  
A spirit fair—within the temple of my mind:  
If I had loved thee less, the secret thou had'st known  
Which strong affection binds, and binds to me alone.

## VI.

The secret thou had'st known—but terror, lest thy heart  
In feelings such as mine should bear no kindred part,  
Enchains my soul, and locks within its silent urn  
Love which, perchance from thee, durst meet with no return.

## BABYLON IS FALLEN.

Fallen is stately Babylon!  
Her mansions from the earth are gone.  
For ever quench'd, no more her beam  
Shall gem Euphrates' voiceless stream.  
Her mirth is hush'd, her music fled—  
All, save her very name, is dead;  
And the lone river rolls his flood  
Where once a thousand temples stood.

Queen of the golden east! afar  
Thou shon'st, Assyria's morning star;  
Till God, by righteous anger driven,  
Expell'd thee from thy place in Heaven.  
For false and treacherous was thy way,  
Like swampy lights that lead astray;  
And o'er the splendour of thy name  
Roll'd many a cloud of sin and shame.

\* See IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. 7, Vol. II., p. 599.

For ever fled thy princely shrines,  
Rich with their wreaths of clustering vines;  
Priest, censor, incense—all are gone  
From the deserted altar-stone.  
Belshazzar's halls are desolate,  
And vanish'd their imperial state;  
Even as the pageant of a dream  
That floats unheard on memory's stream.

Fallen is Babylon! and o'er  
The silence of her hidden shore,  
Where the gaunt satyr shrieks and sings,  
Hath mystery waved his awful wings,  
Conceal'd from eyes of mortal men,  
Or angels' more pervading ken,  
The ruin'd city lies—unknown  
Her site to all, but God alone.

Macnish was fond of athletic exercises, and at one period started a club, every member of which should be of a certain width, measured round the chest. He liked society, and although not by any means a wine bibber—indeed Moir writes of him, “although so often together on occasions that prompted the circulation of the bottle, I never once saw him in the slightest degree under the influence of wine,”—yet he enjoyed a jovial evening with the true zest of a Glasgow man. The next is quite worthy of Maginn:—

## BACCHANALIAN SONG.

## I.

Who cares a potato for Solon or Plato,  
Those dull philosophical pedants of yore?  
A glass of good stingo is better, by jingo!  
Than all their flash sayings, their wisdom,  
and lore.  
What is gruff Aristotle to a well-plenished  
bottle,  
With daffy can Socrates ever compare?  
If grief should attack us we'll call upon  
Bacchus,  
Renown'd for his hatred to sorrow and  
care.

## II.

Let's all set a brewing strong ale, and blue  
ruin  
In puncheonful studiously let us distil,  
For sound man or cripple, there's nought  
like a tippie,  
Have it ye lush coves! and swig off your  
fill:  
For who cares a potato for Solon or Plato,  
Those dull philosophical ninnies of yore?  
But Anacreon the jewel he took to his gruel,  
Voting care an incumbrance, and wisdom a  
bore!

## III.

Ye mealy-faced noodles, ye soft-liver'd  
doodles,  
Ye tea-sipping quakers come answer us;  
pray,  
What makes us pugnacious, good-humour'd,  
sagacious,  
But tipping the jorum and soaking our clay?  
Accursed by the muses is he who refuses  
Each day to get muggy at Lushington's  
bar;  
Or cheer with good toddy the soul of his  
body,  
And wage with dull sense and sobriety war.

## IV.

The soul needeth fuel, and drink is a jewel,  
Which wise men and true can ne'er value  
enough;  
Blue devils it scatters, tears sorrow to tat-  
ters,  
And floors in a jiffy despair and such stuff:  
If aught should perplex us, bamboozle or  
vex us,  
Heavy-wet will assuredly give us relief;  
Rum, brandy, and whisky, or Hollands so  
friaky,  
Oh these are elixirs for banishing grief!

Many of our readers may remember that in the year 1836 a very severe and fatal influenza afflicted these kingdoms,\* and Macnish fell a victim to it on the 16th day of January, 1837, in the 35th year of his age, and was buried in the grounds of St. Andrew's Episcopal Chapel, Glasgow. His memoir was written, and his poems were prepared for publication in the year 1837,

\* For a very interesting account of this particular epidemic, and a history of the disease generally, see Holland's Medical Notes and Recollections, p. 183.

by his old friend Moir, to whose poems, after the insertion of the following from Macnish's pen, we pass :—

## POETICAL PORTRAITS.

## SHAKESPEARE.

His was the wizard spell,  
The spirit to enchain ;  
His grasp o'er nature fell,  
Creation own'd his reign.

## MILTON.

His spirit was the home ;  
Of aspirations high ;  
A temple, whose huge dome  
Was hidden in the sky.

## BYRON.

Black clouds his forehead bound,  
And at his feet were flowers :  
Mirth, Madness, Magic found  
In him their keenest powers.

## SCOTT.

He sings, and lo ! Romance  
Starts from its mouldering urn,  
While Chivalry's bright lance  
And nodding plumes return.

## SPENSER.

Within th' enchanted womb  
Of his vast genius, lie  
Bright streams and groves, whose gloom  
Is lit by Una's eye.

## WORDSWORTH.

He hung his harp upon  
Philosophy's pure shrine ;  
And, placed by Nature's throne,  
Composed each placid line.

## WILSON.

His strain, like holy hymn,  
Upon the ear doth float,  
Or voice of cherubim,  
In mountain vale remote.

## GRAY.

Soaring on pinions proud,  
The lightnings of his eye  
Scar the black thunder-cloud,  
He passes swiftly by.

## BURNS.

He seized his country's lyre,  
With ardent grasp and strong ;  
And made his soul of fire  
Dissolve itself in song.

## BAILLIE.

The Passions are thy slaves ;  
In varied guise they roll  
Upon the stately waves  
Of thy majestic soul.

## CAROLINE BOWLES.

In garb of sable blue  
Thy soul dwells all alone,

Where the sad drooping yew  
Weeps o'er the funeral stone.

## HEMANS.

To bid the big tear start,  
Unchallenged, from its shrine,  
And thrill the quivering heart  
With pity's voice, are thine.

## TIGHE.

On zephyr's amber wings,  
Like thine own Psyche borne,  
Thy buoyant spirit springs  
To hail the bright-eyed morn.

## LANDOR.

Romance and high-sou'd Love,  
Like two commingling streams,  
Glide through the flowery grove  
Of thy enchanted dreams.

## MOORE.

Crown'd with perennial flowers,  
By Wit and Genius wove,  
He wanders through the bowers  
Of Fancy and of Love.

## SOUTHEY.

Where Necromancy flings  
O'er Eastern lands her spell,  
Sustained on Fable's wings,  
His spirit loves to dwell.

## COLLINS.

Waked into mimic life,  
The Passions round him throng,  
While the loud "Spartan life"  
Thrills through his startling song.

## CAMPBELL.

With all that Nature's fire  
Can lend to polish'd Art,  
He strikes his graceful lyre  
To thrill or warm the heart.

## COLERIDGE.

Magician, whose dread spell,  
Working in pale moonlight,  
From Superstition's cell  
Invokes each satellite !

## COWPER.

Religious light is shed  
Upon his soul's dark shrine ;  
And Vice veils o'er her head  
At his denouncing line.

## YOUNG.

Involved in pall of gloom,  
He haunts, with footsteps dread,  
The murderer's midnight tomb,  
And calls upon the dead.

## GRAMAME.

O! when we hear the bell  
Of "Sabbath" chiming free,  
It strikes us like a knell,  
And makes us think of Thee!

## W. L. BOWLES.

From Nature's flowery throne  
His spirit took its flight,  
And moves serenely on  
In soft, sad, tender light.

## SHELLEY.

A solitary rock  
In a far distant sea,  
Rent by the thunder's shock,  
An emblem stands of Thee!

## J. MONTGOMERY.

Upon thy touching strain  
Religion's spirit fair,  
Falls down like drops of rain,  
And blends divinely there.

## HOGG.

Clothed in the rainbow's beam,  
'Mid strath and pastoral glen,  
He sees the fairies gleam,  
Far from the haunts of men.

## THOMSON.

The Seasons as they roll  
Shall bear thy name along;  
And graven on the soul  
Of Nature, live thy song.

## MOIR.

On every gentler scene  
That moves the human breast,

Pathetic and serene,  
Thine eye delights to rest.

## BARRY CORNWALL.

Soft is thy lay—a stream  
Meand'ring calmly by,  
Beneath the moon's pale beam  
Of sweet Italia's sky.

## CRABBE.

Wouldst thou his pictures know,  
Their power—their harrowing truth—  
Their scenes of wrath or woe—  
Go gaze on hapless "Ruth."

## A. CUNNINGHAM.

Tradition's lyre he plays  
With firm and skilful hand,  
Singing the olden lays  
Of his dear native land.

## KEATS.

Fair thy young spirit's mould—  
Thou from whose heart the streams  
Of sweet Elysium roll'd  
Over Endymion's dreams.

## BLOOMFIELD.

Sweet bard, upon the tomb  
In which thine ashes lie,  
The simple wildflowers bloom  
Before the ploughman's eye.

## HOOD.

Impugn I dare not thee,  
For I'm of puny brood;  
And thou wouldst punish me  
With peasant hardihood.

David Macbeth Moir, the well and widely known *Delta* of *Blackwood*, whose memoir has been prepared, and whose poetical works have been edited by Mr. Aird, was born at Musselburgh on the 5th day of January, 1798; he was educated at the grammar school of his native town, and learned, as Mr. Aird states, during his six years attendance at the school, Latin, Greek, French, and politics, from the master, Mr. Taylor, "a perfect model of the old Tory and Loyalist." In his thirteenth year he was bound apprentice to Doctor Stewart, a medical practitioner in Musselburgh, and in his fifteenth year wrote his first poem; some short time afterwards, two prose essays of his appeared in *The Cheap Magazine*, a serial published in Haddington. When seventeen years old he removed to Edinburgh, for the purpose of attending the College; he walked from Musselburgh to Edinburgh every Monday morning, and returned every Saturday night, for the purpose of spending the Sabbath with his family. He lodged in

a small room in Shakspeare's Square, and spent all his pocket-money in the purchase of books. The Edinburgh Theatre was then held by Mrs. Siddons' son, Henry, and the only relaxation Moir allowed himself was an occasional visit to the play, where he felt happy in witnessing the acting of John Kemble, Miss O'Neill and Edmund Kean. In his eighteenth year he obtained his diploma as a surgeon; this was in the year 1816. He had been originally intended for the Military Medical Staff, but as the Battle of Waterloo had changed the whole aspect of affairs, and as his father died shortly after he had obtained his diploma, he became a partner of Doctor Brown, of Musselburgh, where he resided to the period of his death. His mother was a woman of some information and considerable taste, and until the time of her decease, in the year 1842, she being then in her seventy-fifth year, it was his practice to consult her on the design and composition of his various poems. He was a very early contributor to *Blackwood*; and in the humor of many of his pieces, particularly his *Imitations*, such as *The Eve of St. Jerry*, *The Auncient Waggonere*, and *Billy Routing*, he is, in our mind, humorous as Maginn. In the year 1827 he was introduced by William Blackwood to Macnish, they were soon warm friends, and Macnish dedicated to him an improved edition of *The Anatomy of Drunkenness*.

In the number of *Blackwood* for October, 1824, Moir commenced the publication of his story, *Mansie Wauch*. To its merits we have already referred, and we are sure our readers will be pleased to find that, as Mr. Aird writes—"not only Scotland, but in England and America also, *Mansie* is now a standard classic of humour—giving Moir, for all time to come, an uniqueness of fame as a novelist. The fame is deserved. Wide, and deep, and true is the mirror held up by broad-fronted Burns, in the face of Scottish nature and life; and yet he almost completely missed those many peculiar features of the national character and manners, which are brought out so inimitably in *Mansie Wauch*. *Mansie* himself is perfect as a portraiture. What an exquisite compound of conceit, cowardice, gossiping, silliness, pawkiness, candour, kindly affection, and good Christian principle—the whole amalgam, with no violent contrasts, with no gross exaggerations, beautifully blent down into verisimilitude, presenting to us a unique hero at once ludicrous and loveable. In some of Galt's best Scotch

novels we find characters of the same pawky class with *Mansie*; but *Mansie* beats them all in compactness and completeness, and has elevations of ideality about him which Galt could not reach. The immortal tailor remains an original."

In June, 1829, Moir was married to Miss Catherine E. Bell, of Leith. "The match was one of the purest love on both sides; and to both parties now united it proved the crowning blessing of their life." Presenting some gifts to his wife, just before their marriage, he accompanied them with the following lines:—

"Accept these trifles, lovely and beloved;  
And haply, in the days of future years,  
While the far past to memory reappears,  
Thou may'st retrace these tablets, not unmoved,  
Catherine! whose holy constancy was proved  
By all that deepest tries, and most endears."

From this period, to the year 1832, Moir and Macnish were contributors to the *Edinburgh Literary Gazette*, and to *Fraser's Magazine*. So highly, indeed, were Moir's contributions prized by the proprietors of the former, that they presented to him a handsome silver jug, as a token of gratitude. Moir was always attentive to his professional duties, and from his reading and observation he was enabled to prepare and publish his *Outlines of the Ancient History of Medicine; Being a View of the Progress of the Healing Art among the Egyptians, Greeks, Romans, and Arabians*. This work was originally intended for publication in Colburn and Bentley's *National Library*; but it, like Planché's *History of British Costume*, was thrown upon the author's hands, through the unwillingness, or through the inability of the publisher to bring it out. Moir's poems are only to be found in *Blackwood's Magazine*, or in the two volumes now before us; but his life was not a lazy literary one. He worked continually as if he were merely a machine, in fact, a species of animated pill roller. But when the day's toil was concluded he felt himself his own master, and experienced satisfaction in knowing that he had, by the labor of the day, acquired a right to devote his evening leisure to literature. In January, 1848, he wrote to David Vedder:—"In early youth I had many aspiring feelings to dedicate my life to literature, and to literature alone; but I thank God—seeing what I have seen in Galt, in Hogg, in Hood, and other friends—that I had resolution to resolve on a profession, and to make poetry my crutch, and not my staff. I have, in con-

sequence, lost the name which, probably, with due exertion I might have acquired; but I have gained many domestic blessings which more than counterbalance it, and I can yet turn to my pen, in my short intervals of occasional relaxation, with as much zest as in my days of romantic adolescence." He was employed by Blackwood to edit the seven volume, and afterwards the one volume, editions of Mrs. Heman's Works; and this occupation, with his professional duties and his occasional poems, filled up completely all his leisure hours. Knowing that he was a poet, and one too of a very high order, he never forgot his duties as a man and as a citizen. He was always ready and willing to undertake, as a matter of duty, the offices imposed upon laymen by the church of Scotland, and in his home life he was the perfection of the Christian and the man. Mr. Aird gives the following extract, descriptive of Moir's home life, from a letter of his brother, Mr. Charles Moir:—

"He always took books with him to read in his carriage, when he had any distance to go. An hour or two in the afternoon was also, if possible, devoted to reading. By this means he left himself more time for composition in the evening. After dinner the younger children hung about his chair, their arms about his neck, and he amused them with some funny story, or puzzled them with some curious 'guess.' The youngsters were then sent away, and the conversation took a more serious turn: new books were discussed, new paintings and engravings were criticised, public affairs were touched on. He then went to his library, and there wrote, unless called out professionally, until nine o'clock. At that hour precisely, the bell rung for family worship. This he conducted, with his assembled household, in the most solemn and reverential manner. After supper, he usually took another hour or two at his desk before retiring to rest. David always appeared to me to be peculiarly a 'home' man. Every thing about his home was dear to him. Without alluding to his great love for his wife and children, his house, his garden, nay, every tree in it, seemed to have for him an affectionate interest. The very gooseberry-bushes had each its little history. 'This one,' he would say to me, 'was planted by poor Charlie—all these smaller ones were slips taken from it; that one there was wee Willie's,' and so on—every spot bearing some secret charm for him, every shrub and flower having its own place in the home affections: they all 'took root in love.' There was no end of his pains taking in trying to benefit a friend. Letters were written—personal application was made—no stone was left unturned, when the object was good, and the person to be helped worthy. Unreservedly did he ask for others what his sensitive nature would have shrunk from asking for himself."

From such a mind as this the following lines, descriptive of *The Birth of the Flowers*, must seem, beautiful

as they are, in perfect keeping. He first paints the Genius of the Air, and then describes her course in forming the world of floral beauty :—

Eye could not gaze on shape so bright,  
Which from its atmosphere of light,  
And love, and beauty, shed around,  
From every winnow of her wings,  
Upon the fainting air perfumes  
Sweeter than thought's imaginings;  
And at each silent bend of grace,  
The Dreamer's raptur'd eye could trace  
(Far richer than the peacock's plumes)  
A rainbow shadow on the ground,  
As if from out Elysium's bowers,  
From brightest gold to deepest blue,  
Blossoms of every form and hue  
Had fallen to earth in radiant showers.  
Vainly would human words convey  
Spiritual music, or portray  
Seraphic loveliness—the grace  
Flowing like glory from that face,—

Which, as 'twas said of Una's, made,  
Where'er the sinless virgin strayed,  
A sunshine in the shady place.  
The snowdrop was her brow; the rose  
Her cheek; her clear, full, gentle eye  
The violet, in its deepest dye;  
The lily of the Nile her nose;  
Before the crimson of her lips  
Carnations waned in dim eclipse;  
And downward o'er her shoulders, white  
As Sharon's rose in fullest blow,  
Her floating tresses took delight  
To curl in hyacinthine flow.  
Her vesture seemed as from the blooms  
Of all the circling seasons wove,  
With magic warp, in fairy looms,  
And tassled with the woof of love.

The succeeding extract describes The Birth of the Flowers at the word of the Spirit :—

First, heavenward, with refulgent smile,  
She glanced, then earthward turn'd; the  
while  
From out her lap, she scatter'd round  
Its riches of all scents and hues—  
Scarlets and saffrons, pinks and blues;  
And sow'd with living gems the ground.  
The rose to eastern plains she gave;  
The lily to the western wave;  
The violet to the south; and forth  
The thistle to the hardy north.  
Then, in triumphant ecstasy,  
Glancing across wide earth her eye,  
She flung abroad her arms in air,  
And daisies sprang up everywhere !

"And let these be"—than song of birds  
Harmonious more, 'twas thus her words  
Prolong'd their sweetness—"let these be  
For symbols and for signs to Thee;  
Forthcoming Man, for whom was made  
This varied world of sun and shade:  
Fair in its hills and valleys, fair  
In groves, and glades, and forest bowers,  
The Gentl of the earth and air  
Have lavish'd their best offerings there;  
And mine I now have brought him—  
FLOWERS!  
These, these are mine especial care;  
And I have given them form and hue,  
For ornament and emblem too:  
Let them be symbols to the sense,  
(For they are passionless and pure,

And sinless quite,) that innocence  
Alone can happiness secure.  
Nursed by the sunshine and the shower,  
Buds grow to blossoms on the eye,  
And having pass'd their destined hour,  
Vanish away all painlessly—  
For sorrowing days and sleepless nights  
Are only Sin's dread perquisites—  
As each returning spring fresh races,  
Alike in beauty and in bloom,  
Shall rise to occupy their places,  
And shed on every breeze perfume.

Then let them teach him—Faith. They  
grow,  
But how and wherefore never know :—  
The morning bathes them with its dew,  
When fades in heaven its latest star;  
The sunshine gives them lustre new,  
And shows to noon each varied hue,  
Than Fancy's dreams more beautiful  
far;  
And night maternal muffles up  
In her embrace each tender cup.  
They toil not, neither do they spin,  
And yet so exquisite their bloom,  
Nor mimic Art, nor Tyrian loom  
Shall e'er to their perfection win.  
For million millions though they be,  
And like to each, the searcher not  
From out the whole one pair shall see  
Identical in stripe and spot".

At the celebrated Burns Festival held in 1844, at Ayr, Moir was one of the most distinguished guests, and, in honor of the greatest poet of Scotland, wrote the lines which we shall just now



insert. Let us here observe, that Scotland has forgotten none of her celebrated sons of the first or second order of genius—Burns, Scott, Motherwell, Moir—all have their monuments; but in Ireland we only talk of the memory of the dead; and even the great kings of faction—the strongest claimants to popular Irish gratitude—are uncommemorated by monumental stone. The monument to O'Connell seems forgotten; the testimonial to the fame of Moore has but a monthly revival in public recollection. Henry Grattan is remembered in the rejection of his son, when seeking to represent in Parliament the county which he spent thousands of pounds to open for his party. Alas!—"The unwilling gratitude of base mankind!"

Moir's lines on Burns are as follow:—

I.

SEIZ the beal-fire, wave the banner,  
Bid the thundering cannon sound,  
Rend the skies with acclamation,  
Stun the woods and waters round,  
Till the echoes of our gathering  
Turn the world's admiring gaze  
To this act of deuteous homage  
Scotland to her Poet pays.  
Fill the banks and braes with music,  
Be it loud and low by turns—  
That we owe the deathless glory,  
This the hapless fate of Burns.

II.

Born within the lowly cottage  
To a destiny obscure,  
Doom'd through youth's exulting spring-  
time  
But to labour and endure—  
Yet Despair he elbow'd from him;  
Nature breath'd with holy joy,  
In the hush of morn and evening,  
On the eyelids of the boy;  
And his country's Genius bound him  
Laurels for his sunburnt brow,  
When inspired and proud she found him,  
Like Kilahe, at the plough.

III.

On, exulting in his magic,  
Swept the gifted peasant on—  
Though his feet were on the greensward,  
Light from Heaven around him shone;  
At his conjuration, demons  
Issued from their darkness drear;  
Hovering round on silver pinions,  
Angels stoop'd his songs to hear;  
Bow'd the Fissions to his bidding,  
Terror gaunt, and Pity calm;  
Like the organ pour'd his thunder,  
Like the lute his fairy psalm.

IV.

Lo! when clover-swathees lay round him,  
Or his feet the furrow press'd,  
He could mourn the sever'd daisy,  
Or the mouse's ruin'd nest;

Woven of gloom and glory, visions  
Haunting throug'd his twilight hour;  
Birds enthral'd him with sweet music,  
Tempests with their tones of power;  
Eagle-wing'd, his mounting spirit  
Custom's rusty fetters spurn'd;  
Tasso-like, for Jean he melted,  
Wallace-like, for Scotland burn'd!

V.

Scotland!—dear to him was Scotland,  
In her sons and in her daughters,  
In her Highlands, Lowlands, Islands,  
Regal woods, and rushing waters;  
In the glory of her story,  
When her tartans fired the field,—  
Scotland! oft betray'd—beleaguerr'd—  
Scotland! never known to yield!  
Dear to him her Doric language,  
Thrill'd his heart-strings at her name;  
And he left her more than rubies,  
In the riches of his fame.

VI.

Sons of England!—sons of Erin!  
Ye who journeying from afar,  
Throng with us the shire of Coila,  
Led by Burns's guiding-star—  
Proud we greet you—ye will join us,  
As, on this triumphant day,  
To the champions of his genius  
Grateful thanks we duly pay—  
Currie—Chambers—Lockhart—Wilson—  
Carlyle—who his bones to save  
From the wolfish fiend, Detraction,  
Couch'd like lions round his grave.

VII.

Daughter of the Poet's mother!  
Here we hail thee with delight;  
Shower'd be every earthly blessing  
On thy locks of silver white!  
Sons of Burns, a hearty welcome,  
Welcome home from India's strand,  
To a heart-loved land far dearer,  
Since your glorious Father's land!—  
Words are worthless—look around you—  
Labour'd tomes far less could say  
To the sons of such a father,  
Than the sight of such a day!

## VIII.

Judge not ye, whose thoughts are fingers,  
Of the hands that witch the lyre—  
Greenland has its mountain icebergs,  
Ætna has its heart of fire;  
Calculation has its plummet;  
Self-control its iron rules;  
Genius has its sparkling fountains;  
Dulness has its stagnant pools;  
Like a halcyon on the waters,  
Burns's chart disdain'd a plan—  
In his soarings he was Heavenly,  
In his sinkings he was man.

## IX.

As the sun from out the orient  
Pours a wider, warmer light,  
Till he floods both earth and ocean,  
Blessing from the zenith's height;  
So the glory of our Poet,  
In its deathless power serene,

Shines, as rolling time advances,  
Warmer felt, and wider seen :  
First Doon's banks and braes contain'd it,  
Then his country form'd its span :  
Now the wide world is its empire,  
And its throne the heart of man.

## X.

Home returning, each will carry  
Proud remembrance of this day,  
When exulted Scotland's bosom  
Homage to her Bard to pay :—  
When our jubilee to brighten,  
Eglinton with Wilson vied,  
Wealth's regards and Rank's distinctions  
For the season set aside;  
And the peasant, peer, and poet,  
Each put forth an equal claim,  
For the twining of his laurel  
In the wreath of Burns's fame!

We have already mentioned the chief and valuable papers contributed by Moir to the literature of his country. His principal poems are in the volumes from which we write; but about all his life there was a beautiful Christian spirit, a loving anxiety to serve his fellow men, which he embodied and condensed in the sentiment—"I wish to live not one minute longer than I can serve my kind." He was only a country doctor, but he followed his profession for bread, whilst his heart yearned after the poet's life. There is a moral in all this, and it is, that from his memoir we may learn how there is a patient, cheerful, endurance,—an honest martyrdom of feeling to duty and to right, more noble, perhaps, in its quiet glory before the Almighty, than the fame of him over whose grave the banner of a people may float, the cannon-thunder roll, or above whose tomb a nation's voice may shout—"Here Sleeps a Hero." Moir died on Sunday, the 6th of July, 1851. He was buried on the 10th of July, in the churchyard of Inveresk. The Town Council of Musselburgh, the Provost and Magistrates, and the Kirk-Session of Inveresk attended. His old literary friends were also there—Wilson, Alison, Christison, Aytoun, the Blackwoods, Robert Chambers, and, indeed, all whom a literary Scotsman could desire should follow his hearse.

With the succeeding lines we close our notice of Moir :—

## THE CHILD'S BURIAL IN SPRING.

## I.

WHERE ocean's waves to the hollow caves murmur a low wild hymn,  
In pleasant musing I pursued my solitary way;  
Then upwards wending from the shore, amid the woodland's dim,  
From the gentle height, like a map in sight, the downward country lay.

## II.

'Twas in the smile of "green April," a cloudless noontide clear;  
In ecstasy the birds sang forth from many a leafing tree;  
Both bud and bloom, with fresh perfume, proclaim'd the awaken'd year;  
And Earth, array'd in beauty's robes, seem'd Heaven itself to be.

## III.

So cheerfully the sun shone out, so smilingly the sky  
O'erarched green earth, so pleasantly the stream meander'd on,  
So joyous was the murmur of the honey-bee and fly,  
That of our fall, which ruin'd all, seem'd traces few or none.

## IV.

Then hopes, whose gilded pageantry wore all the hues of truth—  
Elysian thoughts—Arcadian dreams—the poet's fabling strain—  
Again seem'd shedding o'er our world, an amaranthine youth,  
And left no vestiges behind of death, decay or pain.

## V.

At length I reach'd a churchyard-gate—a churchyard? Yes! but there  
Breathed out such calm serenity o'er every thing around,  
That "the joy of grief" (as Ossian sings) o'erbalm'd the very air,  
And the place was less a mournful place than consecrated ground.

## VI.

Beneath the joyous noontide sun, beneath the cloudless sky,  
'Mid bees that humm'd, and birds that sang, and flowers that gemm'd the wild,  
The sound of measured steps was heard—a grave stood yawning by—  
And lo! in sad procession slow, the Funeral of a Child!

## VII.

I saw the little coffin borne unto its final rest;  
The dark mould shovell'd o'er it, and replaced the daisied sod;  
I marked the deep convulsive throes that heaved the Father's breast,  
As he return'd (too briefly given) that loan of love to God!

## VIII.

Then rose in my rebellious heart unhallow'd thoughts and wild,  
Daring the inscrutable decrees of Providence to scan—  
How death should be allotted to a pure, a sinless child,  
And length of days the destiny of sinful, guilty man!

## IX.

The laws of the material world seem'd beautiful and clear;  
The day and night, the bloom and blight, and seasons as they roll  
In regular vicissitude to form a circling year,  
Made up of parts dissimilar, and yet a perfect whole.

## X.

But darkness lay o'er the moral way which man is told to tread;  
A shadow veil'd the beam divine by Revelation lent:  
"How awfully mysterious are thy ways, O Heaven!" I said;  
"We see not whence, nor know for what, fate's arrows oft are sent!"

## XI.

Under the shroud of the sullen cloud, when the hills are capp'd with snow,  
When the moaning breeze, through the leafless trees, bears tempest on its wing—  
In the winter's wrath, we think of death; but not when lilies blow,  
And Lazarus-like, from March's tomb walks forth triumphant Spring.

## XII.

As in distress o'er this wilderness I mused of stir and strife,  
Where, 'mid the dark, seem'd scarce a mark our tangled path to scan,  
A shadow o'er the season fell; a cloud o'er human life—  
A veil to be by eternity but ne'er by time withdrawn!

Our next poet, Mr. Aird, is neither so well known, nor so extensively read, as his merits deserve. We may assert, with-

out the slightest doubt, that his poems are hardly known to one in twenty of the general class of Irish readers, yet there are few finer modern poems than his *The Devil's Dream*, and *The Demoniac*. *The Captive of Fez* is also very poetically and nobly conceived. That the reader may be fully able to appreciate the wild beauty of *The Devil's Dream*, we insert it entire :—

## THE DEVIL'S DREAM.

## I.

Beyond the north where Ural hills from polar tempests run,  
A glow went forth at midnight hour as of unwonted sun ;  
Upon the north at midnight hour a mighty noise was heard,  
As if with all his trampling waves the Ocean were unbarred ;  
And high a grisly Terror hung, upstarting from below,  
Like fiery arrow shot aloft from some unmeasured bow.

## II.

'Twas not the obedient seraphs form that burns before the Throne,  
Whose feathers are the pointed flames that tremble to be gone :  
With twists of faded glory mixed, grim shadows wove his wing ;  
An aspect like the hurrying storm proclaimed the Infernal King.  
And up he went, from native might, or holy sufferance given,  
As if to strike the starry boss of the high and vaulted heaven.

## III.

Aloft he turned in middle air like falcon for his prey,  
And bowed to all the winds of heaven as if to flee away ;  
Till broke a cloud—a phantom host, like glimpses of a dream,  
Sowing the Syrian wilderness with many a restless gleam :  
He knew the flowing chivalry, the swart and turbaned train,  
That far had pushed the Moslem faith, and peopled well his reign :

## IV.

With stooping pinion that outflew the Prophet's winged steed,  
In pride throughout the desert bounds he led the phantom speed ;  
But prouder yet he turned alone and stood on Tabor hill,  
With scorn as if the Arab swords had little helped his will :  
With scorn he looked to west away, and left their train to die,  
Like a thing that had awaked to life from the gleaming of his eye.

## V.

What hill is like to Tabor hill in beauty and in fame ?  
There in the sad days of his flesh o'er Christ a glory came ;  
And light o'erflowed him like a sea, and raised his shining brow ;  
And the voice went forth that bade all worlds to God's Beloved bow.  
One thought of this came o'er the Fiend, and raised his startled form ;  
And up he drew his swelling skirts as if to meet the storm.

## VI.

With wing that stripped the dews and birds from off the boughs of night,  
Down over Tabor's trees he whirled his fierce distempered flight ;  
And westward o'er the shadowy earth he tracked his earnest way,  
Till o'er him shone the utmost stars that hem the skirts of day ;  
Then higher 'neath the sun he flew above all mortal ken,  
Yet looked what he might see on earth to raise his pride again.

## VII.

He saw a form of Africa low sitting in the dust ;  
The feet were chained, and sorrow thrilled throughout the sable bust.  
The idol, and the idol's priest he hailed upon the earth,  
And every slavery that brings wild passions to the birth.  
All forms of human wickedness were pillars of his fame,  
All sounds of human misery his kingdom's loud acclaim.

## VIII.

Exulting o'er the rounded earth again he rode with Night,  
Till, sailing o'er the untrodden top of Aksbeck high and white,  
He closed at once his weary wings, and touched the shining hill;  
For less his flight was easy strength than proud unconquered will:  
For sin had dulled his native strength, and spoilt the holy law  
Of impulse whence the Archangel forms their earnest being draw.

## IX.

And sin had drunk his brightness, since his Heavenly days went by:  
Shadows of care and sorrow dwell in his proud immortal eye;  
Like little sparry pools that glimpee 'midst mark and haggard rocks,  
Quick fitful gleams came o'er his cheek black with the thunder-strokes;  
Like coast of lurid darkness were his forehead's shade and light,  
Lit by some far volcanic fire, and strewed with wrecks of night.

## X.

Like hovering bird that fears the snare, or like the startled Sleep  
That ne'er its couch on eyelids of blood-guilty men will keep,  
His ruffled form that trembled much, his swarthy soles unblest,  
As if impatient to be gone, still hovering could not rest;  
Still looking up unto the moon clear set above his head,  
Like mineral hill where gold grows ripe, sore gleams his forehead shed.

## XI.

Winds rose: from 'neath his settling feet were driven great drifts of snow;  
Like hoary hair from off his head did white clouds streaming go;  
The gulfy pinewoods far beneath roared surging like a sea;  
From out their lairs the striding wolves came howling awfully.  
But now upon an ice-glazed rock, severely blue, he leant,  
His spirit heedless of the storm that round about him went.

## XII.

In nature's Joy he felt fresh night blow on his fiery scars;  
In proud Regret he fought anew his early hapless wars;  
From human misery lately seen, his Malice yet would draw  
A hope to blast one plan of God, and check sweet Mercy's law;  
An endless line of future years was stern Despair's control:  
And deep these master Passions wove the tempest of his soul.

## XIII.

O! for the form in Heaven that bore the morn upon his brow!  
Now, run to worse than mortal dross, that Lucifer must bow.  
And o'er him rose, from Passion's strife, like spray-cloud from the deep,  
A slumber, not the Cherub's soft and gauzy veil of sleep,  
But like noon's breathless thunder-cloud, of sultry smothered gleam;  
And God was still against his soul to plague him with a dream.

## XIV.

In vision he was borne away, where Lethe's slippery wave  
Creeps like a black and shining snake into a silent cave,—  
A place of still and pictured life: its roof was ebon air,  
And blasted as with dim eclipse the sun and moon were there:  
It seemed the grave of man's lost world—of Beauty caught by blight.  
The Dreamer knew the work he marred, and felt a Fiend's delight.

## XV.

The lofty cedar on the hills by viewless storms was swung,  
And high the thunder-fires of heaven among its branches hung;  
In drowsy heaps of feathers sunk, all fowls that fly were there;  
Their heads for ever 'neath their wings, no more to rise in air;  
From woods the forms of lions glared, and hasty tigers broke;  
The harnessed steed lay in his pains, the heifer 'neath the yoke.

## XVI.

All creatures once of earth are there, all sealed with Death's pale seal  
On Lethe's shore: dull sliding by her sleepy waters steal  
O'er cities of imperial name, and styled of endless sway,  
The silent river slowly creeps, and licks them all away.  
This is the place of God's First Wrath—the mate creation's fall—  
Earth marred—the woes of lower life—oblivion over all.

## XVII.

Small joy to him that marred our world! for he is worried on,  
Made, even in dreams, to dread that place where yet he boasts his throne:  
Through portals driven, a horrid pile of grim and hollow bars,  
Wherein clear spirits of tinctured life career in prisoned wars,  
Down on the Second Lake he's bowed, where final fate is wrought  
In meshes of eternal fire o'er beings of moral thought.

## XVIII.

A giant rock, like mineral stone, instinct with dull red glow,  
Its summit hid in darkness, rose from out the gulf below,  
Whose fretted surf of gleaming waves still broke against its sides.  
All serpents, as if spun from out the lashings of those tides,  
Sprung disengaged, and darted up that damned cliff amain,  
Their bellies skinned with glossy fire: But none came down again.

## XIX.

These be the Careas, still coming Careas, that hang upon Hell's throne,  
And live with him, nor leave him, who has reared it on that stone.  
Clouds round it are, that he at will may hide his haughty woe;  
But ah! no fence has it to stay those comers from below.  
The Dreamer heard a kingly groan: his own voice ill suppressed  
He knew, but could not see himself on his high seat distressed.

## XX.

Far off, upon the fire-burnt coast, some naked beings stood;  
Down o'er them, like a stream of mist, the Wrath was seen to brood.  
At half-way distance stood, with head beneath his trembling wing,  
An Angel shape, intent to shield his special suffering.  
And nearer, as if overhead, were voices heard to break;  
Yet were they cries of souls that lived beneath the weltering Lake.

## XXI.

And ever, as with grizzly gleam the crested waves came on,  
Up rose a melancholy form with short impatient moan,  
Whose eyes like living jewels shone, clear-purged by the flame;  
And sore the salted fires had washed the thin immortal frame;  
And backward, in sore agony, the Being stripped its locks,  
As a maiden, in her beauty's pride, her clasped tresses strokes.

## XXII.

High tumbling hills of glossy ore reeled in the yellow smoke,  
As shaded round the uneasy land their sultry summits broke.  
Above them lightnings to and fro ran crossing evermore,  
Till, like a red bewildered map, the skies were scribbled o'er.  
High in the unseen cupola o'er all were ever heard  
The mustering stores of Wrath that fast their coming forms prepared.

## XXIII.

Wo, wo to him whose wickedness first dug this glaring pit!  
For this new terrors in his soul by God shall yet be lit.  
In vision still to plague his heart, the Fiend is stormed away,  
In dreadful emblem to behold what waits his future day;  
Away beyond the thundering bounds of that tremendous Lake,  
Through dim bewildered shadows that no living semblance take.

## XXIV.

O'er soft and unsubstantial shades that towering visions seem,  
Through kingdoms of forlorn repose, went on the hurrying dream;  
Till down, where feet of hills might be, he by a Lake was stayed  
Of still red fire—a molten plate of terror unalloyed—  
A mirror where Jehovah's Wrath, in majesty alone,  
Comes in the night of worlds to see its armour girded on.

## XXV.

The awful walls of shadows round might dusky mountains seem,  
But never holy light hath touched an outline with its gleam;  
'Tis but the eye's bewildered sense that fain would rest on form,  
And make night's thick blind presence to created shapes conform.  
No stone is moved on mountain here by creeping creature crossed,  
No lonely harper comes to harp upon this fiery coast.

## XXVI.

Here all is solemn idleness : no music here, no jara,  
Where Silence guards the coast, o'er thrill her everlasting bara.  
No sun here shines on wanton isles ; but o'er the burning sheet  
A rim of restless halo shakes, which marks the internal heat ;  
Aa, in the days of beauteous earth, we see with dazzled sight  
The red and setting sun o'erflow with rings of welling light.

## XXVII.

Oh ! here in dread abeyance lurks of uncreated things  
The Last Lake of God's Wrath, where He his first great Enemy brings.  
Deep in the bosom of the gulf the Fiend was made to stay,  
Till, as it seemed, ten thousand years had o'er him rolled away :  
In dreams he had extended life to bear the fiery space ;  
But all was passive, dull, and stern within his dwelling-place.

## XXVIII.

O ! for a blast of tenfold ire to rouse the giant surge,  
Him from that flat fixed lethargy impetuously to urge !  
Let him but rise, but ride upon the tempest-crested wave  
Of fire enridged tumultuously, each angry thing he'd brave !  
The strokes of Wrath, thick let them fall ! a speed so glorious dread  
Would bear him through, the clinging pains would strip from off his head.

## XXIX.

At last, from out the barren womb of many thousand years,  
A sound as of the green-leaved earth his thirsty spirit cheers ;  
And O ! a presence soft and cool came o'er his burning dream,  
A form of beauty clad about with fair creation's beam ;  
A low sweet voice was in his ear, thrilled through his inmost soul,  
And these the words that bowed his heart with softly sad control :—

## XXX.

" No sister o'er hath been to thee with pearly eyes of love ;  
No mother o'er hath wept for thee, an outcast from above ;  
No hand hath come from out the cloud to wash thy scarred face ;  
No voice to bid thee lie in peace, the noblest of thy race :  
But bow thee to the God of Love, and all shall yet be well,  
And yet in days of holy rest and gladness thou shalt dwell.

## XXXI.

" And thou shalt dwell 'midst leaves and rills far from this torrid heat,  
And I with streams of cooling milk with bathe thy blistered feet ;  
And when the troubled tears shall start to think of all the past,  
My mouth shall haste to kiss them off, and chase thy sorrows fast ;  
And thou shalt walk in soft white light with kings and priests abroad,  
And thou shalt summer high in bliss upon the hills of God."

## XXXII.

So spake the unknown Cherub's voice, of sweet affection full,  
And dewy lips the Dreamer kissed till his lava breast was cool.  
In dread revulsion woke the Fiend, as from a mighty blow,  
And sprung a moment on his wing his wonted strength to know ;  
Like ghosts that bend and glare on dark and scattered shores of night,  
So turned he to each point of heaven to know his dream aright.

## XXXIII.

The vision of this Last Stern Lake, oh ! how it plagued his soul,  
Type of that dull eternity that on him soon must roll,  
When plans and issues all must cease that earlier care beguiled,  
And never era more shall be a landmark on the wild :  
Nor failure nor success is there, nor busy hope nor fame,  
But passive fixed endurance, all eternal and the same.

## XXXIV.

So knew the Fiend, and fain would he down to oblivion go ;  
But back from fear recoiling sprung his proud spirit, like a bow.  
He saw the heavens above his head upstayed bright and high ;  
The planets, undisturbed him, were shining in the sky ;  
The silent magnanimity of Nature and her God  
With anguish smote his haughty soul, and sent his Hell abroad.

## XXXV.

His pride would have the works of God to shew the signs of fear,  
 With flying Angels to and fro to watch his dread career ;  
 But all was calm : He felt night's dew upon his sultry wing,  
 And gnashed at the impartial laws of Nature's mighty King ;  
 Above control, or show of hate, they no exception made,  
 But gave him dew, like aged thorn, or little grassy blade.

## XXXVI.

Terrible, like the mustering manes of the cold and curly sea,  
 So grew his eye's enridged gleams ; and doubt and danger flee :  
 Like veteran band's grim valour slow, that moves to avenge its chief,  
 Up slowly drew the Fiend his form, that shook with proud relief :  
 And he will upward go, and pluck the windows of high Heaven,  
 And stir their calm insulting peace, though tenfold Hell be given.

## XXXVII.

Quick as the levin, whose blue forks lick up the life of man,  
 Aloft he sprung, and through his wings the piercing north wind ran ;  
 Till, like a glimmering lamp that's lit in laser-house by night,  
 To see what mean the sick man's cries, and set his bed aright,  
 Which in the damp and sickly air the sputtering shadows mar,  
 So gathered darkness high the Fiend, till swallowed like a star.

## XXXVIII.

What judgment from the tempted Heavens shall on his head go forth ?  
 Down headlong through the firmament he fell upon the north.  
 The stars are up untroubled all in the lofty fields of air :  
 The will of God's enough, without His red right arm made bare.  
 'Twas He that gave the Fiend a space, to prove him still the same ;  
 Then bade wild Hell, with hideous laugh, be stirred her prey to claim.

As another specimen of Mr. Aird's power, we insert *The Swallow*, a song from his Wordsworthian poem, *Frank Sylvan*. It is so very beautiful, that we regret it is not more generally known :—

## THE SWALLOW.

The swallow, bonnie birdie, comes sharp twittering o'er the sea,  
 And gladly is her carol heard for the sunny days to be ;  
 She shares not with us wintry glooms, but yet, no faithless thing,  
 She hunts the summer o'er the earth with wearied little wing.

The lambs-like snow all nibbling go upon the ferny hills ;<sup>1</sup>  
 Light winds are in the leafy woods, and birds, and bubbling rills ;  
 Then welcome, little swallow, by our morning lattice heard,  
 Because thou com'st when Nature bids bright days be thy reward !

Thine be sweet mornings with the bee that's out for honey-dew ;  
 And glowing be the noontide for the grasshopper and you ;  
 And mellow shine, o'er day's decline, the sun to light thee home :  
 What can molest thy airy nest ? sleep till the day-spring come !

The river blue that rushes through the valley hears thee sing,  
 And murmurs much beneath the touch of thy light-dipping wing.  
 The thunder-cloud, over us bowed, in deeper gloom is seen,  
 When quick relieved it glances to thy bosom's silvery sheen.

The silent Power that brought thee back with leading-strings of love  
 To haunts where first the summer sun fell on thee from above,  
 Shall bind thee more to come aye to the music of our leaves,  
 For here thy young, where thou hast sprung, shall glad thee in our caves.

O ! all thy life's one pleasant hymn to God who sits on high,  
 And gives to thee, o'er land and sea, the sunshine of His sky ;  
 And aye our summer shall come round, because it is His word ;  
 And aye we'll welcome back again its little travelling bird.



Mr. Aird has written a very eloquent and admirable prose work, entitled *Religious Characteristics*; but we must conclude our notice by presenting the following: the thoughts embodied in it have, with their holy sorrow, saddened many a weary heart:—

## MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

O! rise, and sit in soft attire!  
Wait but to know my soul's desire!  
I'd call thee back to earthly days,  
To cheer thee in a thousand ways!  
Ask but this heart for monument,  
And mine shall be a large content!

A crown of brightest stars to thee!  
How did thy spirit wait for me,  
And nurse thy waning light, in faith  
That I would stand 'twixt thee and death!  
Then tarry on thy bowing shore,  
Till I have asked thy sorrows o'er!

I came not, and I cry to save  
Thy life from the forgetful grave  
One day, that I may well declare  
How I have thought of all thy care,  
And love thee more than I have done,  
And make thy days with gladness run.

I'd tell thee where my youth has been,  
Of perils past, of glories seen;  
I'd tell thee all my youth has done,  
And ask of things to choose and shun,  
And smile at all thy needless fears,  
But bow before thy solemn tears.

Come, walk with me, and see fair earth,  
And men's glad ways; and join their mirth!  
Ah me! is this a bitter jest?  
What right have I to break thy rest?  
Well hast thou done thy worldly task,  
Nothing hast thou of me to ask.

Men wonder till I pass away,  
They think not but of useless clay:  
Alas! for Age, that this should be!  
But I have other thoughts of thee;  
And I would wade thy dusty grave,  
To kiss the head I cannot save.

O! for life's power, that I might see  
Thy visage swelling to be free!  
Come near, O! burst that earthy cloud,  
And meet me, meet me, lowly bowed!  
Alas! in corded stiffness pent,  
Darkly I guess thy lineament.

I might have lived, and thou on earth,  
And been to thee like stranger's birth,  
Mother; but now that thou art gone,  
I feel as in the world alone:  
The wind that lifts the streaming tree,  
The skies seem cold and strange to me:

I feel a hand untwist the chain  
Of all thy love, with shivering pain,  
From round my heart: This bosom's bare,  
And less than wanted life is there.  
Ay, well indeed it may be so!  
And well for thee my tears may flow!

Because that I of thee was part,  
Made of the blood-drops of thy heart;  
My birth I from thy body drew,  
And I upon thy bosom grew;  
Thy life was set my life upon;  
And I was thine, and not my own.

Because I know there is not one  
To think of me as thou hast done,  
From morn till star-light, year by year:  
For me thy smile repaid thy tear;  
And fears for me, and no reproof,  
When once I dared to stand aloof!

My punishment, that I was far  
When God unloosed thy weary star!  
My name was in thy faintest breath,  
And I was in thy dream of death;  
And well I know what raised thy head,  
When came the mourner's muffled tread!

Alas! I cannot tell thee now  
I could not come to hold thy brow.  
And wealth is late, nor ought I've won  
Were worth to hear thee call thy son  
In that dark hour when bands remove,  
And none are named but names of love.

Alas! for me, I missed that hour;  
My hands for this shall miss their power!  
For thee, the sun, and dew, and rain,  
Shall ne'er unbind thy grave again,  
Nor let thee up the light to see,  
Nor let thee up to be with me!

Yet sweet thy rest from care and strife,  
And many pains that hurt thy life!  
Turn to thy God—and blame thy son—  
To give thee more than I have done:  
Thou God, with joy beyond all years,  
Fill up the channels of her tears!—

Thou can'st not now for soft attire,  
Yet wilt thou hear my soul's desire;  
To earth I dare not call thee more,  
But speak from off thy awful shore:  
O! ask this heart for monument,  
And mine shall be a large content!

Having thus introduced Mr. Aird to our readers, we trust they will agree with the opinion expressed by Moir, in

his Life of Dr. Macnish—"Perhaps not one of the rising writers of this age has been less appreciated than Mr. Thomas Aird. In his 'Devil's Dream on Mount Asbeck'—certainly one of the most magnificent ballads in our language,—and in 'The Demoniac,' there is a power and a prodigality of imagery, conjoined with a splendour of imagination, which mark out his mind as one of a high order."

Mr. William Aytoun, the author of *Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers*, is Professor of Literature and Belles Lettres in the University of Edinburgh, and a member of the Scotch Bar, but resembling, in his legal pursuits, *Darsie Latimer*, rather than *Alan Fairford*. He has been for some years a constant contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine*; and, whether criticizing books, or smashing some absurdity of Cobden, Bright, and Co., he is inimitable. His mind seems cast in a mould something between those of Macnish and of Maginn; and for genuine Scotch humor, that broad fun which is Irish in all but recklessness, his writings equal the best passages of the *Legatees* or of *Mansie Wauch*. When Thackeray wrote, during the Railway mania, his admirable *Jeames's Diary*, in *Punch*, Aytoun was contributing to *Blackwood* a most droll and racy series of papers, entitled *How we got up the Glen Mutchkin Railway*, under the nom de plume *Augustus Dunshunner*. Aytoun also wrote, conjointly with Theodore Martin—Helen Faucit's husband—*The Book of Comic Ballads*. Some few years since he married a daughter of Professor Wilson; and it is more than probable he may succeed him as the Editor of that Magazine, to which *North* has been so long a glory. Whether Aytoun can ever write a *Noctes* equal to those of his father-in-law is a subject upon which we will not speculate. He possesses, however, vigor of style, brilliancy of fancy, and depth of genuine humor sufficient for the purpose; and, hard hitting as *Christopher's* attacks on his political opponents were, we have more than sufficient evidence before us to prove that Aytoun is able, and willing, to strike as stoutly in the cause of his fellow-countrymen, and against those who have been, as Rob Roy said of the Justice Warrants, "the plague of Scotland for these hundred years."

To the great body of readers Mr. Aytoun is best known by his *Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers*. There is, however, one exquisite poem, to which we think sufficient praise has not been awarded. Tennyson's *Locksley Hall*, *The Miller's Daughter*,

and *Lotos-Eaters*, have been lauded again and again ; but, in our mind, Aytoun's *Buried Flower* is far more exquisite, and tender, and poetical, than any of these just named :—

## THE BURIED FLOWER.

## I.

In the silence of my chamber,  
When the night is still and deep,  
And the drowsy heave of ocean  
Matters in its charmed sleep.

## II.

Oft I hear the angel-voices  
That have thrilled me long ago,—  
Voices of my lost companions,  
Lying deep beneath the snow.

## III.

O, the garden I remember,  
In the gay and sunny spring,  
When our laughter made the thickets  
And the arching alleys ring !

## IV.

O the merry burst of gladness !  
O the soft and tender tone !  
O the whisper never uttered  
Save to one fond ear alone !

## V.

O the light of life that sparkled  
In those bright and bounteous eyes !  
O the blush of happy beauty,  
Tell-tale of the heart's surprise !

## VI.

O the radiant light that girdled  
Field and forest, land and sea,  
When we all were young together,  
And the earth was new to me !

## VII.

Where are now the flowers we tended ?  
Withered, broken, branch and stem ;  
Where are now the hopes we cherished ?  
Scattered to the winds with them.

## VIII.

For ye, too, were flowers, ye dear ones !  
Nursed in hope and reared in love,  
Looking fondly ever upward  
To the clear blue heaven above :

## IX.

Smiling on the sun that cheered us,  
Rising lightly from the rain,  
Never folding up your freshness  
Save to give it forth again :

## X.

Never shaken, save by accents  
From a tongue that was not free,  
As the modest blossom trembles  
At the wooing of the bee.

## XI.

O ! 'tis sad to lie and reckon  
All the days of faded youth,  
All the vows that we believed in,  
All the words we spoke in truth.

## XII.

Severed—were it severed only  
By an idle thought of strife,  
Such as time may knit together ;  
Not the broken chord of life !

## XIII.

O my heart ! that once so truly  
Kept another's time and tune,  
Heart, that kindred in the spring-tide,  
Look around thee in the noon !

## XIV.

Where are they who gave the impulse  
To thy earliest thought and flow ?  
Look around the ruined garden—  
All are withered, dropped, or low !

## XV.

Seek the birth-place of the lily,  
Dearer to the boyish dream  
Than the golden cups of Eden,  
Floating on its slumberous stream ;

## XVI.

Never more shalt thou behold her—  
She, the noblest, fairest, best :  
She that rose in fullest beauty,  
Like a queen, above the rest.

## XVII.

Only still I keep her image  
As a thought that cannot die ;  
He who raised the shade of Helen  
Had no greater power than I.

## XVIII.

O ! I fling my spirit backward,  
And I pass o'er years of pain ;  
All I loved is rising round me,  
All the lost returns again.

## XIX.

Blow, for even blow, ye breezes,  
Warmly as ye did before !  
Bloom again, ye happy gardens  
With the radiant tints of yore !

## XX.

Warble out in spray and thicket,  
All ye choristers unseen ;  
Let the leafy woodland echo  
With an anthem to its queen !

## XX.

Lo! she cometh in her beauty,  
Stately with a Juno grace,  
Raven locks, Madonna-braided  
O'er her sweet and blushing face :

## XXII.

Eyes of deepest violet, beaming  
With the love that knows not shame—  
Lips that thrill my inmost being  
With the utterance of a name.

## XXIII.

And I bend the knee before her,  
As a captive ought to bow,—  
Pray thee, listen to my pleading,  
Sovereign of my soul art thou !

## XXIV.

O my dear and gentle lady !  
Let me show thee all my pain,  
Ere the words that late were prisoned  
Sink into my heart again.

## XXV.

Love, they say, is very fearful  
Ere its curtain be withdrawn,  
Trembling at the thought of error  
As the shadows scare the fawn.

## XXVI.

Love hath bound me to thee, lady !  
Since the well remembered day  
When I first beheld the coming  
In the light of lustrous May.

## XXVII.

Not a word I dared to utter—  
More than he who, long ago,  
Saw the heavenly shapes descending  
Over Ida's slopes of snow ;

## XXVIII.

When a low and solemn music  
Floated through the listening grove,  
And the throstle's song was silenced,  
And the dozing of the dove :

## XXIX.

When immortal beauty opened  
All its charms to mortal sight,  
And the awe of worship blended  
With the throbbing of delight.

## XXX.

As the shepherd stood before them  
Trembling in the Phrygian dell,  
Even so my soul and being  
Owned the magic of the spell ;

## XXXI.

And I watched thee ever fondly,  
Watched thee, dearest ! from afar,  
With the mute and humble homage  
Of the Indian to a star.

## XXXII.

Thou wert still the Lady Flora  
In her morning garb of bloom ;  
Where thou wert was light and glory,  
Where thou wert not, dearth and gloom.

## XXXIII.

So for many a day I followed  
For a long and weary while,  
Ere my heart rose up to bless thee  
For the yielding of a smile,—

## XXXIV.

Ere thy words were few and broken  
As they answered back to mine,  
Ere my lips had power to thank thee  
For the gift vouchsafed by thine.

## XXXV.

Then a mighty gush of passion  
Through my inmost being ran ;  
Then my older life was ended,  
And a dearer course began.

## XXXVI.

Dearer !—O ! I cannot tell thee  
What a load was swept away,  
What a world of doubt and darkness  
Faded in the dawning day !

## XXXVII.

All my error, all my weakness,  
All my vain delusions fled ;  
Hope again revived, and gladness  
Waved its wings above my head.

## XXXVIII.

Like the wanderer of the desert,  
When, across the dreary sand,  
Breathes the perfume from the thickets  
Bordering on the promised land :

## XXXIX.

When afar he sees the palm-trees  
Cresting o'er the lonely well,  
When he hears the pleasant tinkle  
Of the distant camel's bell :

## XL.

So a fresh and glad emotion  
Rose within my swelling breast,  
And I hurried swiftly onwards  
To the haven of my rest.

## XLI.

Thou wert there with word and welcome,  
With thy smile so purely sweet ;  
And I laid my heart before thee,  
Laid it, darling ! at thy feet.—

## XLII.

O ye words that sound so hollow  
As I now recall your tone !  
What are ye but empty echoes  
Of a passion crushed and gone ?

## XLIII.

Wherefore should I seek to kindle  
Light, when all around is gloom?  
Wherefore should I raise a phantom  
O'er the dark and silent tomb?

## XLIV.

Early wert thou taken, Mary!  
In thy fair and glorious prime,  
Ere the bees had ceased to murmur  
Through the umbrage of the lime.

## XLV.

Bads were blowing, waters flowing,  
Birds were singing on the tree,  
Every thing was bright and glowing,  
When the angels came for thee.

## XLVI.

Death had laid aside his terror,  
And he found thee calm and mild,  
Lying in thy robes of whiteness,  
Like a pure and stainless child.

## XLVII.

Hardly had the mountain-violet  
Spread its blossoms on the sod,

Ere they laid the turf above thee,  
And thy spirit rose to God.

## XLVIII.

Early wert thou taken, Mary!  
And I know 'tis vain to weep—  
Tears of mine can never wake thee  
From thy sad and silent sleep.

## XLIX.

O away! my thoughts are earthward!  
Not asleep, my love, art thou!  
Dwelling in the land of glory  
With the saints and angels now.

## L.

Brighter, fairer far than living,  
With no trace of woe or pain,  
Robed in everlasting beauty,  
Shall I see thee once again.

## LI.

By the light that never fadeth,  
Underneath eternal skies,  
When the dawn of resurrection  
Breaks o'er deathless Paradise.

In the *Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers* there is a noble martial spirit, that rings through the rhythm, and recalls the noblest bursts in *Scots Wha Hae*, Moore's *Oh! the Sight-entrancing*, or Campbell's *Britannia Needs No Bulwarks*. Of the *Lays* the following is the best:—

## THE BURIAL-MARCH OF DUNDEE.

## I.

Sound the fife, and cry the slogan—  
Let the pibroch shake the air  
With its wild triumphant music,  
Worthy of the freight we bear.  
Let the ancient hills of Scotland  
Hear once more the battle-song  
Swell within their glens and valleys  
As the clansmen march along!  
Never from the field of combat,  
Never from the deadly fray,  
Was a nobler trophy carried  
Than we bring with us to-day;  
Never since the valiant Douglas  
On his dauntless bosom bore  
Good King Robert's heart—the priceless—  
To our dear Redeemer's shore!  
Lo! we bring with us the hero—  
Lo! we bring the conquering Grème,  
Crowned as best becoms a victor  
From the altar of his fame;  
Fresh and bleeding from the battle  
Whence his spirit took its flight,  
Midst the crashing charge of squadrons,  
And the thunder of the fight!  
Strike, I say, the notes of triumph,  
As we march o'er moor and lea!  
Is there any here will venture  
To bewail our dead Dundee?

Let the widows of the traitors  
Weep until their eyes are dim!  
Wail ye may full well for Scotland—  
Let none dare to mourn for him!  
See! above his glorious body  
Lies the royal banner's fold—  
See! his vallant blood is mingled  
With its crimson and its gold.  
See how calm he looks and stately,  
Like a warrior on his shield,  
Waiting till the flush of morning  
Breaks along the battle-field!  
See—Oh never more, my comrades,  
Shall we see that falcon eye  
Redden with its inward lightning,  
As the hour of fight drew nigh!  
Never shall we hear the voice that,  
Clearer than the trumpet's call,  
Bade us strike for King and Country,  
Bade us win the field, or fall!

## II.

On the heights of Killiecrankie  
Yester-morn our army lay:  
Slowly rose the mist in columns  
From the river's broken way;  
Hoarsely roared the swollen torrent,  
And the Pass was wrapped in gloom.

When the clansmen rose together  
 From their lair amidst the broom.  
 Then we belted on our tartan,  
 And our bonnets down we drew,  
 As we felt our broadsword's edges,  
 And we proved them to be true;  
 And we prayed the prayer of soldiers,  
 And we cried the gathering cry,  
 And we clasped the hands of kinsmen,  
 And we swore to do or die!  
 Then our leader rode before us,  
 On his war-horse black as night—  
 Well the Cameronian rebels  
 Knew that charger in the fight!—  
 And a cry of exultation  
 From the bearded warriors rose;  
 For we loved the house of Claver's  
 And we thought of good Montrose.  
 But he raised his hand for silence—  
 "Soldiers! I have sworn a vow;  
 Ere the evening star shall glisten  
 On Schehallion's lofty brow,  
 Either we shall rest in triumph,  
 Or another of the Grames  
 Shall have died in battle-harness  
 For his Country and King James!  
 Think upon the Royal Martyr—  
 Think of what his race endure—  
 Think on him who butchers murder'd  
 On the field of Magnus Muir:—  
 By his sacred blood I charge ye,  
 By the ruined hearth and shrine—  
 By the blighted hopes of Scotland,  
 By your injuries and mine—  
 Strike this day as if the anvil  
 Lay beneath your blows the while,  
 Be they Covenanting traitors,  
 Or the brood of false Argyle!  
 Strike! and drive the trembling rebels  
 Backwards o'er the stormy Forth;  
 Let them tell their pale Convention  
 How they fared within the North.  
 Let them tell that Highland honour  
 Is not to be bought nor sold,  
 That we scorn their prince's anger  
 As we loathe his foreign gold.  
 Strike! and when the fight is over,  
 If you look in vain for me,  
 Where the dead are lying thickest  
 Search for him that was Dundee!"

## III.

Loudly then the hills re-echoed  
 With our answer to his call,  
 But a deeper echo sounded  
 In the bosoms of us all.  
 For the lands of wide Breadalbane,  
 Not a man who heard him speak  
 Would that day have left the battle.  
 Burning eye and flushing cheek  
 Told the clansmen's fierce emotion,  
 And they harder drew their breath;  
 For their souls were strong within them,  
 Stronger than the grasp of death.  
 Soon we heard a challenge-trumpet  
 Sounding in the Pass below,  
 And the distant tramp of horses,  
 And the voices of the foe:  
 Down we crouched amid the bracken,  
 Till the Lowland ranks drew near,  
 Panting like the hounds in summer,  
 When they scent the stately deer.

From the dark defile emerging,  
 Next we saw the squadrons come,  
 Lealie's foot and Leven's troopers  
 Marching to the tuck of drum;  
 Through the scattered wood of birches,  
 O'er the broken ground and heath,  
 Wound the long battalion slowly,  
 Till they gained the field beneath;  
 Then we bounded from our covert—  
 Judge how looked the Saxons then,  
 When they saw the rugged mountain  
 Start to life with armed men!  
 Like a tempest down the ridges  
 Swept the hurricane of steel,  
 Rose the slogan of Macdonald—  
 Flashed the broadsword of Lochell!  
 Vainly sped the withering valley  
 'Amongst the foremost of our band—  
 On we poured until we met them  
 Foot to foot, and hand to hand.  
 Horse and man went down like drift-wood  
 When the floods are black at Yule,  
 And their carcasses are whirling  
 In the Garry's deepest pool.  
 Horse and man went down before us—  
 Living foe there tarried none  
 On the field of Killcrankie,  
 When that stubborn fight was done!

## IV.

And the evening star was shining  
 On Schehallion's distant head,  
 When we wiped our bloody broadswords,  
 And returned to count the dead.  
 There we found him gaed and gory,  
 Stretched upon the cumbered plain,  
 As he told us where to seek him,  
 In the thickest of the slain.  
 And a smile was on his visage,  
 For within his dying ear  
 Pealed the joyful note of triumph,  
 And the clansmen's clamorous cheer:  
 So, amidst the battle's thunder,  
 Shot, and steel, and scorching flame,  
 In the glory of his manhood  
 Passed the spirit of the Grame!

## V.

Open wide the vaults of Athol,  
 Where the bones of heroes rest—  
 Open wide the hallowed portals  
 To receive another guest!  
 Last of Scots, and last of freemen—  
 Last of all that dauntless race  
 Who would rather die unsullied,  
 Than outlive the land's disgrace!  
 O thou lion-hearted warrior!  
 Reck not of the after-time:  
 Honour may be deemed dishonour,  
 Loyalty be called a crime.  
 Sleep in peace with kindred ashes  
 Of the noble and the true,  
 Hands that never failed their country,  
 Hearts that never baseness knew.  
 Sleep!—and till the latest trumpet  
 Wakes the dead from earth and sea,  
 Scotland shall not boast a braver  
 Chieftain than our own Dundee!

The last poet upon our list, he whose poems have been latest published, and the youngest of the band before us, is Alexander Smith. He is just one and twenty years of age, and his fancy is filled with fair and lovely visions gushing from his youthful heart. Youth is his imprint—he can no more divest his muse of greenness than could *Mr. Toots* of that powerful sense of juvenility that oppressed him. But Mr. Smith is a poet, not yet a great one, but still a poet whom Glasgow may enrol among her most valued sons—to the names of Motherwell, Macnish, Michael Scott, and Ritchie, she may add, unhesitatingly, that of Alexander Smith.—

“ A THING OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOR EVER.”

This is the deep springing fount of all Mr. Smith's inspiration : through all his poems there is a species of poetic eroticism, and in his profuse imagery the reader's mind becomes clogged with a lavish sweetness.

Three and twenty years ago, Effingham Wilson published *Poems, Chiefly Lyrical*, for a young man out of Lincolnshire, aged twenty, just as now David Bogue publishes *Poems, By Alexander Smith*. The *Poems, Chiefly Lyrical*, were beautiful ; but the author was young, and showed his youth in all the wild charms of his brilliant fancies. Much of what he published was nonsense, pure, unadulterated nonsense ; and he was smashed by the *Quarterly Review* with its usual good nature. Other critics, however, perceived the beauties whilst detecting the faults, and, through following the advice tendered by the latter, the poet was enabled, two years afterwards, to republish his volume, with an additional poem, admitted to be one of the most charming in the language, and now the favorite of Queen Victoria—the young man was Alfred Tennyson—the poem, *The Miller's Daughter*.

Mr. Smith should take to heart the moral of this little history. His poems, in our opinion, are in no respect inferior to those of the Laureat, and his *Life-Drama* is superior in execution and construction to *The Princess*, and equal in poetic beauty to most stanzas of *In Memoriam*. The danger, in Mr. Smith's case, is, that he may believe himself already a poet. Most of his verses have appeared in *The Critic*, and in the new, but very able weekly journal, *The Leader*, and as yet his reviewers have been friendly advocates rather than critics in judgment. He requires no advocate ; but he must not sit

down under a budding fig-tree, fancying it fruit-laden, believing himself a poet, because he has written the *Life-Drama*, with the other poems comprised in the volume before us. He must curb his fancy; he must moderate his love of the beautiful; he must, in a word, consider the *Life-Drama*, but—

“An earnest of what yet may be.”

Above all, he must not let his genius brood upon itself. If he were beside us now, we should say—Smith, you are young, full of fancy and life; but if you continue to write thus, you will be a “sumph.” You are as yet but a young calf poet, bounding through fragrant fields of beauty, with your tail cocked. Don’t be a puling milk sop; if you don’t smoke, begin now—if you sing a good song, sing it like a man, and don’t fear to hear the “Bells of St. Mungo’s Tower” ring midnight over your ancient burgh, but new-made city. Take your glass of toddy—you may take two—but no more—don’t be ashamed of it, and remember that Sir Walter, as Lockhart writes, “sincerely preferred a tumbler of whisky-toddy to the most precious ‘liquid ruby’ that ever flowed in the cup of a prince.” If you have a good story to tell, tell it, and laugh at any good one in return. You must not look at Tennyson or Moore, but must read, deeply and thoughtfully, Wordsworth—for his philosophy and his poetry, Aytoun—for his fiery vigor; Moir—for his grace and for his genius, for his thought, and feeling—all for their art. With these, and in the give and take of life’s bright round, you will *harden* into poet, and may become as world known as your immortal fellow townsman, *Bailie Nicol Jarvie*—“rest and bless him.”

Smith is a poet. Who but a poet could write this portrait—it may be of himself: it is a picture worth a dozen painted on canvas:—

‘Mong the green lanes of Kent—green sunny lanes—

Where troops of children shout, and laugh, and play,

And gather daisies, stood an antique home, Within its orchard, rich with ruddy fruits; For the full year was laughing in his prime.

Wealth of all flowers grew in that garden green,

And the old porch with its great oaken door

Was smothered in rose-blooms, while o’er the walls

The honeysuckle clung deliciously.

Before the door there lay a plot of grass,

Snowed o’er with daisies,—flower by all beloved,

And famousst in song—and in the midst,

A carved fountain stood, dried up and broken,

On which a peacock perched and sunned itself;

Beneath, two petted rabbits, snowy white,

Squatted upon the sward.

A row of poplars darkly rose behind,



Around whose tops, and the old-fashioned  
vance,  
White pigeons fluttered, and o'er all was  
bent  
The mighty sky, with sailing sunny clouds.  
One casement was thrown open, and within,  
A boy hung o'er a book of poetry,  
Silent as planet hanging o'er the sea.  
In at the casement open to the noon  
Came sweetest garden odours, and the  
hum—  
The drowsy hum—of the rejoicing bees,  
Heavened in blooms that overclad the walls;  
And the cool wind waved in upon his brow,

And stirred his curls. Soft fell the summer  
night.  
Then he arose, and with inspired lips said,—  
"Stars! ye are golden-voiced elarions  
To high-aspiring and heroic dooms.  
To-night, as I look up unto ye, Stars!  
I feel my soul rise to its destiny,  
Like a strong eagle to its eyre soaring.  
Who thinks of weakness underneath ye,  
Stars?  
A hum shall be on earth, a name be heard,  
An epitaph shall look up proud to God.  
Stars! read and listen, it may not be long."

The following extract exhibits the genius of our poet in another phase:—

WALTER.  
Within a city One was born to toll,  
Whose heart could not mate with the com-  
mon doom,  
To fall like a spent arrow in the grave.  
'Mid the eternal hum, the boy clomb up  
Into a shy and solitary youth,  
With strange joys and strange sorrows, oft  
to tears  
He was moved, he knew not why, when he  
has stood  
Among the lengthened shadows of the eve,  
Such feeling overflowed him from the sky.  
Alone he dwelt, solitary as a star  
Unsphered and exiled, yet he knew no  
scorn.  
Once did he say, "For me, I'd rather live  
With this weak human heart and yearning  
blood,  
Lonely as God,—than mate with barren  
souls;  
More brave, more beautiful, than myself  
must be  
The man whom truly I can call my Friend;  
He must be an Inspirer, who can draw  
To higher heights of Being, and ever stand  
O'er me in unreach'd beauty, like the  
moon;  
Soon as he fell in this, the crest and crown  
Of noble friendship, he is nought to me.  
What so unguessed as Death? Yet to the  
dead  
It lies as plain as yesterday to us.  
Let me go forward to my grave alone,  
What need have I to linger by dry wells?"  
Books were his chiefest friends. In them  
he read  
Of those great spirits who went down like  
suns,  
And left upon the mountain-tops of Death  
A light that made them lovely. His own  
heart  
Made him a Poet. Yesterday to him  
Was richer far than fifty years to come.  
Alchymist Memory turned his past to gold.  
When morn awakes against the dark wet  
earth,  
Back to the morn she laughs with dewy  
sides,  
Up goes her voice of larks! With like  
effect  
Imagination opened on his life,  
It lay all lovely in that rarer light.

He was with Nature on the sabbath-days,  
Far from the dressed throngs and the city  
bells,  
He gave his hot brows to the kissing wind,  
While restless thoughts were stirring in his  
heart.  
"These wordly men will kill me with their  
scorns,  
But Nature never mocks or jeers at me;  
Her dewy soothings of the earth and air  
Do wean me from the thoughts that madd  
my brain.  
Our interviews are stolen, I can look,  
Nature! in thy serene and griefless eyes  
But at long intervals; yet, Nature! yet,  
Thy silence and the fairness of thy face  
Are present with me in the booming streets.  
Yon quarry shattered by the bursting fire,  
And disembowelled by the biting pick,  
Kind Nature! Thou hast taken to thyself;  
Thy weeping Aprils and soft-blowing Mayas,  
Thy blossom-buried Junes, have smoothed  
its scars,  
And hid its wounds and trenches deep in  
flowers.  
So take my worn and passion-wasted heart,  
Maternal Nature! Take it to thyself,  
Erase the scars of scorn, the rents of hate,  
The wounds of alien eyes, visit my brain  
With thy deep peace, fill with thy calm  
my heart,  
And the quick courses of my human blood."  
Thus would he muse and wander, till the  
sun  
Reached the red-west, where all the waiting  
clouds,  
Attired before in homely dun and grey,  
Like Parasites that dress themselves in  
smiles  
To feed a great man's eye, in haste put on  
Their purple mantles rimmed with ragged  
gold,  
And congregating in a shining crowd,  
Flattered the sinking orb with faces bright.  
As slow he journeyed home, the wanderer  
saw  
The labouring fires come out against the  
dark,  
For with the night the country seemed on  
flame:  
Innumerable furnaces and pits,  
And gloomy holds, in which that bright  
slave, Fire,

Doth pant and toll all day and night for  
man,  
Threw large and angry lustres on the sky,  
And shifting lights along the long black  
roads.

Dungeoned in poverty, he saw afar  
The shining peaks of fame that wore the  
sun,  
Most heavenly bright, they mocked him  
through his bars.

A lost man wandered on the dreary sea,  
When loneliness bath somewhat touched  
his brain.

Doth shrink and shrink beneath the watch-  
ing sky,

Which hour by hour more plainly doth  
express

The features of a deadly enemy,  
Drinking his woes with a most hungry eye.  
Ev'n so, by constant staring on his illa,  
They grew worse-featured; till, in his great  
rage,

His spirit, like a roused sea, white with  
wrath,

Struck at the stars. "Hold fast! Hold  
fast! my brain!

Had I a curse to kill with, by yon Heaven!  
I'd feast the worms to-night." Dreadfuller  
words,

Whose very terror blanched his conscious  
lips,

He uttered in his hour of agony.  
With quick and subtle poison in his veins,

With madness burning in his heart and  
brain,

Wild words, like lightnings, round his pallid  
lips,

He rushed to die in the very eyes of God.  
'Twas late, for as he reached the open  
roads,

Where night was reddened by the drudging  
fire,

The drowsy steeples tolled the hour of  
One.

The city now was left long miles behind,  
A large black hill was looming 'gainst the  
stars,

He reached its summit. Far above his  
head,

Up there upon the still and mighty night,  
God's name was writ in worlds. Awhile he  
stood,

Silent and throbbing like a midnight star.  
He raised his hands, Alas! 't was not in  
prayer—

He long had ceased to pray. "Father," he  
said,

"I wished to loose some music o'er Thy  
world,

To strike from its firm seat some hoary  
wrong,

And then to die in autumn with the flowers,  
And leaves, and sunshine I have loved so  
well.

Thou might'st have smoothed my way to  
some great end—

But wherefore speak? Thou art the mighty  
God.

This gleaming wilderness of suns and  
worlds

Is an eternal and triumphant hymn,

Chanted by Thee unto Thine own great  
self!

Wrapt in Thy skies, what were my prayers  
to Thee?

My pangs? My tears of blood? They could  
not move

Thee from the depths of Thine immortal  
dream.

Thou hast forgotten me, God! Here, there-  
fore here,

To-night upon this bleak and cold hill-side,  
Like a forsaken watch-fire will I die,

And as my pale corpse fronts the glittering  
night,

It shall reproach Thee before all Thy  
worlds."

His death did not disturb that ancient  
Night.

Scornfullest Night! Over the dead there  
hung

Great gulfs of silence, blue, and strewn with  
stars—

No sound—no motion—in the eternal  
depths.

#### EDWARD.

New, what a sullen-blooded fool was this,  
At sulks with earth and Heaven! Could  
he not

Out-weep his passion like a blustering day,  
And be clear-skied thereafter? He, poor  
wretch,

Must needs be famous! Lord! how Poets  
geek

At Fame, their idol. Call't a worthless  
thing,

Colder than lunar rainbows, changefuller  
Than sleeked purples on a pidgeon's neck,

More transitory than a woman's love,  
The bubbles of her heart—and yet each  
mock

Would gladly sell his soul for one sweet  
crumb

To roll beneath his tongue.

#### WALTER.

Alas! the youth,  
Earnest as flame, could not so tame his  
heart

As to live quiet days. When the heart-  
sick Earth

Turns her broad back upon the gandy sun,  
And stoops her weary forehead to the  
night,

To struggle with her sorrow all alone,  
The moon, that patient sufferer, pale with  
pain,

Presses her cold lips on her sister's brow,  
Till she is calm. But in his sorrow's night  
He found no comforter. A man can bear

A world's contempt when he has that  
within

Which says he's worthy—when he contemns  
himself,

There burns the hell. So this wild youth  
was felled

In a great purpose—in an agony,  
In which he learned to hate and scorn  
himself,

He foamed at God, and died.

Here is a lady describing the husband whom she longs for; he is something in the mould of *Othello* as he stole away *Desdemona's* heart, when she

"wished  
That heaven had made her such a man."

Who'd leap in the chariot of my heart,  
And seize the reins, and wind it to his will,  
Must be of other stuff, my cub of Ind;  
White honour shall be like a plaything to  
him,  
Borne lightly, a pet falcon on his wrist;  
One who can feel the very pulse o' the  
time,  
Instant to act, to plunge into the strife,  
And with a strong arm hold the rearing  
world.  
In costly chambers hushed with carpets  
rich,  
Swept by proud beauties in their whistling  
silks,  
Mars' plait shall smooth to sweetness on his  
brow;  
His mighty front whose steel flung back the  
sun,

When horsed for battle, shall bend above a  
hand  
Laid like a lily in his tawny palm,  
With such a grace as takes the gazer's eye.  
His voice that shivered the mad trumpet's  
blare,—  
A new-raised standard to the reeling field,—  
Shall know to tremble at a lady's ear,  
To charm her blood with the fine touch of  
praise,  
And as she listens—steal away the heart.  
If the good gods do grant me such a man,  
More would I dote upon his trenched brows,  
His coal-black hair, proud eyes, and scornful  
lips,  
Than on a gallant, curled like Absalom,  
Cheek'd like Apollo, with his luted voice.

"Why 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style,  
A style for challengers,"

as that flirt of flirts, *Rosalind*, says. *Bobadil* is the only man for Smith's lady. Like the hair dresser's sweetheart in *Master Humphrey's Clock*, her husband must be "in the milingitary."

Smith, however, has better stuff in his genius than the above selected rant might lead the reader to suppose. He possesses fine descriptive powers. Thus he writes of *Resolution*:—

I will throw off this dead and useless past,  
As a strong runner, straining for his life,  
Unclasses a mantle to the hungry winds.  
A mighty purpose rises large and slow  
From out the fluctuations of my soul.  
As, ghost-like, from the dim and tumbling sea  
Starts the completed moon.

Thus of *Unrest*:—

Unrest! unrest! The passion-panting sea  
Watches the unvelled beauty of the stars  
Like a great hungry soul. The unquiet clouds  
Break and dissolve, then gather in a mass,  
And float like mighty icebergs through the blue.  
Summers, like blumhea, sweep the face of earth;  
Heaven yearns in stars. Down comes the frantic rain;  
We hear the wail of the remorseful winds  
In their strange penance. And this wretched orb  
Knows not the taste of rest; a maniac world,  
Homeless and sobbing through the deep she goes.

## Thus of Listlessness :—

My drooping sails

Flap idly 'gainst the mast of my intent.  
I rot upon the waters when my prow  
Should grate the golden lake.

## Thus he paints a child :—

Nearer I seem to God when looking on thee.  
'Tis ages since he made his youngest star,  
His hand was on thee as 'twere yesterday.  
Thou later Revelation ! Silver stream,  
Breaking with laughter from the lake divine,  
Whence all things flow.

## Here is Hopelessness :—

I see the future stretch

All dark and barren as a rainy sea.

## This is Solitude :—

'Twas here I spent my youth, as far removed  
From the great heavings, hopes, and fears of man,  
As unknown isle asleep in unknown seas.

The next extract is exquisite in its word painting and beauty of thought :—

The lark is singing in the blinding sky,  
Hedges are white with may. The bridegroom sea  
Is toying with the shore, his wedded bride,  
And, in the fulness of his marriage joy,  
He decorates her tawny brow with shells,  
Retires a space to see how fair she looks,  
Then proud, runs up to kiss her. All is fair—  
All glad, from grass to sun ! Yet more I love  
Than this, the shrinking day, that sometimes comes  
In Winter's front, so fair 'mong its dark peers,  
It seems a straggler from the files of June,  
Which in its wanderings had lost its wits,  
And half its beauty ; and, when it returned,  
Finding its old companions gone away,  
It joined November's troop, then marching past ;  
And so the frail thing comes, and greets the world  
With a thin crazy smile then bursts in tears,  
And all the while it holds within its hand  
A few half-withered flowers.

These extracts we consider more than sufficient to prove our statement that Alexander Smith is now a poet, and will be hereafter, with care, caution, and prudence, a great one.

Thus, having placed before the reader the chief of those Scottish lyrical poets, and writers of short pieces, inferior only to Burns, to Scott, and to Crabbe, our pleasant task is ended. Amongst our Scottish and English friends, personally and in a literary way, it is our pride and happiness to comprise many. It may appear that we have assumed some poets to be unknown who are well known, and have omitted the names of many who have struck bold or melodious chords upon The Harp of the North. Those who know Ireland will not hold this opinion. Politics and turmoil of party strife have left *our*

middle classes less time for reading, and possibly less taste for it, than those of the sister kingdoms; and amongst this class the *Melodies* of Thomas Moore most prized and best known are, *The Harp that once through Tara's Hall*, *The Minstrel Boy*, *On Lough Neagh's Banks*, to the exclusion of *Silent O Moyle*, *It is not the Tear this Moment Shed*—which possess mere poetry of the greatest beauty for recommendation, but divested of that meretricious and clinquant patriotism which the four recently published volumes of the poet's *Journal* proved to have been, certainly not in any way a speculation, or political trade, but, at best, only a sentimental maudlin myth. For this reason, and because of the four first poets upon our list very few indeed of the present generation know anything, we have thus written. This will explain why we have dwelt upon that which must appear stale to many of our readers in the sister islands; but, whilst anxious to make THE IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW “racy of the soil,” we wish to give our countrymen who may be ignorant of it, some experience of a literature which should be to them well known and familiar. Twenty-two years ago Barry Cornwall wrote—“It cannot be very flattering to our self-love to observe, that all the song-writers, except Mr. Moore, (and, I ought to have added, Dibdin,) are *Scottish* poets.” He was right then, and so they still continue. Of Gilfillan, of Tannahill, of Ramsay, of the Cunninghams (Allan and Peter), of Robert Nicholl, we have written nothing—they belong to another grade of the realm of poesy, and require a separate paper. We have also omitted Macaulay's name as a poet; but the following extracts from his poem *Pompeii*, which obtained the Chancellor's Medal at Cambridge Commencement, 1819, must be novel to many readers, and full of interest to all:—

The mirth and music thro' Pompeli rung,  
Then verdant wreaths on all her portals hung;  
Her sons, with solemn rite and jocund lay,  
Hail'd the glad splendours of that festal day;  
With fillets bound, the hoary priests advance,  
And rosy virgins braid the choral dance;  
The rugged warrior here unbends a while  
His iron front, and deigns a transient smile;  
There, frantic with delight, the ruddy boy  
Scarcely treads on earth, and bounds and laughs with joy;  
From ev'ry crowded altar perfumes rise  
In billowy clouds of fragrance to the skies;  
The milk-white monarch of the herd they lead,  
With gilded horns, at yonder shrine to bleed;  
And while the victim crops the brodered plain,  
And frisks and gambols tow'rd the destin'd fane,

They little deem that like himself they stray  
To death, unconscious, o'er a flowery way—  
Headless, like him, th' impending stroke await,  
And sport and wanton on the brink of fate.

But see, the op'ning theatre invites  
The fated myriads to its gay delights—  
In, in, they swarm, tumultuous as the roar  
Of foaming breakers on a rocky shore.  
Th' enraptur'd throng in breathless transport views  
The gorgeous temple of the Tragic Muse.  
There, while her wand in shadowy pomp arrays  
Ideal scenes, and forms of other days,  
Fair as the hopes of youth, a radiant band,  
The sister arts around her footstool stand,  
To deck their Queen, and lend a milder grace  
To the stern beauty of that awful face.  
Far, far, around the ravish'd eye surveys  
The sculptur'd forms of Gods and Heroes blaze—  
Above, the echoing roofs the peal prolong  
Of lofty converse, or melodious song,  
While, as the tones of passion sink or swell,  
Admiring thousands own the moral spell,  
Melt with the melting strains of fancy'd woe,  
With terror sicken, or with transport glow.  
Oh! for a voice like that which peal'd of old  
Thro' Salem's cedar courts and shrines of gold,  
And in wild accents round the trembling dome  
Proclaim'd the havoc of avenging Rome,  
While ev'ry palmy arch and sculptur'd tow'r  
Shook with the footsteps of the parting power.  
Such voice might check your tears, which idly stream  
For the vain phantoms of the Poet's dream—  
Might bid these terrors rise, those sorrows flow,  
For other perils, and for nearer woe.

The hour is come. Ev'n now the sulph'rous cloud  
Involves the city in its funeral shroud,  
And far along Campania's azure sky  
Expands its dark and boundless canopy.  
The Sun, tho' thron'd on heav'n's meridian height,  
Burns red and rayless thro' that sickly night.  
Each bosom felt at once the shudd'ring thrill,  
At once the music stopp'd—the song was still.  
None in that cloud's portentous shape might trace  
The fearful changes of another's face:  
But thro' that horrid stillness each could hear  
His neighbour's throbbing heart beat high with fear.

A moment's pause succeeds. Then wildly rise  
Grief's sobbing plaints and terror's frantic cries:  
The gates recoil, and towards the narrow pass,  
In wild confusion rolls the living mass.  
Death! when thy shadowy sceptre waves away  
From his sad couch the prisoner of decay,  
Tho' friendship view the close with glist'ning eye,  
And love's fond lips imbibe the parting sigh,  
By torture rack'd, by kindness sooth'd in vain,  
The soul still clings to being and to pain;  
But when have wilder terrors cloth'd thy brow,  
Or keen'r torments edg'd thy dart than now?  
When with thy regal horrors vainly strove  
The laws of Nature, and the power of Love;  
On mother's babes in vain for mercy call,  
Beneath the feet of brothers, brothers fall.  
Behold the dying wretch in vain upraise  
Tow'rs yonder well-known face the accusing gaze.  
She, trampled to the earth, th' expiring maid  
Clings round her lover's feet and shrieks for aid;  
Vain is th' imploring glance, the frensy'd cry—  
All, all is fear—to succour is to die.  
Saw ye how wild, how red, how broad a light  
Burst on the darkness of that mid-day night,  
As fierce Vesuvius scatter'd o'er the vale  
His drifted flames and sheets of burning hail,

Shook hell's wan lightnings from his blazing cone,  
And glided heaven with meteors not its own !

Oh ! who may sing that hour of mortal strife,  
When nature calls on death, yet clings to life ?  
Who paint the wretch that draws sepulchral breath,  
A living pris'ner in the house of Death ?  
Pale as the corse which loads the funeral pile,  
With face convuls'd, that writhes the ghastly smile,  
Behold him, speechless, move with hurry'd pace  
Incessant round his dungeon's cavern'd space—  
Now shriek in terror, and now groan in pain,  
Gnaw his white lips, and strike his burning brain,  
Till fear o'erstrained in stupor dies away,  
And madness wreasts his victim from dismay :  
His arms sink down ; his wild and stony eye  
Glares without sight on blackest vacancy ;  
He feels not, sees not ; wrapp'd in senseless trance,  
His soul is still and listless as his glance ;  
One cheerless blank, one rayless mist is there—  
Thoughts, senses, passions, live not with despair !

Here the reader has the first effort of the essayist's mind. To trace its growth in the *Edinburgh*, and in the *Lays of Ancient Rome*, will repay the study—possibly if Alexander Smith attempt it, he may one day write a history brilliant as Macaulay's, and an essay famous as that on Ranke's Popes.

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#### ART. VI.—MOORE'S JOURNALS AND CORRESPONDENCE.

*Memoirs, Journals, and Correspondence of Thomas Moore.*  
Edited by the Right Honourable Lord John Russell, M.P.  
Vols. I., II., III., IV. London : Longman and Co. 1853.

At the conclusion of the second volume of this work, Thomas Moore was, on the 30th of August, 1819, in London, and preparing to start with Lord John Russell upon a continental tour. He had told us of his birth ; of his school days ; of his early London struggles ; of his unfortunate colonial appointment ; of his duel with Jeffrey ; of his introduction to Byron ; of his marriage ; of his removal to Derbyshire ; of his triumphs as a poet ; of his position in the society of the gay and great ; of his struggles, his difficulties, and his fears. On quitting England with Lord John Russell, he left his wife and children in his recently hired residence, Sloperston, and from the 5th of September, 1819, the day upon which he sailed from Dover, to the 31st of October, 1825, the day upon which the last entry in that portion of the *Diary* closing the fourth volume is made, his

life appears to have been six years of gaiety, scarcely chequered by disappointment or saddened by care. True, there were dark and weary days when exile or the gaol seemed lowering before him; but the elastic spirit of the poet bore its possessor through all; his own bright fancy—a sunshine of the soul peculiar to himself—made that but a passing care which would have been to many men gnawing as “a rooted sorrow.”

In these four volumes, particularly in the two first issued, there is left upon the mind of him who reads them aright, a regretful feeling that Moore was not formed by nature more unamiable in disposition, because thus he might have escaped being the “idol of his own” brilliant circle. Amongst all the men of genius over whose autobiographies and mind-histories we have mused, saddened yet delighted, this is the very wofullest. Life was frittered away; genius was squandered; learning was used, and, indeed, confessedly but acquired, to illustrate the flashing, glowing genius of his poems. He did “dearly love a Lord;” and, as with equal truth, Byron said, wasted too many years “among dowagers and unmarried girls.” Through all the portion of the *Diary* kept during his residence in Paris or its neighbourhood, we can discover little save the records of dances, dinners, and pleasures; stories of great people, reminding us most strongly of a modern Brantome, so that we almost expect to meet *Jay cognu une fort belle et honneste dame de par le monde*—or—*Jay cognu un gentilhomme très-honneste à la cour*, as the gay old Frenchman writes when about to introduce his stories; and the high, the pleasant society in which Moore lived and was so prized, proves how truly Scott judged when writing—“he’s a charming fellow, a perfect gentleman in society; to use a sporting phrase, there is no kick in his gallop.” It was impossible to reside in his neighbourhood and not know him; it was equally impossible to know him and not like him. Thus, when he lodged in the same house with Benjamin Constant, the great orator cannot resist sending word to Moore that Madame Constant would come down from her *etage* to take chocolate with him; but this using Madame’s name was only a ruse, a playing upon Moore’s gallantry, for down came Benjamin himself without the lady. The poet was, indeed, a complete contradiction to Le Mercier’s observation—*on est étranger à son voisin*.

That Moore felt the effect of this mode of life, and fully appreciated the injurious extent to which friends had become the



thieves of his time, is evident in several portions of the *Diary*. Melancthon himself was not more industrious in deed, than was Moore in intention; and in the midst of all his whirling life, it is amusing to find him writing thus, in the *Journal*: "we dined alone with our little ones, for the first time, since the first of July, which was a very great treat to both of us; and Bessy said, in going to bed, 'this is the first rational day we have had for a long time.' Before I went to bed, experienced one of those bursts of devotion which, perhaps, are worth all the church-going forms in the world. Tears came fast from me as I knelt down to adore the one only God, whom I acknowledge, and poured forth the aspirations of a soul deeply grateful for all his goodness." This is a touching entry, and referring to "Bessy's" observation, "this is the first rational day we have had for a long time," Lord John Russell observes—"Mrs. Moore was quite right; in reading over the diary of dinners, balls, and visits to the theatre, I feel some regret in reflecting that I had some hand in persuading Moore to prefer France to Holyrood. His universal popularity was his chief enemy."

The *Melodies*, *The Satirical Poems*, and *The Loves of the Angels*, written during his residence in France, were composed at times which there is little impropriety or exaggeration in calling odd quarter hours. Byron wrote with more preparation than Moore: indeed had he led an existence exciting, and society-disturbed, as that of the latter, he could never have produced *Childs Harold* or *Don Juan*. In Byron's *Diary* we see the working of the mind, even though the pen has but traced the thoughts which were afterwards wrought out. In Moore's *Journal* we rarely perceive the working of the mind, save where he specially informs us of the particulars and of the circumstances connected with the composition of the poem upon which he was engaged. He did, occasionally, read for an hour or two at Denon's, or in the Bibliothèque Royal, but he appears rarely to have extended his study beyond two hours. We write thus regretfully, because better things might have been expected, and must of necessity have proceeded from Moore's mind, had he devoted a larger portion of his time to careful and well-regulated study; and those who now sneer at his pretensions to the fame of a great poet, classing him merely amongst brilliant song writers, would have been silent or harmless.

Scott's plan of composition was, indeed, somewhat different from either of his brother poets. He said to Robert Cadell, "I lie *simmering* over things for an hour or two before I get up—and there's the time I am dressing to overhaul my half-sleeping half-waking *projet de chapitre*—and when I get the paper before me, it commonly runs off pretty easily. Besides I often take a doze in the plantations, and while Tom marks out a dyke or a drain as I have directed, one's fancy may be running its ain riggs in some other world." Moore allowed every thing, every friend, and every little untoward circumstance to check his work. Not so with Scott. When writing *The Bride of Lammermoor* he was ill, racked by pain, and obliged to seek the aid of an amanuensis, and Moore thus writes,—“Called upon Stewart Rose, who has brought me a letter of introduction from Lord Landsdowne. Talking of Scott (with whom he is intimate), says he has no doubt of his being the author of all the novels. Scott's life in Edinburgh favorable to working; dines always at home, and writes in the evening. Writing quite necessary to him; so much so, that when he was very ill some time ago, he used to dictate for three or four hours at a time.” The real facts of the manner in which Scott wrote are thus stated by Lockhart :—

“The *copy* (as M.S. for the press is technically called) which Scott was thus dictating, was that of *The Bride of Lammermoor*, and his amanuensises were William Laidlaw and John Ballantyne;—of whom he preferred the latter, when he could be at Abbotsford, on account of the superior rapidity of his pen; and also because John kept his pen to the paper without interruption, and, though with many an arch twinkle in his eyes, and now and then an audible smack of his lips, had resolution to work on like a well-trained clerk; whereas good Laidlaw entered with such keen zest into the interest of the story as it flowed from the author's lips, that he could not suppress exclamations of surprise and delight—‘Gude keep us a’!—the like o’ that!—eh sirs! eh sirs!’ and so forth—which did not promote dispatch. I have often, however, in the sequel, heard both these secretaries describe the astonishment with which they were equally affected when Scott began this experiment. The affectionate Laidlaw beseeching him to stop dictating, when his audible suffering filled every pause, ‘Nay, Willie,’ he answered, ‘only see that the doors are fast. I would fain keep all the cry as well as all the wool to ourselves; but as to giving over work, that can only be when I am in woollen.’ John Ballantyne told me, that after the first day, he always took care to have a dozen good pens made before he seated himself opposite to the sofa on which Scott lay, and that though he often turned himself on his pillow with a groan of torment, he usually

continued the sentence in the same breath. But when dialogue of peculiar animation was in progress, spirit seemed to triumph altogether over matter—he arose from his couch and walked up and down the room, raising and lowering his voice, and as it were acting the parts. It was in this fashion that Scott produced the far greater portion of the *Bride of Lammermoor*—the whole of the *Legend of Montrose*—and almost the whole of *Ivanhoe*. Yet, when his health was fairly re-established, he disdained to avail himself of the power of dictation, which he had thus put to the sharpest test, but resumed, and for many years resolutely adhered to, the old plan of writing everything with his own hand. When I once, sometime afterwards, expressed my surprise that he did not consult his ease, and spare his eyesight at all events, by occasionally dictating, he answered—‘I should as soon think of getting into a sedan chair while I can use my legs.’”

Moore's chief object in undertaking the continental tour, with the description of which nearly the whole of the third volume is occupied, was to pay a visit to Lord Byron, then residing in the neighbourhood of Venice. The account which he gives of the statues, pictures and churches, we omit; but it is interesting to compare it with those of many of the same works of art described two hundred and seventy years ago by Montaigne, and one hundred and fifty years ago by Addison. Moore arrived at Lord Byron's villa, on the seventh of October, 1819, and gives the following relation of all he witnessed on that day, and during his stay in Venice:—

“Left Padua at twelve, and arrived at Lord Byron's country house, La Mira, near Fusina, at two. He was but just up and in his bath; soon came down to me; first time we have met these five years; grown fat, which spoils the picturesqueness of his head. The Countess Guiccioli, whom he followed to Ravenna, came from thence with him to Venice by the consent, it appears, of her husband. Found him in high spirits and full of his usual frolicsome gaiety. He insisted upon my making use of his house in Venice while I stay, but could not himself leave the Guiccioli. He drest, and we set off together in my carriage for Venice; a glorious sunset when we embarked at Fusina in a gondola, and the view of Venice and the distant Alps (some of which had snow on them, reddening with the last light) was magnificent; but my companion's conversation, which, though highly ludicrous and amusing, was anything but romantic, threw my mind and imagination into a mood not at all agreeing with the scene. Arrived at his palazzo on the Grand Canal, (he having first made the gondolier row round in order to give me a sight of the Piazzetta), where he gave orders with the utmost anxiety and good nature for my accommodation, and dispatched persons in search of a *laquais de place*, and his friend Mr. Scott, to give me in charge to. No Opera this evening. He ordered dinner from a *traiteur's*, and

stopped to dine with me. Had much curious conversation with him about his wife before Scott arrived. He has written his memoirs, and is continuing them; thinks of going and purchasing lands under the Patriotic Government in South America. Much talk about Don Juan; he is writing a third canto; the Duke of Wellington; his taking so much money; gives instances of disinterested men, Epaminondas, &c. &c., down to Pitt himself, who,

‘As minister of state, is  
Renown’d for ruining Great Britain gratis.’

At nine o'clock he set off to return to La Mira, and I went with Mr. Scott to two theatres; at the first a comedy, ‘*Il Prigionero de Newgate*,’ translated from the French; at the second, a tragedy of Alfieri, ‘*Ottavia*,’ actors all disagreeable. Forgot to mention that Byron introduced me to his Countess before we left La Mira: she is a blonde and young; married only about a year, but not very pretty. 8th. Sallied out with Mr. Scott and the laquais to see sights. Went to the churches Della Salute and Del Redentore, and of S. Giorgio Maggiore, &c. &c. The pictures, I take for granted, very fine, but the subjects so eternally the same and so uninteresting, that I, who have no eye for the niceties of the execution, neither can enjoy them, nor affect to enjoy them. The only things that very much delighted me were four children at the corners of a ceiling in the Ducal Palace, by Paul Veronese, and some of the monuments of the Lombardi, in which there are some very graceful classical figures. There is also a Græcian orator in the court, one of four, brought (I think) from Constantinople, which strikes me as fine. Saw the library of St. Mark, which is a magnificent room, and the mixture of the marbles and the books gives it a moist imposing and Grecian look. The Leda and Jupiter a beautiful thing. Among the portraits of the Doges, in the library, there is a blank left for that of Faliero, who, after his eightieth year, conspired against his country, on account of an insult he received. Instead of his portrait are the words, *Locus Marini Falieri decapitati pro criminibus*. Must examine his history. Lord B. meant to write a tragedy on this subject; went to one of the churches to look for his tomb, and thought he trod upon it on entering, which affected his mind very much; but it was a tomb of one of the Valeri. B. very superstitious; won't begin anything on a Friday. The Piazzetta of St. Mark, with its extraordinary Ducal Palace, and the fantastical church, and the gaudy clock opposite, altogether makes a most barbaric appearance. The mint opposite the palace; the architecture certainly chaste and elegant. The disenchantment one meets with at Venice,—the Rialto so mean—the canals so stinking! Lord B. came up to town at six o'clock, and he and I dined with Scott at the Pellegrino: showed us a letter which his Countess had just received from her husband, in which, without a word of allusion to the way in which she is living with B., he makes some proposal with respect to money of B.'s being invested in his hands, as a thing advantageous to both; a fine specimen of an Italian husband. Went afterwards to the theatre for a short time, and thence to the Contessa d'Albrizzi's. More disenchantment: these

assemblies, which, at a distance, sounded so full of splendour and gallantry to me, turned into something much worse than one of Lydia White's conversaziones. Met there the poet Pindemonte, and had some conversation with him; a thin, sickly, old gentleman. Forgot, by the bye, to mention that I saw Monti at Milan. From the Contessa d'Albrizzi we went to Madame B., who, they tell me, is one of the last of the Venetian ladies of the old school of nobility; thoroughly profligate, of course, in which she but resembles the new school. Her manners very pleasant and easy. She talked to me much about Byron; bid me scold him for the scrape he had got into; said that, till this, *Il se conduisait si bien*. Introduced me to another old countess, who, when I said how much I admired Venice, answered, *Oui, pour un étranger tout ça doit être bien drôle*. 9th. Went with Scott and my laquais to the Giovanni Palace. The things that struck me were the Marcus Agrippa in the court, the Greek statue of an orator in one of the rooms, and a Cupid of Guido's. It is here, if I recollect right, the story of Cupid and Psyche is in one of the rooms, and we were much amused with two Englishmen who could not be made to understand what Favola-di Psyche meant. What brings such men to such places? Went to the Pisani Palace, where there are only two large pictures to be seen. Thence to the Confrairie de Saint Roch, which abounds with Tintorets; and then to the Barbarigo Palace, equally rich in Titians; it was his *atelier*. The Magdalen here fine, but does not cry half so beautifully as the Agar of Guercino. Dined with Lord B. at the Pellegrino. What the husband wants is for Lord B. to lend him £1,000 at five per cent; that is, give it to him; though he talks of giving security, and says in any other way it would be an *avvilimento* to him! Scott joined us in the evening, and brought me a copy of the Italian translation of 'Lalla Rookh.' Lord B., Scott says, getting fond of money: he keeps a box into which he occasionally puts sequins; he has now collected about 300, and his great delight, Scott tells me, is to open the box and contemplate his store. Went with Scott to the opera; 'I Baccanali di Roma.' Malanotte played a man's part. Scott showed me a woman, whom Buonaparte pronounced to be the finest woman in Venice, and the Venetians, not agreeing with him, call *La Bella per Decreto*, adding (as all the decrees begin with *Considerando*) *ma senza il Considerando*. 10th. Went to St. Mark's to mass, but it was over; thence to the Island, where the monastery of Armenian monks is; very neat, and the situation beautiful; they have a good press, and print Armenian books here. Returned and walked in the Piazza, where there was a monstrous show of women, but hardly one pretty. Went to the Academia; a cast of Canova's Hebe delicious; the original is not to be seen, being packed up. Copies of some other things of his here, beautiful. A cast from a statue of Buonaparte's mother, which is placed opposite a statue of Nero's mother. Went to the Esposizione of Inventions; pretty much the Venetian make. Went at half past five to the Pietà, an institution for foundlings, and heard sacred music, instrumental and otherwise, by a band of girls, playing violins, violoncellos, horns, &c. &c. Lord B., Scott, and I dined at

the Pellegrino ; before we went Lord B. read me what he has done of the third canto of 'Don Juan.' In the evening all went to the Opera together, and from thence at twelve o'clock to a sort of public-house, to drink hot punch ; forming a strange contrast to a dirty cobbler, whom we saw in a nice room delicately eating ice. Lord B. took me home in his gondola at two o'clock ; a beautiful moonlight, and the reflection of the palaces in the water, and the stillness and grandeur of the whole scene (deprived as it was of its deformities by the dimness of the light) gave a nobler idea of Venice than I had yet had. 11th. Went to the Manfrini Palace ; a noble collection of pictures ; the Three Heads by Giorgione, and his Woman playing a Guitar, very beautiful, particularly the female head in the former picture. The Sibilla of Gennaro still more beautiful. Two heads by Carlo Dolce very fine, and Guido's contest between Apollo and Pan exquisite ; the enthusiasm of Apollo's head, as he plays, quite divine. The Lucretia of Guido beautiful. Left Venice at one o'clock, and got to Lord Byron's at three ; a handsome dinner ready for me. Saw the Countess again, who looked prettier than she did the first time. Guicciola is her name, *nata Gamba*. Lord B. came on with me to Stra, where we parted. He has given me his Memoirs to make what use I please of them. Arrived at Padua at seven."

In extracting from these volumes, we find a difficulty in relating the story of Moore's life, as detailed in them, because, having devoted so considerable a portion of our space to his Memoir, in the sixth number of THE IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW,\* we should be but repeating what is there stated : we shall, therefore, insert such portions from the volumes before us as are new, interesting, and important, premising that, with all these qualities, they are stored abundantly.

To the general reader who is unacquainted with famous or remarkable men, in their home life, the characters of many, as given in this *Diary*, must appear no less strange than estimable. The glimpses, too, into Moore's own ménage are charming ; his kind-heartedness, his love of children, his lovely affection, we might write admiration of his wife, are most remarkable. Besides this, although mingling so much with the nobility, many of whom, no doubt, were not as noble in mind as in birth—the peer's coronet encircling the parvenu's brow—the poet seems never to have forgotten his own dignity. He was always willing to amuse his friends, whether aristocratic or humble ; and when, as he writes, Lord John Russell told him the Duchess of Bedford had said "she wished they

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\* Vol. II., p. 382.

had some one with them, like Mr. Moore, to be agreeable when they got to their inn in the evening," the expression of opinion was meant kindly on her part, and without the slightest mixture of impertinence, and though, perhaps, infelicitously expressed by her, or noted by him, he received it as it was meant, in a kindly, complimentary spirit—otherwise he would have known how to resent it. He was no flunkey, for, as he writes some months afterwards in Paris: "I had mentioned to Madame de Flahault, the other day, how strange I thought it that Lady E. Stuart had never returned Bessy's visit. She spoke of it to Lady E., who assured her she *did* visit us in the Rue Chatereine, but would do it again, as that had been a mistake. Though Bessy does not care a pin about such things, I like that these high people should be made to *mind their manners*."

The elasticity of Moore's mind, as shown in these volumes, is notable; it was not want of feeling that enabled him to rise with so light a spirit above all the disagreeabilities of uncertain means, and occasionally of poverty. And yet, poor as he was, his heart and purse were ever open to the pleadings of a needy friend, and in his own line he expressed his own disposition—he had

"For misery ever his purse and tear."

And, in enduring misfortune, fully justified his friend Kenny, the dramatist, in observing: "It is well you are a poet; a philosopher never could have borne it."

All who came within his friendship—and the scope of that friendship was all embracing and wide—seem to have been actuated by impulses wide as Nature. Thus we find Washington Irving and Doctor Yonge aiding the Poet and Mr. Moore to amuse a children's party, playing blind-man's buff, and watching lest they should stumble into holes in the floor, which had been broken down in the ardor of the dancing. Indeed this party, and the causes which led to it, are most creditable to Moore, showing that, after ten years of wedded life, his heart, turned fondly and truly to its early love as that of the girl who wakes, all smiles from happy visions of him who makes a sunshine in the day-dreams of her hopeful future, he writes:—

"25th. This day ten years we were married, and, though Time has made his usual changes in us both, we are still more like lovers

than any married couples of the same standing, I am acquainted with. Asked to dine at Ranccliffe's, but dined at home alone with Bessy. This being Sunday, our dance, in celebration of the day, deferred till to-morrow. Received a letter yesterday from my dear father, which, notwithstanding the increased tremor of his hand, is written with a clearness of head and warmth of heart that seem to promise many years of enjoyment still before him. God grant it! 26th. Bessy busy in preparations for the dance this evening. I went and wrote to my dear mother, and told her, in proof of the unabated anxiety and affection I feel towards her, that a day or two ago, on my asking Bessy, 'whether she would be satisfied if little Tom loved her through life as well as I love my mother,' she answered, 'Yes, if he loves me but a quarter as much.' Went into town too late to return to dinner, and dined at Véry's alone. Found on my return our little rooms laid out with great management, and decorated with quantities of flowers, which Mrs. Story had sent. Our company, Mrs. S. and her cousins, Mrs. Forster, her two daughters, and Miss Bridgeman, the Villamils, Irving, Capt. Johnson, Wilder, &c., and the Douglasses. Began with music; Mrs. V., Miss Drew, and Emma Forster sung. Our dance afterwards to the pianoforte very gay, and not the less so for the floor giving way in sundry places: a circle of chalk was drawn round one hole, Dr. Yonge was placed sentry over another, and whenever there was a new crash, the general laugh at the heavy foot that produced it caused more merriment than the solidest floor in Paris could have given birth to. Sandwiches, negus, and champagne crowned the night, and we did not separate till near four in the morning. Irving's humour began to break out as the floor broke in, and he was much more himself than ever I have seen him. Read this morning, before I went out, 'Thérèse Aubert,' and cried over it like a girl."

A gift so freely made, and so goodnaturedly-intended as that of Byron's *Memoirs* to Moore was never, perhaps, so unhappy in its results. Moore appears to have been harassed upon the subject from the moment it was known that he held the papers to the hour when he burned the obnoxious documents. Our own opinions upon this subject have been already stated at some length,\* but our only objection to Moore's conduct in the affair is, that he showed the manuscript too freely during Byron's life time. He lent it to Lady Holland, and to several others, until it became so soiled and worn, that he found it necessary to employ his friend and protégé, Williams, in making a clean copy. Williams may, or may not, have acted fairly by him, and his conduct to Ugo Foscolo leaves an uncertainty upon the mind as to this latter particular. But all who can remember literary society in London

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\* See IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. 6, Vol. II., pp. 435, 440.



twenty-three years ago, must be aware that it was then openly stated to be a fact, that a copy of the *Memoirs* had been surreptitiously made by a noble lady, during the time which Moore trusted it to her possession. Doctor Maginn used to say, that Murray asked him to edit the *Memoirs* after he had purchased them from Moore,\* and that one volume consisted of a dictionary of all his friends and acquaintances, alphabetically arranged, with proper definitions of their characters, criticisms upon the works of those who were authors, and specimens of the correspondence of all. Maginn would have printed all, exactly as Byrne wrote it, but this, of course, would have been most shameful. Our own impression is, that before twenty years from this date, the memoirs will be published, either in England or in America, as there is little doubt that a copy, or copies, have been, as Maginn asserted—secretly made. Moore's account of the whole transaction, with Lord John Russell's note, is as follows. Under date of May, 14th, 1824, he writes :—

“ Calling at Colbourn's library to inquire the address of the editor of the ‘*Literary Gazette*,’ was told by the shopman that Lord Byron was dead. Could not believe it, but feared the worst, as his last letter to me about a fortnight since mentioned the severe attack of apoplexy or epilepsy which he had just suffered. Hurried to inquire. Met Lord Lansdowne, who said he feared it was but too true. Recollected then the unfinished state in which my agreement for the redemption of the ‘*Memoirs*’ lay. Lord L. said, ‘ You have nothing but Murray's fairness to depend upon.’ Went off to the ‘*Morning Chronicle*’ office, and saw the ‘*Courier*,’ which confirmed this most disastrous news. Hastened to Murray's, who was denied to me, but left a note for him, to say that ‘ in consequence of this melancholy event, I had called to know when it would be convenient to him to complete the arrangements with respect to the ‘*Memoirs*,’ which we had agreed upon between us when I was last in town.’ Sent an apology to Lord King, with whom I was to have dined. A note from Hobhouse (which had been lying some time for me) announcing the event. Called upon Rogers, who had not heard the news. Remember his having, in the same manner, found me unacquainted with Lord Nelson's death, late on the day when the intelligence arrived. Advised me not to stir at all on the subject of the ‘*Memoirs*,’ but to wait and see what Murray would do; and in the meantime to ask Brougham's opinion. Dined alone at the George, and in the evening left a note for Brougham. Found a note on my return home from Douglas Kinnaird, anxiously inquiring in whose possession the ‘*Memoirs*’ were, and saying that he was ready, on the part of Lord

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\* See IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. 7, Vol. II. p. 605.

Byron's family, to advance the two thousand pounds for the MS., in order to give Lady Byron and the rest of the family an opportunity of deciding whether they wished them to be published or no. 15th. A gloomy wet day. Went to D. Kinnaird's. Told him how matters stood between me and Murray, and of my claims on the MS. He repeated his proposal that Lady Byron should advance the two thousand guineas for its redemption; but this I would not hear of; it was I alone who ought to pay the money upon it, and the money was ready for the purpose. I would then submit it (not to Lady Byron), but to a chosen number of persons, and if they, upon examination, pronounced it altogether unfit for publication, I would burn it. He again urged the propriety of my being indemnified in the sum, but without in the least degree convincing me. Went in search of Brougham; found him with Lord Lansdowne; told them both all the particulars of my transaction with Murray. B. saw that in fairness I had a claim on the property of the MS., but doubted whether the delivery of the assignment (signed by Lord Byron) after the passing of the bond, might not, in a legal point of view, endanger it. Advised me, at all events, to apply for an injunction, if Murray showed any symptoms of appropriating the MS. to himself. No answer yet from Murray. Called upon Hobhouse, from whom I learned that Murray had already been to Mr. Wilmot Horton, offering to place the 'Memoirs' at the disposal of Lord Byron's family (without mentioning either to him or Hobhouse any claim of mine on the work), and that Wilmot Horton was about to negotiate with him for the redemption of the MS. I then reminded Hobhouse of all that had passed between Murray and me on the subject before I left town (which I had already mentioned to Hobhouse), and said that whatever was done with the MS. must be done by me, as I alone had the right over it, and if Murray attempted to dispose of it without my consent, I would apply for an injunction. At the same time, I assured Hobhouse that I was most ready to place the work at the disposal, *not* of Lady Byron (for this we both agreed would be treachery to Lord Byron's intentions and wishes), but at the disposal of Mrs. Leigh, his sister, to be done with by her exactly as she thought proper. After this, we went together to Kinnaird's, and discussed the matter over again, the opinion both of Hobhouse and Kinnaird being that Mrs. Leigh would and ought to burn the MS. altogether, without any previous perusal or deliberation. I endeavoured to convince them that this would be throwing a stigma upon the work, which it did not deserve; and stated, that though the second part of the 'Memoirs' was full of very coarse things, yet that (with the exception of about three or four lines) the first part contained nothing which, on the score of decency, might not be most safely published. I added, however, that as my whole wish was to consult the feelings of Lord Byron's dearest friend, his sister, the manuscript, when in my power, should be placed in her hands, to be disposed of as she should think proper. They asked me then whether I would consent to meet Murray at Mrs. Leigh's rooms on Monday, and there, paying him the 2000 guineas, take the MS. from him, and hand it over to Mrs. Leigh to be burnt. I said that, as to

the burning, that was her affair, but all the rest I would willingly do. Kinnaird wrote down this proposal on a piece of paper, and Hobhouse set off instantly to Murray with it. In the course of to-day I recollected a circumstance (and mentioned it both to H. and K.) which, independent of any reliance on Murray's fairness, set my mind at rest as to the validity of my claim on the manuscript. At the time (April 1822) when I converted the *sale* of the 'Memoirs' into a *debt*, and gave Murray my bond for 2000 guineas, leaving the MS. in his hands as a collateral security, I, by Luttrell's advice, directed a clause to be inserted in the agreement, giving me, in the event of Lord Byron's death, a period of three months after such event for the purpose of raising the money, and redeeming my pledge. This clause I dictated as clearly as possible both to Murray and his solicitor, Mr. Turner, and saw the solicitor interline it in a rough draft of the agreement. Accordingly, on recollecting it now, and finding that Luttrell had a perfect recollection of the circumstance also (i. e. of having suggested the clause to me), I felt, of course, confident in my claim. Went to the Longmans, who promised to bring the 2000 guineas for me on Monday morning. Paid eleven shillings coach-hire to-day, and got wet through after all. Dined with Edward Moore, finished a bottle of champagne, and home. Was to have dined to-day with Watson Taylor to meet the Phippses. 16th. Called on Hobhouse. Murray, he said, seemed a little startled at first on hearing of my claim, and, when the clause was mentioned, said, 'Is there such a clause?' but immediately, however, professed his readiness to comply with the arrangement proposed, only altering the sum, which Kinnaird had written, 'two thousand *pounds*,' into 'two thousand *guineas*,' and adding 'with interest, expense of stamps,' &c. &c., Kinnaird joined us, being about to start to-day for Scotland. After this I called upon Luttrell, and told him all that had passed, adding that it was my intention, in giving the manuscript to Mrs. Leigh, to protest against its being wholly destroyed. Luttrell strongly urged my doing so, and proposed that we should call upon Wilmot Horton (who was to be the representative of Mrs. Leigh at to-morrow's meeting), and talk to him on the subject. The utmost, he thought, that could be required of me, was to submit the MS. to the examination of the friends of the family, and destroy all that should be found objectionable, but retain what was *not* so, for my own benefit and that of the public. Went off to Wilmot Horton's, whom we luckily found. Told him the whole history of the MS. since I put it into Murray's hands, and mentioned the ideas that had occurred to myself and Luttrell with respect to its destruction; the injustice we thought it would be to Byron's memory to condemn the work wholly, and without even opening it, as if it were a pest bag; that every object might be gained by our perusing and examining it together (he on the part of Mrs. Leigh, Frank Doyle on the part of Lady Byron, and any one else whom the family might think proper to select), and, rejecting all that could wound the feelings of a single individual, but preserving what was innoxious and creditable to Lord Byron, of which I assured him there was a considerable proportion. Was

glad to find that Mr. Wilmot Horton completely agreed with these views ; it was even, he said, what he meant to propose himself. He undertook also to see Mrs. Leigh on the subject, proposing that we should meet at Murray's (instead of Mrs. Leigh's) to-morrow, at eleven o'clock, and that then, after the payment of the money by me to Murray, the MS. should be placed in some banker's hands till it was decided among us what should be done with it." Lord John continues—[I have omitted in this place a long account of the destruction of Lord Byron's MS. Memoir of his Life. The reason for my doing so may be easily stated. Mr. Moore had consented, with too much ease and want of reflection, to become the depository of Lord Byron's Memoir, and had obtained from Mr. Murray 2000 guineas on the credit of this work. He speaks of this act of his, a few pages onward, as 'the greatest error I had committed, in putting such a document out of my power.' He afterwards endeavoured to repair this error by repaying the money to Mr. Murray, and securing the manuscript to be dealt with, as should be thought most advisable by himself in concert with the representatives of Lord Byron. He believed this purpose was secured by a clause which Mr. Luttrell had advised should be inserted in a new agreement with Mr. Murray, by which Mr. Moore was to have the power of redeeming the MS. for three months after Lord Byron's death. But neither Mr. Murray nor Mr. Turner, his solicitor, seem to have understood Mr. Moore's wish and intention in this respect. Mr. Murray, on his side, had confided the manuscript to Mr. Gifford, who, on perusal, declared it too gross for publication. This opinion had become known to Lord Byron's friends and relations. Hence, when the news of Lord Byron's unexpected death arrived, all parties, with the most honourable wishes and consistent views, were thrown into perplexity and apparent discord. Mr. Moore wished to redeem the manuscript, and submit it to Mrs. Leigh, Lord Byron's sister, to be destroyed or published with erasures and omissions. Sir John Hobhouse wished it to be immediately destroyed, and the representatives of Mrs. Leigh, expressed the same wish. Mr. Murray was willing at once to give up the manuscript on repayment of his 2000 guineas with interest. The result was, that after a very unpleasant scene at Mr. Murray's, the manuscript was destroyed by Mr. Wilmot Horton and Col. Doyle as the representatives of Mrs. Leigh, with the full consent of Mr. Moore, who repaid to Mr. Murray the sum he had advanced, with the interest then due. After the whole had been burnt the agreement was found, and it appeared that Mr. Moore's interest in the MS. had entirely ceased on the death of Lord Byron, by which event the property became absolutely vested in Mr. Murray. The details of this scene have been recorded both by Mr. Moore and Lord Broughton, and perhaps by others. Lord Broughton having kindly permitted me to read his narrative, I can say, that the leading facts related by him and Mr. Moore agree. Both narratives retain marks of the irritation which the circumstances of the moment produced ; but as they both (Mr. Moore and Sir John Hobhouse) desired to do what was most honourable to Lord Byron's memory,

and as they lived in terms of friendship afterwards, I have omitted details which recall a painful scene, and would excite painful feelings. As to the manuscript itself, having read the greater part, if not the whole, I should say that three or four pages of it were too gross and indelicate for publication; that the rest, with few exceptions, contained little traces of Lord Byron's genius, and no interesting details of his life. His early youth in Greece, and his sensibility to the scenes around him, when resting on a rock in the swimming excursions he took from the Piræus, were strikingly described. But, on the whole, the world is no loser by the sacrifice made of the Memoirs of this great poet.] Moore continues—

"18th. Dressed in a hurry, having been invited this week past to meet the Princesses at Lady Donegal's at two o'clock. Found there Col. Dalton, the attendant of the Princess Augusta; and soon after their Royal Highnesses came, viz., Augusta, Mary (the Duchess of Gloucester), and Sophia of Gloucester. The rest of the party were Jekyl, and Lady Poultney and her daughter. Sung for them, and then the Princess Augusta sung and played for me; among other things, new airs which she had composed to two songs of mine, 'The wreath you wove' (rather pretty) and 'The Legacy!' She played also a march, which she told me she had 'composed for Frederick' (Duke of York), and a waltz or two, with some German airs. I then sung to her my rebel song, 'O, where's the slave!' and it was no small triumph to be *chorused* in it by the favourite sister of his Majesty George IV. \* \* \* We then sat down to luncheon; and it was quite amusing to find how much at my ease I felt myself; having consorted with princes in my time, but not knowing much of the female gender of royalty. A good deal of talk about Lord Kenyon. Jekyl said that Kenyon died of eating apple pie crust at breakfast, to save the expense of muffins; and that Lord Ellenborough, who succeeded to the Chief Justiceship in consequence, always bowed with great reverence to apple pie: 'which,' said Jekyl, 'we used to call apple pie-ty.' The Princesses also told of how 'the King' used to play tricks on Kenyon, sending the Despatch Box to him at a quarter past seven, when he knew Kenyon was snug in bed; being accustomed to go to bed at that hour to save candle-light. Altogether the repast went off very agreeably. Gave up my other engagements and dined with Woolriche, at Richardson's. I ought to have mentioned that in the course of my conversations these two days past with Hobhouse, he frequently stated that, having remonstrated with Lord Byron the last time he saw him on the impropriety of putting a document of the nature of these memoirs out of his own power, Lord Byron had expressed regret at having done so, and alleged considerations of delicacy towards me as his only reason for not recalling them. This, if I wanted any justification to myself for what I have done, would abundantly satisfy me as to the propriety of the sacrifice. 21st. Breakfasted with Luttrell. Discussed the offer of W. Horton over, but he could not convince me. My views of the matter simply these: from the moment I was lucky enough (by converting the *sale* of the MS. into a *debt*) to repair the great error I had committed, in

putting such a document out of my power, I considered it but as a *trust*, subject to such contingencies as had just happened, and ready to be placed at the disposal of Lord Byron, if he should think proper to recall it; or of his representatives, if, after his death, it should be found advisable to suppress it. To secure this object it was that, at Luttrell's suggestion, I directed a clause to be inserted in the agreement with Murray, giving me a lapse of three months after the death of Lord Byron to raise the money and redeem my deposit. That the clause was not inserted, as I intended, was a strange accident, and would have been to me (had the omission been discovered in time to take the disposal of the MS. out of my hands) a most provoking one. But, luckily, by the delay in producing the agreement, I was enabled to proceed exactly as if all had been as I intended; and to restore, of my own free will, and without any view to self-interest, the trust into those hands that had the most natural claims to the disposal of it. Were I now to take the money, I should voluntarily surrender all this ground, which I had taken so much pains to secure to myself; should acknowledge that I *had* put the MS. out of my power, and surrendering all the satisfaction of having disinterestedly concurred in a measure considered essential to the reputation of my friend, should exhibit myself as either so helplessly needy, or so over-attentive to my own interests, as to require to be paid for a sacrifice which honourable feeling alone should have dictated. Luttrell proposed our calling upon Hobhouse, assuring me, at the the same time, that no one could be more kindly disposed towards me than Hobhouse was. I felt glad of the opportunity, and we went; the meeting very cordial. Talked again over the offer of the family, and Hobhouse (to whom Wilmot Horton had also appealed on the subject) concurred with Luttrell in urging it on me. I went over, as strongly as I could, my reasons against it; and at last Luttrell, with a candour that did him much honour, said, 'Shall I confess to you, my dear Moore, that what you have said has a good deal shaken me; and if you should find (but not till *after* you have found) that Lord J. Russell and Lord Lansdowne agree with these views of yours, pray mention the effect which I freely confess they have produced on me.' This avowal was evidently not without its influence upon Hobhouse, who, after a little more conversation, looked earnestly at me and said, 'Shall I tell you, Moore, fairly what I would do if I were in your situation?' 'Out with it,' I answered eagerly, well knowing what was coming. 'I would *not* take the money,' he replied; and then added, 'The fact is, if I wished to injure your character, my advice would be to accept it.' This was an honest and manly triumph of good nature, over the indifference (to say the least of it) to my reputation, which must have dictated his former advice. He then talked of Murray's dissatisfaction at the statement in the 'Times;' on which I offered to draw up a paragraph correcting its errors, and giving Murray full credit for having at first declined to receive the money, when proffered to him. Did so, to the satisfaction of both L. and H. and took it to the 'Times' office. Went to Longmans' to finish my insurance transaction, and brought them round, without much difficulty, to approve of

my refusal of the money; this was a great point gained, and more easily (considering their commercial views of matters) than I expected. Dined at Lansdowne House. Went early for the purpose of consulting Lord L. with respect to my refusal of the money, or rather to tell him what I meant to do; for, having made up my mind, it would have been mockery to affect to ask advice. Told him, therefore, at starting, that though I should be most delighted to have the sanction of his opinion, yet that nothing could change my own views of the matter. Had but little time, however, for my statement to him and Lady Lansdowne before the company arrived. The party were the Hollands, the Gwydirs, the William Russells, the Cowpers, the Duke of Argyle, and Sydney Smith. Saw in my short conversation with them, that both Lord and Lady L. were strongly for my taking the money. Went off at ten o'clock to Paddington; a rather strange scene. Forgot to mention that one of the days I called upon D. Kinnaird, he read me a letter he had just received from a girl, entreating of him (in consideration of her family, who would be all made unhappy by the disclosure), to procure for her her letters, and a miniature of her, which had been in the possession of Lord Byron. Told Kinnaird I could guess the name of the lady, and did so. Forgot to mention that Hobhouse told me W. Horton had said, that 'if there was any power in law to make me take the money, he would enforce it.'

The anecdotes and repartees abounding in these volumes are very amusing, and contribute, not a little, to render entries, otherwise slip-sloppish, agreeable, and piquant. Whilst Moore was engaged in gathering facts for the *Life of Sheridan*, very many amusing traits of the eloquent and witty Irishman were related, and the poet never failed to enrol them in the *Diary*. As the stories were generally told at the dinner or supper table, the laughter and fun became contagious, and the humor of the dead wit seemed often to preside over the conversation devoted to his memory. The following are the best specimens of the Sheridaniana:—

"By the by, the Duke mentioned at breakfast a good story Sheridan used to tell of one of his constituents (I believe) saying to him. 'Oh, sir, things cannot go on in this way; there *must* be a reform; we poor electors are not paid at all.' Henry told me yesterday evening (having joined us in our walk) that Shaw, having lent Sheridan near £500, used to dun him very considerably for it; and one day, when he had been raving about the debt, and insisting that he must be paid, the latter, having played off some of his plausible wheedling upon him, ended by saying that he was very much in want of £25 to pay the expenses of a journey he was about to take, and he knew Shaw would be good-natured enough to lend it to him. 'Pon my word,' says Shaw, 'this is too bad, after keeping me out of my money in so shameful a manner, you now have the face to ask me for more; but it won't do, I. must be paid my money; and

it is most disgraceful,' &c. &c. 'My dear fellow,' says Sheridan, 'the sum you ask me for is a very considerable one; whereas I only ask you for five-and-twenty pounds.' Charles Sheridan told me that his father, being a good deal plagued by an old maiden relation of his always going out to walk with him, said one day that the weather was bad and rainy, to which the old lady answered, 'that, on the contrary, it had cleared up.' 'Yes,' said Sheridan, 'it has cleared up enough for *one*, but not for *two*.' He mentioned, too, that Tom Stepney supposed algebra to be a learned language, and referred to his father to know whether it was not so, who said, 'Certainly, Latin, Greek, and Algebra.' 'By what people was it spoken?' 'By the Algebrians, to be sure,' said Sheridan. A good deal of talk about Sheridan, said that Mrs. S. had sung once after her marriage at the installation of Lord North at Oxford, and as there were degrees then conferring *honoris causâ*, Lord N. said to Sheridan that he ought to have one *exoris causâ*. . . . He (Lyne) mentioned Old Rose having once asked Sheridan what he thought of the name he had just given his little son, George Pitt Rose, and Sheridan replying, 'Why, I think a rose by any other name would smell as sweet.' To breakfast at Bowood. Talked with Lord Holland and Rogers afterwards about Sheridan. Question as to the things I might tell. Rogers mentioned that S.'s father said, 'Talk of the merit of Dick's Comedy! there's nothing in it; he had but to dip the pencil in his own heart, and he'd there find the characters of both Joseph and Charles.' Lord H. thought I might introduce this as an exemplification of the harsh feeling the father had towards him, which was such that 'he even permitted himself to say,' &c. &c. Sheridan latterly, though having his house in Saville Row, lived at an hotel, and used to chuckle at the idea of the bailiffs watching fruitlessly for him in Saville Row."

These, however, are not the only pleasant *Ana* in the volumes before us; and in reading we have noted the following, which we give at random, unmindful of time or volume:—

"In talking at dinner of the disadvantage of people being brought up to wealth and rank, Lady H. said, 'that if she were a fairy, wishing to inflict the greatest mischief upon a child, she would make him abundantly rich, very handsome, with high rank, and have all these advantages to encircle him from the cradle; this she pronounced to be an infallible recipe for producing perfect misery; and 'in the mean time,' she added, 'I should have the gratitude of the child's relations for the precious gifts I had endowed him with.' This produced discussion and dissent. Lord H. said it depended upon the natural disposition of the person. There were some that would be happy in all situations: 'There's Moore,' he said, 'you couldn't make him miserable even by inflicting a dukedom on him.' Mentioned that on some one saying to Peel, about Lawrence's picture of Croker, 'You can see the very quiver of his lips;' 'Yes,' said Peel, 'and the arrow coming out of it.' Croker himself was telling this to one of his countrymen, who answered, 'He meant *Arrah*, coming out of it.' . . . 24th. Went to Power's: signed a



renewed deed between us, the other having expired this last year. Went to Bishop's, to look over the things that have been done for the Greek work. After our singing together his glee, 'To Greece we give our shining blades,' he turned exultingly to Power, and said, 'That's worth one thousand pounds.' Presently we tried over my glee, 'Here, while the moonlight dim,' and he said, 'That's worth five hundred.' . . . Received a letter from Rogers, which begins thus: 'What a lucky fellow you are! Surely you must have been born with a rose in your lips, and a nightingale singing at the top of your bed.' Some one praised a waterfall on Lord Plunket's property, and exclaimed, 'Why, it's quite a cataract.' 'Oh, that's all my eye,' said Plunket. A flourishing speech of Sheil about me in the Irish papers. Says I am 'the first poet of the day, and join the bird of paradise's plumes to the strength of the eagle's wing.' It was mentioned that Luttrell said lately, with respect to the disaffection imputed to the army in England, 'Gad, sir, when the extinguisher takes fire, it's an awkward business.' Mulock talked of persons 'going to the well-spring of English poesy, in order to *communicate what they have quaffed to others*.' Saw this morning, at the bottom of a pill box, sent me from the apothecary's, these words, 'May Hebe's choicest gifts be thy lot, thou pride of Erin's Isle.' Gell full of jokes; his best hit was upon Cornwall's using the word *blasted*. 'That's not language for good society, sir; it is too much the *Eolic*.' Tierney said of Mackintosh—'a very good historical man, and may be relied upon for a sound opinion about Cardinal Wolsey or so; but for anything of the present day—' The Queen has said that she never committed adultery but once, and that was with Mrs. Fitzherbert's husband. Jekyll mentioned a man who told him his eating cost him almost nothing, for 'on Sunday,' said he, 'I always dine with my old friend,—and then eat so much that it lasts until Wednesday, when I buy some tripe, which I hate like the very devil, and which, accordingly, makes me so sick that I cannot eat any more until Sunday again.' Curran, upon a case where the Theatre Royal in Dublin brought an action against Astley for acting the *Lock and Key*, said: 'My Lords, the whole question turns upon this, whether the said *Lock and Key* is to be considered a *patent* one, or of the *spring* and *tumbler* kind.' Called on Crampton, and found him laid on the sofa. His story of the boy wishing for a place under government; his powers of 'screeching freestone.' 'Sure, it's me you hear in Dublin every Wednesday and Friday.' Lord Farnham saying, during the Queen's trial, that he would not make up his mind until he had heard one Italian witness, who had often been mentioned, and who might be expected to throw much light on the matter—'one *Polacca*.' A man asked another to come and dine off of boiled beef and potatoes with him, 'That I will,' said the other, 'and it's rather odd it should be exactly the same dinner I had at home for myself, *barring the beef*.' Some one using the old expression about some light wine he was giving, 'There's not a headache in a hog'shead of it,' was answered, 'No, but there is a bellyache in every glass of it.' A man having been asked to dinner repeatedly by a person whom he knew to be but a shabby Amphitryon, went at last, and found the

dinner so meagre and bad, that he did not get a bit to eat. When the dishes were removing, the host said, 'Well, now the ice is broken, I suppose you will ask me to dine some day.' 'Most willingly.' 'Name your day, then.' '*Ajour'd'hui, par exemple,*' answered the dinnerless guest. Lord Holland told of a man remarkable for absence, who, dining once at the same sort of shabby repast, fancied himself in his own house, and began to apologise for the wretchedness of the dinner. Luttrell told of a good phrase of an attorney's, in speaking of a reconciliation that had taken place between two persons whom he wished to set by the ears, 'I am sorry to tell you, sir, that a compromise has *broken out* between the parties.' Lord Ranelagh told a good thing of Sir E. Nagle's coming to our present King, when the news of Bonaparte's death had just arrived, and saying, 'I have the pleasure to tell your Majesty that your bitterest enemy is dead.' 'No! is she, by Gad?' said the King. All dined at Corry's; Counsellor Casey the only person beside ourselves: was in the Irish Parliament: his account of the fracas between Grattan and Isaac Corry, which ended in a duel. Grattan's words were, 'To this charge (imputation of treason), what is to be said? My only answer to it *here* is that it is false; anywhere else—a blow, a blow!' at the same time extending his arm violently towards where Corry sat. In another part of his speech he began his defence thus—'There were but two camps in the country, the minister and the insurgent,' &c. &c. Corry (our host) gave an account of Grattan's conduct on the day when he was wounded by the mob during his chairing. While under the hands of the surgeon he said, 'The papers will, of course, give an account of it; they will say he was unanimously elected; he was seated in the chair amidst acclamations, &c. &c., and on his return home was obliged to send for a surgeon to cure him of a black eye he had got on the way.' He said also to some one who came in, 'You see me here like Actæon, devoured by my own hounds.' Told a story of Grattan's taking some fine formal English visitors about his grounds, and falling himself into a ditch by taking them a wrong way. Casey mentioned his extreme courtesy to Corry after he had wounded him. Corry wished him to go back to the house. 'No, no,' said G., 'let the curs fight it out. I'll be with you, not only now, but till you are able to attend.' Grattan always annexed great importance to personal courage (readiness to *go out*). Isaac Corry, in speaking of him to Casey, expressed himself in the most enthusiastic manner; and when Casey told him he kept a minute of that memorable debate, seemed to regret it exceedingly, as ashamed of his own intemperance on the occasion: on finding afterwards that the writing of this minute was effaced by lying in a damp place, rejoiced proportionably. Had a letter from the Longmans, to say that the hope they had of finding out from the deputy that the money had never been paid into his hands, had been disappointed, and they must now proceed to negotiate as soon as possible. Kenny called in, and speaking of such a calamity coming upon one, so perfectly innocent of all delinquency in it as I am, said 'It is well you are a poet; a philosopher never could have borne it.' There is a great deal of

truth as well as humour in this. Kenny wrote his *Raising the Wind* in seven days. It is said that the Duchess de Berri wrote to her father (as a slap over the knuckles for his late sanction of the Revolution) *Je suis accouchée d'un fils et pas d'une constitution*. A M. le Garde asked me, if I could speak French, and on my replying 'a little,' he said, '*Ah ! oui : on ne pourrait pas avoir écrit de si beaux vers sans savoir le Français*'. On the death of the Danish Ambassador in Paris, some commissare of police having come to the house for the purpose of making a *procès verbal* of his death, it was resisted by the suite as an infringement of the Ambassador's privilege, to which the answer of the police was, that *Un ambassadeur dès qu'il est mort, rentre dans la vie privée*. A country poet apostrophised the river Barrow thus—'Wheel, Barrow, wheel thy winding course.' The Duke of Bedford's favorite songs were 'The Boys of Kilkenny' and 'Here's the Bower.' Forgot to mention that Casey, during my journey, mentioned to me a parody of his on those two lines in the 'Veiled Prophet'—

'He knew no more of fear than one, who dwells  
Beneath the tropics, knows of icicles.'

The following is his parody, which I bless my stars that none of my critics were lively enough to hit upon, for it would have stuck by me:—

'He knew no more of fear than one, who dwells  
On Scotia's mountains, knows of knee-buckles.'

On my mentioning this to Corry, he told me of a remark made upon the 'Angels,' by Kyle, the Provost, which I should have been equally sorry any of my critics had got hold of:—'I could not help figuring to myself,' says Kyle, 'all the while I was reading it, Tom, Jerry, and Logic on a lark from the sky.' Few such lively shots from our University. In the large picture of Domenichino here the head of his Sibyl is repeated; as, indeed, it is often in his pictures. Chantrey does not admire the Duomo of Milan; thinks it too flat, and without any of the grandeur or richness of our Gothic at home. As we came along yesterday, I asked C. and J. which of the painters they would wish to be if they had their choice among all. C. said Tintoret; and J., Raphael: the former on account of the prodigious works of Tintoret at Venice, which I regret I did not see more perfectly. Letters from Bess, in which, alluding to what I had communicated to her of Lord Lansdowne's friendship, and the probability of my being soon liberated from exile, she says, 'God bless you, my own free, fortunate, happy bird (what she generally calls me); but remember that your cage is in Paris, and that your mate longs for you.' Called on Chantrey, who seemed heartily glad to see me; his *atelier* full of mind; never saw such a set of *thinking* heads as his busts. Walter Scott's very remarkable from the height of the head. The eyes, Chantrey says, as usually taken as a centre, and the lower portion (or half) always much the greater; but in Scott's head the upper part is even longer than the lower. 30th. Dined at Lord Bristol's to meet Madame de Genlis: a large party,

Charlemonts, Templetons, Granards, &c. Sat next Madame de Genlis: much conversation with her; some things she told of the 'olden time' rather interesting. Upon my mentioning Mickel's detection of Voltaire's criticisms on the 'Lusiad,' she told a similar thing of some criticisms of Marmontel upon the same poem, which she traced in the same manner to an old French translation. Spoke of his 'Tales' as in such *mauvais ton* of society; that he certainly met men of fashion at Mademoiselle Clairon's, but only knew them by the manners they put on there (which were, of course, different from what they would be in correct society), and painted from them accordingly. Mentioned some man of rank whom she had heard praising the manner in which Marmontel had sketched some characters, saying that it was to the very life; and on her expressing her astonishment at this opinion, he added, 'Yes, life such as it is *chez Mademoiselle Clairon*.' The same person too, in praising any touch of nature in Marmontel, always subjoined, *la nature, comme elle est chez Mademoiselle Clairon*. Told me that she once entrusted to Stone between thirty and forty volumes of extracts which she had made during a most voluminous course of English reading, and which she never afterwards could recover: supposes that they are in the possession of Miss Helen Maria Williams. Sang in the evening. Translated, 'Keep your Tears for me' into French, for Madame de Flahault's: heard some pretty good singing from the De — and Flahault; some fine playing too on the French horn by a M. Puzzi. Dined at Lord Lansdowne's: company, Lord and Lady Cawdor, Sir J. Mackintosh, &c. &c. Hume, lately, at some meeting, in referring to allegations made by some one who preceded him, called him the 'honourable allegator.' A notable receipt for *raising* Newtons in France, suggested by Beyle (the author of 'Histoire de la Peinture en Italie,' &c. &c.); *Pour avoir des Newtons, il faut semer des Benjamin Constants*. Conversation about French words expressing meanings which we cannot supply from our own language, *verve* given as an instance. Whether their vagueness may not (instead of their definiteness) be the great convenience we find in them; just as Northcote, in looking at a picture, said 'Yes, very good, very clever; but it wants, it wants (at last, snapping his fingers), damme, it wants *that*.' May not our use of *verve*, and such other words, be from the same despair of finding anything to express exactly what we mean? Suggested this, which amused them; but they stood up for *verve*, as more significant than the snap of the fingers. Mackintosh's test of what is more excellent in art, 'That which pleases the greatest number of people,' produced some discussion; differed with him; may be true, to a certain degree, of such a sensual art as music, but not of those for the enjoyment of which knowledge is necessary—painting, for instance, and poetry. In the latter, he adduced as examples, Homer and Shakspeare, which certainly for *universality* of pleasing are the best, and perhaps the only ones he could mention. Mackintosh quoted in praise what Canning said some nights before, in referring to Windham, 'whose *illustrations* often survived the subjects to which they were applied.' If he had said *stories* instead of *illustra-*

tions, it would be more correct, though not so imposing; illustrations can no more survive their subjects than a shadow can the substance or a reflection the image; and as Windham's chief merit was *applying* old stories well, to remember the story without reference to its application, might be a tribute to Joe Miller, but certainly not to Windham. Instanced Sheridan's application of the story of the drummer to the subject of Ireland, when remarks were made upon the tendency of the Irish to complain. The drummer said to an unfortunate man, upon whom he was inflicting the cat-o'-nine-tails (and who exclaimed occasionally, 'a little higher,' 'a little lower'), 'Why, do what I will, there is no such thing as pleasing you.' Would any one think that he paid a compliment either to Sheridan's wit or his own, by saying that the mere caricatures of this old story had survived in his memory the admirable application of them? Thus it is that the world is humbugged by phrases. Mackintosh said that Pitt's speeches are miserably reported. He was himself present at the speech on the Slave Trade in '92 (which Mr. Fox declared was the finest he had ever heard), and the report, he says, gives no idea whatever of its merits. Burke's and Windham's the only speeches well reported; being given by themselves. Went from thence to Devonshire House, where there was very bad music; two new women, Castelli and Maranoni, execrable. The Duke, in coming to the door to meet the Duke of Wellington, near whom I stood, turned aside first to shake hands with me (though the great Captain's hand was waiting, ready stretched out), and said, 'I am glad to see you here at last.' A good deal of talk with Lady Normanton and Lady Cowper. The Duches of Sussex, bantering me upon the two fine ladies she saw so anxious to get hold of me other night at Almack's (Ladies Jersey and Tankerville), said that some one near her remarked, 'See them now, it is all on account of his reputation, for they do not care one pin about him.' While she spoke, Lord Jersey stood close beside her, and she was (or at least affected to be) much annoyed at finding that he had heard her. Sir Thomas Lawrence introduced me to Lady Waterford, who said we used to be acquainted, and asked me to her house on Monday night." \* \* \* \* \* Passed a church, the altar of which was most splendidly illuminated, the doors wide open, and people kneeling in the street. If there had been but a burst of music from it, the glory of the spectacle would have been perfect. Music issuing out of light is as good an idea as we can have of heaven."

Amidst all Moore's life of frippery, of unconnected labor, and of great products of natural genius, he made, owing to his satirical poems, many enemies; but still, so playfully was the arrow discharged, it seldom rankled in the wound. Lord Castlereagh appears to have been the only distinguished personage who allowed Moore's satires to affect his good humor. We do not consider this a reproach to Castlereagh; he was a high-spirited man, always willing to back his own word

with his pistol ; he never joked, and to bear what he considered the sneers and misrepresentations of one whom he believed to be but a papist-puppet of Holland House, trading on his religion and on his country, was more than his philosophy or his contempt could enable him to forgive. And, indeed, when we look now through Moore's poems, and perceive how he made himself but the *Punch* of that day, and endeavoured to render Castlereagh his Brougham, we regret the factiousness of the poet whilst respecting the silence of the statesman, and wish that *our* genius had not imitated one as vigorous though not so versatile—poor Theodore Hook. All politicians, however, were not of Castlereagh's mind, and Moore thus describes his acquaintanceship with George Canning, and with William Wordsworth :—

“ 17th. Met — walking with a gentleman and two ladies. After I had passed, I observed the party stop ; and the gentleman make signs to — as if to call me back, which — accordingly did, saying, ‘ Moore, here's Mr. Canning wishes very much to be introduced to you.’ It was no other than the right honorable orator himself, who put out his hand to shake mine in the most cordial manner. A singular circumstance this, and as creditable to him as it is certainly flattering to me. His daughter a very pretty girl. I remember, when I saw and walked in company with this girl at Rome, I made a resolution (on observing not only her beauty, but feeling all those associations of an elegant and happy home which her manner called up), that I would never write another line against her father. His cordial reception of me has now *clinched* this determination. 24th. Went with Bessy to market, and afterwards called upon Wordsworth. A young Frenchman called in, and it was amusing to hear him and Wordsworth at cross purposes upon the subject of ‘ *Athalie* ;’ Wordsworth saying that he did not wish to see it acted, as it would never come up to the high imagination he had formed in reading it, of the prophetic inspiration of the priests, &c. &c. ; and the Frenchman insisting that in acting alone could it be properly enjoyed,—that is to say, in the manner it was acted *now* ; for he acknowledged that till the Corps de Ballet came to its aid, it was very dull, even on the stage,—*une action morte*. Saw Wordsworth's wife ; she seems a comfortable sort of person enough. A note came from Lady Mary while I was there, to offer us both seats in her box at the Français, for the evening ; and the struggle of Wordsworth (who had already arranged to go with his wife and sister there) between nobility and domesticity was very amusing. After long hesitation, however, and having written one note to say he must attend his wife, *my Lady* carried it, and he wrote another accepting the seat. I should have liked well enough to have gone myself, but this was our dear little Tom's birthday, and I had promised to pass the evening at home. Walked with Wordsworth, who was going to call upon Canning, and

finding that Canning expected him, by his having left his name and Peel's with the porter, did not go up. While I was at dinner, a note arrived from Canning to ask me to dinner to-morrow. This is excellent! Can he ever have read the verses in the latter editions of the 'Fudge Family?' I fear not. Wrote to say I should have the honour of waiting on him. Dined with Canning. Company: Lord and Lady Frederick Bentinck, Wordsworth, and the secretary, young Chinnery. The day very agreeable. I felt myself excited in an unusual way, and talked (I sometimes feared) rather too much; but they seemed to like it, and to be amused. There was one circumstance which showed a very pleasant sort of intelligence between the father and daughter. I told a story to Miss Canning, which the father was the only one who overheard, and it evidently struck them both as very comical. Canning said some very pleasant things, and in a very quiet, unobtrusive manner. Talking of Grattan, he said that, for the last two years, his public exhibitions were a complete failure, and that you saw all the mechanism of his oratory without its life. It was like lifting the flap of a barrel-organ, and seeing the wheels. That this was unlucky, as it proved what an artificial style he had used. You saw the skeleton of his sentences without the flesh on them; and were induced to think that what you had considered flashes, were merely primings, kept ready for the occasion. Wordsworth rather dull. I see he is a man to *hold forth*; one who does not understand the *give and take* of conversation. 27th. Wordsworth came at half-past eight, and stopped to breakfast. Talked a good deal. Spoke of Byron's plagiarisms from him; the whole third canto of 'Childe Harold' founded on his style and sentiments. The feeling of natural objects which is there expressed, not caught by B. from nature herself, but from him (Wordsworth), and spoiled in the transmission. 'Tintern Abbey' the source of it all; from which same poem too the celebrated passage about Solitude, in the first canto of 'Childe Harold,' is (he said) taken, with this difference, that what is naturally expressed by him, has been worked by Byron into a laboured and antithetical sort of declamation.\* Spoke of the Scottish novels. Is sure they are Scott's. The only doubt he ever had on the question did not arise from thinking them too good to be Scott's, but, on the contrary, from the infinite number of clumsy things in them; common-place contrivances, worthy only of the Minerva press, and such bad vulgar English as no gentleman of education ought to have written. When I mentioned the abundance of them, as being rather too great for one man to produce, he said, that great fertility was the characteristic of all novelists and story-tellers. Richardson could have gone on for ever; his 'Sir Charles Grandison' was, originally, in thirty volumes. Instanced Charlotte Smith, Madame Cottin, &c. &c.

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\* There is some resemblance between 'Tintern Abbey' and 'Childe Harold;' but, as Voltaire said of Homer and Virgil, 'When they tell me Homer made Virgil,' I answer, 'Then it his best work:' so of Wordsworth it may be said, 'If he wrote the third canto of Childe Harold, it is his best work.'—ED.

Scott, since he was a child, accustomed to legends, and to the exercise of the story-telling faculty; sees nothing to stop him as long as he can hold a pen. Spoke of the very little real knowledge of poetry that existed now; so few men had time to study. For instance, Mr. Canning; one could hardly select a cleverer man; and yet, what did Mr. Canning know of poetry? What time had he, in the busy political life he had led, to study Dante, Homer, &c. as they ought to be studied, in order to arrive at the true principles of taste in works of genius. Mr. Fox, indeed, towards the latter part of his life, made leisure for himself, and took to improving his mind; and, accordingly, all his later public displays bore a greater stamp of wisdom and good taste than his early ones. Mr. Burke alone was an exception to this description of public men: by far the greatest man of his age; not only abounding in knowledge himself, but feeding, in various directions, his most able contemporaries; assisting Adam Smith in his 'Political Economy,' and Reynolds in his 'Lectures on Painting.' Fox, too, who acknowledged that all he had ever learned from books was nothing to what he had derived from Burke.\* I walked with Wordsworth to the Tuilleries: he goes off to-morrow. At twelve o'clock, Phillips the painter, and his wife, called upon us. Mentioned the fine collection of pictures he has just seen at Munich, a combination of two or three different collections. Bessy and I called upon Lady Davy at half-past two, and drove about with her till it was time to go to dinner at Grignon's. Told me that Sir Humphry has mentioned in a letter she has just received from him, that he has at present some important discovery in his head; bids her not breathe a word of it to any Frenchman; and says, 'the game I aim at is of the highest sort.' Another discovery, such as that of the lamp, is too much to expect from one man. We talked of Wordsworth's exceedingly high opinion of himself; and she mentioned that one day, in a large party, Wordsworth, without any thing having been previously said that could lead to the subject, called out suddenly from the top of the table to the bottom, in his most epic tone, 'Davy!' and, on Davy's putting forth his head in awful expectation of what was coming, said, 'Do you know the reason why I published the 'White Doe' in quarto?' 'No, what was it?' 'To show the world my own opinion of it.' Williams and Mr. Crawford dined with us, and we afterwards went to the Feydeau, where we saw two rather dull things, 'Deux Jaloux' and 'Corisande.' On my return home I received a letter giving me the melancholy, though long-expected, intelligence of the death of one of my dearest friends, Dalton. How fast they go!—but *his* death was a relief both to himself and all who loved him. Mr. Crawford came to us in the evening: he mentioned a curious instance of Canning's sensitiveness to attacks from the press; that, many years ago, when he was about to be married, he called upon Perry, and expressed a hope that there would be no quizzing remarks upon the circumstance."

Amongst the other parties with whom Moore became ac-

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\* There is much justice in these remarks of Mr. Wordsworth.—ED.



quainted in France, in the year 1821, was the Duke of Orleans—afterwards Louis Philippe. The reader may remember that, in our Memoir of Moore,\* we referred to the circumstance that the poet and the king had been close students in the library at Donnington Park, whilst the former was only the clever protégé of Lord Moira, and the latter was but a needy exile. Moore thus relates his introduction and his interview:—

“Vicomte Chabot (an old acquaintance of mine, who dined at Lord Miltown’s on Saturday, and who is in the service of the Duke of Orleans) called, and left a note for me to dine with the Duke to-morrow. I had had some conversation with Chabot on Saturday, in which I said how flattered I had been to find, from the intimation I received through Madame de Montjoye, that the Duke had not forgot me, and that, only for the necessity of the dress coat, with which I was not provided, I should have gone to his *lèvee*. Chabot (as he tells me in his note) mentioned all this to his highness, who has thus answered my confession of having no coat by asking me to dinner. Walked with Charles Sheridan, for the purpose of leaving my answer at the Palais Royal: am engaged to Lord Ranciliffe to-morrow, but, of course, cannot disobey the royal command. 23rd. Chabot called again to say that the Duke was obliged to go to the Tuilleries this evening, and as he wanted to have a little more of my company, and ‘to talk over old times,’ he wished, if possible, I would dine with him on Friday next instead. Chabot offered to call at the Ranciliffes on his way back, and tell them I was free now for my engagement to them: did so: 26th. Called upon Chabot (whose rooms are over the Duke of Orleans’) at a quarter before six, in order to go under his escort to dinner. The Duke met me on my entering the room with, ‘I wish you a very good night, Mr. Moore:’ he however speaks English perfectly well. There was only their own family party; and though the thing was at first rather royal and formidable, I soon found myself perfectly at my ease among as unaffected and domestic a circle as ever I witnessed in my station. The Duke drank wine with me at dinner à l’*Anglaise*, and I was placed next the Duchess, who did all the civilities of the partridges, patés, &c., before her in a very quiet and kind manner. After the dinner, which was over unusually soon, the Duchess sat down to work, and four or five fine children were admitted, with whom the Duke played most delightedly, making *polichinelle* caps for them, &c. Mademoiselle showed me a lithographic work lately published, ‘The Antiquities of Normandy,’ and the Duke and she at each side of me looked through the whole of the engravings. They then asked me to sing, and I have seldom had a more pleased audience; indeed, the reiteration of ‘*charmant*,’ ‘*delicieux*,’ &c. became at last almost oppressive. The Duke reminded me of the songs he had taught me at Donnington

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\* See IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. 6, Vol. II. p. 407.

Park, 'Cadet Roussel' and 'Polichinelle est par tout bien reçu,' and I played them over, which amused him very much. He said he did not see the least alteration in my looks since we last met, which must now be near eighteen years ago. In talking of the fitness of the English language for music, and the skill with which (they were pleased to say) I softened down its asperity, a Frenchman who was there said, in the true spirit of his nation, *Mais la langue Anglaise n'est pas plus dure que l'Allemande*, never seeming to have the least suspicion that his own is the most detestable language for music of any. The 'Evening Bells' seemed particularly to be the favourite, and the whole family understood English well enough to comprehend the meaning of the words. As I was engaged in the evening to the Forsters, I begged of Chabot to ask whether I might take an early leave, which was granted, with a thousand expressions of thanks for the pleasure I had given them, &c., and I came away at a little after nine, very much pleased and flattered by the day. 27th. Dined at the Palais Royal, in consequence of an invitation through Chabot yesterday, who mentioned in his note, that Mademoiselle had made arrangements for the music she promised me in the evening, and that I should hear her play. All very kind. The Duchess told me, soon after I came in, rather a flattering piece of news; namely, that at a *grande fête*, at the court of Berlin, the other day, the royal family had represented, in character, the story of 'Lalla Rookh,' and our own Duke of Cumberland, Aurungzebe. Madame Dolomieu, one of the dames d'honneur promised to translate for me the programme of the fete, which is in German. The Duchess said that Chateaubriand had written home an account of it, and described it as the most splendid and tasteful thing he had ever seen. Mademoiselle gave me her arm in going to dinner, and I sat between her and the Duchess. After dinner had some conversation on politics with the Duke: seems to think there must be war, ere long, between England and Russia: spoke of the bad part France is acting with respect to Naples. I sang a little, and they seemed to like it very much. At nine o'clock Paer arrived with his daughter and a flute player; the girl sang, and Mademoiselle played a sonata, accompanied by Paer on the flute, very charmingly. At half-past ten I came away with Chabot, who took me to Lady Ranelagh's ball. A very pretty assemblage of women, both French and English; among the former were two of the beauties of the day, Madame Barante and Madame Beaufremont. Returned home early."

Amongst Moore's French acquaintances was Madame de Souza, an authoress of considerable ability, and, in the year 1820, but little known to English readers. She was anxious that her then new novel, *Mademoiselle de Tournon*, should be introduced by her friend Moore to the notice of the literary public of his nation. Accordingly, partly through courtesy, and, to some extent, from liking, he wrote a paper upon the novel, which appeared in the *Edinburgh Review* for 1820. It

has but eleven pages of original matter, and is scarcely worthy of Moore's pen: indeed the *Diary* shows it to have been rather a disagreeable task than a labor of love. It contains, however, some remarks upon Lamartine's *Méditations Poétiques*, and a translation, some may think it a travesty, of a few lines. How Moore might have written of Lamartine, had he even dreamt that the Frenchman would, only five years later produce—*Le Dernier Chant Du Pèlerinage de Childe-Harold*, and that the author would be called "THE FRENCH BYRON," we know not—possibly he might have added, with Lord Dudley and Ward—"A very French Byron." The passages in the *Edinburgh Review* to which we refer, are as follow:—

"There has appeared, indeed, within the last year, a little work entitled *Méditations Poétiques*, which has been profusely lauded in certain circles, but which appears to us a very unsuccessful attempt to break through the *ancien régime* of the French Parnassus, and transplant the wild and irregular graces of English poetry into the trim parterre of the Gallic Muse. What this author's notions of sublimity are, may be collected from the first stanzas of his *Méditations*:—

' Lorsque du Créateur le parole féconde,  
Dans une heure fatale, eut enfanté le monde  
Des germes du Chaos,  
De son œuvre imparfaite il détourna sa face,  
Et d'un pied dédaigneux le lançant dans l'espace,  
Rentra dans son repos.  
Va, dit-il, &c. &c.

Which may be thus, not unfairly translated:—

' When the Deity saw what a world he had fram'd  
From the darkness of Chaos, surprised and ashamed  
He turn'd from his work with disdain;  
Then gave it a kick, to complete its disgrace,  
Which sent it off, spinning through infinite space,  
And return'd to his slumbers again;  
Saying, 'Go and be,' &c. &c.'"

In the month of November, 1822, Moore found himself free, and able to return once more to his Wiltshire home. His friends, however, would not allow him to leave Paris before they had entertained him at a public dinner. The following is his own account of the affair:—

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\* In these *Méditations* Lamartine, in the following line, as it were, "slaps Byron on the back," and says—

"Courage! *enfant déchu* d'une race divine."

The brotherly tone of the whole epistle to Byron reminds us of the show-man who refused money from Charles Mathews, saying, "Oh, Mr. Mathews, *we never take money from the profession.*"

"11th. The dinner took place at Robert's; about fifty sat down: Lord Trimleston in the chair: among the company were Lord Granard, Sir G. Webster, Robert Adair, &c. Collinet's band attended; the dinner one of Robert's best; and all went off remarkably well. In returning thanks for my health, I gave 'Prosperity to England,' with an eulogium on the moral worth of that country, which was felt more, both by myself and the company, from its being delivered in France, and produced much effect. Douglas, in proposing Bessy's health, after praising her numerous virtues, &c. &c., concluded thus: 'We need not, therefore, gentlemen, be surprised that Mr. Moore is about to communicate to the world 'The Loves of the Angels,' having been so long familiar with one at home.' In returning thanks for this, I mentioned the circumstance of the village bells welcoming her arrival, as being *her* triumph in England, while I had mine this day in France, and concluded thus:—'These gentlemen, are rewards and atonements for everything. No matter how poor I may steal through life—no matter how many calamities (even heavier than that from which I have now been relieved) may fall upon me—as long as such friends as you hold out the hand of fellowship to me at parting, and the sound of honest English bells shall welcome me and mine at meeting, I shall consider myself a Cræsus in that best wealth, happiness, and shall lay down my head, grateful for the gifts God has given.' In introducing the subject of the village bells, I said, 'This is a day of vanity for me; and you, who set the fountain running, ought not to complain of its overflowing.' Lattin proposed the health of my father and mother, and mentioned the delight he had felt in witnessing my father's triumph at the dinner in Dublin. In returning thanks for this, I alluded to Southey's making his Kehama enter triumphantly in through seven gates at the same moment, and said: 'This miraculous multiplication of the one gentleman into seven has been, to a great degree, effected by the toasts into which your kindness has subdivided me this day;' concluding thus:—'I have often, gentlemen, heard of sympathetic ink, but here is a liquid which has much better claims to that epithet; and if there is a glass of such at this moment before my good old father, it must, I think, sparkle in sympathetic reply to those which you have done him the honour of filling to him.' In proposing the health of Richard Power (who was present), I spoke of him 'as combining all that is manliest in man, with all that is gentlest in woman; that consistency of opinion and conduct which commands respect, with that smooth facility of intercourse which wins affection; a union, as it were, of the stem and flower of life—of the sweetness which we love, and the solidity on which we repose.' In alluding to the charitable object of the Kilkenny Theatre, I called it 'that happy expedient for enlisting gaiety in the cause of benevolence, and extracting from the smiles of *one* part of the community a warmth with which to dry up the tears of the *other*;' the happiness we had enjoyed together at that time, 'days passed in studying Shakspeare, and nights in acting or discussing him; the happy freedom of those suppers (*Tamquam sera libertas*—late enough, God knows) where, as in the suppers described by Voltaire—

La liberté, convive aimable  
Mit les deux coudes sur la table,  
Entre le plaisir et l'amour.'

In proposing the health of Lord Trimleston, spoke of his being particularly fit to take the chair at such a meeting, not only from old acquaintance, &c. &c., but his love of literature, and 'the success with which he had practised it; his intimate knowledge of French and English, which placed him as a sort of Janus between the two languages, with a double-fronted insight into the beauties of each, and enabled him not only to make the wild tale of *Atala* resound, in language worthy of its sweetness, on the banks of the Thames, but to occupy himself (as I was proud to say he was doing at present) in teaching the story of 'Lalla Rookh' to the lighter echoes of the Seine.' A song was sung by Grattan during the night, which he had written for the occasion.\* Left them between one and two, and went to Douglas's, where I supped."

These marks of regard were most flattering and most grateful to the poet's heart. Indeed he required some such exhibition to restore his good humor with his countrymen; and as at this dinner Irishmen of all politics attended, he must have been happier than when, only fourteen months earlier, he wrote thus bitterly, on the occasion of George the Fourth's visit to Ireland:—

"10th. Find that Lord Powerscourt, with whom the King dined the day he embarked from Ireland, was courageous enough to have a song of mine, 'The Prince's Day,' sung before him, immediately after 'God save the King,' and that his Majesty was much delighted with it. This song is laudatory, for I thought at the time he deserved such; but on reading it rather anxiously over, I find nothing in it to be ashamed of. What will those cowardly Scholars of Dublin College say, who took such pains, at their dinner the other day, to avoid mentioning my name; and who after a speech of some Sir Noodle boasting of the poetical talent of Ireland, drank as the utmost they could venture, 'Maturin and the rising Poets of Erin,' what will these white-livered slaves say to the exhibition of Lord Powerscourt's? The only excuse I can find for the worse than Eastern prostration into which my countrymen have grovelled during these few last weeks is, that they have so long been slaves, they know no better, and that it is not their own fault if they know no medium between brawling rebellion and foot-licking idolatry. As for the King, he has done his part well and sensibly, and his visit altogether may be productive of benefits which the unmanly flatterers who have be-daubed him hardly deserve."

The want of appreciation of Shakspeare, so frequently

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\* See the Song in IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. 6, p. 426.

expressed by Byron, has often excited astonishment, but has been generally believed to spring from that passion for saying startling things so remarkable in the conversation of the Peer, and so striking in his poems; yet the following opinions, recorded by Moore in the *Diary*, are still more extraordinary:—

“ Walked afterwards (for the first time since I came to town) to Rogers’s. Very agreeable. In talking of the ‘Angels,’ said the subject was an unlucky one. When I mentioned Lord Lansdowne’s opinion that it was better than ‘Lalla Rookh,’ said he would not rank it so high as the ‘Veiled Prophet’ for execution, nor the ‘Fire-worshippers’ for story and interest, but would place it rather on the level of ‘Paradise and the Peri.’ Asked me to dine with him, which I did; company, Wordsworth and his wife and sister-in-law, Cary (the translator of Dante), Hallam, and Sharpe. Some discussion about Racine and Voltaire, in which I startled, and rather shocked them, by saying that, though there could be no doubt of the superior taste and workmanship of Racine, yet that Voltaire’s tragedies interested me the most of the two. Another electrifying assertion of mine was, that I would much rather see ‘Othello’ and ‘Romeo and Juliet’ as Italian operas, and played by *Pasta*, than the original of Shakspeare, as acted on the London stage. Wordsworth told of some acquaintance of his, who was told, among other things, to go and see the ‘Chapeau de Paille’ at Antwerp, said on his return, ‘I saw all the other things you mentioned, but as for the straw-hat manufactory I could not make it out.’ Sharpe mentioned a curious instance of Walter Scott’s indifference to pictures: when he met him at the Louvre, not willing to spare two or three minutes for a walk to the bottom of the gallery, when it was the first and last opportunity he was likely to have of seeing the ‘Transfiguration,’ &c. &c. In speaking of music, and the difference there is between the poetical and musical ear, Wordsworth said that he was totally devoid of the latter, and for a long time could not distinguish one tune from another. Rogers thus described Lord Holland’s feeling for the Arts: ‘Painting gives him no pleasure, and music absolute pain.’ Wordsworth’s excessive praise of ‘Christabel,’ joined in by Cary, far beyond my comprehension. The whole day dull enough. Went away to call on Lady Donegal, whom I found pretty well, and very glad to see me. Mary Godfrey has been ill. Walked home, and had a restless night, as if I had exerted myself too much. Received from the Longmans a copy of the new ‘Edinburgh Review,’ in which Lord Byron and I are reviewed together, and very favourably.”

Holding opinions such as these, Moore was hardly capable of appreciating the quaint fancy and quiet humor of poor Charles Lamb. He thus records a party at which they first met:—

“Dined at Mr Monkhouse’s (a gentleman I had never seen be-

fore), on Wordsworth's invitation, who lives there whenever he comes to town. A singular party: Coleridge, Rogers, Wordsworth and wife, Charles Lamb (the hero, at present, of the 'London Magazine') and his sister (the poor woman who went mad with him in the diligence on the way to Paris), and a Mr. Robinson, one of the *minora sidera* of this constellation of the Lakes, the host himself, a *Mecænas* of the school, contributing nothing but good dinners and silence. Charles Lamb, a clever fellow certainly; but full of villanous and abortive puns, which he miscarries of every minute. Some excellent things, however, have come from him; and his friend Robinson mentioned to me not a bad one. On Robinson's receiving his first brief, he called upon Lamb to tell him of it. 'I suppose,' said Lamb, 'you addressed that line of Milton's to it, 'Thou *first* best cause, least understood.' Coleridge told some tolerable things. One of a poor author, who, on receiving from his publisher an account of the proceeds (as he expected it to be) of a work he had published, saw among the items, 'Cellerage, £3 10s. 6d.,' and thought it was a charge for the trouble of *selling* the 700 copies, which he did not consider unreasonable; but on inquiry he found it was for the *cellar*-room occupied by his work, not a copy of which had stirred from thence. He told, too, of the servant-maid where he himself had lodged at Ramsgate, coming in to say that he was wanted, there being a person at the door inquiring for a poet; and on his going out, he found it was a pot-boy from the public-house, whose cry, of 'any *pots* for the Angel,' the girl had mistaken for a demand for a *poet*. Improbable enough. In talking of Klopstock, he mentioned his description of the Deity's 'head spreading through space,' which, he said, gave one the idea of a hydrocephalous affection. Lamb quoted an epitaph by Clio Rickman, in which, after several lines, in the usual jog-trot style of epitaph, he continued thus:—

'He well performed the husband's, father's part,  
And knew immortal Hudibras by heart.'

A good deal of talk with Lamb about De Foe's works, which he praised warmly, particularly 'Colonel Jack,' of which he mentioned some striking passages. Is collecting the works of the Dunciad heroes. Coleridge said that Spenser is the poet most remarkable for contrivances of versification: his spelling words differently, to suit the music of the line, putting sometimes 'spake,' sometimes 'spoke,' as it fell best on the ear, &c. &c. To show the difference in the facility of reciting verses, according as they were skilfully or unskilfully constructed, he said he had made the experiment upon Beppo and Whistlecraft (Frere's poem), and found that he could read three stanzas of the latter in the same time as two of the former. This is absurd. Talked much of Jeremy Taylor; his work upon 'Propheying,' &c. C. Lamb told me he had got £170 for his two years' contributions to the 'London Magazine' (Letters of Elia). Should have thought it more."

The next party was better suited to his taste:—

"10th. Dined at Rogers's. A distinguished party: S. Smith, Ward, Luttrell, Payne Knight, Lord Aberdeen, Abercrombie, Lord Clifden, &c. Smith particularly amusing. Having rather held out against him hitherto; but this day he conquered me; and I now am his victim, in the laughing way, for life. His imagination of a duel between two doctors, with oil of croton on the tips of their fingers, trying to touch each others lips, highly ludicrous. What Rogers says of Smith, very true; that whenever the conversation is getting dull, he throws in some touch which makes it rebound, and rise again as light as ever. Ward's artificial efforts, which to me are always painful, made still more so by their contrast to Smith's natural and overflowing exuberance. Luttrell, too, considerably extinguished to-day; but there is this difference between Luttrell and Smith—that after the former, you remember what good things he said, and after the latter, you merely remember how much you laughed."

The late Thomas Barnes, the most able Editor ever engaged upon *The Times*, was introduced to Moore in the year 1824. He was one of these men who will go all lengths to serve a friend. A grave hard-working man to the world, but with all a woman's tenderness of heart elevating his feelings of friendship, till a friend became an idol. He was not the man for Moore's set, and could only be known as he really was, by those to whom he had given his hand and heart. He was a scholar, a critic, and one of the first to come boldly forward and stand by Edmund Kean, when, on the 27th of February, 1814, that wonderful genius burst upon the astonished playgoers. Barnes was a warm admirer of Charles Lamb's *Essays*, and on one occasion, when he exalted Dante's conceptions above those of great Shakspeare, "some reference," writes a true friend of Lamb, "having been made by Lamb to his own exposition of Lear, which had been recently published in a magazine, edited by Leigh Hunt, under the title of *The Reflector*, touched on another and tenderer string of feeling, turned a little the course of his enthusiasm the more to inflame it, and brought out a burst of affectionate admiration for his friend, then scarcely known to the world, which was the more striking for its contrast with his usually sedate demeanour. I think I see him now leaning forward upon the little table on which the candles were just expiring in their sockets, his fists clenched, his eyes flashing, and his face bathed in perspiration, exclaiming to Lamb, 'and do I not know, my boy, that you have written about Shakspeare, and Shakspeare's own Lear, finer than any one ever did in



the world, and won't I let the world know it.' " A man of this stamp could not feel at home in the society for which Moore was formed. The subjoined extract is valuable, as it shows the opinions formed by Barnes, and others, of one or two distinguished men :—

23rd. Lord John called upon me ; walked out. Dinner at Rogers's to meet Barnes, the editor of 'The Times,' company, Lords Lansdowne and Holland, Luttrell, Tierney, and myself. Barnes very quiet and unproductive ; neither in his look nor manner giving any idea of the strong powers which he unquestionably possesses. Dinner very agreeable ; Lord Holland, though suffering with the gout, all gaiety and anecdote. A number of stories told of Lord North. Of the night he anticipated the motion for his removal, by announcing the resignation of the Ministry ; his having his carriage, when none of the rest had, and saying, laughingly, ' You see what it is to be in the *secret* ;' invincible good humour. Fox's speech on the Scrutiny, one of his best, and reported so well, that Lord Holland said, ' In reading it I think I hear my uncle's voice.' Lord H.'s story of the man stealing Mr. Fox's watch, and Gen. Fox laughing at him about it, &c. &c. Lord H., too, told of a gentleman missing his watch in the pit one night, and charging Barrington, who was near him, with having stolen it. Barrington, in a fright, gave up a watch to him instantly ; and the gentleman, on returning home, found his own watch on his table, not having taken it out with him ; so that, in fact, *he* had robbed Barrington of some other person's watch. Went to the opera with Lord Lansdowne ; Mrs. Baring (whose box I sat in some time) renewed very kindly her invitation to me and Mrs. Moore for the summer, and begged we should bring the two little ones with us. Barnes, this evening, asked me to dine with him on Sunday next, and Rogers advises me to get off my engagement with Miss White, and go with him, as he is a person well worth cultivating ; have refused Lord Lansdowne also for Sunday, but rather think I shall take Rogers's advice. 28th. Walked a little in the Park after breakfast. Dined with Barnes in Great Surrey Street, beyond Blackfriars Bridge, having written the day before yesterday to explain to Miss White, and promised to come to her in the evening. Company at Barnes's, a Secretary of the French embassy, Haydon the painter, and a Scotch gentleman whose name I could not make out, but who is also a chief writer for 'The Times' Barnes more forthcoming a good deal than he was at Rogers's. Spoke of that day, and said how much he was delighted with Lord Lansdowne, whose unaffected modesty struck him as particularly remarkable in a person of such high talent and rank ; was also very much charmed with Lord Holland, as far as regarded the liveliness and variety of his conversation ; but considered his manner so evidently aristocratic and high, as to alarm the pride of persons in his (Barnes's) situation, and keep them on the alert lest this tone should be carried too far with them. Told him that this latter apprehension was altogether groundless, as Lord Holland's good nature and

good breeding would be always a sufficient guarantee against any such encroachment ; but, at the same time, could not help agreeing with him (though rather surprised at his perceiving it so soon through all the cheerfulness and hilarity of Lord Holland's manner) that there is actually a strong sense of rank and station about him ; while, notwithstanding the greater reserve and discretion of Lord Lansdowne's conversation and address, there is not anything like the same aristocratic feeling in him as in Lord Holland ; indeed, few noblemen, I think, have less of this feeling than Lord Lansdowne. A good many stories about Lord Ellenborough. Went to Miss White's ; found Rogers, Tierney, Wordsworth, Jekyll, &c., who had dined there ; told Rogers what Barnes had said about Lord Holland ; made me repeat it to Tierney, who seemed to think it very extraordinary, and to have quite a different opinion himself ; looking upon Lord Lansdowne, as, if anything, the more aristocratic man of the two."

In the month of July, 1823, Moore paid a visit to his native country, and travelled in company with the Marquess and Marchioness of Lansdowne. The following little trait proves the kindness of heart which has always distinguished this nobleman. " My mother expressing a strong wish to see Lord Lansdowne, without the fuss of a visit from him, I engaged to manage it for her. Told him that he must let me show him to two people who considered *me* the greatest man in the world, and him as the next, for being my friend. He very good-naturedly allowed me to walk him past the windows, and wished to call upon them ; but I thought it better thus." It must have been a pleasant sight, and would have rejoiced the spirit of Samuel Johnson, could he but have looked upon the Peer and the Poet walking, arm-in-arm, along Abbey-street for the gratification of a poor old grocer and his wife, through friendship for their son—he would regret the bitter taunt to Chesterfield—" Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help?"—and would have wished Moore to say of Lansdowne, as he himself said of poor, mad, open-hearted Tom Hervey—" he was very kind to me. If you call a dog Hervey, I shall love him." Moore was received in Ireland as his merits and as his services deserved. He visited Kilkenny, and " recollected the days of my courtship, when I used to walk with Bessy on the banks of the river ; looked into Cavanagh's, where she and her mother and sister lived, and where we used to have so many snug dinners from the club-house. Happy times ! but

not more than these which I owe to the same dear girl still." Lismore, Cork, and Killarney were included in the tour, and of his meeting with O'Connell, and his impressions of the Lake scenery, Moore writes :—

" O'Connell and his brother came to dinner. Says the facilities given to landlords, since 1815, for enforcing their rents, have increased the misery of the people ; particularly the power of distraining upon the crop. Mentioned a case, which occurs often, of a man, or his wife, stealing a few potatoes from their own crop when it is under distress, being put in prison for the theft as being felony, when at the worst it is but *rescue*, and kept there till the judge arrives, who dismisses him as improperly committed, and he is then turned out upon society, hardened by his wrong, and demoralised by the society he has lived with in prison. The facility of ejectment, too, increased since 1815. On my inquiring into the state of intellect and education among the lower orders, said they were full of intelligence. Mentioned, as an instance Hickey, who was hanged at a late Cork assizes, a common gardener. He had fired at a boy, who he thought knew and might betray him, and his gun burst, and carried away three of his fingers, which were found on the place. A man, in seeing them, said, ' I swear to those being Hickey's fingers,' on which Hickey was taken up, and his guilt discovered by the state of his hand. This fellow was a sort of Captain Rock, and always wore feathers to distinguish him. During his trial, he frequently wrote notes from the dock to O'Connell (who was his council), exhibiting great quickness and intelligence ; and when O'Connell was attempting to shake the credibility of the boy, who was witness against him, requested him not to persevere, as it was useless, and his mind was made up to suffer. Said that a system of organisation had spread some short time since through Leinster, which was now considerably checked, and never, he thought, had extended to the south. He knew of an offer made by the chiefs of this Leinster organisation, through some of the Bishops (I believe), to him (O'C.), and by him to the Government, that they would turn out for the Lord Lieutenant, against the Orangemen, if necessary. Says that Lord Wellesley forwarded the notification to the English Government, but no answer was of course returned. Thinks the population of Ireland underrated, and that it is near 8,000,000. Difference between the two archbishops that died lately ; him of Armagh, whose income was £20,000 a year, and who left £130,000 behind him, and Troy, the R. C. archbishop of Dublin, whose income was £800 a year, and who died worth about a tenpenny. Shows how cheap archbishops *may* be had. On my remarking the numbers of informers now coming in as inconsistent with that fidelity which he attributes to the lower order, says it is always the case when an organisation is breaking up, as the late one is ; never, while it is going on. Even now the *depôts* of useful arms are preserved, it is only the broken, used-up ones, that are informed on or delivered up (as it is with the old stills). The Church possesses 2,000,000 of green acres. His conversation with Judge Day : ' What remedy is there for Ireland's miseries ?'

O'C. 'I could tell you some, but you would not adopt them.'—J.D. 'Name them.'—O'C. 'A law that no one should possess an estate in Ireland who has one anywhere else.'—J.D. 'I agree to that.'—O'C. 'That tithes should be abolished.'—J.D. 'I agree to that.'—O'C. 'That the Catholics should be completely emancipated.'—J.D. 'I agree to that.'—O'C. 'That the Union should be repealed.'—J.D. 'I agree to that too.'—O'C. 'Very well, since that is the case, take a pike and turn out, for there is nothing else wanting to qualify you.' Mentioned a joke of Norbury's to Judge Baily lately, when they were comparing ages, 'You certainly have as little of the *Old Bailey* about you as any judge I know.' 12th. A beautiful day at last. Went with Lord Kenmare to see the Upper Lake. The whole scene exquisite. *Loveliness* is the word that suits it best. The grand is less grand than what may be found among the Alps, but the softness, the luxuriance, the variety of colouring, the little gardens that every small rock exhibits, the romantic disposition of the islands, and graceful sweep of the shores;—all this is unequalled anywhere else. The water-lilies in the river, both white and yellow, such worthy inhabitants of such a region! Pulled some heath on Bonan's Island to send to my dear Bessy."

With the booksellers, both as a poet and as a general writer, Moore ever stood high. Indeed *Captain Rock* and the *Life of Sheridan* proved that he possessed powers of argument, and a facility of rendering statistics "plain to the meanest capacity," and, at the same time, important to the highest intellects, most unusual in men of great ability, and most valuable to the publishers fortunate enough to secure the aid of one so gifted. Accordingly we find that Constable was, in the year 1823, most anxious that he should become editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, and, in the year 1822, Barnes endeavoured to induce him to accept, for some months, the editorship of *The Times*. Of these offers he writes thus:—

"Called, by appointment, on Constable; long conversation with him; most anxious that I should come to Edinburgh; and promises that I shall prosper there. The 'Review' (he told me in confidence) is sinking; Jeffrey has not time enough to devote to it; would be most happy to have me in his place; but the resignation must come from himself, as the proprietors could not propose it to him. Jeffrey has £700 a year for being editor, and the power of drawing £2,800 for contributors. Told him that I could not think of undertaking the editorship under £1000 a year, as I should, if I undertook it, devote myself almost entirely to it, and less than £1000 would not pay me for this. He seemed to think that if Jeffrey was once out of the way, there would be no difficulty about terms; read me a letter he had just received from his partner on the subject, in which he says, 'Moore is out of all sight the best man we could have; his name would revive the reputation of the 'Review'; he would con-

tinue to us our connection with the old contributors, and the work would become more literary and more regular; but we must get him gradually into it; and the first step is to persuade him to come to Edinburgh.\* All this (evidently not intended to be seen by me) is very flattering. Received to-day a letter from Brougham, inclosing one from Barnes (the editor of *The Times*), proposing that, as he is ill, I shall take his place for some time in writing the leading articles of that paper; the pay to be £100 a-month. This is flattering. To be thought capable of wielding so powerful a political machine as *The Times* newspaper is a tribute the more flattering (as is usually the case) from my feeling conscious that I do not deserve it. 18th. Wrote to decline the proposal of *The Times*."

In October, 1825, Moore visited Sir Walter, at Abbotsford; but to this portion of the *Diary* we consider it unnecessary to refer, as most of the facts contained in it were communicated by Moore to Lockhart, or were known to Lockhart himself, and have been inserted, from the latter, in our Memoir of the poet.\*

We have now either touched upon, or extracted, the chief portions of the present issue, new to our readers; but there are hundreds of little incidents contained in the third and fourth volumes which can only be appreciated by those who read from cover to cover. We venture to assert, that there are few men of extended literary or political information, who will not feel satisfaction in the perusal of this portion of the *Diary*; to those who delight in the study of character it cannot fail to prove interesting, as the portions relating to Moore are open and outspoken as if the production of Montaigne's own pen, and those parts referring to other parties are quite as amusing as anything in Brantome, undisfigured by Brantome's indecency. The characters of men stand out, not boldly, but naturally. They are not the buckram men of society or of office, but the real flesh and blood beings of private life; and here, as in *Castlereagh's Correspondence*, most of the actors upon the stage of the world are better than the audience were willing to admit.

Of the burning of the Byron Memoirs we can as yet write but half advisedly. Moore's *Diary* ends on the 30th October, 1825, and the first volume of *Byron's Life* was published in the year 1830. Many circumstances may have occurred during these five years to justify Moore in the course pursued by him;

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\* See IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. 6, Vol. II., pp. 431, 435.

we have inserted the portions of the *Diary* bearing upon the subject. In our Memoir\* we defended him in the course adopted; but we have since heard many statements, and his own account confirms them, which induce us to believe that the Memoirs given by Byron should not have been destroyed, and we do not think that Lord John Russell has, at all, stated sufficient grounds for the burning. The fact was, that too many of Moore's own friends were named in Byron's Memoirs in a manner rendering it almost impossible that he could be the editor; and as to his having lost by the transaction, it is simply, and in Mr. Burchell's broadest sense—Fudge, Fudge, Fudge. The following extract will suggest the real causes of the destruction of the manuscript:—

“Lord H. expressed some scruples about my sale of Lord B.'s ‘Memoirs;’ said he wished I could have got the 2000 guineas in any other way; seemed to think it was in cold blood depositing a sort of quiver of poisoned arrows (this more the purport than the words of what he said) for a future warfare upon private character; could not, however, remember, when I pressed him, anything that came under this strong description, except the reported conversation with Madame de Stael, and the charge against Sir Samuel Romilly, which, if false, may be neutralised by furnishing me with the means of putting the refutation on record with the charge. Thrown into considerable anxiety and doubt by what Lord H. said this morning. Determined, if on consideration it appears to me that I could be fairly charged with anything wrong or unworthy in thus disposing of the ‘Memoirs,’ to throw myself on the mercy of Murray, and prevail on him to rescind the deed, having it in my power, between the 500*l.* I have left in his hands, Lord L.'s 740*l.* and Lord John's 200*l.*, to pay him back near three-fourths of his 2000*l.* Lay awake thinking of it. Wrote a letter to leave for Lord Lansdowne (whom I have been every day expecting from Paris), expressing, as well as I could, my warm gratitude, and inclosing him a draft for 740*l.*, referring him also to the two letters I had written to Lord Holland on the subject of the ‘Memoirs.’ In one of these, by the bye, were words to the following purport: after saying that it should be perfectly in Brougham's power to read, not only what was said about himself in these papers (which, however, I believe to be very trifling), but, what was of much more consequence, all that related to Lady Byron, in order that he might have an opportunity of correcting anything that was misrepresented or misstated, and so put the refutation on record with the charge, I added, ‘Whatever may be thought of the propriety of publishing private memoirs *at all*, it certainly appears much more fair thus to proclaim and lay them open to the eyes of the world, while all the persons interested or implicated are alive

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\* See IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. 6, Vol. II. pp. 435, 440.

and capable of defending themselves, than (as is usually done) to keep them as a fire in reserve till those whom they attack have passed away, and possess no longer the power of either retorting or justifying.' Received a letter full of kindness from Lord Lansdowne, in which, however, he seems to agree with Lord Holland as to the sale of the 'Memoirs,' at least so far as to think that it *may* be a subject worthy my future consideration, whether I should not redeem them out of the hands of Murray, and saying that the 740*l.* is at my disposal towards that purpose if ever I should decide upon it. This is enough; I am now determined to redeem them."

Lady Holland, and several other ladies, would, it is most probable, have been very much annoyed by the publication of the Memoirs; but that any opinion of Lord Holland's was worthy of consideration, is negatived by the fact, stated twice by Moore himself, that Lord Holland induced him to write and publish *The Parody on the Regent's Letter*. He notes that Lord Holland showed him slips of what he, Moore, believed to be his Lordship's Memoirs of his Own Time, in which the following appeared:—" 'Another poet, Mr. Moore, with more of Irish humour than worldly prudence,' &c. &c. *This is too bad, Lord Holland himself having been the person who first put it into my head to write that parody.*" And all Moore's noble friends had seen the Manuscript Memoirs of Byron; we have already stated that they were so soiled from being handed about, that he found it necessary to get them copied by Williams; and who can deny that Maginn's statement, that copies had been made, and kept, by a lady in Florence is incorrect, when we read the following entry made in Florence:—"November 24th, 1819. Went to Lady Burghersh's for the purpose of seeing her put her extracts from Lord Byron's Memoirs into the fire;" and Lord John adds, in a foot note, "Mr. Moore had lent Lord Byron's Memoirs to Lady Burghersh." Of course he had, and to many others; but how many were honorable enough to tell Moore that they had taken copies of the whole, or of passages. Besides, Byron had, himself, lent the Memoirs to some of his friends, and amongst others, if we mistake not, to Lady Burghersh; so that if our view of this affair be correct, Moore lost nothing by burning the manuscript—he was neither legally nor morally bound to do so—he destroyed it to gratify his immediate noble friends, having no sufficient guarantee that in burning the original, he destroyed all traces of the manuscript. Had the manuscript been as offensive and unjust towards Lady Holland, even

as the *Diary Illustrative of the Times of George the Fourth*, had it revived the story of the "buried kid," it could have done little harm, and Colonel Henry Webster would have refuted it quite as readily as when it appeared in the book just mentioned;\* and as to regard for Lady Holland's feelings—she appears to have had none particularly fine. Moore himself writes, that she shocked Byron by calling her own lame, crippled, son, "hoppy-kicky." As we have already observed, nearly all the excuses offered to extenuate the destruction of the manuscript, are "Fudge." In this opinion not long formed, but formed upon substantial grounds, we are supported by the following letter, which appeared in the *Athenæum* for April 30th, 1853, written by the late John Murray, of Albemarle-street, to Robert Wilmot Horton. It bears date not quite two months after Byron's death, and it will be perceived that the manuscript was first offered to the Longmans and refused by them; then offered to Murray, and by him accepted; but at the period when the manuscript was destroyed, Moore was, in no respect, legally bound to repay the two thousand guineas. That he was bound, in honor, to restore it we do not deny, and it happened fortunately that, in this particular, honor, interest, and inclination, all ran parallel. We now present the letter, and next to that of Curll, describing his purchase of *Pope's Letters*, from the man "who wore the masquerade dress of a clergyman's gown with a lawyer's band," it is, perhaps, now the most interesting, and may be, hereafter, one of the most important in the literary correspondence of the kingdom:—

"Albemarle-street, May 19, 1824.

Dear Sir,—On my return home last night I found your letter, dated the 27th, calling on me for a specific answer, whether I acknowledged the accuracy of the statement of Mr. Moore, communicated in it: however unpleasant it is to me, your requisition of a specific answer obliges me to say that I cannot by any means admit the accuracy of that statement; and in order to explain to you more fully how Mr. Moore's misapprehension may have arisen, and the ground upon which my assertion rests, I feel it necessary to trouble you with a statement of all the circumstances of the case, which will enable you to judge for yourself. Lord Byron having made Mr. Moore a present of his *Memoirs*, Mr. Moore offered them for sale to Messrs. Longman and Co. who, however, declined to purchase them; Mr.

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See "*Diary Illustrative of the Times of George the Fourth*," Vol. I., p. 178 First Series. London: 1838, and the letter of Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Webster (in "*The Literary Gazette*"), dated January 2nd, 1838.



Moore then made me a similar offer, which I accepted ; and in November, 1821, a joint assignment of the Memoirs was made to me by Lord Byron and Mr. Moore, with all legal technicalities, in consideration of a sum of 2000 guineas, which, on the execution of the agreement by Mr. Moore, I paid to him ; Mr. Moore also covenanted, in consideration of the said sum, to act as editor of the Memoirs, and to supply an account of the subsequent events of Lord Byron's life, &c. Some months after the execution of this assignment, Mr. Moore requested me, as a great personal favor to himself and to Lord Byron, to enter into a second agreement, by which I should resign the absolute property which I had in the Memoirs, and give Mr. Moore and Lord Byron, or any of their friends, a power of redemption *during the life of Lord Byron*. As the reason pressed upon me for this change was, that their friends thought that there were some things in the Memoirs that might be injurious to both, I did not hesitate to make this alteration at Mr. Moore's request ; and, accordingly, on the 6th day of May, 1822, a second deed was executed, stating that, Whereas, Lord Byron and Mr. Moore are now inclined to wish the said work not to be published, it is agreed that, if either of them shall, *during the life of the said Lord Byron*, repay the 2000 guineas to Mr. Murray, the latter shall re-deliver the Memoirs ; but that if the sum be not repaid, *during the lifetime of Lord Byron*, Mr. Murray shall be at full liberty to print and publish the said Memoirs within three months\* after the death of the said Lord Byron. I need hardly call your particular attention to the words, carefully inserted twice over in this agreement, which limited its existence to the *lifetime of Lord Byron* ; the reason of such limitation was obvious and natural, namely, that although I consented to restore the work *while Lord Byron should be alive*, to direct the ulterior disposal of it, I should by no means consent to place it, after his death, at the disposal of any other person. I must now observe, that I had never been able to obtain possession of the original assignment which was my sole lien on this property ; although I had made repeated applications to Mr. Moore to put me in the possession of the deed, which was stated to be in the hands of Lord Byron's banker. Feeling, I confess, in some degree alarmed at the withholding of the deed, and dissatisfied at Mr. Moore's inattention to my interests in this particular, I wrote urgently to him in March, 1823, to procure me the deed, and at the same time expressed my wish that the second agreement should either be cancelled, or *at once executed*. Finding this application unavailing, and becoming by the greater lapse of time still more doubtful as to what the intentions of the parties might be, I, in March, 1824, repeated my demand to Mr. Moore in a more peremptory manner, and was in consequence at length put into possession of the original deed. But not being at

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\* To this passage the present Mr. Murray has added this note :—The words "within three months," were substituted for "immediately," at Mr. Moore's request—and they appear in pencil, in his own handwriting, upon the original draft of the Deed, which is still in existence.

all satisfied with the course that had been pursued towards me, I repeated to Mr. Moore my uneasiness at the terms at which I stood under the second agreement, and renewed my request to him, that he would either cancel it or execute its provisions by the immediate redemption of the work, in order that I might exactly know what my rights in the property were. He requested time to consider this proposition. In a day or two he called and told me that he would adopt the latter alternative, namely, the redemption of the Memoirs, as he had found persons who were ready to advance the money on *his insuring his life*, and he promised to conclude the business on the first day of his return to town, by paying the money and giving up the agreements. Mr. Moore did return to town, but did not, that I have heard of, take any proceedings for insuring his life; he positively neither wrote, nor called upon me, as he had promised to do (though he was generally accustomed to make mine one of his first houses of call), nor did he take any other step, that I am aware of, to show that he had any recollection of the conversation that had passed between us previous to his leaving town, until *the death of Lord Byron had, ipso facto*, cancelled the agreement in question, and completely restored my absolute rights over the property of the Memoirs. You will therefore perceive, that there was no verbal agreement in existence between Mr. Moore and me, at the time I made a verbal agreement with you to deliver the Memoirs to be destroyed. Mr. Moore might undoubtedly, *during Lord Byron's life*, have obtained possession of the Memoirs, if he had pleased to do so; he, however, neglected or delayed to give effect to our verbal agreement, which, as well as the written instrument to which it related, were cancelled by the death of Lord Byron, and there was no reason whatsoever why I was not at that instant perfectly at liberty to dispose of the MS. as I thought proper. Had I considered only my own interest as a tradesman, I would have announced the work for immediate publication, and I cannot doubt that, under all the circumstances, the public curiosity about these Memoirs would have given me a very considerable profit beyond the large sum I originally paid for them; but you yourself are, I think, able to do me the justice of bearing witness that I looked at the case with no such feelings, and that my regard for Lord Byron's memory, and my respect for his surviving family, made me more anxious that the Memoirs should be immediately destroyed, since it was surmised that the publication might be injurious to the former and painful to the latter. As I myself scrupulously refrained from looking into the Memoirs, I cannot from my own knowledge say whether such an opinion of the contents was correct or not; it was enough for me that the friends of Lord and Lady Byron united in wishing for their destruction. Why Mr. Moore should have wished to preserve them, I did not, nor will inquire; but having satisfied myself that he had no right whatever in them, I was happy in having an opportunity of making, by a pecuniary sacrifice on my part, some return for the honour, and I must add the profit, which I had derived from Lord Byron's patronage and friendship. You will also be able to bear witness that, although I could not presume to impose an obligation on the friends

of Lord Byron or Mr. Moore, by refusing to receive their payment of the 2000 guineas advanced by me, yet that I had determined on the destruction of the Memoirs, without any previous agreement for such repayment, and you know the Memoirs were actually destroyed without any stipulation on my part, but even with a declaration that I had destroyed my own private property, and I therefore had no claim upon any party for remuneration.—I remain, Dear Sir, your faithful servant,

(Signed)

JOHN MURRAY.

To Robert Wilmot Horton, Esq.\*

Moore's character appears, in these last volumes, in a light still more amiable than in the former issue, and all the facts are stated most accurately, as we learn from several of those whose names are mentioned in the *Diary*. He was a wonder to them, they were only of the crowd to him; they treasured up in memory all the little incidents of the interviews, he must have forgotten many circumstances, had he not noted them carefully within a few hours. Indeed the facts of one entry, made during his visit to Cork in the year 1823, were told to us six months ago, by a gentleman whose name is mentioned, and we find the whole conversation, and all the particulars most accurately entered in the fourth volume. He sometimes conceals little affairs telling against himself. For example, he states that he hated reading poems or plays before a "blue" party, and that on one occasion he refused to read at old Lady Cork's, and laughed a great deal at Mat Lewis, who consented to amuse the company. The fact, indeed, is, that the laugh, on this occasion, was against Moore. To excuse his refusal of reading, he said that he was very hoarse, and, to her Ladyship's great dissatisfaction, seemed about to take his departure. Lewis, however, induced him to stay, offering to read the poem for him. Previous to commencing his task Mat incited Lady Cork to procure a large warming plaster; and, in the middle of the reading, she approached Moore, insisted on applying the plaster herself to his chest, and followed him with it about the room amidst the laughter of the company, and he was only released from her importunities by escaping from the house.\*

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\* Moore's suppression of this story is only surpassed, in its way, by Dr. Mac Hale's suppression of the late Duke of Wellington's name, in his translation, into Irish, of the Melody, "Whilst History's Muse." He writes, in a foot note:—"Notwithstanding one signal service, it would seem as if the subject of this beautiful melody had studied to render himself obnoxious to the Irish people. Still, from a selection in our

Upon the composition and publication of the *Loves of the Angels*, and *Memoirs of Captain Rock*, recorded in these volumes, we do not dwell, as we have, in our Memoir of Moore, entered at length into the subject; but almost every page of this *Diary* now before us proves how woful a thing it was in his case that, for literary men, of genius noble as his, these kingdoms have neither place nor reward. We believe that Mr. Thackeray, of whose ability we have, on many occasions, been the sincere and warm supporters, has done much to retard the advancement of this question amongst the people of England. In his *Lectures on the Humorists*, and in *Pendennis*, he has lowered the character of literature by his invectives and by his portraitures. He, and that portion of the newspaper press who follow him, assume that support implies patronage; whereas, if properly understood, it means that, whilst the nation marks its respect for the military, or diplomatic, or judicial service by titles, or rewards it in pensions, it also testifies its deep gratitude to those who have, by literary labor, charmed, or elevated, or instructed the people. If, indeed, genius went, like *Warrington*, with an old coat, and a frayed shirt-collar to the Coal Hole; if *Hoolan* and *Doolan* were the representatives of literary men, who all believed the greatest enjoyment of life to consist in eating broiled kidneys, and in drinking whiskey punch, whilst listening to *Sam Hall*, or *Lord Lovell*, at three o'clock in the morning, we could bow to Mr. Thackeray's opinions upon the subject of literary pensions; but we know, and Mr. Thackeray knows, few men better, that these are no more the representatives of literature, in these kingdoms, than poor *Costigan* is the type of an Irish gentleman or of an Irish soldier. *Hoolan* and *Doolan* are not the representatives of Tennyson, of Bulwer Lytton, of Talfourd, of Southey, of Wordsworth, of Mackintosh, of Macaulay, of Hallam, of Jeffrey, or of the many others who make, or who have made, our literature famous. When

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native language of those truly popular lyrics, I could not exclude such an exquisite specimen of poetry and patriotism. I have, therefore, merely omitted the name in each stanza, filling up the chasm with a corresponding character in general terms, leaving to the taste of the reader, or the progress of time, to substitute to any popular name not unworthy of the distinction." This beautiful specimen of the Tuam "Index Expurgatory" is found at page 48, No. III., of "Moore's Melodies, Translated into Irish, by John, Archbishop of Tuam." Dublin: Milliken,—Cumming, 1843. Price 1s.

Horace wrote dedications to Augustus ; when Ariosto sang of a niggard, noble in birth, but a beggar in disposition ; when Dryden turned, "attentive to other things than the claps of a play-house" to write his two thousand verses of *Fables* for Jacob Tonson, at a sum less than three pence farthing per line ; when Steele reeled drunk to his gaol ; when Savage begged his bread ; when Johnson and Goldsmith lived on pennies, when all or any of these things occurred, it was pitiable for literature ; but, from these times we have advanced, the pen is now an instrument of defence or of livelihood, noble as ever was the sword, or powerful as statesmanship in the old times when the author was but the lackey of a great man's fame. But even now the literary man must live on for years, blessed only by his own bright heart ; he may have written a history luminous and noble as Hallam's ; or brilliant as Macaulay's, or learned as Sharon Turner's or Lingard's ; he may be a poet, or a dramatist, whose fancies have drawn tears and laughter from all ; he may be a painter, or a sculptor, before whose creations the gazers have stood amazed by beauty or by naturalness ; but it were better for him he had invented a patent plough, or improved the working of a steam engine. Moore's genius was cramped by his poverty and by his struggles for existence, just as Southey was forced to fritter away time, that he might procure bread by periodical reviews, and his *Common Place Books* prove how the beggarly system of the state, murdered, if we may so write, the hopes of his life of toil. "I would not," says Kant, in some of his *Lectures*, "exchange one of Kepler's discoveries for a principality." The thought is worthy of a German Philosopher, but seems, simply, nonsense, if spoken to an Englishman who remembers the lives of Southey, of Wordsworth, and of Moore. We have objected to Mr. Thackeray's views upon the subject of pensions, because he seems to think a pension must be either an alms or a bribe. We have no wish that authorship should expose its follower to the stigma of mendicancy, or to the temptation of scoundrelism ; neither do we wish to find a man of genius like Mr. Thackeray, misguiding public taste, and becoming the show of an hour upon the platform. The true theory of pensions, and their true use to literary men, was justly stated by Henry Taylor when he wrote :—

"Pensions to poets, then, in such cases—and, indeed, pensions to all writers, poetical or other, in the higher and graver and therefore

less popular and lucrative walks of literature—may be deemed, I think, though not appropriate as honours or rewards, yet desirable as providing a subsistence which may not be attainable in other ways without great injury to the interests of literature. The provision should be suited to the retired and homely way of life by which the true dignity of a poet will be best sustained and in which his genius will have its least-obstructed development; but it should be a provision calculated—if prudently managed—to make his life, in its pecuniary elements, easy and untroubled. I say ‘if prudently managed,’ because as to the wants of a spendthrift poet or of one who is incompetent to the management of his affairs, they are wants which it is hard to measure and impossible to supply. If the pensions now given to men of letters, to scientific men, and to artists, be of such amount as would enable them, living frugally, to give all or most of their time, with an easy mind, to those arts and pursuits by which they may best consult the great and perdurable interests committed by Providence to their charge, then the amount is sufficient, though it be but little; and the fact which is so often brought forward, that it is less than the ordinary emoluments of trades, professions, or the humbler walks of the public service, is not material to the case. If the pensions, on the other hand, be of less amount than will effect this purpose, then I think that the just ground on which the grant of such pensions is to be rested,—that is, the true interests of men of genius themselves, and, through them, the interests of literature and art,—require that they should be advanced in amount so far as may be sufficient for this purpose, and no further. It is not only to secure to him the undisturbed possession of his time and the undiverted direction of his endeavours, that it is expedient to make some sufficient pecuniary provision for a poet: such a provision is important also as a safeguard to his character and conduct; for few indeed are the men whose character and conduct are unimpaired by pecuniary difficulties; and though wise men will hardly be involved in such difficulties, let their need be what it may, and though none but a wise man can be a great poet, yet the wisdom of the wisest may be weak in action; it may be infirm of purpose; through emotions or abstractions it may be accessible to one inroad or another; and though I am far from claiming any peculiar indulgence for the infirmities of men of genius—on the contrary in my mind nothing can be more erroneous than to extend indulgence to moral aberrations precisely in those cases in which, operating to the corruption of the greatest gifts, they are the most malign and pernicious,—yet, for this very reason, whilst refusing them any indult or absolution, I would claim for men of genius all needful protection—more perhaps than ought to be needful—in order that no danger that can be avoided may attend the great national and universal interests involved in their life and character. For never let this truth depart from the minds of poets or of those who would cherish and protect them—that the poet and the man are one and indivisible; that as the life and character is, so is the poetry; that the poetry is the fruit of the whole moral, spiritual, intellectual and practical being; and howsoever in the imperfection of humanity, fulfilments may have fallen

short of aspirations, and the lives of some illustrious poets may have seemed to be at odds with greatness and purity, yet in so far as the life has faltered in wisdom and virtue, failing thereby to be the nurse of high and pure imaginations, the poet, we may be sure, has been shorn of his beams; and whatsoever splendour may remain to him, even though to our otherwise bedarkened eyes wandering in a terrestrial dimness, it may seem to be consummate and the very 'offspring of Heaven, first-born,' yet it is a reduced splendour and a merely abortive offspring as compared with what it might have been, and with what it is in the bounty of God to create, by the conjunction of the like gifts of high reason, ardent imagination, efflorescence of fancy and intrepidity of impulse, with a heart subdued to Him and a pure and unspotted life. Out of the heart are the issues of life, and out of the life are the issues of poetry."<sup>\*</sup>

Had our government thought thus Moore would have been a happier man, and his life-labor would have been, not more brilliant, but more sterling and enduring. But, harassed as he was, and distracted by fashion, and by the necessity of cultivating the friendship of the great, he never forgot his position as a gentleman and as an Irishman; and, closing these volumes, there are few readers who will not concur with the sentiment expressed by Doctor Parr in his Will, when he stated:—"I give a ring to Thomas Moore, of Sloperton, Wilts, who stands high in my estimation for original genius, for his exquisite sensibility, for his independent spirit, and incorruptible integrity."

That Doctor Parr, when writing this, recorded his real sentiments, his genuine appreciation of Moore, we cannot doubt. The whole course of the poet's life was but the exemplification of consistent honesty; existing in all but actual poverty; preserving his integrity in even the darkest hour of his affliction; and rising, smilingly, to laugh back the lowering sorrows of his life. The early years of this century were trying times for the honesty of literary men. The age of patrons, and of their pamphleteering assistants, had but just passed away, and clever men sold their pens to the highest bidder or most influential statesman, as, in the middle ages, the soldier of fortune hired his sword to the needy prince. Had Moore sold himself, his convictions, his honor, to the minister, he might have battened in office, or have flourished in snug colonial appointments. The vigor displayed in *Captain Rock*; the bitter, biting, scathing wit of the *Parody on the Regent's Letter*, and *Lord*

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\* Notes From Life, page 163.

*Belzebub's Letter to the Brunswick Club*, shows how able an auxiliary he would have proved ; and in the days when Dundas ruled, when to aid the minister with the pen, was to fill the writer's pockets with gold, the man who, like Moore, in a poor coat, and with ardent longings for worldly advancement, resisted the lures of the cabinet, was nobler than many a mouthing platform patriot, or roaring regenerator of his country.

The nation, during Moore's life, gave him little save its admiration, and since his death it has extended to his memory but a barren sympathy, and affected, worthless lip honor. Ireland, so famous through his genius, so world-known through his *Melodies*, so illustrated by his birth—Ireland, whose story he has told in poetry and in music that must be, to all time, the noblest history of a people,—the happiest placed by Nature, and rendered the most miserable in existence by Fate,—this Ireland, that boasts its gratitude, its love for old glories and old times of its grandeur and of its power, has no mark of honor to his memory, no statue to tell the world that he is, as he said he wished to be,—“THE POET OF THE IRISH PEOPLE.”

The men of all nations now thronging our city may wonder at our energy, and may applaud our glorious efforts to rear, amidst apathy, and despite poverty, the Exhibition Hall, towering so proudly to prove that we possess all the qualities necessary to form a people, and requisite to show the appliances of a Nation—but standing in the Hall, gazing round upon the effigies of the illustrious Irishmen which grace that place, doubtless, their thoughts must wander away to the green, quiet, churchyard at Bromham, where, in his lonely grave, the Poet rests—the summer sky his canopy—his only requiem, the whisper of the leaves as the gentle winds float by. We have the English Sailor in Sackville-street, and rightly ; we have, in College-green, the great King who was selected by a nation to save it from a false regal brood, and to teach the people of the Universe that princes rule, not by right, but for right ; we have, in St. Patrick's Cathedral, its own immortal Dean ; in our Royal Exchange we have placed the statues of Lucas, of GRATTAN, of O'Connell, and have attempted to make a Pantheon of the deserted edifice ; and where merchants, rich in gold, should congregate, we have for lack of them collected



the effigies of those who prove our riches in genius, in eloquence, and in political ability. But in the public streets we show ourselves to be the flunkys and slaves of fashion, to which we have been so often compared; and he who judges of Ireland and of its people by the street-names, and by the public statues of our metropolitan city, must assume that we possess no historic name to which we can point with pride.—No orator who roused the listeners by the thunder of his eloquence, or terrified a hostile Minister by the power of his fierce invectives.—No poet who, by the spell of his own bright fancies, has made earth around us fair as the visioned heaven that dawned upon the entranced sight of the Peri standing by the portal of the glowing Paradise.—No soldier that held at bay, that battled against, that beat, the conqueror of Europe, one omnipotent as man ever had been before.—No painter from whose canvas smiles a beauty to win the heart, till age glows again into youth; or till, in contemplating some pictured fight, we fancy that the swords are clashing, and wild cheers are rising amidst the combat.—No preacher who has been the teacher to exalt, to soothe, to terrify and to guide, till, in his eloquence he shows the sinner the eternal truth of gospel wisdom, and God omniscient, in the eternal immutability of his justice and of his goodness. Yet all those glories of mind Ireland possesses in her sons, but she buries all in the pages of her history, and never shows that she remembers them, by public record in her public places. The monument is erected, *perhaps*, but only after years of delay, and is then thrust to moulder in some nook, best known to the char-woman or the verger.

Moore, we are told, is to have a public monument, but one neither commensurate with his fame, nor worthy of the Irish people; it is to be erected after months of hesitation, and is the tribute paid to the National Poet by a few thousand subscribers, whilst his readers are numbered by millions. It will stand before the world a disgrace to Ireland; not a testimony of honor to the genius of the Poet, but the recording mark of Irish ingratitude, of Irish lip homage, and of Irish apathy, teaching the world to consider Moore, of the Irish people, as Byron calls Tasso, of the Italian—

— “their glory and their shame.”

In our Exhibition the foreigners show busts of Schiller, of

Dante, of Goethe, but Ireland has nothing to commemorate Moore save a single bust, and Mulrenin's most graceful cabinet picture. Thus we keep to the old custom of worshipping blindly our great men whilst living, and burying all memory of them in their tombs.

We do not blame the Moore Testimonial Committee; they have done all that zealous men could accomplish; but we ask them, we ask Lord Charlemont in particular, to remember how Scotland has commemorated Burns by the Festival of 1844, and Scott by his noble monument in Edinburgh, and then to say if a statue of bronze placed in College-street is not rather an insult to Moore's genius, and an object exposing Ireland to the ridicule of the world, than a fitting testimony from a Nation to its Poet. Irishmen from all quarters are now visiting our city, and surely it is not yet too late to make some effort by which the funds of the Committee can be increased. A Concert, the songs to be selected from Moore's works—we are sure Robinson and Geary could procure the singers, and we believe Harris would lend the Theatre,—a Bazaar—a Public Dinner—a representation at the Theatre-Royal of Sheil's *Evadne*, which is dedicated to Moore—any, or all, of these might be attempted, and could hardly fail to be successful in producing funds to save us from such statues as we devote to the Georges in the Lord Mayor's Garden, and in St. Stephen's Green. Unless the testimonial stands before the world worthy of Ireland and of Moore, it is better that he should rest in his green grave at Bromham, his poems his only monument, a monument which will ever lead "The pilgrims of his genius" from all lands to visit that

"village where his latter days  
Went down the vale of years; and 'tis their pride—  
An honest pride—and let it be their praise,  
To offer to the passing stranger's gaze  
His mansion and his sepulchre."

THE

## IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW.

No. XI.—SEPTEMBER, 1853.

### ART. I.—FRENCH SOCIAL LIFE—JEROME PATUROT.

*Jérôme Paturot à la Recherche D'Une Position Sociale.* Par Louis Reybaud. Paris: 1850.

IN our two former papers on the modern light literature of France,\* we endeavoured to explain that although much, too much, of the glowing fire of brilliant genius, which shines in the gay fictions of our sometimes frivolous neighbours, is dimmed by a foul mist of immorality, yet that many French novels were not only unexceptionable, but even, in the highest degree, admirable. We commenced, and we shall resume, from time to time, this series of papers, not because we wished to introduce French light literature, or to give it the sanction and the support of our approbation, but because we knew that French novels of the worst and basest order were openly sold, and read in these kingdoms; and we believe that in classing all French fictions with these books, the fathers and mothers of our rising generation unintentionally afford a premium to the pander, the vicious, and the scoundrel.

When Samuel Johnson, indulging in what he used to call his "laxity of talk," said to Boswell, "Sir, Prior is a lady's book," he no more meant that all Prior's poems should form the reading of a woman, than he could intend to recommend La Fontaine's *Tales* whilst praising La Fontaine's *Fables*;—thus we, in these papers, recommend only the books named with commendation, and to the adoption of this course circumstances compel us.

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\* See IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, Vol. II., pp. 348-677.

Such has been the condition of writers of fiction in France, that authors there, more than in any other country, have been compelled to "please to live," in composing their weekly published stories. We have always considered the system of monthly publication, introduced by Chapman and Hall, in issuing the works of Charles Dickens, as most detrimental to the lasting fame of an author, because it compels him to force his fiction and his characters, in order that he may render each number of the work striking and remarkable for *something*. Thus it is that characters which, if carried through the tale, might have rendered the plot and its catastrophe perfect, are killed off before their time, or changed, in construction, or lost to mind in the later numbers. This system of serial novel writing has injured the works of Thackeray, of Lever, of Robert Bell, and of Warren. The only author, following the plan of monthly publication, who has escaped with little or no detriment to his reputation, is Sir E. B. Lytton, who, in *The Caxtons*, and in *My Novel*, depended, whilst they were being published in *Blackwood*, on his name and on his reputation, and told his story in the usual way, being in some months prosy, in some dogmatic, in some philosophical, in some intensely interesting, as the plot required, or as fancy fell or soared. But objectionable and injurious as we consider the English method of monthly issue, it is in no respect so detrimental as the French system of publication in the *feuilleton*.

Most, we may write all, the Paris newspapers devote a certain space in their pages to the publication of some fiction by a popular and well-known author, and the portion of the journal in which the tale appears (generally the bottom half of the pages) is called the *feuilleton*. By the *feuilleton* Alexander Dumas has made the fortunes so often squandered, and so frequently re-made. By the *feuilleton* Eugène Sue has raised that wealth which enables him to live as a prince.\* By the *feuilleton* all the chief novelists of France have grown comparatively wealthy; but the system, whilst eminently calculated to enrich the purse of the author, is more than likely to render his reputation uncertain, or weak, or worthless, as to the future. That interest may not flag, that excitement

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\* For an account of Sue's wonderful mansion and park, named Des Bordes, see Auguste Johanne's "*Vérités Sociales Inconnues ou Méconnues*."

may be continuous, every topic of the day must be turned to account; old histories must be pillaged; the scandals of our great grandfathers must be revived; the annals of crime must be laid under contribution; the atrocities of the poisoner, the shame of the voluptuary, the *fourberies* of the knave must be again exposed to the gaze of the world, and amidst the living, moving millions of the nineteenth century there flaunt the foul and bloody spectres of the Borgias, of Joan of Naples, of Marie Madeleine Brinvilliers, and of The Cenci, not deterring, but fascinating. When incident fails, word painting, in which voluptuous description verging upon indecency, and philosophism stealing into atheism, renders the interest of the particular number of the *feuilleton* perfect, because "thick and slab." The plot of the fiction is of no moment, its structure is forgotten before the story is completed, and where the English novelist would confine himself to one plot, relieved, perhaps, by an under-plot, the *feuilletonist* includes just as many as his fancy or as his reading may afford materials for, or as the taste of the readers and the success of his story may render safe or necessary. Thus, literature in France has become the corrupter of the French people; it has ever followed, and has never attempted to lead them; it has shown how true an observer of life Le Sage proved himself when he wrote, "un libraire et un auteur sont deux espèces de filoux qui ne peuvent l'un sans l'autre attraper l'argent du public."

But out of all this desecration of genius many a noble tale, many a racy, harmless, honest, laughter-moving story can be drawn, and in the collected works of popular French authors a tale full of atheism and obscenity is frequently followed by one worthy of Maria Edgeworth or Mrs. Opie:—just as in the fine art shops of the Palais National the sweet mild Madonna, looking all grace, and beauty, and purity, stands beside the Venus Callipyge.

We have already expressed our reasons for at all introducing modern French fiction to our readers;\* our course is clear before us, and our duty is, knowing that French novels will be read, to name those which can be enjoyed harmlessly and advantageously. If the emperor could banish all the dangerous literature of his country as easily as he has excluded his offending cousins, or la chere Howard, he would be to morality

as Charlemagne is to Christianity. And a wise prince might and could do much to achieve this object, if attempted gradually, and without the semblance of having been done at the dictation of the parti pretre. This might be accomplished in part, "But the trail of the serpent" is still over France, and in recommending the literature of that land where romance, and song, and ballad, and knightly lay found their early and brilliant composers, the conscientious critic must hedge himself round with caution and proviso. This is a melancholy reflection, a great degradation of the national literature, for, as Sir Walter Scott so truly wrote, "the honour of the prose romances of chivalry, exclusive always of the books of *Amadis*, belongs entirely to the French, and the curious volumes which are now the object of so much research among collectors, are almost universally printed at Paris."\* Standing in, as it was called of old, the Bibliothèque Royal, gazing upon the thousands on thousands of books which moulder upon its shelves, we recall the glories and the shames of French literature, and we learn the truth of Bacon's thought, that men have entered into a desire of learning, "As if there were sought in knowledge a couch whereupon to rest a searching and restless spirit; or a terrace for a wandering and variable mind to walk up and down with a fair prospect; or a tower of state for a proud mind to raise itself upon; or a fort or commanding ground for strife and contention; or a shop for profit or sale; and not a rich store-house for the glory of the Creator and the relief of man's estate."

Having thus far expressed our opinion of the faults and of the dangers of French fiction, we now commence our task of naming those works which, in our mind, redeem the light literature of that country to the extent of each particular book, from the indiscriminating charge of immorality and inculcation of vice, which has been so thoughtlessly and disingenuously (to our own youth) urged in these kingdoms.

Viscount D'Arlincourt's romantic tales may be allowed to rank among unobjectionable French reading; they are, however, improbable and wild enough. Balzac's novels, so much extolled for minute local word painting, and power of mental analysis, are no favorites of ours,—we do not relish the sludge of the morbid anatomy of the mind or of its passions. To say truth, some of his stories require great patience and study,

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\* *Essays—Romance.*

before one can become interested in, and convinced of, the charms and influence of his middle-aged, plain-featured heroine; or can feel attached to the unprincipled, clever, cold-blooded rascal who supplies the place of the hero. Among the first of the writers mentioned by devotees of French literature, the name of Balzac always occurs, yet there is not the vestige of a translation of any of his works in the English tongue. The admirers of the Reynolds literature might approve of his lax moral code, but they would find him rather tedious and incomprehensible; and the higher classes of readers with sympathetic taste, would prefer him in his native *purity*. His is a remarkable instance of the effect of perseverance, and determined purpose. He had been writing and publishing mediocre productions for twelve years, till at last the appearance of one able story established his place amongst successful novelists.

The works that are most likely to find favour in the opinions of English readers, are, *Eugenie Grandet*, *Ursule Mirouet*, *Le Médecin de Campagne*, and *La Recherche de l'Absolu*. We have been much pleased with a little tale of his, written during the years of his noviciate, called *La Dernière Fée*.

Madame de Bawr has written some stories illustrative of the social state of society in France at different epochs. One or two of her tales that have come under our observation, seemed as if written by Mrs. Mackenzie Daniel or Mrs. Ellis, or any other pattern mother of England.

Of Elie Berthet's style and general class of subjects, we have already written. Without apparent imitation, his romances, in structure and style, resemble Scott's, and are equal, or superior, to those of James, or of Horace Smith. The story is conducted with vigour, and he never allows the reader's interest to flag: character painting, though well managed, is kept subservient to unity of design, briskness of incident, and accurate pictures of the manners, and spirit, and general costume of the time in which the action takes place. In one story he introduces us into a Corsican family, and a peaceable Paris citizen finds himself very unwillingly obliged to become a party in a deathfeud that began nearly a century before. In another of his tales we sit by the hospitable hearth of the patriarchal ruler of the Val d'Andorré, and are made familiar with the curious institutions and state of that secluded little government. Now we are returning in company with the

disguised Bertrand du Guesclin from Spain through the ravaged South of France, and are admitted into the hold of an unprincipled marauding Castellan, and witness the peculiar economy of his fortress. In every story (and in few authors have we found a greater variety, both as to scenery, plot, management of incident, costume), we are, as it were, looking with our own eyes on the features of the country, and on the habits and customs of the people. In very few writings of the same compass and class could such a mass of interesting information be found, and, in fine, we can safely recommend the whole of his works to attentive perusal.

Paul Feval has written a number of very improbable, sparkling, and bizarre novels. We are not, however, to judge of the merit of his home-stories by his knowledge of English life and institutions. In *his Mysteries of London*, a lord brings his lady, with a halter on her alabaster neck, and sells her before the Lord Mayor of London, the fortunate purchaser being a secret admirer of her own. This probable incident produces some others equally probable. Also an English lady who is in love with a policeman, pays a visit to his mother who keeps a confectionary shop, and not finding X. No. 10 at home, departs in a very dismal frame of mind: however, seeing a poor beggar-woman at the door, she drops a sovereign into her extended palm, and forgetting for the moment her dignity and pride, she requests the recipient to offer up her prayers *pour moi et pour lui*. Paul is an old Christian and Carlist, and loses no opportunity of cudgelling Socialists and Materialists.

Oh, abominable Paul de Kock! Why can we not separate and appropriate his natural, humorous, true, and pleasant pictures of middle and low life, and his good nature and honesty, from the villanous mass of rubbish and slime in which they are imbedded. Reynolds, the London-mystery man, is cleverer in his generation; with Paul's laxity he has incorporated his own irreligion, and social Owenity or Prudhonity, and produced such things as are a lasting disgrace to the literature of the country in which they are not only tolerated, but encouraged and purchased.

We are hardy enough to say that a few stories of Paul's may be admitted to the notice of our novel readers; these are *La Famille Gogo*, *Sanscravatte*, *Jean*, *André le Savoyard*, *Un Bon Enfant*, *L'Amour qui Passe*, &c. *Le Cocu*,



(its title notwithstanding) and *Un Jeune Homme Charmant*. Some others, with the excision of a leaf or so, would be tolerably harmless, but the rest are detestable.

We have much pleasure in directing attention to the novelettes of Alexander de Lavergne, four of which have been translated into English, viz. *Pauline Butler*, *Le Secret de Confessional*, *Le Dernier Seigneur de Village*, and *La Circassienne*, the last a melancholy narrative of that sad time—the Regency.

Madame Reybaud's excellent novels have been kept so well before public attention, that they require no particular notice in this place. Two only appear to have been rendered into English, except perhaps in America, where some hundreds of French works enjoy transplanted life, without our being generally cognizant of the fact here at home.

In addition to the few novels of George Sand, already recommended, we mention *Le Péché de Monsieur Antoine*, and *Piccinino*.

Most of Soulié's tales seem as if written after their author had dined rather abundantly on pie crust and other indigestible articles: there is a morose and confused air about them. If he describes vicious occurrences, he certainly throws no seductive ingredient into the composition, but how much better would he have employed his vigorous descriptive powers on more pleasing and healthy subjects. His *Un Premier Amour*, *Au Jour le Jour*, *Les Forgerons*, *Maison de Campagne à Vendre*, *Le Château des Pyrénées*, and several tales in the collection called *L'Homme de Lettres*, may be read with pleasure.

Since Eugène Sue has reversed the nature of the Seven Deadly Sins, we are not inclined to force any attention to the Legends of his new invented Koran. *L'Orgueil* is however a good harmless story. So would *La Paresse* be if we could shut our eyes to the preservation of the hero and heroine from vice, by the sheer virtue of Laziness!

*Cinq Mars* by Alfred de Vigny is used as a school book in some institutions. The stories in his *Servitude et Grandeur Militaires* have been incorporated into Sir Charles Napier's *Lights and Shades of Military Life*. Mrs. Marsh has also pressed them, with a military story of Blaze's, into her *Triumphs of Time*. *Stello, ou Le Docteur Noir*, has not yet been translated entire, and these form the whole stock of his fictions.

*La Logique des Passions*, by Marie Aycard; *L'Espion du Grand Monde*, by Mons. St. George; *Picciola*, by X. B. Saintine; *Résignation*, and *Le Médecin du Village*, by Mme Arbouville; *Le Tailleur de Pierres*, and *Geneviève*, by Lamartine, being mentioned, our present summary is closed.

Louis Reybaud, the author selected for consideration in our current number, is the writer of other works of different styles, and with different objects; but we feel no wish at present to enlarge on the qualities that distinguish them, contenting ourselves with a sketch of some of the capabilities employed in the production of *Jerome Paturot*. The author resembles Thackeray in the penetration shown in detecting humbug and rottenness under fair exteriors. He is keenly alive to the unceasing activity of Charlatanry, either social or political, and experiences the liveliest pleasure in exposing it. He follows Thackeray also in the latent good-nature that distinguishes the latter, and reproves, lightly, a mere eccentricity or foible when the heart is good. He may be recognised as a man who has carefully studied the true principles of political economy; the just canons of good taste in the arts; and the nature and tendency of everything that improves or injures the social framework of society. Thackeray has never succeeded, and never will succeed, in the very earnest or very terrible: Louis Reybaud is master of these two qualities in fiction, though he has not, nor does he seek opportunities of showing his mastery over them in the work before us. It is of the same class with *Gil Blas* and *Hajji Baba*; and as he never intended to elaborate the plot, we do not scruple to exhibit it, such as it is, to general inspection.

To those who despise or neglect the advantages they enjoy, and think life a bore, except when some dream-land, to which they look forward, is attained, *Jerome*, if attentively read, will prove advantageous, as it displays the anxieties and troubles that await every aspirant scrambling to the top of that donkey's ladder, political, social, or literary eminence.

This is the whole scope and moral of the book; and our author, thus bent on laying bare the evils that ensue to society from the mutual action and re-action of Roguery and Charlatanry on one side, and unregulated enthusiasm and imprudence on the other, selects for his chief personage, or patient, *Jerome Paturot*, whose character he thus sketches:—

“Jerome Paturot was one of those people who cannot guard

themselves from the influence of novelty, who love fame, who cannot be otherwise than enthusiastic about something or other, and who feel a passion, all at once, for an object or purpose, without the slightest exercise of judgment. Paturot was a victim fore-doomed to every eccentricity; he never avoided one, and his admiration and reverence for the idol of the moment was implicit and boundless. In earlier and rougher times he would have declared his faith under the axe; now, he merely changed the object of his idolatry from time to time, always following the goddess most in vogue, and worshipped, at the moment, with the greatest amount of noisy enthusiasm. He thus made acquaintance in turn with every modern experiment in Literature, Philosophy, Religion, Political Economy, and even Trade itself, and did not settle down, as hosier and cotton night-cap maker, till he had exhausted all the famous empiricisms of the day."

The author's attention is drawn to *Jerome*, in consequence of his recommending a peculiar species of night-cap as being the favorite head-gear of Victor Hugo :—

"At this name I forgot my business, and gazed more attentively at my merchant. He was a pleasant-looking person, about thirty-five years old—fresh in hue, and very unpoetical in feature. The name he had just pronounced bore so little relation to the appearance of the man, that I involuntarily asked if he was acquainted with the Great Poet. 'I am indeed,' answered he, with a deep sigh, but added, with a sort of desperate effort, 'I am his night-cap maker in ordinary.' In these few words I read an entire world of secret griefs, and a past existence replete with bitterness and discontent. I felt that before he took refuge in the harbor of cotton, he had encountered many adventures, and suffered shipwreck of his dearest hopes. I resolved to be acquainted with his history, and after a few interviews, obtained under various pretences, I secured his entire confidence. His narrative may be of use to our grandsons in pointing out the temptations that beset the path of this present generation. 'I have not always,' said the honest manufacturer, 'been such as you now see me, with my hair cut short, and my fat, contented-looking face. I, even I, had once the Byronian visage of despair, and the flowing locks borrowed from the Merovingian kings! Yes, Monsieur, it was I who led the band that supported *Hernani*, and I paid twenty francs for my stall the same night. Oh, Apollo! what an evening it was: I remember it as yesterday. There we were, eight hundred young men, who would have torn piecemeal the younger Crebillon, or Laharpe, or Lafosse, or any other stickler for the unities, had they presented themselves in the pit, in shape, as when they lived. Our star was in the ascendant; we were kings, we were emperors—alas! But let us begin at the beginning. I was left young to the charge of an old uncle, whose sole ambition was to see me his successor, and hear me cited as a model in the cotton line. I responded to his wishes by swallowing Greek and Latin voraciously. On returning from college, the sight

of the shop, and its common-place wares, inspired me with a profound disgust: I who had just come back from the sack of Troy, the building of Rome, from drinking Falernian with Horace at the cascade of Terni, from saving the republic with Cicero, triumphing with Germanicus, and abdicating with Abdolonymus—I descend to the care of stockings, woven or knitted! Sir, from this moment I was given up to the demon—Pride. Could such as I be doomed to supply poor naked humanity with night-caps and drawers? Forbid it, oh glorious shades of Homer, Horace, and Virgil! This was the era of the literary crusade of the romantic school, when the revolt against the classic form burst forth in all its fury. They demolished the old idols—Voltaire, Racine, Boileau, and Corneille—and had no better name than old twaddlers for the whole galaxy. At the same time they proclaimed to the universe that the reign of genius had begun. That it was necessary merely to strike the earth to bring forth works glowing and brilliant, the mere forms of which would expand and ramify into myriads of arabasques more or less oriental. They announced that the great style, the true style, the supreme style, was soon to rise; a style sparkling and flashing, borrowing from the sky its azure, from painting its palette, from architecture its fantasies, from love its burning lava, and from jealousy its poniard. Virtue was to lend its smile, human passions their storms. The literature we were to create should be crushing, haughty, blue, green—profound and calm as the lake, twisted as the Malay kreesse, and keen as the toledo; it should combine the stateliness of the Castilian Grandee, with the reckless buffoonery of the Neapolitan Punchinello; be lofty and pointed as the minaret, polished and broad as the marble halls of Venice; unite in one Solymán and Faliéro, the Muezzin of Turkey, and the Gondolier of the Lagunes (self-contradictory types); chant with the bird, whiten with the foam of the wave, ruminate with the ox, neigh with the steed—in fine, give itself up to all the operations of the entire kosmos with incredible success; vanquish, rule, supplant, and (pardon the expression) sink all nature. Of this Spartan band I was the 899th in order. Having obtained my admission, I took the sonnet under my own particular care. And oh! did I not cultivate that sweet form of poetry? I threw into the sonnet all my power, naïveté, grace, inspiration. For six months, I may say, I lived on sonnets; sonnets of all lengths, sonnets breathing of jasmin, of vanille, of sweet-smelling hay, and of the inebriating atmosphere of the ball-room. Yes, Monsieur, such as you now see me, I was the victim of the sonnet. Oh, what a time! Monsieur—what a time it was; you might have given me the statistics of Japan to be harmoniously versified, without frightening me, so insensible is youth to the fear of danger. I just now mentioned *Hernani* on its first representation. Ah, that was where we were in our glory: you should have seen our flowing locks; they gave us the appearance of a troop of lions. Such was the state of ecstasy in which we were, that we would not have recoiled from some great criminal deed: it was heaven's good will that we had no opportunity. But the play! Oh, what a welcome it received!—what shouts! what bravos! what a whacking! Sir, the benches of the

Théâtre Français retained the marks for three years. In the first scene, it was I that gave the signal at these two lines :—

*' Et reçoit tous les jours, malgré les envieux ;  
Le jeune Amant sans barbe, à la barbe du vieux.'*

From that moment, till the fall of the curtain, it was one continued roar of applause. When Charles V. cried—

*' Croyez-vous donc qu'on soit si bien dans cette armoire?'*

the pit lost its senses ; it was still further transported in the portrait scene, and the monologue achieved the intoxicating climax. Had the drama been in six acts, we should all have been borne off insensible ; but the author had discretion, and we escaped at the expense of a few spasms."

*Paturot* is disinherited by his uncle, and is obliged to rely on a sum of 5,000 francs as his only dependence. He produces three grand volumes of poetry, *Fleurs du Sahara*, *La Cité de Apocalypse*, and *La Tragédie Sans Fin*, to bring him fame and bread, and sells—four copies ! In the usual student fashion, he associates a young florist to his destiny. Their tastes are not in very nice unison. She has the novels of Paul de Kock by heart, while she makes curl-papers of the *Fleurs du Sahara*, and puts to uses vile the *Tragedy without End*. "Ah, what a nice poet you are," said she ; "I will be glad to see the tail of one of your works sold : and do you think we can live on air ? I was obliged yesterday to send the two silver dish-covers to the Monte de Piété." His faith in his Gods is ebbing, according as the face of want comes nearer ; but he is surprised to see, when at the last extremity, *Malvina* dancing and singing through the little chamber. On being asked the cause of her hilarity, she cries out—"All is gone, we will become Saint Simonians." He was easily won over ; he cut off his hair of the Merovingien era, let his beard grow, and became a Saint Simonian :—

"Monsieur, at my period of initiation, this sect had arrived at the Blue Beard style of dress. I got my breeches made by the Chartered tailor, Auguste Chindé, and had all the trouble in the world to hinder *Malvina* from following my example. My young florist had conceived an exaggerated idea of her new duties : she felt herself called on to avenge, on my person, all the wrongs and indignities even endured by her sex. I assure you the intervention of one of the Saint Simonian Fathers was found necessary to prevent her resorting to very extreme measures. You must know that *Malvina* had naturally a ready hand ; judge then of its extra promptness under the new found empire of religious freedom. From my acquired fame

as a poet of the long haired school, I supposed the highest rank of the fathers would be opened to me: judge them of my chagrin, when my brevet of capacity assigned me a seat in the fourth class only. My first movement was one of wrath, and I would have consigned the fathers, the inspectors, and my own diploma, to the care of the old gentleman below, but they managed to calm me down by promises of advancement, and the prospect of the influence which my example would have on ages yet unborn. They explained to me in two words, in what Saint Simonianism consisted, viz. 'preventing man from being made an article of traffic by his brother man,' by virtue of which cardinal principle, they afterwards made me varnish the boots of the community at Menilmontant. They also held it in contemplation to put an end to the odious system of converting the fair sex into a mercantile commodity; and this explains why Malvina, in her new religious exaltation, made a point of reducing me to the state of an African, a Negro of the lowest type. But, while my debut met with such indifferent success, that of my fair florist made a sensation with a vengeance. This young girl who in literature had never got beyond Paul de Kock, now in the temple of Saint Simonianism, became a vessel of election. She was at once received into the first class, with a prospect of higher promotion. They found in her all the qualities of a strong minded woman, of a female philosopher above prejudice, and, what was better, a surprising in-artificial volubility, for this had its value among the society, as we shall presently discover. A few days after our admission, I had occasion to see the use to which it was appropriated, myself playing a secondary and involuntary part. The Saint Simonians were bent on making proselytes, and lost no opportunity of working on the feelings of their public, a great instrument being the series of conferences held every evening in the Rue Taitbout, in a large room illuminated by a hundred bougies. Our audience consisted of visitors to Paris, tradesmen, grisettes, artists, and people of the world, all forming an assembly the reverse of select, but very original. There the new converts made Profession of Faith, and the fathers possessed of the gift of ready speech, launched forth on every subject, and undertook to answer all new comers. There was plenty of weeping, embracing and applauding, under the superintendence of the police, and with the approbation of the constituted authorities. When a spectator wished to contradict an orator, leave was granted, and then commenced a tourney of eloquence between the Apostles and the sceptical; one side of the hall hissed, the other applauded; they exchanged compliments couched in unparliamentary language, and at last the house of assembly was cleared by the municipal powers, and the majesty of the law was vindicated. The first evening that Malvina and myself occupied the benches of the catechumens, the subject for discussion was the right and the emancipation of the female. A speaker of some note was endeavoring to prove the superiority of our sex by historic documents, the difference of organization, and the laws of nature: the impatience of Malvina became very evident at many points, but at last, unable to control her indignation longer, starting to the floor she cried, addressing the President,

'My father, I can't help speaking a bit of my mind to this Miss Molly of yours: I ask for liberty to answer him.' 'Liberty is given, my daughter.' 'Very well, I may then express my feelings: what a song this yellow hammer is singing for us all, that our *sect* is made to obey and his to command; they are all birds of a feather, these ganders of men: in public as grave and stiff as pokers, but at home as pliant as a kid glove. Said I not well?' At this sally a shout of laughter arose from the crowd: the grisettes had assembled in a large number, and Malvina's triumph was theirs. Her countenance now glowed with triumph, and she resumed: 'Ah, I suppose you would like to know how we train those men when we think it worth the trouble; well, well, you shall see a specimen, and no charge made: come here, Jerome.' It was unhappy me that Malvina indicated with her forefinger in such a manner as to leave no doubt of her intentions. I wished at the moment to be fathoms below the flagged hall; I was going to serve as an exhibition, to be subject for a *pose*. For a moment I meditated rebellion, but Malvina's air was so imperious, she seemed to entertain such little doubt of my submission that I had no choice. Besides, the fathers evinced such a lively interest in the turn things had taken, it was so lively a demonstration in their favor, and then the bye-standers gave me so much encouragement, that I acceded to the general wish and approached the speaker: When I had come within arm's length she laid her hand on my shoulder, and turning to the auditory thus addressed them: 'Here is a pattern of my training: at first he was good for nothing but making rhymes; this was not to my taste, and I made him a Saint Simonian, ay, and I'll make anything I please of him. Ah ha, you suppose that it is always the breeches that governs, but I can tell you that many among yourselves never speak above their breath till they are far enough away from the petticoats of their spouses: I believe I have made myself understood, go down Jerome.' To give an idea of the storm of bravos that hailed this unpremeditated harangue would be impossible. The swarm of lace workers, clear starchers, and dress makers, that buzzed in the hall prepared to bear off Malvina in triumph on their shoulders. Never had the fathers such a brilliant success: before the meeting dissolved, fifty-three needlewomen made profession of the Faith—Saint Simonian. More conversions succeeded, and still Malvina was the inspiring genius; so this very evening she was promoted to be Priestess in the first degree. Some months passed over and some balls were given, where the ladies' worst enemies could not lay to their charge any superstitious care in the covering of their necks and bosoms. By degrees, however, the funds of the community began to diminish, the period of green grapes and haricot of mutton arrived, and we were obliged to retire to the heights of Menilmontant to live with economy. I was there inducted into my peculiar functions: alas, I had now reached the lowest social mark, and to my charge were the boots of the community entrusted. Yes, Monsieur, for two months I moved and breathed in an atmosphere of polishing stuff, and each day I religiously varnished forty-eight pairs of boots. I confess that I have never been able to conceive what service I rendered to humanity by

this exercise, or what influence the sweep of my brush will have on future generations; it is a problem which, to this very day, I am unable to solve. . . . Well, Monsieur, I was obliged to give up my post, and in spite of the contempt shown to our gipsy life, spite of its physical sufferings and privations of every kind, I could not, without pain, resign the illusions which a year's Apostleship had shed around me. I thought I had been called on to regenerate the world, to preach a new gospel; I hoped that we were bringing to suffering humanity the word of salvation, that we were to offer manna to all hungry souls, to present ambrosia to all thirsty mouths. Pride, without doubt, reckoned for much in these feelings; but at the bottom of our hearts there really was a fund of genuine pity and love for our fellow creatures, a sincere devotedness, a real disinterestedness, and an ardent desire for their good. . . . I was long under the influence of these impressions; our globe had no future but in a complete change; human regeneration besieged me in all its forms; wherever this ignis fatuus appeared, there was I sure to run. I dreaded that the great work would be accomplished without me, and was fearful that the monument might be raised without my contribution of a stone. Alas! Monsieur, I had opportunities innumerable; at no epoch of humanity were there ever more apostles than at that time. You could not walk abroad without encountering a regenerator. Every man had a religion in his pocket, ready cut and dry, and among the formulas of perfect bliss the only embarrassment was a choice. I made no choice, I tried every one. The 'French Church' was then much spoken of; I became a member, and was near being ordained suffragan: Malvina, who had some common sense, put a stop to my promotion, while I was divided between a Mass in French and a sermon on the battle of Austerlitz. There were among others, and every one interpreting Christianity after a way of his own, the Neo-Christians of the Journal called *The Good Time Coming*, 'The Neo-Christians of Gustave Drouineau,' the 'Neo-Catholics,' and a host of others, every one possessing the open sesame of the social and religious problem, and every one proclaiming the end of the world to be at hand, if their peculiar form was not adopted. I went from one to the other, seeking truth, seeking a safe position somewhere. Alas! I found nothing but chaos and inutility; jealousies between growing sects; schisms in the schism; sonorous, but meaningless words; exaggerated pretensions; immense conceit, and a confusion of tongues that would have out-jargoned Babel."

Poor *Jerome* cannot secure a social position, unless by going back, and superintending caps and hose; and to this his poetical and philanthropical soul will not stoop. He and *Malvina* occupy the attic of a house, where the first floor is rented by a grand seigneur, projector of some great joint stock humbug. This worthy has contrived to impress *Malvina* with a great respect for his qualifications and posses-



sions, and the services he can render to *Jerome*, and at her command *Jerome* pays him a visit. He finds him in his morning gown and slippers, and gold embroidered cap, stretched on his sofa, in a room where an air of splendor was attempted by a mixture of really valuable articles mixed with others more mosaic in their nature, and all disposed with very bad taste. What particularly took *Jerome's* eyes, however, were some squares of pasteboard, labelled in the gaudiest style, with such schemes as, "The Mines of the Devil's Peak," "The Perlimpinpin Charcoal Works," "Villa Viciosa, a lovely Castle of Spain," five francs the ticket, and the lottery to be drawn in the presence of the little Queen Isabel herself. "Paper made from Wheat," "Iron from Straw," "Indian Rubber Pavement," &c. &c.

"France at this time was a prey to speculators, and joint-stock schemes were in the ascendant. By means of the disposal of petty shares, the projector extracted money from purses that never opened before, thus holding a raffle for the savings of poor people. Nothing came amiss: if you had submitted Chimborazo to speculation, Chimborazo would have got allottees. What a time it was to be sure! You may speak of the fever of last century, of the Scotchman in the Rue Quincampoix; our generation has eclipsed it. When Law trumpeted the wonders of the Mississippi he wisely calculated on the magic of distance; but our fabulous property, our imaginary treasures, lay at our very doors: and what will they say of us in twenty years, when they hear that we threw ourselves headlong into a mad chase after these things, without a single inquiry as to their existence or non-existence. We were now at the height of the fever; we improvised mines of coal, gold, mercury, copper, journals, and all sorts of devilment, one still more tempting than another. Every scheme was to give enormous revenues even to the petty subscribers; every Frenchman might walk about, sewed up in gold; every cabin should become a palace; the only thing needful was to catch up the shares before they were gone, for there were not enough, of course, for all the candidates. A living prodigy now sat before me, wrapt in abstraction and self-complacency; a little pride was surely allowable. He had made not only something, but a great deal out of nothing at all. At last he deigned to recollect my presence. 'My dear sir, excuse my seeming impoliteness; I was deep in a calculation: capital 4,200,000 francs; shares, 200 francs; sub-shares 50 francs: it can't but succeed. Now, sir, I am ready for you, oblige me with your name.' 'Jerome Paturot.' 'Jerome, bad name, Jerome; trivial, no colour in it: we must change it to Napoleon Paturot.' 'But, Monsieur——' 'My dear sir, let us lose no time. You have been recommended to me as a docile subject; then learn merely to obey, and subscribe your name: ourselves will look to the rest.' I now found that Malvina had deli-

vered me up to the great man, bound hand and foot ; so I swallowed my wrath, and was silent. 'Now, sir, for our new speculation : the coal mines are below par, the railroads are going down, nothing will do but asphaltum. Now, Napoleon, we must decidedly put you at the head of the asphalt.' 'Well, then, what am I——' 'Yes, Napoleon, I will reserve this for you, I can't do less for your fair friend : capital, six millions ; shares, 500 francs ; sub-shares, 50 francs. That's the ticket ; that's what will succeed. Call on me again to-morrow.' Whether I walked out on my hands or head is not clear to me at this time. Sir, it was useless to resist ; in three days I found myself at the head of a joint-stock bitumen concern ; Malvina had conspired with my patron ; what could I do ? I was installed in my office with a bureau, strong box, two clerks, and other adjuncts of such speculations. They scattered circulars, arranged a prospectus, and, judge of my indignation when I read the following in all the newspapers a day or two afterwards—

**'DEATH TO ALL MANUFACTURED BITUMEN. THERE IS NO OTHER GENUINE BUT THE IMPERIAL BITUMEN OF MOROCCO, WITH THE PRIVILEGE OF HIS IMPERIAL HIGHNESS THE EMPEROR.—'**

How great the difference between the genuine bitumen and the mock article ! You will see the bitumen that cracks, that comes off in scales, that washes away in the rain, that blisters in the heat, that instead of keeping its level soon shews asperities, and separates into hills and hollows, and all arises from its not being a genuine natural product, but a compound of gas-tar and river sand : take a walk on it and your boot-soles will tell you disagreeable news. This composite asphalt is the subject of universal complaint : the surrounding air is infected, the neighbouring houses are full of chlorine, and the poisonous fumes fill the boulevards, and threaten the passers-by with asphyxy. None of these results arise from the IMPERIAL BITUMEN OF MOROCCO, an article whose origin must be looked for in the night of past ages. Herodotus, Hanno the Carthaginian, and Leo Africanus, vie with each other in its praises. Still it remained unappreciated till the following curious occurrence. A vessel was about to sink from a tremendous leak near the coast of Mogador, just at the last moment a submarine irruption of the bitumen took place, and in a trice every leak and seam in the hold was caulked and stopped as by magic. The men renewed their efforts at the pumps, out went the water, up rose the vessel, and there she stood, trim and newly repaired, and ready to start on a fearless voyage round the world. Since then its amazing powers of adhesion and density have been rigidly tested : a 36lb. cannon ball being cut in two was soldered by this ingredient, and afterwards demolished a stone wall without breaking. A minaret of Mogador was about to tumble, the asphalt was applied and the minaret will last to the crack of doom. In that country they apply it for mortar, for gum mastic, for roofing tiles : they chisel it as cut stone, use it as bricks, as lime, as cement ; they make it into dishes, quern stones, barbers' basins, fountains, statues, and even sepulchral columns : in fact, it is nearly as good for one

purpose as another. When liquid it has the refreshing odor of the broom plants that skirt the lakes of Mogador, and the absence of all smell when in a solid state, is, as one may say, inexpressible. This wonderful product of nature would still be lost to the world in its Berber deserts, but for the patriotic exertions of a young engineer, Napoleon Paturot, who was resolved at any risk to bless his native soil with an article so precious. Making use of the Phœnician gloss of Hanno to illustrate the Greek of Herodotus, he discovered these lakes, lost to the world since the disappearance of the famed Isle of Atalantis, which, after all, was only a projecting cape of Mauritania. All honor to Napoleon Paturot, who has done more for his country in the tender years of youth than others in the maturity of manhood! Well has he deserved of the paved footway, and to the most obscure portions of the Boulevards has he unveiled a new era. His Imperial Highness has granted our young engineer full possession of all the asphaltum lakes in his territories, with exclusive enjoyment thereof for 1800 years. Any subject of Morocco infringing his rights will receive the bastinado on his soles, and then be set astride on the horse with the sharp back to rest himself: thus does the magnanimous Muley XXXIV. inspire his subjects with a respect for private property. Chemist in the highest degree, N. Paturot has analyzed this bitumen, and found it to contain certain portions of gold and silver, 22 parts of *silicate* (*sic*), 31 of *phosphate* (*sic*), 43 of *oleine*, with a large proportion of platinum. The illustrious young chemist will make the analysis in the presence of any of the shareholders who desire it, and 90,000 tons weight (one year's supply), at 100 francs per ton, produce nine millions: the capital reserved for France being six millions, will be all realized in one year, leaving three millions profit. Six millions are all that can be spared to France, as the Emperor has taken 1,000 shares, Germany 500, England 600, the Two Peninsulas 300, Russia 400, and the Estates of Barbary 200!

CAPITAL, SIX MILLIONS; SHARES, 1,000 FRANCS; SUB-SHARES, 25 FRANCS.

*Napoleon Paturot, Manager.' "*

*Jerome*, with the fear of the seventh commandment before his eyes, and his heart filled with indignation at the rôle conferred upon him, rushes in on his charlatan patron, who, it should have been remarked, rejoices in the name of *Flouchippe*, and was at first about to dismember him and then expose him in all the journals, but our cunning Parthian made a wise retreat, launching in his flight at the ireful *Jerome*, the best arrow in his quiver, the traitrous *Malvina*. She beckons our hero into an adjoining room, and, he continues—

"I do not mean to hide my faults, Monsieur; but, on the honor of a bosier, there was endured in that room a combat of twelve hours, diversified with imprecations, tears, rage, and entreaties such as few men could have outlived. I endeavoured to make an impression on

her feelings; I appealed in vain to any stray natural instincts of rectitude she might possess; but this young girl, who had been left to her own tuition from an early age, could find nothing in her experiences (rather of the Gypsy cast in their way) to bring her perceptions into unison with my scruples. She answered my objections with jokes, and turned my moral observations into a fable: I was obliged to take a higher tone; for the first time in our lives I shewed firmness, but she was equally resolved: she showered sarcasms, reproaches, and abuse on me like hail. I threatened her; she laughed at my threats. At last I forgot my dignity, Monsieur, and gave her—a beating. Alas! the fortune of the fight went over to the enemy from that moment; sobs and tears achieved what threats or fury could not—I was obliged to make reparation, and the only *amende* that would be received was acquiescence in the humbug. I made two conditions, however, which were granted, viz.: exemption from using any influence over the future dupes, and the sole charge of the strong box, so that I might have it in my power to indemnify the sufferers."

The office is fitted up in the Eastern style, two Mulatto servants representing Morocco dignitaries. The Charter, written out in Arabic, and adorned with the imperial blazon of Muley XXXIV., is displayed, and that every thing may be imbued with the true local color, the dupes that present themselves are seated on low cushions, and treated to coffee in cups the size of pigeons' eggs. Some 50,000 francs have been extracted from the wise visitors, when *Jerome* returning from a walk one day, and thinking, good easy man, that there was no such thing as a duplicate key for the coffer, discovers the temple of Mercury deserted, the treasury empty, and no traces of *Flouchippe* or *Malvina*. He falls senseless, and finds himself after the lapse of several unconscious days, slowly awaking again to the battle of life under the cares of *Malvina* and a young medical student (*St. Ernest*). *Malvina* had been enticed abroad by *Flouchippe* on pretence of a country excursion where *Jerome* was to meet them; but being soon undeceived, she gave the great unchanged such a taste of her quality, that he was glad to set her at liberty.

The shareholders in the bitumen of Herodotus and Hanno descend on our unhappy hero for their deposits: his uncle pays off the claims, but still cannot prevail on his romantic nephew to renounce his literary speculations; he seeks employment, and makes a few apropos remarks:—

"A Frotteur (one whose business is to wax floors), a drummer, would have secured a situation in twenty-four hours; but a literary young man,

a poet, a social reformer, finds it a truly difficult matter to suit himself. Evidently the balance of functions and employments in this world of ours is not so nicely adjusted as it ought to be. The possessor of the highest branches of knowledge seems to find the greatest difficulty in rendering them available; the more powerful the instrument the less service it renders; and this arises from the absurd distinctions which society the most democratic draws between one employment and another. We persist in considering some professions honourable beyond all others, and every one rushes blindly into these, and what is the result? If they don't choose to starve, they must act so as to degrade their calling. Once then for all, I will maintain that it is the man that reflects honour on the profession, and that a good mechanic is of more service to society than an indifferent author. A great advantage truly to have a shoal of restless candidates for places already disposed of, authors without publishers, advocates without clients, physicians wanting patients, engineers out of employment, artists waiting for orders that never come: an unproductive and parasitic population, whose pride is not subdued even when brought in direct contact with misery."

A grand opening occurs at last; *St. Ernest*, the young doctor, has effected the cure of a favorite horse belonging to a banker; the banker patronises a ballet dancer; the dancer thinks she is tyrannically dealt with by the manager, and appeals to her patron; her patron proposes to *St. Ernest* to establish a paper in which her claims should be upheld; *St. Ernest* is overjoyed, and offers to take *Jerome* into partnership, and the latter thinks the object unworthy, though delighted at the prospect of being a public writer; but between *Malvina*, and *St. Ernest* and his own wishes, the still small voice is stifled.

"I surrendered, and, it must be owned, with much satisfaction. This position of journalist had been always a favourite dream with me. How pleasant to establish a plan of intercommunion between the intellects of the nation and your own; to inhale public opinion, as it were, to modify it, and then to send it abroad again, tinged with your own peculiar hue of thought; to make yourself the echo of elevated sentiments, and just complaints; to watch over the movement, political, literary, and economic, of an entire country; to leave nothing unexplored in the domain of arts, in the sphere of institutions, and in the entire region both of the real and ideal; to hold enchained, a world of readers, as well by reason as wit—now by the influence of the drama—now by the force of the comic element—and, in fine, to embrace in your grasp the globe entire, and report its life from day to day. Is there not enough in this to content the ambition of any man, how boundless soever it may be; and even though this programme may, in the event, be imperfectly worked out, even so, it must be beautiful, seductive, glorious to aspire to its fulfilment."

The banker consented to make a sacrifice to Terpsichore, but took care to limit it: he opened a credit account for the spite of his goddess, but vengeance was to be at a fixed price, it was not to exceed 10,000 francs. A transcendental critic, and a literary adventurer, whose stock in trade was four rejected pieces, are put on the staff, and they announce the title—*The Aspic, A Literary Journal, to appear occasionally.* Jerome is editor, St. Ernest treasurer, Malvina will receive subscriptions, when they come. In the first number St. Ernest wrote an article on a contributor, Valmont, under the type of the Perfect Advocate; Valmont, one on St. Ernest as the Model Physician; Jerome inserts a Sonnet on Mlle. Fifine, and cudgels the stupid manager for his neglect of her; and with some epigrams, and a report of theatrical matters, the mighty work was flung abroad, 1,000 copies, and all distributed gratis. Nothing could exceed the mutual gratulations of the four laborers in the great undertaking: Jerome in particular has the grace of Jean Paul united to the finesse of Sterne; Titania and Corporal Trim in one fusion; he equals Locke in expression, and Hegel in profundity of thought. Admire the conclusion of his sonnet:—

“ ‘Oui, vous avez un port de Reine: enfin,  
Pour tout vous dire, Adorable Fifine,  
Avec votre peau blanche, avec votre *dos fin*,  
Vous méritiez d’être *Dauphine*.’ ”

‘Wonderful,’ cried the three in chorus; ‘if we can sustain the work in this key, we shall have 20,000 subscribers before six weeks go round.’ ”

They hope to see the government of the state and of the theatre at their feet at once, and Jerome takes his walk with the impression of being the observed and noted of all the passers by. The subscribers do not yet make their appearance, and the editors think there is some cunning work of the police under all this; the paper is not to be seen any where, so Malvina and Jerome enter a coffee house:—

“ Malvina: ‘Waiter, let us have the *Aspic*.’ Waiter: ‘The *as de pic* (ace of spades), Madame, no cards are allowed here.’ ‘It is the *Aspic* we want, a first-rate paper of the day.’ ‘Never heard of it, Madame.’ ‘How, is it possible you don’t keep the *Aspic*, the first literary journal of Paris? What a shabby café it must be.’ ‘Perhaps Madame would like to see the *Charivari*, the *Corsair*, or the *Gazette des Tribunaux*?’ ‘We would be well employed: it is the *Aspic* we want, and nothing but the *Aspic*. Get up, Jerome: I

wish to be seen only in respectable cafés; one that respected itself would have the *Aspic* on the tables—let us go.' . . . Then at the theatre what a precious friend she showed herself to Fifine! Who could more adroitly fling the bouquet, so as to fall at her feet! Who, by her own artless enthusiasm, could so well kindle up the zeal of the audience for her favorite! 'Ah, where can you see such dancing as that now-a-days?' she would cry, throwing her head back in her ardor. 'Are these entrechats well done or not? Let me see these other scarecrows attempt it, with their spindle-shanks and false calves! Oh, dear, it is a misery to look at them striving to catch the eye of the manager. Bravo, Fifine, bravo. If that is not nice toeing, I don't know what is: Bravo, Fifine, brava, bravissima; this is what you may call real dancing—bravo.'"

The *Aspic* flourishes not, so they change the style. Nothing is omitted from the pun to the very highest point of the esthetic; neither rebus nor logogriph was overlooked, still all their pains were thrown away. The world was not shaken; the government went on without fear; even the theatrical manager did not capitulate, but buried himself deeper in his disdain and in his cravat. All this shewed that there was a settled hostility entertained in high quarters, and that a conspiracy of silence was organised against the unfortunate paper. Some terrible enigma was concealed somewhere. At the last extremity *St. Ernest* proved himself equal to the exigency of the paper:—

"My friends said, here is our plank of safety: I claim no patent but will publish my discovery. Hitherto we have demanded hard cash for our journal; it is not reasonable. Let us still demand the cash, but give away, like honest men, some article in common use along with the paper, for instance, a paletot, or a pair of boots. Follow my chain of reasoning, my friends. A journal is an article of luxury; you may use it, you can do without it; it is a pastime, not a necessary. Can you say the same of a pair of boots or a paletot? decidedly not, every one feels the need of clothing for foot or chest. This being granted what is to be done? Why, offer to each subscriber a paletot and a journal: you will thus seduce two classes of subscribers; many will take the paper for sake of the coat. Some (the fewest in number, alas,) will do the other thing.' This happy idea was digested and reduced to practice, a variety being introduced: for instance, for 100 yearly papers we furnished a drawing-room; for 1000 any one might secure a country residence. Our tariff was a real model of mercantile knowledge and literary seduction; we always took our man on his weak side: thus, if a beaver hat did not bring him to, we secured him by an Aubusson carpet: if a copy of the works of Walter Scott had no influence, he was found unable to withstand a case of Medoc wine, or one of old Burgundy. Now poured in subscribers in crowds. Few cared about the quality of the leaders; but all insisted on the good alloy of the subsidiary

article: the ladies would have shawls, the students well-seasoned pipes. All was sunshine for a couple of months; but at that period we began to be annoyed by complaints, distinguished by a strange confusion of ideas. 'The upper leather of your journal is of very bad quality,' said one; 'it cracked the very day I tried it first.' 'Do you know that your tureen of *Foie gras* was very badly edited,' said another. 'Ah, who has glued this *Aspic* together?' said a third; 'it is only varnished walnut, not mahogany.' 'Take back your waterproof trowsers,' whined a fourth; 'I do not like its politics.' We evidently had got into a minor tower of Babel, but still persevered; we gave away books, boot-jacks, music, tubs of oysters, treatises on education, and Bayonne hams: we had a commercial bazaar standing beside an emporium of phrases. What did we care for the ignoble means, so that we could support the life of our *Aspic*? A journal is like a child, Monsieur; the weaker it is the more fondly we tend it; and if it be a first born, you cannot conceive with what solicitude we watch over it, how we love it, what sacrifices we are ready to make for it. I had established the *Aspic*, it was my glory, my hope, my despair. Even in the ignoble shifts we had recourse to, there lived a paternal element which made them less disreputable. But it was ordained that our *Aspic* should die, and it died accordingly; empiricism could not supply the healthy fluid of life. In my office, however, I had tasted the intoxicating draught of flattery; I had felt the sort of empire attached to the profession—an empire indestructible, for it rests on human vanity. He who dispenses blame or praise will always have a considerable share of influence on the public mind: they may complain of the yoke, but they submit to it. So a journalist I determined to remain. You cannot, sir, be ignorant of the great fact, that the *Feuilleton* has assumed in our social order as important a position as the cup of coffee or the Havannah cigar; it has become an imperative need—an article of daily consumption. Suppose for a moment the impossible fact that to-morrow the journals should announce to their public that they were incontinently to suppress the continuation of the adventures of their thirty heroes or heroines, in circulation for the time being—oh, what a heart-burning—what a commotion would be the next morning among the curl-papers, morning gowns, and slippers! So much of the child still abides in the man, the marvellous still holds him in thrall in his own despotism; and the most serious existence still reserves a corner for the unknown, that prime mover of restless minds. You have bills falling due, or books to balance; but still you are anxious about the fortunes of the Chevalier D'Harmental: perhaps you are an advocate, and have to plead an important cause—a judge, and have to consider a decision; you may have to discharge the duties of a notary or sheriff; but, in the midst of these engrossing duties, you will spare some time to the sorrows of Mathilde. Now only take into account the attraction of the imagination for the fair portion of the community, and the success of romantic literature ceases to be a mystery. We must not overlook the influence of this agent on the public mind. I had a lively example under my own eyes: the passion entertained by Malvina for



honest Paul de Kock would have given uneasiness to any one but myself: she doated on him, she garnished the chambers of her brain with his drolleries, she quoted him as the highest authority: she had forgotten her catechism, but she had Paul by heart; you may well suppose I am drawing no comparison, I simply state a fact. Many of our romance writers have abused their power in diffusing feverish and unhealthy ideas, and in enhancing the sensual and raising altars to unhallowed affections. The greatest masters of the art have erred in this respect, and their progress has been marked by shameful and sorrowful traces. The greater the genius the greater the evil it has wrought. Now, I determined to avail myself of the resources of the imagination for a higher and holier purpose. I would not write at the will of chance; no, the moral, the esthetic was to enclose my work as in a mingled lucid medium: the plan, the form was never to be lost sight of, and with the plan, the pervading moral, the philosophic idea. Would I make any sacrifice to the vulgar idols, the obscene deities? No! I would soar above the region of pestilent passions and trivial manners, I would open to the feuilleton a new era, I would purify it in the laver of virtue and high art."

*Jerome* goes on to relate how he composed three feuilletons according to the best rules of art, three chefs d'œuvre, as he may now (when he writes nothing but cotton advertisements) declare them, without vanity, to be. He selects a paper to honor and enrich with his production, seeks the editor and proposes his offer, explaining, at the same time, his peculiar notions on what constitutes the excellent in works of that department of literature:—

"‘*Monsieur*,’ said he, ‘I must beg to interrupt you; what you call the question of art must be considered as holding a second place only, in works that are addressed to a miscellaneous public. Let us not get out of the world of reality—of what is the mass of newspaper readers composed? Of farmers, of merchants, of tradesmen, sprinkled with a few gentlemen of the sword or gown, and these last not possessing the same good taste as the others in some cases. Now, have you gauged the capacity or intelligence of this body? Can your theory of high art be brought home and made intelligible to them? Will they understand you? When you speak to the world you must speak as the rest of the world does.’ ‘But, Sir, without impugning your great experience, is it not desirable, when you have a public at your command, to elevate it to the perception of true art rather than make it descend to their level? Every citizen of Athens was surely not a Phidias, and yet the sculptures of Phidias were admired by every one of them. When Cicero mounted the rostrum, he inhaled not the spirit of the crowd, but he diffused his own soul on them. A genuine artist obeys not, but rules his world.’ ‘*Monsieur*, an editor of a journal is neither an orator nor a sculptor, his look out is for a large number of subscribers, and his grand theory is to secure them. Besides, you speak of two ages artistic in the highest degree,

of two people who sucked in with their first milk a taste for the true, and grand, and beautiful: there is nothing similar now, we live in a bourgeois age, *Monsieur*, among a people who are taking to the mere common place view of things. What are we to do?—resist the bad influence and retire to Mount Hymettus to live on honey and poetry. You are young, but age will cure you of these ideas.’ ‘A dismal cure, sir.’ ‘Oh, not so dismal as you think: I like your candor, and if you submit to my guidance we will make something of you. We have trained a few like you here, who have obtained a European celebrity, and how? Simply by understanding their public. You have explained your theory, I will now unfold mine. In order to obtain decided success in these days we must construct the domestic feuilleton: pardon the expression. Having amused the heads of the family it passes into the hands of the children, the children lend it to the servants, and from the servants it goes to the porter, if he has not had the first reading already. Do you comprehend what strength of root a journal thus used must have in a family; it becomes an integrant article of consumption. If it be discontinued, the mother sulks, the children lament aloud, the entire house is in a state of insurrection, and the master must renew the subscription to re-establish domestic peace and conjugal felicity. Now, you may see how the feuilleton enjoys a social position and ranks on a par, with the *Pot a feu* and the kitchen range.’ ‘But, sir, to gain these advantages, what sacrifices must not one make to bend his proud and intelligent spirit to assume the suitable vulgar shapes and forms?’ ‘A mere bagatelle: the first effort is the only disagreeable feature in the thing, and then you will compose twenty, thirty, as many as you please, without trouble. You take, for instance, a young wife, hapless and unappreciated; you associate to her fortunes, a cruel and brutal tyrant, a sentimental and virtuous page, a mocking and treacherous confidant: once you have got your dramatis personæ, your characters well in hand, you may mingle them briskly in six, eight, or ten feuilletons, and serve them up warm. But it is chiefly by the joints of the story that the true artist is recognised. It is necessary that every number should have a striking conclusion, that it should hold on well to the next, that it should inspire a wish, an earnest desire to come at the sequel. You have just now spoken of high art, but the highest art is the art of making your readers long for your next appearance. We will suppose that you are exhibiting a certain Mr. Arthur to an interested public. Put this hero well through his motions, so that none of his sayings or doings may fail of producing a desirable effect. At the end of every number let there be a critical situation, a mystery to be presently revealed, and Arthur, still Arthur, coiled up in the warm sympathy of the reader. The more interest your hero creates, the more interest you must still strive to invest him with, and if by a lucky *coup d'état*, you bring him in triumph, borne on the necks of renewing subscribers, or by a threat of stopping the narrative, compel defaulters to pay up, then I say, will you have achieved a success the highest that a man of talent, such as I know you to be, could reasonably aspire to. Your naïveté and candour have so interested me, that you must set to

work, and we will assuredly make something out of you. Here is now the last feuilleton of one of our practised hands, who owes me every thing—his genius, his glory, his inspiration; he has become possessed of a power absolutely terrible; he really deceived me at first; I never thought he could attain his present position. I will now read for you the conclusion of yesterday's feuilleton, the cut, the chasm, as it were, where the true artist is manifest. You must suppose the action to pass in a lonely castle:—'Ethelgide, after being divested of her outward garments by her attendant, contemplated her countenance in a mirror for some time. She dwelt in the recesses of her thoughts on the words which had fallen from Alfred in the grove: but, little by little, these agreeable ideas gave place to others. She looked round, and felt dismay at the gloomy hue of the funereal tapestry, on which a large crucifix in ivory was hung. In the still midnight silence she thought she heard a low hollow moan, and the clank of chains became audible in the adjoining apartment: the light of the tapers assumed a livid hue, and flickered in the chill, damp air. Ethelgide, in the extreme of terror, threw herself on the bed, and sought, by means of the curtains, to form a rampart between herself and the exterior powers: but what was her horror when she saw, slowly issuing from the opposite wall, a naked arm, holding by the hair, a head, with the face distorted, and dripping gore. What was that hand!!! whence that horrid face!!!!

*(The Sequel in our next Number.)*

This, sir, is what I call arresting a feuilleton to some purpose. Do you suppose that, out of two thousand readers, there will be found a single individual who will not be anxious to know more of that head, so artistically and boldly suspended by the hair, between these two numbers?"

*Jerome* is now vigorously employed in the concoction of raw-head-and-bloody-bones stories for the journal, and is well paid: *Malvina* is in elysium examining and detailing to *Jerome* the plots and incidents of defunct romances to be re-cast and re-modelled. In an unlucky hour, a story that had made a noise in the old times of the Directory and the Consulate fell under her hands: *Jerome* had not even the foresight to change the names, and as many of the first readers of the original tale were still alive, a blight fell on our author's budding honors, and he was glad of the pis-aller office of dramatic censor in the same paper. Here a pretty good resting place might have been secured, but for *Malvina's* ill regulated admiration of certain actors and actresses, and the consequent necessity for *Jerome's* injudicious puffs. She patronised, in particular, a stout-made goddess named *Artemisia*:—

"'There is a woman,' said she; 'none of your wasp-shaped ones. Is not she well set on her limbs? You need be under no fear that

she'll render her last sigh before the curtain falls. She is none of your tribe of daddy-long-legs that you could scatter with a puff; a set of broom-handles of tragedians that they are, with their hearts beating, and their lungs wheezing: it is a misery to look at them gasping.' When *Malvina* commenced this chapter, she never knew when to finish it; it was *Artemisia* here, *Artemisia* there, *Artemisia* everywhere. *Artemisia* was to try a new part; *Malvina* was determined to procure her a complete triumph; and she was in possession of a good many of the auxiliary instruments for ensuring success. No general of an army could combine so many skilful dispositions or resources to chain fortune to his car. 'Jerome,' said she to me on the eve of the day, 'fling your cap over the mill, *Artemisia* must not fail; I'll have no *ifs*, or *buts*; go head foremost, and exalt her higher than the Pantheon: if you have any spunk in you, now is the time to show it.' 'But if they should happen to hiss?' 'Hah! are you going over to the enemy by chance? what sort of scruples are these? Have done with such fears; push on, and keep your hands warm; and, to-morrow, Jerome, warm your pen—ay, heat it till it scorches: won't I be glad to see the face her Maypole of a rival will wear, the ugly little gingerbread doll.'"

Notwithstanding all *Malvina's* zeal and pains, the great actress has a very indifferent ovation; but *Jerome*, against his own conscience, is obliged to assign her a place higher than that of *Talma*, *Mlle. Mars*, or *Mlle. Rachel*. It was *Artemisia* the inspired, *Artemisia* the great, the talent without peer; it was power, majesty, grace, distinction, all united in the same person; he who had not seen *Artemisia* had seen nothing. To all this, and more, was poor *Jerome* obliged to swear, and to exhaust nature and art for the glorification of *Artemisia*. All lost labour, and what was worse, it incurred the displeasure of the proprietors, who did not like to see this indifferently gifted artist, forced not only on the theatre, on the press, and on the public, but on all Europe and the wide, wide world. Every day the triumphal ode was chanted, now in the Ionic measure, now in the Doric, without rest or respite, till *Jerome's* own friends were heard to whisper, "But is not he becoming tiresome, this poor *Jerome*, with his everlasting *Artemisia*; oh Apollo! when will he leave off singing this senseless lay?" In spite of these warnings, such was *Malvina's* misdirected energy, that still the strain was of the inimitable *Artemisia*, *Artemisia* the divine, who alone inherited the grandeur, the majesty, the eloquence of the heroines of *Corneille*: *Corneille* and *Artemisia*, *Artemisia* and *Corneille*; such was the key in which he composed twenty-four critiques. The editor at first found this not at all entertaining, and hoped to see an end to it sometime

or other ; but as they could not, after a long delay, even catch a glimpse of the beginning of this end, he begged *Jerome* to renounce, once and for ever, his idol of fat and mediocrity : this he would not do, or rather *Malvina* would not permit him to do it ; and again our poor *Jerome* is on the high road in search of a social position.

He attains charge of a ministerial paper, and looks out for his former associates to give him literary aid, *St. Ernest* among the rest : he finds him, to his surprise, on a first floor in a grand street ; on a panel of his outer door he reads the following, on a burnished plate :—

“ ‘ MEDICAL ADVICE GRATIS.

Doctor St. Ernest, of the Faculty of Paris, Master in Pharmacy, Professor of Medicine and Botany, honored by national reward and medals, decorated with the Golden Spur and Silver Eagle of Bavaria, the Falcon of Baden, and the Swedish Kite ; authorized by all the Courts of Europe, Member of the Academy of Pesth, of Timbuctoo, of Cuba, of Curaçao, &c. &c. &c. At home daily from 10 o'clock to 4.' So it was ; St. Ernest had become quack and charlatan, dealer in plasters, and ointment for burns. Formerly knights of this order donned the red cloak with gold lace, and the feathered beaver ; mounted a caleche, with a drum and clarionet, and set off to offer their balm of gilead, and their elixir of life in the public streets. They wrought their cures in open air, and sold their specific for the cholic or lumbago to all comers. That day has passed by ; the silk-curtained drawing-room has succeeded the caleche ; the quack advertisement sounds louder than the clarionet ; the balm of gilead has ceased to flow : but have we not vegetable pills, warranted to cure the entire world ? The quacks of old could scarce amass the price of a humble home in their native village for their old days ; our quacks are millionaires : they have their splendid town mansions, and their country chateaus ; they keep open house ; they give balls ; and, if the fancy take them, they are eligible to represent rotten Departments of the first class. While I awaited the leisure of the great man, I began to peruse one of the manifestos strewed around. Here is a specimen :—

‘ *Doctor St. Ernest to his Fellow Citizens.*

I have but very lately commenced my peculiar mode of medicinal treatment, and behold it already has taken an exalted place beside steam, the only other great invention of the age. I have received the most tempting offers from the court of the Czar—but could I deprive France, my beloved, my beautiful France, of the fruits of my labours and my genius ? Hence it is little to be wondered at that I am beset by a host of impostors and medicasters, who vainly strive to appropriate my peculiar treatment ; and so I am robbed and pillaged of my inventions, the inseparable lot of every original thinker.’ He then went on to expose his marauding imitators, re-

commending his clients to copy his address accurately, and proceeded to name the maladies, each and sundry, obnoxious to his pills. You may well suppose that no disease existed whose virulence was proof against his nostrum ; and I will spare your ears the variety of impurities that found a local habitation and a name on his prospectus. And this was the vile trade of my old acquaintance. And, though the police of Paris have power to remove all filth that obstructs our streets and squares, behold these rascals, how they can waylay us with their vile speculations ; how they can flood our dwellings with their foul prospectuses, and distribute them in the public ways ; cover the walls with obscene words and images, reveal the evil under pretence of proposing the remedy, and attract the curiosity of the young to matters which they will learn too soon, even without the help of the quack. Truly, when we see the number of these vile impostors increasing every day, we are led to think that we form portion of a people afflicted with a universal leprosy, and diseased even to the very marrow of their bones. . . . I was interrupted in the perusal of a metrical advertisement by the entrance of the great man, who seized on me with every demonstration of joy, and introduced me into his private room of consultation, where preparations of wax, representing the effects of the nameless evils that torment sinful humanity often made his miserable visitors cringe and shiver in sympathetic wretchedness. On entering the cabinet I could not help exclaiming, ‘ Oh ! St. Ernest, have you also become a charlatan ? ’ ‘ Where is the harm, I have invented a drug, and I sell it ; I might have run after a body of patients for twenty years, and perhaps have succeeded in catching them just at an age when repose would be needful. I might have stood contested elections for an hospital, or a professor’s chair ; mounted the ladder painfully, step by step, and have killed myself in procuring the privilege of curing others. Charlatanism, you say ! A hard name, Jerome ; but we are all, more or less, charlatans. I’ll not speak of these ideal maladies, nursed with so much care, of these prescriptions, harmless, but useless, at the same time, and out of which the favored apothecary makes his profit ; of these fabulous consultations, where every thing is treated of but the state of the patient in the next room ; of these hazardous operations where the life of the sufferer is only looked on as the trump card to secure the game for the practitioner ; of balls and concerts given to the body of invalids won over, or to be won over ; nor of champagne suppers lavished on the organs of public opinion, and dispensers of praise. No ; we will pass these, and come to the acknowledged hydropathists and homœopathists. To throw off your clothes, in order to escape cold, to wrap yourself in furs against the heat ; to fling yourself into the fire to cure a burn : this, as you may see, is the process of Gribouille, elevated to the rank of a theory. A man has a fever, the remedy is at hand ; let him have what would produce a fever, if he had not one already, *similia similibus*. But how administer the drug ? Ah, there is the nicety ; the ounce, the drachm, old style, the decagram, new style, all are abolished ; nothing will take now but millioneths ; the less the dose, the greater the virtue ; that is the new philosophy.

What is the result? An immense advantage; you carry the entire pharmacopœia in a portable box. Let the paralyzed walk, the deaf hear, and the consumptive enjoy sound lungs—all is the result of an atomic pill. But take care that this pill be the genuine article; let it be scientifically manipulated, conscientiously weighed, and, to secure this great end, let it come from the doctor's own box. Now for the price; atomic pill 15 francs, visit 5 francs, total 20 francs; lay down your Napoleon, and if you are not healed on the spot you are incurable, that's all. Now for the mesmerists; with what organ do you read Jerome? 'A nice question; with my eyes to be sure.' 'Ah that was the old fashion, we have changed all that: whenever you wish I will introduce you to interesting individuals, who see with their stomach, and, by way of relaxation, read with their back bone. This is not all; by virtue of magnetism, we look through the entire human system as if it were a transparent texture; it opens the individual, turns him over completely, to the remotest portion of his anatomy, and draws the diagram of his animal economy with fabulous precision. In common cases it is a simple young girl, an artless village maid who devotes herself to this intuitive autopsy of the living subject. This ignorant child of the rural plains is thrown into the mesmeric sleep, and there finds the medical technology, the knowledge of simples, the science of the codex—in fine, all the therapeutic technicalities which make simple people shout out—a miracle, a miracle. And where has the poor child learned these secrets of art?' It is not now a case of atoms: here the fluids are the agents; there has been an interchange of these fluids, and the dullest brain has been gifted with the second sight; a few passes, a touch of the finger work this miracle, no need of the wand or apparatus of Mesmer. Animal magnetism renounces his ridiculous tub and brass rods; it is as simple as kiss your hand, and dispenses with study or labor of any kind. Take out your degree then if you like, and become a member of the College of Surgeons, to see yourself eclipsed by a learned Theban, who can read no other book but the human body. What avails your eye-sight against these gifted, though unlettered sages, whose fingers serve for opera glasses, and stomachs for spectacles; who read the disposition in a lock of the hair, who describe the movements of an individual at 200 leagues distance, penetrate the secret thoughts, and ensconce themselves in the inner folds of the heart: *moral*—there is no effectual medicine under the sun but magnetism; and the Universe is to be governed by a knowledge of the animal fluids, and by those who are able to put the public asleep. Now for the phrenologists. Their science identifies the moral with the physical world: it is the skull which renders us courageous, good, amiable, incorruptible; if virtue ever descends again on earth, her throne will be constructed from the bumps of men. Bring a phrenologist the head of a criminal, and won't he lay his finger on the boss of the very crime he died for? We will suppose a man anxious to make acquaintance with himself: he offers his head to a professor; this worthy glides his fingers over the subject, noting the eminences and depressions, and thus gives sentence: 'Monsieur, this organ under my finger makes me suspect that you

are rather given to thieving : ' the visitor is somewhat taken aback by this figure of speech, but the operator is unruffled. ' Yes, sir,' he adds, ' and this other projection leads me to the knowledge of your bloodthirsty propensities ; besides this, you must be a glutton, jealous, brutal, and given to liquor ; all is as clear as day on this legible map of your brain covering ; ' and these are some of the amenities of phrenology. The cranium is a hive where the theological virtues and the seven deadly sins dwell in contiguous but separate cells ; sobriety here, intemperance there, honesty within a line of thievery, gallantry side by side with fidelity ; and the equilibrium of these different cells constitutes the ensemble of the qualities, of the faculties, and of the feelings of the individual. Here is cause for gratitude, here is an easy key to the better government of the human race ; with a skull-inspecting bureau, the police will never be put on a wrong scent, and judicial functions will consist in the handling of heads. The abilities of all will be manifest, their propensities patent, and the Monthyon Prize will await the finest formed caput. Now, I might have followed any of these roads to wealth and fame, and in what, I ask, is my peculiar line worse ? I charge merely for my medicines, and give advice gratis, and what signifies a drug at ten, or fifteen, or twenty francs ? it is a mere shaving above apothecaries' price, that's all.' ' Saint Ernest, I have heard you patiently ; you think you have made an impression on me, but you are much deceived ; however debased a profession may have become, the honourable man deviates not from the line of duty. Nothing can justify dishonest conduct, neither the plea of need, nor the influence of example ; like every fallen spirit you villify the world you live in, as if all were already in the hands of Satan : but the medical faculty can number many more devoted hearts, many more upright and pure souls than you give it credit for. In a profession which has so much to do with pain and anguish, the evil catches the eye at once, the good remains unnoticed. While you watch here like a spider, speculating on the profits to be drawn from vice, many a young comrade is sitting by the pallet of the laborer giving attention to his state, and consoling him or aiding him with his scanty purse when he can : others, in the hospitals and lecture-rooms, devote themselves to the study of the mystery of life, and endeavour to extend a little the boundaries of physiological science. Believe me, Saint Ernest, the path you have chosen is a bad one ; withdraw from it while there is yet time : with your knowledge and activity, it is impossible you should not succeed, but for your soul's sake pull yourself out of this loathsome slough.' ' You preach like a Dominican, Jerome ; the Abbe Lacordaire will be positively jealous of you ; but, my good friend, every one to his trade, you to preach sermons, I to concoct Cordial Balms.' "

*Jerome*, desiring no further acquaintance with this worthy cotemporary of *Holloway*, *Perry*, and *Culverwell*, continues his search for *Valmont*, one of his fellow-labourers in the *Aspic*. He expects to find him practising as an advocate, but discovers him, instead, as second clerk in the office of a notary. *Val-*



*mont* favors our hero with his reasons for selecting this path. Those learned in the law, may draw comparisons between legal life by the Liffey and by the Seine, as we thus place the case fully before them :—

“‘My dear Jerome,’ said he, ‘there exists in this nether sphere, a very mistaken opinion, which is, that the title of advocate is equivalent to a profession; and awful sacrifices are made by the heads of families to push their sons up to this dreary eminence. The best years of youth, and the savings of the house are all swallowed up in the process.—And what is the mighty result? The privilege of wearing a wig and gown, and of seeing your name on the interminable list that adorns the entrance-hall of the Courts. I had been called to the Bar four years, had been well spoken of among my fellow counsellors, and yet never had the satisfaction of holding one brief. I am not more indolent or more proud than others; I spoke to the solicitors; I requested a trial; but all had their own favored barristers at their beck, and in their pay, and thus managed to draw emolument from both professions. I visited in succession all the Presidents of assize, in order to obtain some nomination in the criminal business; but all were provided with protégés of high names in the magistracy. Thus repulsed in two quarters, I lowered my pretensions, and did not disdain even to attend the Police offices, hoping to find, some time or other, a criminal without counsel, and thus to distinguish myself by a brilliant improvisation. Vain hope; these places are beset like the rest; the Police court practitioners never let their clients out of their sight; they inform themselves of each day’s business before hand, and secure their clients at the very bottom of the cells.”

*Valmont* goes on to explain to *Jerome* the ordinary routine of succession in a notary’s office. The second clerk is expected to be of gentlemanly demeanour and of good personal gifts; and the office being very respectable, the conductors much in the confidence of the upper classes, and mixed up with the serious occasions of marriages, deaths, &c. The notary has his eye on his second clerk, who, by making an advantageous marriage, procures the funds to buy off his employer. Knowing the exact amount of property possessed by the heiresses of so many families whose title deeds, and other valuable papers, lie in the japanned boxes of the office, the future proprietor has only to make a choice. The lady is always handsome enough if the dowry is so, and the choice being fixed, the second clerk secures the lady, the notary the fortune. For a yearly business of 25,000 francs he thus gets 500,000; he retires, leaving his slippers to his clerk, who now becoming the

head, trains up a subordinate to succeed himself in turn when he has earned his repose.

As they are conversing, an old gentleman and his daughter enter the office, *Valmont* receives them with a great show of respect and devotedness, and takes occasion to give a *Lord Burleigh* look at *Jerome*, who sees at once the application of the recent discourse, and slowly retires, musing on the relation of fact and fiction as affecting the office of notary : how often had he seen displayed on the stage the one solitary function of the dramatised officer, viz., the unfolding of a paper and the exhibition of an inkhorn : how regularly his entry is marked by the fainting away of the heroine, and how meritoriously this respectable man gathers up his implements when the swoon is past, and retires peaceably with his buckled periwig and short black breeches. These meditations insensibly gave way to wishes for the discovery of his only remaining colleague of the *Aspic*, *Max*, the long haired prose writer, who is now an employé in the office of Public Instruction. *Jerome* here makes some ill-natured remarks on the want of honest zeal and energy in public functionaries, and says that the individuals composing the Boards look as much, or more, to their own individual aggrandizement, than to the useful teaching of the masses. As no true-born Briton could think that the corresponding functionaries under our own gracious sovereign would do such shabby things as these, we rejoice in our own exemption from selfishness and trust breaking, look with contempt on the proceedings of our Gallican Ministers of Public Instruction, and follow *Jerome* to the door of *Max's* particular department, where he hesitates to enter on hearing the jovial sound arising from guests at a well-spread table, instead of the grave tones of men employed in the serious discharge of public functions. The voices of *Max* and his fellow-officers proved them as discharging their duty after a peculiar manner, and laboring for the benefit of the excise at all events. *Jerome* was about to retire, having his hand on the knob, but *Max* secured him, and thus performed the introduction :—

“ ‘Messieurs,’ said he to his three comrades, ‘permit me to introduce my old friend *Jerome Paturot*, a long-haired poet of the first rank, who wanted nothing to ensure complete success but a sympathising public. It is the history of us all ; *Jerome*, I present to you *M. Edward Triste* a patte, an Inscription-decipherer of the highest rank ; also, *M. Gustavus Mickoff*, professor of Comparative

Kalmuc; and M. Anatolé Gobetout, commentator of the Old Parchments: the whole three amiable as paleologists, and merry as school boys. Come, produce the seltzer-water and wine at 12 sous. Just as you were entering, Jerome, the Kalmuc professor was favoring us with a cancan, really inedited and essentially comparative.' 'Decency Max,' said the man of the skins. 'Oh! to be sure, decency and champagne at ten sous,' cried Max uncorking a bottle of soda water. 'Oh, what a shame to the government that gives such refreshment to its learned servants: your health, Jerome, and success to the carbonic acid.' The repast proceeded, seasoned with jokes of doubtful respectability, and I wondered at this particular mode of discharging public duties. The Kalmuc professor entered into such nice details connected with the modes of life of the operatic corps, that no one could deny his competence in that department of general knowledge. The man of Inscriptions hammered away at a Vaudeville couplet, and the parchment man imitated Arnal in *Passé Minuit* and *Le Grand Palatin*. These little talents seemed rather out of place in the Bureau of Public Instruction; and I particularly wished to know in what my friend Max's occupation consisted. 'A fine question to be sure,' said he, 'what have you seen me do since you came in?' 'Eat and drink heartily, but these are not exactly official duties.' 'Well then I have been at my regular duty which holds from morn to night, to wit, preserving the public monuments: we are in all twelve brave boys who do nothing else but preserve the monuments.' 'Ah well, but how or where?' 'Here, every where, eating, drinking, or talking: whatever I do I preserve the monuments, that is my speciality. You may come here any day between ten and two o'clock, and I'll warrant you'll find me at my post; but ah what care, what anxiety! I often tremble at the responsibility: a monument, so fragile! but we'll watch over their safety, won't we? There they are, all labelled, the porter of the Bureau shall answer for their safety with his head. Before the creation of this Bureau what was the state of the monuments, my friend! A precarious, a casual existence; they were not represented, nor had they a tribune: now have they not a local habitation and a name, here, at the Bureau of Religion, every where; their position is magnificent, they should be grateful to nature and to us. All things in this place are subject to the same sort of influence, Jerome; it is the same with the Kalmuc, that Sclavonian and immortal tongue. Who would have guessed its existence, if Gustavus at one and the same moment of inspiration had not invented itself and its professorial chair? And the parchments! What would have become of them if Anatolé had not set his heart upon their safety. 'The government will be overturned, said he, if they do not organise a Bureau for the unrolling of the parchments; I will not be responsible for the result; I will believe in nothing, neither in the days of July, nor in the laws of September, nor in the infallibility of the University, if the half calcined scrolls take not that rank in the social order to which they are entitled.' When they saw Anatolé decided, and ready to cross to the extreme left with his science and his papyrus, the ministry yielded, they created an office

for the old skins, and this is how an empire is saved.' 'And the treasury emptied,' said I to myself."

*Max* expresses his fear that neither palæography, nor archæology, historical documents, nor scientific voyages would be encouraged if some people were not personally interested in their success; he hopes that not only will comparative Kalmuck, but also the language of the Kirguis, the Pandours, the Patagonians, the harmonious dialect of the Papous, the Botocondos, the Poyais and the Tungouses find themselves patronised by the government. He mentions a chair of the Scandinavian tongue filled by a professor skilled only in the African dialects, and a lecture on the graces of the Hottentot speech delivered by a sage deeply versed in old Norse; and is unable to feel the wisdom of this double arrangement. Oppressed with the gravity of the discussion, the Kalmuc linguist now offered to sing his cancan, comparative, and yet unpublished. The man of parchments acted a scene of the Saltimbanques, and so on. These diversified exercises conducted them to the closing hour, their chief care seeming to consist in coming to the work as late as possible, leaving it off as early as possible, and doing in the interim the least possible amount of business. For an hour the employés in the different offices had been brushing their hats, paletots, and trowsers; the desks had been carefully dusted, the mending of pens had ceased, the word begun was left unfinished till to-morrow, and the young gentlemen, as they quitted, were pointed out and named to *Jerome*, every one being either son of a deputy, cousin of a deputy, nephew of a deputy, or grandson of a deputy. *Max* is invited to contribute to the new organ of government, and gives joyful consent; the paper is established, and *Jerome* is once more immersed in literature and politics of a trying nature.

Our hero deprecates the ill feeling of the public towards ministerial papers, and asserts that they are more deserving of pity than of censure. No chance to the proprietors, of any dazzling success, as society sets no value on such hireling pens, and no surety of office, as a ministerial whim can demolish them at any time. A valet, by studying his one master's foibles and tastes, may succeed in pleasing him, but *Jerome* had nine masters, and such masters!

The council, he states, consists of two chief ministers, who

are eternally striving to supplant each other, and of many secondary members, who are at perpetual enmity. The Secretary for Foreign Affairs wishes for precedence over him of the Home Department; the Public Works accuses the Exchequer with roguery; Public Instruction indulges in uncharitable language towards Justice and Religion; the Minister of War swears by all the victories of the Empire that no one shall infringe on his Department, and such is the unanimity of the council, seen and painted by its own supporter. *Jerome* considers it as easy to please these nine powers as to fit the heads of nine customers with one cotton cap, and makes an apology for the simile as drawn from the shop. War wishes, perhaps, for the reformation of the gaiter button, or for the improvement of the pioneers' hatchet, but the treasury cries out against the waste, and adjourns the motion *sine die*. What is the unfortunate ministerial scribe to do between these antagonistic influences? If he declares for the button, he is put on the *Index* of the treasury; if he shirks the question, a thousand swords are ready to cut off his ears; so of the rest, what pleases one will displease another. What is he to do? Seek refuge in silence; every one takes this in bad part; defend some position; why then he will make eight enemies out of nine. Then for the tribune orators; will not every puny speaker insist on his tiresome speech being reported without the slightest abridgement? To believe him, you have omitted essential passages, altered the punctuation and the sense, used the *hear hears*, very sparingly; have left out the *applause*; thinned the *marks of approbation*, have trifled with the *sensations*, and completely forgotten the *universal acclamations*. "And we must submit, for the deputies hold the purse-strings; and let me ask you, Monsieur, how can the butt of all these vanities and exigencies be said to enjoy life?" Finally, at the epoch of the dissolution of a ministry—*Jerome* says he passed a purgatory of this kind, and wonders now how he came alive out of the struggle.

So important at such a time is the repairing of a steeple, the formation of a stud, or the nomination of a garde champêtre; all France must be dotted with licenses for post houses and snuff shops; every river must become a canal, and be furnished with bridges; the taxes must be lowered and the revenue augmented. It is the time of universal largesses—an *arondissement* wants a new road, it must have two; another is anxious for

a railroad, it must have one, and a canal besides : let no one be troubled with a false modesty, the exchequer is at your mercy, plunge in your arm to the shoulder, bring away what fortune sends, thank the blind goddess, and make no remarks. The season is beautiful, but it is short : beautiful for the voters, terrible for the official press : the zeal of the leaders is lukewarm, the eulogies of the favorites are scanty, the writers are sold to the enemy ; the deputies threaten, the ministers are not at ease, and political existences tremble on their pedestals :—

“While I was becoming an authority in the exalted regions of politics, Malvina took the literary portion of the journal under her own special care, having been qualified by her previous studies in the school of Paul de Kock. Since she had become, as it were, an integral portion of the Government, she was completely beside herself ; she took lessons in equitation, and spoke the language of the riding school like any Parisian *Lionne*. I had become acquainted with some literary men and artists in vogue ; and Malvina presided with much complacency over several select tea parties, composed of blue stockings, musicians, and suckling artists, mingled with our regular staff. It would have done you good to see Malvina’s regal airs as she passed among her subjects, addressing our literary celebrities by their Christian names, and dictating to our feuilletonists, to whom she promised her patronage at five francs the column, provided they were good children. ‘May the —— run away with you,’ said she to one pupil in her equine and literary idiom ; ‘you did not keep the cord of your story tight in your last feuilleton, Jules : read the Jean, of Paul de Kock. Ah, that is a writer who knows what to do with his characters : your heroine is a puling milk-and-water creature. Commend me to one of Paul’s ; he is the boy that knows how to keep his readers awake. Jules, Jules, we must send you to grass, if you don’t look alive.’ Then she would make a tour round the room, shaking hands with the established authors, and affecting an easy familiarity with them. ‘Eh, is this Frederick ? (*Soulié*) how goes it, old boy ? Ah, this is that devil of a Eugène (*Sue*). Good day, Eugène, how is your horse ? Parbleu ! here is the great Victor (*Hugo*), the solemn Victor, the gloomy Victor : and you, Honoré (*Balzac*), will you have a cup of tea, you terrible fat budget ?’ tapping him familiarly on the stomach. ‘Oh, the —— eat you ; I did not see you till this very moment.’”

*Jerome* is at the height of fortune’s wheel in his own estimation, when he receives the dreadful news that the ministerial aid is to be withdrawn from his paper forthwith, and *Malvina* at once resigns her hippine and literary sceptre, and shows herself the industrious, loving, and devoted helpmate. However, he loses all energy, and feels like *Ixion* with his millstone, or the *Danaïdes* with their sieves, till he is encouraged to take

up the trade of criminal philanthropy. So he declares himself the patron of great and brave criminals; he seeks them out early, and thus forestalls other selfish philanthropists. He once conducted a parricide to the scaffold in such an impressive style as made a great public sensation. "What was wanting," as he observed, "to these victims of human prejudice and revenge but a suitable sense of their dignity, and a confidence in themselves." He endeavoured to infuse these qualities into their hearts by admitting them to his intimacy and to his table. It was unfortunate that the first eminent hero who enjoyed this privilege mistook *Malvina's* watch and two silver covers for his own property, but he was only a stripling of eighteen, and such an inadvertence is surely pardonable at that tender age. However, *Malvina* considered the loss of those common place articles seriously, and thus *Jerome* was never more than a tyro in the peculiar and popular school of the Ainsworths and Reynoldses of the Gallic fictionists.

He now feels that having done all he could to establish a social position, and having very decidedly failed in his efforts, the only thing left was a respectable suicide; any other course would only befit a vulgar soul; it was the step which Jean Jacques would have approved, and *Jerome* felt it a duty to himself to die, but still to die in a manner imposing and worthy of his talents:—

"*Malvina*, said I, 'suicide, after all, is the only mode left to win a name and a place in the public thought. Living, you are less than nothing; dead, you become a hero: then jealousy ceases, then commences your apotheosis. What man or woman in my lifetime ever repeated a line of my *Flowers of Sahara*, or my *City of the Apocalypse*;' but scarcely will my body be cold, when each of these poems will become a monument of fame, a work of sacred genius. I will then have applauding critics; I will create a school, and no mistake. Every well-arranged suicide, up to this time, has been successful. The journals seize on them, public sympathy is at once enlisted: I must decidedly begin to make my arrangements.' 'Oh, what a blockhead you are, *Jerome*; are you going to die with a chafing dish of charcoal, like a needle-woman at five sous a day?' 'Ah! ah! that's another question, *Malvina*; I must reflect: shall I swallow a key, like Gilbert, or prussic acid, like Chatterton? Shall I have recourse to the fumes of charcoal, or to the waters of the Seine, like a celebrated painter? This is a point worthy to be weighed; let us do nothing lightly. The event would be still more solemn, more impressive, if lovely woman took her part therein; if we two, for instance, descended to the Night of Hades hand in hand.' 'Catch me at it indeed.' 'Then would we obtain the double crown of

genius and love. Oh, what transcendental images would the long-haired poets fling abroad in our glorification! We would be two doves, with wings spent, and rendered powerless by the storms of life, who at last took refuge under the broad pinions of Despair, and died, mingling their souls in a last sigh. We shall be the ivy and the oak, blasted by the same thunderbolt; we shall be—any thing, in fact, that we please.' 'Thank you for nothing, Jerome.' 'It is the last banquet of life, my chuck, and I offer you the vacant place at my side.' 'Don't take the trouble, I won't have it. Did any one ever hear such a screech owl; you'd be a capital assistant to an undertaker, you really would.' These discussions were repeatedly renewed; and my mind, being now fixed on the philosophy of suicide, I read with avidity every author touching on the subject, and among them I had the happiness of meeting Mons. Jean Biret, none of whose works seemed to have been ever finished. In my former experience I took for granted that our future life was to be essentially different from this present one; Mons. Jean soon overcame this prejudice. After Pythagoras, he revealed the perpetuity of individuals in the bosom of the species. It was a thought simple enough, but grand at the same time. We have lived, we shall live. Twenty centuries since we were Athenians; to-day we are Parisians. In two centuries we will be Muscovites. The Roman Caius is now simple Paturot; hereafter he is to be Tchien Kang, and rule the yellow-faced men of China. This system of life filled me with joy; death was not now the portal of awe, mystery, and terror; it was nothing but the gate leading from one garden to another, merely a change of your state. I am disgusted with the life of a poet; I kill myself, and become a porter. Oh, great discovery! oh, immeasurable revelation! I was determined that Malvina should accompany me, and directed my attack to the feeblest point of her understanding. 'Oh, dear Malvina, you are filling a miserable part on this stage; you have been at one time Empress of Thibet (Asiatic geography had not been made interesting in Malvina's seminary); you are now an obscure florist; it depends on yourself to choose your future life, and be Queen of France in 1937. There is a gain, there is a promotion: you die, you live again; you die once more, you are again restored. Oh, great Jean Biret, be our patron!' Ah, it was labor in vain; Malvina was obdurate—a very rock. Not only would she not die, but she vowed she would have my life if I made any attempt at *felo de se*: so I lost all relish for existence, grew thin and meagre, and was at last only the shade of my former self. One good quality Malvina had in perfection: she was the very ideal of a devoted woman. Seeing she could not change my resolution, she resolved to partake my destiny. 'Jerome,' said she to me one day, 'you are quite right; this is a dismal place, let us look for another; perhaps good Jean Biret will select a lucky ticket for us. Who knows but I shall be re-born with an equipage and 200,000 livres yearly income.' From this day she hastened our preparations. On consulting her Paul de Kock souvenirs, she decided on charcoal. I was indifferent as to the means, and so penned a farewell epistle to my uncle. This letter Malvina was to post in the evening, that thus my



worthy relative might not receive it till all should be over with us. On Malvina's departure I turned over the events of my life, read part of the *Flowers of Sahara*, discovered new beauties at every line, and noticed not Malvina's prolonged absence. At length she entered with the necessary apparatus—the charcoal, the paper for stuffing every cranny, &c. ; and, at my request, she sat down, and indited her farewell to the world and the police authorities, while I was arranging my adieus in metre. Malvina's artless composition took this form : 'A mon sieur le komi ser de peau lise du karr tie kon na ku se paire saune du ma maure : jeu meurre avé queu Geai rhum veau long terre man. Lavi haie un des air : nouze alle bon chaire chaire mie Oeufs ksa.—Veaue tre sairre ventre.

MALVINA.'

While my partner thus designated sounds by their supposed representatives, I asked of the Muse a final chaunt, desirous to leave on my dark career one track of poetic splendor, with which the journals might enrich their columns the following day. Here are the stanzas :—

At the banquet of Power, a stranger forlorn,  
I sat and kept silent all day ;  
But when I met nought but ill-nature and scorn,  
I rose—and walked silent away.

I'll now bid adieu to this desolate life,  
Having truthfully penned this last line-a ;  
I'll enter Death's portals along with my wife,  
My pride and my joy, my Malvina.

Adieu Max and Valmont, I pardon Flouchippe ;  
I bewail and excuse St. Ernest :  
I die in the City where rules King Philippe  
In the night, with the wind at North-East.

Let none be accused in the courts for my doom,  
At my own will and pleasure I go :  
When the Death-Bell of Destiny rings the last hour,  
Unrepining, the sage sinks below.

I abandon the world, this monster mousetrap,  
Without anger, or hate, or regret :  
I fall but to rise up a splendid satrap,  
On the system of Great Jean Biret.

And now as this Kosmos is only a round,  
A Polka, a Reel, or Mazurka,  
Let's go off at once, and if truth be in Jean,  
I'll revive as the Shah or Grand Turk-a.

Then squatting at ease on my cushions, so soft,  
I'll behold with serenest emotion,  
Thirty-two Odalisques all as beauteous as day,  
Float around me in musical motion.

When my task was done, 'now,' said I exultingly, 'the world will, perhaps, be sensible of its loss when these stanzas go forth. Come Malvina, give me your hand so that death may not find us divided. The brazier began to glow, the air to rarify (*sic*), and we prepared to receive the grim visitor as comfortably as we could. I had scarcely lain down when I became sensible through my whole being, of a delightful calm and languor; it seemed to me that millions of the essential atoms of my substance were being disengaged, and mingling in the ocean of surrounding fluid. A gradual stupor took possession of my senses; and to think, or be even sensible of existence, seemed a task beyond my powers; I gave way, and all consciousness was lost. A thundering noise at the door hardly roused me from this lethargy; it was impossible to die with any comfort in the presence of such a clatter; so Malvina opened her eyes, and protested against the indecency of such a proceeding. 'We must change our lodgings I see, if we wish for quiet.' 'Open, open, I say,' cried a voice. 'How can we open,' cried she, 'with one foot in the other world: go away, we are occupied.' 'Open or I'll break the door.' 'We can't open, we are already beyond recovery: what a fine police we have to let quiet citizens be disturbed in this manner long after midnight: are you dead, Jerome?' 'Well, I don't think I'm quite dead—all in good time.' I had scarcely pronounced these words, when the door was smashed in pieces, and a person rushing in at once flung open the window; indeed, I think Malvina had not made it a case of conscience to shut it very tight: I was roused by the influx of fresh air, and there before me was my poor uncle looking down on us with the deepest pity in his benevolent old face. 'Uncle,' said I, 'you were not expected here till to-morrow; we will be put to the expense and trouble of a second operation I see.' 'Unhappy boy,' said he, 'this is not courage, but rank cowardice and egotism, striving to escape the ordinary trouble and pressure of human life. I have never ceased to watch over you, and have been expecting the hour of your return for some time; but never thought you would have recourse to this miserable expedient.' 'You are quite right, tender uncle,' said Malvina, 'but we were only going to change our outsides like the silk worms, and get a handsome new skin.' 'You also,' said my uncle. 'Oh let us distinguish between the cases, eloquent uncle. For what do you think I cared? a custard at four sous on great occasions, two pair of buskins in the year, chickweed for my birds, and Jerome by my side, I would be as happy as a lark; but Jerome was tired of the world and would go, and what would I do when he was gone, and this is the whole history of it.' This indirect lesson was calculated to produce a salutary impression on me: I saw the justice of my uncle's observation; I was a profound egotist; I had been on the point of sacrificing every one that held me in their hearts, to the idol of an unhealthy ambition. I now began to see things as they really existed, and to perceive that the world was not altogether composed of men thirsting for celebrity, and marching to fortune or glory by trumpet-blowing and quackery: the conversion was not instantaneous, but the first steps were taken at all events. \* \* \* \* Uncle Paturot took his leave, making us

promise to dine with him next day, Malvina lighted him down stairs. It was now three o'clock, and high time to take some repose, but still I was kept awake by striving for a solution of my uncle's forced march, several hours before my letter could have reached him in the ordinary routine. I began to sound Malvina on the subject, but she answered me tartly enough, 'you are very tiresome, do let me sleep. How did the letter go, you ask; I suppose through the pigeons' post office; shut your eyes and your mouth, and take counsel of your pillow.' After some minutes I was vanquished by fatigue and want of rest, and awoke not till broad day. I confess that the first ray of light that fell on my eyes let into my soul a flood of happiness: I had thought that the sun would never shed his joyful beams on me again, and now I hailed the cheering rays as an earnest of coming peace and joyousness."

The reader may now imagine the necessary routine of installing *Jerome* and *Malvina* in the good old uncle's shop, of his retiring to the country to sow turnips, and of the ordinary result of such changes in the old age of smoked citizens. Law and religion are called in to sanction the connexion of our hero and his mistress; she brings an amount of genius to the perfecting of her cotton fabrics, and extends the business. *Jerome* changes his role of poet and journalist to that of night-cap maker in ordinary to the author of *Hernani*. Has *Jerome* now found the charm of content? is his brain never visited by his old poetic illusions? does the delight of seeing his thoughts in print, and of hearing his name mentioned, as that of one who stirs the heart of the multitude by his whispered charms, never trouble his repose? The reader can answer these queries as his age and knowledge may inform him.

Though *Jerome* thus renounces his hopes of literary fame for the cultivation of cotton, we are sure that our author does not look upon the possession of genius, and its manifestation to the world, as an act of little moment. It is surely a good and meritorious thing if any of us, in his limited sphere, has, by his talents, innocently amused, or usefully occupied the leisure hours of his neighbours, or by his wise counsel, has strengthened them in their good resolves, or turned them from the execution of bad ones. How much nobler, and more *exalted* still, is the lot of him who effects the same good results, not in the persons of a few neighbours, of the dwellers of a county, or city, or canton, or of the natives of a little kingdom, but of continents, of empires, or wherever a civilized language is spoken or read; and this not only during his short span of life, but even whilst books shall be printed and children taught

to read ; and so long as articulately-speaking men succeed each other in generations, even so long shall his good heart, guided by his genius, work on the hearts and minds of his fellow beings, for their amusement, their improvement, and advancement in those paths appointed to lead to ultimate perfection and happiness.

Placed in contrast with the works of such men, how contemptible, misdirected, and wicked appear the actions and designs of an Alexander, a Cæsar, or a Napoleon, and still trebly so the productions of such as have been enriched with a living and creative genius, and who, whether as philosophers or poets, turned its holy and health-giving qualities to a deadly poison to destroy or impair the spiritual life of all their hapless fellow-mortals who, in an evil hour, took them for guides or mental physicians. But is the moral of the book before us all, and solely, French ?

On looking over a late number of a London newspaper, we found displayed three advertisements in the same column, from three great luminaries, one of the male, the other two of the female *sect*, as *Malvina* would say: the three invitations, couched in the same terms, and requesting her Majesty's unmarried lieges particularly, but the married ones did not seem excluded, to send the advertiser twelve postage stamps, and in return each postulant would receive a talisman, of some kind or other, by which the violent attachment of any individual of the opposite gender, would be secured, even though the owner of the spell were a mere peasant, and the person coveted a duchess. The application of the charm was to be so neat, and delicate, and hidden, that discovery was out of the question, and the fortunate possessor need not limit his desires to one ; the spell, in fact, had a universal virtue, and he might, if he pleased, win the hearts of half England. Though the wording of the three precious bulletins was identical, the names and addresses excepted (and, indeed, the composition was altogether unique), the wizard very ungallantly cautioned the discerning British public against the fallacious hopes held out by opposition witches, and very innocently asked, could any one of common sense believe their assertions of having effected 6,700 and odd marriages in the last year : no, no, it was all humbug, his was the only genuine bird-lime. These advertisements had all the appearance of having been "standing insertions" for years, and as it is probable that the three philanthropists were

at no loss by the practice, what an exalted idea they must entertain of the average sound judgment of the masters of the civilized world !

An astrologer in the same blessed regenerator, offered, for twelve postage stamps, on getting the postulant's name, to return an acrostic embodying the future fate of his dupe, but did not think it worth while to explain how he surmounted the difficulty which the identity of the names of the thousands of John Smiths and Tom Brownes must present: perhaps he trusted to a variety in the spelling adopted by the individuals.

Cæsar, Alcibiades, and other men of genius, openly exhibited some ridiculous peculiarity, to diminish the envy that would naturally attach to their great abilities: and what they did with design John Bull does without any design at all. There is no one in the world more honest, or honourable, or considerate, or judicious, but at the same time there is no one more easy to be gulled.

A cunning Yankee woman has spent a week teaching her joints to crack when called on, and John is sure that she has power to summon into the presence of her assembly of fools, the disembodied spirits, who are either enduring the torments of the reprobate, or enjoying the bliss of paradise. Judge of the orthodoxy of one of these ministering spirits that lately declared Owen of the Parallelograms, as about to impose his Nullifidian catechism on the youth of the United Kingdom, with great success, and the express approbation of the houses of Parliament. High dramatic art is surely not in much favor with that other spirit who solemnly declared that the ghost of Hamlet's father had seventeen noses, and it was harsh enough in the third spirit to pronounce his or her medium, Mrs. Hayden, an impostor.\* A sleight-of-hand stroller pretends to put his daughter in the mesmeric trance, the audience being admitted at sixpence a head, and goes through the crowd collecting watches, rings, questions, &c. She can answer queries proposed through her father correctly enough, by means of the conventional form in which he shapes them, and the clairvoyance of the girl is pronounced indubitable. Being aware of the unaccountable powers and operations of the mind when the corporal functions are suspended, and of the undoubted influ-

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\* Chambers' Journal, May 21, 1853.

ence possessed by a person of stern volition over one of a feeble will or nervous temperament, we leave mesmerism an open question, though convinced of the folly and impiety of cultivating it as a science to be taught on platforms by impostors; but we certainly entertain feelings of contempt and pity for those whose faith, in an over-ruling and creative Providence, is inert or dead, in the presence of the wonders of physiology, botany, or astronomy, and who yet will run after every humbug of the above description, who, for the sake of sixpences and shillings, dares to arrogate to himself such awful powers, and pretends to rend the veil separating us from the world of spirits, and which, if the thing were possible, would only add intolerable evils to the ordinary sorrows of our mortal state.

To dupes and dupers we recommend the study of one of Cruikshank's sketches, where a figure intended by the artist for one of that class who rush in "where angels fear to tread," with bandage on eyes, asses' ears on head, and one leg on the edge of a precipice, has the other leg flung out over the void, into which the next move will send the wretch, a thousand fathoms down. Another profitable piece of study will be the passages in *Zanoni* where the student, by intense research, and heavy sacrifices has the partition wall dividing him from the impalpable and invisible removed. They will there learn the price to be paid for the possession of such powers: and when they find that the adept would give all the possible treasures and enjoyments of the world to get dispossessed of his horrible privilege, perhaps they will pause in their unholy search after forbidden knowledge. Possibly, neither Cruikshank's sketch, nor Bulwer's sublime and matchless description is, for the moment, attainable. Well then we refer them to the *Book of Samuel*; and if, after witnessing the appalling presence of the shade of the Prophet, and his no less appalling denouncement, so swiftly to be realized, they persist in imitating the impious practice of the summoning medium or the unhappy consulter, we are persuaded that nothing we could urge will reduce them to a rational mode of conduct or thought; and so, for the present, we resign the wand, and commend our selection to the kind construction of the reader. But if Reybaud could find in French Social Life the materials for a novel so scathing as *Jerome Paturot*, English writers, like Dickens, Thackeray,

and that rapidly rising and really clever novelist, Shirly Brooks, may, in the social every day life of these kingdoms, discover all the characters, and all the *fourberies* distinguishing our less thoughtful neighbours. *Jerome Paturot* is not altogether a fiction, or a picture of French social life only, in it English readers can discover much that resembles the follies of their own country.

## ART. II.—THE STREETS OF DUBLIN.

### NO. VII.

THE early history of the cathedral of the holy Trinity at Dublin, commonly called Christ Church, is involved in much obscurity. The local manuscript known as the "Black book of Christ Church," compiled in the fourteenth century, states that "the vaults or crypts of this church were erected by the Danes before Saint Patrick came to Ireland, the church not being then built or constructed as at the present day; wherefore Saint Patrick celebrated mass in one of the crypts or vaults, which is still called the crypt or vault of Saint Patrick. And the saint, observing the great miracles which God performed in his behalf, prophesied and said that after many years here shall be founded a church, in which God shall be praised beyond all the churches in Ireland." The statement of the vaults of the church having been built by the Northmen previous to the arrival of Patrick is obviously erroneous, as the Danes were unknown even by name in Europe until late in the sixth century; and as an inquisition in the time of Richard II. decided that the institution "was founded and endowed by divers Irishmen, whose names are unknown, time out of mind, and long before the conquest of Ireland," we are inclined to believe that the site of the church was originally occupied by the oratory of some native saint, most probably that of saint Cele Christ, whose festival is recorded as follows on the fifth of the nones of March in the Festology of Oengus, a native writer of the early part of the ninth century: "Cele Críſt, eppcop ó chll cele Críſt í b Fortuataib í Laſmſib. Do Chenel Eoſaſſſ mſc Nēll do;—" *Cele Christ*, bishop of

*Cill Cele Christ*, or the church of *Cele Christ*, in *Ui Dunchadha*, in *Portuatha*, in Leinster. He was of the race of Eoghan, son of Niall." We learn, moreover, from Dr. O'Donovan that the gloss adds that this saint's church, called *Cill Cele Christ*,\* was situated in *Ui Dunchadha*, in Lagenia, or Leinster. The river *Dothair* (Dodder) is referred to more than once as in *Ui Dunchadha*, coupling which with the fact that Mac Gillamocholmog was lord of that territory, and his known connection with the vicinity of Dublin, we may thence, with probability, infer that the cathedral of the holy Trinity was erected on the site of the ancient *Cill Cele Christ*.

About the year 1038 Sigtryg, chief of the Northmen of Dublin, and son of Gormlaith, an Irish princess, gave to Donogh, or Donatus, bishop of Dublin, "a place on which to build a church of the blessed Trinity, where the arches or vaults were founded, with the following lands: Beal-duleck, Rechen, Portrahern, with their villeins and cows and corn; he also contributed gold and silver enough wherewith to build the church, and the whole court thereof." A French writer, commenting on this record, observes: "On a depuis basti une eglise sur celle qui estoit sous terre, ce qui n'est pas sans exemple en France, ou nous avons la cathedrale de Chartres, l'eglise de saint Victor de Marseille, et quelques autres encore qui sont basties de la mesme facon."

The nave and wings of the cathedral were constructed by Donogh, who also built an episcopal palace contiguous to it, on the site of which a deanery house was subsequently erected. The jurisdiction of the see of Dublin was, we may observe, originally confined to the city, beyond the walls of which it did not extend until after the synod of Kells in 1152.

Prior to the Anglo-Norman descent, the church had acquired importance as the seat of the archbishop of Dublin, as well as from its possession of a miraculous cross, said to have spoken twice, together with the following reliques enumerated in the Martyrology of the priory, which states that they lay concealed in a case from the episcopate of Donogh to the time of his successor Gregory, when they, together with their case, were placed in a shrine:

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\* *Celé Christ* (*Cele Cypore*), which signifies literally the servant of Christ, has been latinized "*Basallus Christi*," Christ's vassal. For a notice of prince Gillamocholmog, see *IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW*, Vol. II.



"A portion of the cross of our Lord, and of the cross of the holy apostles Peter and Andrew. A portion of the staff and of the chain of St. Peter. The sandals of Saint Silvester the pope. Part of the reliques of the eleven thousand holy virgins. Part of the reliques of saint Pinnosa, virgin and martyr. Portion of the vest of the Virgin Mary. Part of the sepulchre of our Lord and of Lazarus. Part of the sepulchre of Audoen, bishop and confessor ; and some of the reliques of the holy father Benedict. The reliques of SS. Basil and Germanus, bishops. Part of the vestment of king Olave, the saint. Part of the vestment of Hubert, bishop of Cologne. The reliques of David, the confessor. Also part of the reliques of saint Patrick, apostle of the Irish, and of the reliques of saint Lorcan, archbishop of Dublin."

Of the cross above referred to the following notices have been left by a Latin writer of the twelfth century, who was well acquainted with the cathedral :—

"How a cross at Dublin spoke, and bore testimony to the truth.

"In the church of the holy Trinity at Dublin there is a certain cross of great virtue, exhibiting a representation of the countenance of our crucified saviour, which, in the hearing of several people, opened its mouth and spoke, not many years before the coming of the English ; that is, in the time of the Ostmans. For it happened that one of the citizens invoked it as the sole witness to a certain contract, but afterwards failing to fulfil his engagement, and constantly refusing to pay the money stipulated to him who had trusted to his good faith, he one day invoked and adjured the cross in the church to declare the truth in the presence of many citizens then standing by, who considered that his appeal was more in jest than earnest ; but when it was thus called upon, the cross bore testimony to the truth.

"How the same cross became immoveable.

"When earl Richard first came with his army to Dublin, the citizens, fearing much disaster and misfortune, and mistrusting their own strength, prepared to fly by sea, and desired to carry this cross with them to the islands. But notwithstanding all their most persevering efforts, the entire people of the city, neither by force nor ingenuity, could stir it from its place.

"How a penny offered to the cross leaped back twice, but remained the third time, after confession had been made ; and how the iron greaves were miraculously restored.

"After the city had been taken, a certain archer, amongst others, made an offering of a penny to the cross, but on turning his back the money immediately flew after him, whereupon he took it up and carried it back to the cross, when the same thing again happened, to the surprise of many who witnessed it. The archer thereupon publicly confessed that on the same day he had plundered the archbishop's house, which is located in this church, and restoring

all he had taken, he, with great fear and reverence, carried back the penny to the cross for the third time, and it then remained there at length without further movement. It also happened that Raymond, constable to earl Richard, having been robbed of his iron greaves by a certain young man of his train, obliged all his followers to clear themselves of the theft by an oath taken upon the aforesaid cross in the church of the holy Trinity; a short time after, the young man returned from England, whither he had gone unsuspected, and threw himself, pale and haggard, at Raymond's feet, offering satisfaction and craving pardon for his fault. He, moreover, confessed in public and in private, that after swearing falsely upon the cross he experienced the greatest persecution from it, for he felt it, as it were, oppressing his neck with an immense weight, which prevented him from sleeping or enjoying any repose. These and many other prodigies and miracles were performed at the first arrival of the English by this most venerable cross."

In 1162 Lorcan Ua Tuathail, corruptly styled Lawrence O'Toole, was consecrated archbishop of Dublin here by Gelasius, archbishop of Armagh, assisted by many bishops; and we are told that from this period the custom of bishops of certain towns in Ireland going to Canterbury for consecration entirely ceased:

"Lorcan immediately converted the secular clergy of his church into canons regular of the order of Arras, to whose habit and rule of living he submitted himself. Although he studiously avoided all popular applause, yet his charity to the poor, and hospitality to the rich could not be concealed. He caused every day, sometimes sixty, sometimes forty, and at the least, thirty poor men to be fed in his presence, besides many whom he otherwise relieved. He entertained the rich splendidly and elegantly, with variety of dishes and several sorts of wines, yet never tasted of the repast himself, contented with coarser fare. He was tall of stature, and of a comely presence. His outward habit was grave, but rich; underneath it he wore that of a canon regular. He frequently visited Gleanndaloch and spent much of his time there in the recesses of St. Kevin."

From the Anglo Normans the convent received a confirmation of its privileges, with endowments of land; and Lorcan O'Tuathail, Richard Fitz-Gislebert, surnamed "Strongbowe," Robert Fitz-Stephen, and Raymond "le Gros," undertook to enlarge the church, and at their own expense built the choir, the steeple, and two chapels—one dedicated to St. Edmund, king and martyr, and to St. Mary, called the White, and the other to St. Laud. A third chapel in the south aisle, adjoining to the high choir, was first dedicated to the Holy Ghost, but subsequently acquired the name of St. Lorcan O'Tuathail's

chapel, having been dedicated to that prelate after his canonization. In 1176 Strongbowe was interred here in sight of the holy cross, to provide lights for which he bequeathed the lands of Kinsali. His funeral obsequies were performed by archbishop Lorcan, and the native annals state that "this Saxon earl had died of an ulcer which had broken out in his foot through the miracles of saint Bridget and saint Columb Cille, and of all the other saints whose churches had been destroyed by him. He saw, as he thought, saint Bridget in the act of killing him." Four years after this event, the famous relic known as "Baculus Jesu," or the "Staff of Christ," was transferred from Armagh to the church of the holy Trinity. Of this crosier or staff, which the rev. Dr. Lanigan conjectured to have been the walking-stick of St. Patrick, one of that saint's biographers, writing in the twelfth century gives the following account :—

"And Patrick being desirous that his journey and all his acts should by the apostolic authority be sanctioned, he was earnest to travel into the city of saint Peter, and there more thoroughly to learn the canonical institutes of the holy Roman church. And when he had unfolded his purpose unto Germanus, the blessed man approved thereof, and associated unto him that servant of Christ, Sergenius the presbyter, as the companion of his journey, the solace of his labor, and the becoming testimony of his holy conversation. Proceeding, therefore, by the divine impulse, or by the angelic revelation, he went out of his course unto a solitary man who lived in an island in the Tuscan sea; and the solitary man was pure in his life, and he was of great desert and esteemed of all, and as his name was 'Justus,' so also in his works was he just: and after their holy greetings were passed, this man of God gave unto Patrick a staff, which he declared himself to have received from the hands of the Lord Jesus. And there were in the island certain other solitary men, who lived apart from him, some of whom appeared to be youths, and others decrepid old men, with whom, when Patrick had conversed, he learned that the oldest of them were the sons of the youths; and when saint Patrick marvelling, inquired of them the cause of so strange a miracle, they answered unto him, saying, 'We from our childhood were continually intent on works of charity, and our door was open to every traveller who asked for victual or for lodging in the name of Christ, when on a certain night we received a stranger, having in his hand a staff; and we showed unto him so much kindness as we could; and in the morning he blessed us and said, I am Jesus Christ, unto whose members ye have hitherto ministered, and whom ye have last night entertained in his own person: then, the staff which he bore in his hand, gave he unto yonder man of God, our spiritual father, commanding him that he should preserve it safely, and deliver it unto a certain stranger named Patrick, who would, after many days were passed, come unto him: thus say-

ing, he ascended into heaven, and ever since we have continued in the same youthful state; but our sons, who were then infants, have, as thou seest, become decrepid old men.' And Patrick giving thanks unto God, abided with the man of God certain days, profiting in God by his example yet more and more; at length he bade him farewell, and went on his way with the Staff of Jesus, which the solitary man had proffered unto him. Oh excellent gift, descending from the Father of light, eminent blessing, relief of the sick, worker of miracles, mercy sent of God, support of the weary, protection of the traveller! For as the Lord did many miracles by the rod in the hand of Moses, leading forth the people of the Hebrews out of the land of Egypt, so by the Staff that had been formed for his own hands, was he pleased, through Patrick, to do many and great wonders to the conversion of many nations. And the Staff is held in much veneration in Ireland, and even unto this day it is called the Staff of Jesus."

This staff, which was said to have been covered with gold, inlaid with precious stones of great value, by bishop Tassach, a disciple of St. Patrick, was held in such veneration that St. Bernard tells us it was one of those insignia, the possessor of which was ever regarded by the lower order of people as bishop of Armagh, and successor of St. Patrick. Down to the time of the Reformation, it was not unusual in Dublin to swear witnesses "upon the holy masse-booke, and the great relike of Ireland, called *Baculum Christi*," in presence of the deputy, chancellor, treasurer and justice; and the Black Book of Christ's Church records that in 1461, when the great eastern window of the cathedral was blown down by a violent tempest, causing great destruction to the various deeds and relics preserved in the church, breaking, amongst others, the chest which contained the "*Baculus Jesu*," and various other relics, the staff was found lying uninjured on the top of the stones, while the other contents of the chest were utterly demolished, "which," says the record, "was esteemed a miracle by all who saw it."

The priory of the holy Trinity was held in such veneration, that when, in 1283, its steeple, chapter house, and dormitory were destroyed by a fire in the town, the citizens made a collection to repair the injury before they restored their own houses. So early as the fourteenth century the civic assemblies of the provosts and bailiffs of Dublin were held in St. Mary's chapel here; and when, during the great dearth of 1308, the prior being destitute of corn, and having no money wherewith to purchase it, sent to Jean le Decer, then provost, a pledge of plate to

the value of forty pounds, the latter returned the plate, and presented the prior with twenty barrels of corn.

Jean de St. Paul, archbishop of Dublin (1349-1362), built at his own cost the whole chancel of the church, together with the archiepiscopal throne as it stood to the year 1658. In 1300 a controversy for precedence between the prior and canons of this convent and the dean and chapter of St. Patrick's was composed on the following terms: "That the archbishop should be consecrated, and enthroned in Christ Church; that each church should be called cathedral and metropolitical; that Christ Church, as being the greater, the mother, and the elder church, should have the precedence in all rights and concerns of the church; that the cross, mitre, and ring of every archbishop, in whatever place he died, should be deposited in Christ church; that each church should have their turn in the interment of the bodies of their archbishop, unless otherwise ordered by their wills; and that the consecration of the crism and oil, on Maunday Thursday, and the public penances should be held in the church of the holy Trinity." The colonial parliament, in which the prior always held a seat, enacted in 1380 that no native Irishman\* should be suffered to profess himself in this institution; and in 1395 Richard II. knighted here the four Irish princes, as narrated by Castide to Froissart:—

"Ils furent faits chevaliers de la main du roy Richard d'Angleterre, en l'église cathédrale de Duvelin, qui est fondée sur saint Jean Baptiste. Et fut le jour Notre Dame en Mars, qui fut en ce tems par un jeudi; et veillèrent le mercredi toute la nuit ces quatre rois en la dite église; et au lendemain à la messe, et à grand solemnité, ils furent faits chevaliers, et avecques eux messire Thomas Ourghem et messire Jonathas de Pado son cousin. Et étoient les quatre rois tous richement vêtus; ainsi comme à eux appartenoit, et sirent ce jour à la table du roi Richard d'Angleterre."

A parliament assembled in 1450 within this church, where also, in 1487, was performed the coronation of

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\* For further observations relative to the exclusion of Irishmen from offices of importance in the Roman Catholic church before the Reformation, see the essay on "Irish church history," in the second volume of this journal. The system was so strictly followed that no native was admitted even as vicar choral in Christ church until late in the last century, when, by the exertion of great influence, a young Irish lad, named John A. Stevenson, was enrolled among the pupils of the music school of this cathedral.

the mysterious personage known as Lambert Simnel, "a youth of a lively and fascinating countenance, and of a princely behaviour :"—

"In May the dutchess of Burgundy sent over two thousand Germans, under the command of Martin Swart, an old soldier ; with them there came the earl of Lincoln, the lord Lovel, and others, and were kindly received and lovingly entertained by the nobility, gentry, and people of Ireland ; they proceeded to crown this impostor at Christ church, in Dublin, with a crown, which they took from the statue of the Virgin Mary, in saint Mary's abby ;\* and this ceremony was rendered more solemn by a sermon preached by the bishop of Meath on the occasion, and by the attendance of the lord deputy, the chancellor, treasurer, and other the great officers of state. And after he was crowned, they carried him in triumph, upon the shoulders of great Darcy of Platten. But the good archbishop of Armagh refused to be present at this ridiculous pageantry ; for which they gave him all the trouble they could."

Sir Richard Edgecumbe, on his arrival in Dublin in 1488, as commissioner from Henry VII., caused the bishop of Meath to read publicly in Christ's Church, the "pope's bull of accursing, and the absolution for the same, and the grace which the king had sent by him" to grant pardons to those who had confederated with Simnel and were prepared to return to their allegiance. The practice of reading important public documents in this cathedral appears to have been customary from an early period, as in 1317 we find that after the promulgation here of the Papal bull for the election of Alexandre de Bicknor to the see of Dublin, another bull was read from the pope proposing a truce of two years between the king of England and Robert le Brus.

The great resort of pilgrims to this church, attracted by the many relics in its possession, was interrupted, towards the close of the fifteenth century, by "certayn persones maliciously disposed, who let and interrupted certayn pilgrimes which were cummyng in pilgrymage unto the blissed Trinite to do there deuocoun, contrary to all good naturale disposicoun, in contempt of our modire the chirch, and to the great hurt and preiudice of the said prior and conuent, and in contynnuance like to be a great distruccoun unto the place and house for-

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\* Another account says that this crown was taken from the Virgin's statue in the church of "Sainte Marie la Dame." IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, II., 319.

said." To check those precursory symptoms of a religious reformation, a parliament held in Dublin 1408, before Walter Fitz Symon, archbishop of Dublin, deputy of Jaspar, duke of Bedford, enacted—

"That if any person or persones in tym to cum do vex, distorbe, or trowle any such pilgrym or pilgrymes, disposed in pilgrymage to visite the said blissed TrynYTE, any saint or seintis, relike or relika, within the said cathedrale chirch or precinct of the same, in there cummyng, abiding, or retournyng, or any other person or personys, claymyng the grith of the said chirch, being within the said chirch or the precinct of the sam, that then as oftyen as he or thay soo offend the premises, do forfet and be endettyd unto the forsaid David prior, and to his successores in xx li of lawful money, and by the said auctoritie, that it be lefull to the said David prior, and to his successours, to sue in any corte that the king hath, for the said xx li by writt or byll, and the juges before whom the said suyt shal be commensyd, at such tymes as this said act be certified unto them by a mittimus out of the chauncery, to have as large powere thereupon to procede to sett, hyre, adiudge, and determynn as any accoun commensed before them after the corse of the comen lawe, any act or ordynance, mater or cause byfore this tym made to the contrery notwithstanding."

Three years subsequent to this enactment, the mayor and citizens granted the following protection to pilgrims visiting the cathedral :—

"It is ordeyred by grant of thys semble at the instans of David prior of the cath church of the blissit Trinite off Dublin, that wheras diveres preveleges ben graunt to the sayd place, as well by an auctoryte of parlement as by provinciall consaylys, yn especiall that no pylgrymys that comyth in pylgrymage to the blyssed TrynYTE, to the holy Rode, or baculus Ihū, or any othyr image or relyk within the said place, shal not be vexid, trowled, ne arrestyd comyng ne goyng duryng hys pylgrymage. Also that eny that wyll take refutte and socor off the sayd place, shal not be lettyd to go ther to ne be arresstid within the precyncte of the same. Which ys graunt ordeined and estableyed by auctorite of this present that the sayd priveleges and all otheris wych have be graunt and confermyd by popis, kyngs, archbyssopis. and bishoppes, to the sayd place in tyme passed stand in ther full effect, without any interrupcyon or contradiccion of anny citizen, or inhabitant of the citte aforesaid, or any other person."

Gerald, eighth earl of Kildare, a great benefactor to the priory, was buried in 1513 near to its high altar, having in the previous year erected St. Mary's chapel in the choir of the

church, in the Mortiloge of which we find him commemorated as follows :—

“Gerald Fyitz Moryce sometime earl of Kildare, and deputy or lieutenant of our lord the king in the land of Ireland, during his life-time bestowed upon us one pair of vestments of cloth of gold of tissue, and in his last will bequeathed us his best cloak of purple and cloth of gold to make vestments, and also gave the town called great Coporan with all thereto pertaining, to support the canon who should celebrate mass for his soul and for the soul of Thomas Plunket, formerly chief justice of the king's court of common pleas in Ireland, and for the souls of all the faithful departed, for which an office of nine lessons was appointed in the year of our lord 1513.”

The following extracts from the Mortiloge exhibit the nature of the benefactions to this priory :—

“Master Thomas Walche, and his wife Elizabeth Stokys, gave a gilt bowl called ‘allott,’ price four marks. Thomas Smothe newly glazed four windows in St. Mary's chapel. Richard Tristi, sub-prior of the church, handsomely ornamented the tabernacles round the great altar, as also the centre of St. Mary's chapel and its altar, and likewise had the church newly whitewashed in the year 1430. John Walsche, priest and member of our congregation, gave a book, which is chained at the end of the choir. Cornelius, arch-deacon of Kildare in 1510, bequeathed fourteen pounds of silver to buy a cape of blood-coloured velvet. Robert Cusake left a gilt chalice and a psaltery. Rosina Holywood, wife of Arland Usher, gave a silver bowl of twenty-seven ounces for the common table of the vicars. John Whytt, sometime mayor of Dublin, bequeathed a zone, value twenty shillings, to the image of St. Mary, the white. His wife, Johanna Roche, left to the prior and convent, one bowl, called ‘lenott,’ price four marks, and a silver goblet, price twenty shillings. John Kyrcham was the artificer of the bells of the convent ; and the lady of Kyllen, on being received into the confraternity with certain of her sons, gave to the high altar a gilt image of the virgin Mary, value ten pounds.”

The changes of religion during the reign of Henry VIII. necessarily interfered with, and rendered unimportant the privileges granted to pilgrims to the convent of the Holy Trinity ; and Dr. George Browne, archbishop of Dublin, writing to Thomas Cromwell in 1538, observes :—“The Romish reliques and images of both my cathedrals, in Dublin, took off the common people from the true worship ; but the prior and the dean find them so sweet for their gain, that they heed not my words ; therefore send in your lordship's next to me, an order more full, and a chide to them and their canons, that they might be removed : let the order be, that the chief



governor may assist me in it." In pursuance of this policy we find that in the same year archbishop Browne procured the removal of the various relics of the cathedral, and publicly burned the "*Baculus Christi*," which, according to the native annalists, "was in Dublin performing miracles, from the time of Patrick down to that time, and had been in the hands of Christ while he was among men." In the place of the images and reliques thus removed from the cathedrals and churches in his diocese, Dr. Browne substituted the Creed, the Lord's prayer, and the Ten commandments, in gilded frames. A fundamental alteration was also made in the constitution of Christ church by Henry VIII., who, in 1541, converted the priory and convent of the cathedral into a deanery and chapter, consisting of a dean, chantor, chancellor, treasurer, and six vicars choral; Robert Castle, alias Painswick, the last prior, being appointed its first dean. On Easter day, 1551, the liturgy in the English language was read, for the first time, at Christ church, in the presence of the lord deputy St. Leger, archbishop Browne, the mayor and the bailiffs of Dublin; but on the accession of Mary, the Roman Catholic ceremonies were reinstated until their suppression by Elizabeth in 1559, and on the 30th of August, in the latter year,

"The earl of Sussex, lord deputy, came to Christ's church, where sir Nicholas Dardy sang the litaney in English, after which the lord deputy took his oath, and then they began to sing (*We praise Thee, O God, &c.*) at which the trumpets sounded. At the same time was the earl of Ormond sworn one of her majesty's privy council, and made lord treasurer of Ireland. These ceremonies being ended, the lord deputy rode back to St. Sepulcher's, inviting the mayor and aldermen to dine with him. January the 12th, began the parliament to sit in Christ's church, which also ended in the beginning of February following, having enacted the Act of uniformity, and several other laws.—This year orders were sent to Thomas Lockwood, dean of Christ's church, to remove out of his church all Popish relics, and images, and to paint and whiten it anew, putting sentences of scripture upon the walls, in lieu of pictures or other the like fancies; which orders were observed, and men set to work accordingly on the 25th of May, 1559. Doctor Heath, archbishop of York, sent to the two deans and chapters of Dublin, viz., of Christ's church and St. Patrick, a large bible to each, to be placed in the middle of their quiers; which two bibles, at their first setting up to the publick view, caused a great resort of people thither, on purpose to read therein, for the small bibles were not common then, as now; and it appears by the account of John Dale, a bookseller, that he sold seven thousand bibles in two years time, for the booksellers of Lon-

don, when they were first printed, and brought over into Ireland in the year 1566."

In April, 1562, the roof, south wall, and part of the body of the church, fell, and broke Strongbowe's monument; in the ensuing June the repairs of the building were commenced, and in the wall, when completed, the following inscription was inserted:—

"The : Right : Honorabl : T : Erl :  
Of : Svssex : Levtn : This : Wal :  
Fel : Down : In : An : 1562. The  
Bilding : of : This : Wal : Was : In : An :  
1562."

The tomb of Strongbowe was repaired in 1570 by sir Henry Sidney, lord deputy, as commemorated in the inscription which is still extant:—

"This : Avncyent : Monvment : of : Rychard :  
Strangbowe : called : Comes : Strangulensis :  
Lord : of : Chepsto : and : Ogyny : The : Fyrst :  
And : Princypall : Invader : of : Irland : 1169 :  
Qui : Obiit : 1177 : The : Monvment : was : broken :  
By : the : fall : of : the : Roff : and : Bodye :  
Of : Chrystes : Chvrche : in : an : 1562 : and :  
Set : Vp : agayn : at : the : chargys : of : the :  
Right : Honorable : Sr : Heniri : Sydney :  
Knyght : Of : the : noble : Order : L : Presi  
Dent : Wailes : L : Depvty : of : Irland : 1570."

Of this monument, representing a man in armour, with another recumbent but imperfect figure by his side, a local writer of the seventeenth century observes that—

"The marbles of the two effigies are of different colors; that which is commonly reputed to be the father's being black, the son's grey. The effigies which was first put up for the father, being broken all to pieces by the fall of the church, as aforesaid: the lord deputy caused a monument of the earl of Desmond, which was at Drogheda, to be removed and placed instead of that of Strongbow; so that the son's is the ancients of the two. The son's effigies being but from the thighs upwards, occasioned a false story,\* that his father cut him off from the middle with a sword; but it is a mistake, for it was the fall of the church that broke the other parts of the effigies

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\* The story above alluded to is narrated as follows by an old writer: "This Richard (Fitz Gislebert) had issue by his first wife, a sonne, a fine youth, and a gallant stripling, who following his father with some charge in battaille array, as he passed by Idrone in Leinster, to relieve Robert Fitz Stephens in Wexford, upon the sight and cry of the Irish men, when his father was in cruell fight, gave backe with his company, to the great discouragement of the host, yet the earle got the

to pieces, and Strongbow did no more than run his son through the belly, as appears by the monument and the chronicle."

In Christ church was usually performed the ceremony of receiving the homage of such of the native chiefs as entered into alliance with the English government; and down to the seventeenth century, the mayor of Dublin was generally sworn into office in the great hall of this cathedral. The lord deputies or chief governors of the kingdom were almost invariably inaugurated in Christ church with a ceremonial similar to that described in the following document, which we publish from the Harleian manuscripts in the British Museum:—

"A true copie of the record of the lord Falkland's landing and receiving of the sword, as lord deputie generall of ye realme of Ireland.

"Memorand,—That on Friday, the first of September, 1622, and in the 20th year of his majesties raigne of England, France, and Ireland, and of Scotland the six and fiftieth, sir Henry Caryl, knight,

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victory, and commanded with the teares in his cheekes, that his son should be cut in the middle with a sword for his cowardize in battaille; he was buried in the church of the blessed Trinitie in Dublin, where now his father resteth by his side, and caused the cause of his death for an epitaph to be set over him—

'Nate ingratus, mihi pugnantem terga dedisti,  
Non mihi, sed genti ac regno quoque terga dedisti.'

A Dublin author of the sixteenth century narrates the following anecdote relative to this monument: "Ibi videre licet lapideum sepulchrum, Strangboi statua, è marmore sculpta, coopertum: cui è sinistro latere adhærescit secti filii tumulus, eiusque, simulachrum in marmore incisum, ubi utraque manu illa supportat. Corruit magna pars hujus templi circiter annum salutis 1568: quâ ruinâ vetus illud monumentum fuit deformatum. Statim atque templum reedificatum erat, Henricus Sidneius, vir antiquitatis amantissimus, qui tum summæ reipub. præfuit, coactis fabris, marmoreum parentis et nati tymbon singulari opere artificioque interpolandum curavit. Vixit tunc temporis sannio facetissimus, cui nomen Calus fuit, in omni dicacitate, si quis unquam alius, planè Roscius. Statim atque hic facetus scurra accepit, columnas ac fastigium templi concidisse, eaque ruina Strangboi sepulchrum fuisse dirutum, dixisse fertur, hunc casum nihil admirationis habere: illustre, inquit, notumque auctoribus et zonariis omnibus est, Hibernos a Strangboo edomitos esse et compressos. Cum igitur, quo ad vixit, patriæ nostræ funus exstiterit, neminem mirari oportet, si Hibernica ligna et saxa tumulum, qui corpus Strangboi contextit, quasi quodam inexpiabili odio, et naturali dissidio instigante diruperint. Hujus sermo omnis politissimis diceriis refertus erat, in quibus nihil erat frigidum, nihil domo ablatum, sed omnia sale facetisque ita aptè perspergebat, ut nullum uspiam Diogenem in apophthegmatum lepore, et festivitate, conditionem judicaret." Down to the middle of the last century Strongbow's tomb in Christ church was the place usually appointed among the citizens for the payment of bills of exchange, monies, &c., and in various old legal documents we find stipulations made for the discharge of bonds and rents, at this monument.

lord viscount Falkland, late comptroller of his privie counsell in England, and now lord deputie of Ireland, landed at Hoathe late in the evening, where for that nyghte he was entertayned by the lord of Hoathe. And on Saturday in the after noone sr Adam Loftus, knight, lord viscount Loftus of Elye, lord chancellor of Ireland, and sir Richard Wingfield, knight, lord viscount Powerscrt, and marshall of Ireland, lords justices of this kingdom of Ireland, being attended with divers of the nobilitie and privi counsell of this kingdome, mett the said lord Falkland within midway between Dublin and Hoathe, and so they came together to the castle of Dublin. And upon Sunday morning, being the eighth of September, the lords justices and counsell met together in the counsell chambre in the castle, and the lord chancellor leaving the rest of the counsell in the chambre, being attended by Francis Edgeworth, clerke of the crowne, of the chancerye with the roll of lord deputies oath, went into the withdrawing chambre to acquainte the lord Falkland with the same. And (after a shorte conference between them) the lord chancellor returned into the counsell chambre againe, from whence the lords justices, with all the counsell, having the king's sword borne before them by sr Charles Coote, knight and baronett, one of his maiesties privi counsell, repaired unto the cathedrall church of the holie Trinitie in Dublin, commonly called Christ church, where, being seated in their seates, and his maiesties sword left before them, all the counsell, together with the gentlemen pensioners, attendants, returned backe to the castle, from whence the lord Falkland, being by them attended, and accompanied with the lord viscount Wilmott of Athlone riding by his side, they came all together to Christ church, and being there seated in their usual seates, Doctor Usher, lord bishop of Meath, made a learned sermon, and the sermon being ended, the lords justices came downe from their seats, the sword being borne before them, and the lord Falkland following them to the communion table, where the lords justices being sett in two chaires provided for them, the said lord Falkland delivered unto the lord chauncellor's hands his maiesties two patentes under the greates seale of England, for the authoritie and place of his maiesties deputie generall of this realme of Ireland, which the lord chauncellor delivered to the hand of Francis Edgeworth, clerke of the crowne aforesaide (the master of the rolls being absent), to be by him publiquely read. After the reading whereof the lord chauncellor ministered unto the sayd lord viscount Falkland as well the oathe of his maiesties supremacye as the oathe of the said place and room of lord deputie generall, both which he received upon his knees. Which being done, the said lord viscount Falkland delivered unto the said lords justices a lettere from his maiestie sealed with his maiesties privie signett, and the same being by them opened and publiquely reade by sr Dudley Norton, knight, principall secretarye of estate, did impart his maiesties pleasure unto the lords justices for the acceptance of his said deputie, and delivering unto him his highnesses sword. Whereupon they ioyntly taking the sword, delivered it to the lord deputye, who presently, upon his receiving thereof, conferred the honour of knight-hood upon mr Cary Lambert (second sone of the lord Lambert,

deceased) and then delivered the sword unto the lord Caulfield, baron of Charlemont, to be by him careyed that day. And so they departed from Christ church in solemnitie of estate, the lords justices taking place, for that day, next the lord deputie before anie other of the lords, according to the ancient custome."

The sermon preached on this occasion by the bishop of Meath caused much alarm to the Roman Catholics, as Dr. Usher, having selected the text, "He beareth not the sword in vain," *Romans xiii.*, delivered a discourse popularly interpreted, as intended to excite a religious persecution, and sufficiently violent to call for the censure of the primate.

An English Protestant writer of the early part of the reign of James I. observes that "I dare be bould to avowe it, that there is never a pulpit within the city of London (that at Paul's crosse only excepted) that is better supplied than the pulpit at Christ church in Dubline," notwithstanding which the same author avers that—

"In the time of divine service, and in the time of the sermon, as well in the forenoone as in the afternoone, even then (I say) every filthy ale-house in Dublin is thronged full of company, that as it were in despite of our religion, do sit drinkeing and quaffing, and sometimes defiling themselves with more abhominable exercises: so that the Sabbath day, which God hath commanded to be sanctified and kept holy, is of all other days most prophaned and polluted, without any reprehension or any manner of rebuke. And although many godly preachers, and some other of the better sort of the cleargy, hath endeavoured a reformation, so farre as their commission doth warrant them, the which (indeede) is but by the way of exhortation to admonish and perswade: but those that have authority to punish and correct, and doth challenge to themselves a special prerogative, to mannage all affaires whatsoever within their citty, are for the most part of them so blinded with Popery, that they can neither see, nor be persuaded that this dishonoring of the Sabbath day is any offence at all."

Thomas Jones, archbishop of Dublin (1605-1610), rebuilt a considerable part of Christ church which fell in his time; the steeple being also decayed, and in a falling state, was repaired by him, and three fans or weather-cocks placed on its summit; these appendages having fallen to decay, were restored by John Parry, bishop of Ossory, while dean of this church. In a letter from Dublin Castle in 1633, the lord deputy writes as follows to the archbishop of Canterbury:

"There being divers buildings erected upon the fabrick of

Christ church, and the vaults underneath the church itself turned all to ale houses and tobacco shops, where they are pouring either in or out their drink offerings and incense, whilst we above are serving the high God, I have taken order for the removing of them, granted a commission to the archbishop of Dublin to view and certify, settled and published these orders for the service there, which I send your grace here inclosed, whereof not one was observed before."

These statements of Strafford are confirmed by the following contemporary description given by Dr. Bramhall :—

"First for the fabricks, it is hard to say whether the churches be more ruinous and sordid, or the people irreverent, even in Dublin, the metropolis of the kingdom, and seat of justice To begin the inquisition, where the reformation will begin, we find one parochial church converted to the lord deputy's stable,\* a second to a nobleman's dwelling house, the choir of a third to a tennis court, and the vicar acts the keeper. In Christ church, the principal church in Ireland, whither the lord deputy and council repair every Sunday, the vaults from one end of the minster to the other, are made into tippling rooms for beer, wine, and tobacco, demised all to Papiash recusants and by them and others so much frequented in time of divine service, that, though there is no danger of blowing up the assembly above their heads, yet there is of poisoning them with the fumes. The table used for the administration of the blessed Sacrament in the midst of the choir, made an ordinary seat for maids and apprentices."

On the 10th of April, 1638, Strafford, writing to the archbishop of Canterbury, observes, "For the building of Christ church, now that his majesty and your lordship approve of the way, I trust to shew you I neither sleep nor forget it ;" and, in allusion to this, Laud, in the succeeding May, writes—"I shall be very glad to hear that Christ church goes on, but sorry withal for that which you write after, that there is such a great dearth of cattle and sheep amongst you, that it cannot begin this year ; and a murrain amongst cattle is no good sign." In 1642, under the auspices of the Puritanic lords justices, Dr. Stephen Jerome, "an empty, illiterate, noisy, turbulent person, and a very incoherent, nonsensical, ludicrous preacher," delivered a course of sermons in this church, "whither the state and most per-

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\* The church of St. Andrew in Dame-street—see the third paper of the present series.

sons of quality usually repaired for divine worship." On the afternoon of Sunday, November 13, he spoke here in a sermon "many things unfit to be uttered in any auditory, and intolerable before such an assembly, which ought not to be supposed to hear with patience any invectives against the king, the queen, the council, and the army, who were all at once traduced," he was consequently silenced by Launcelot Bulkeley, archbishop of Dublin, but having obtained an order from the lords justices to continue his labors, he preached a second sermon in the same place, more objectionable than the first. The matter having been brought before the house of lords, Jerome was placed in custody of the sheriff, that a state prosecution might be instituted against him, which, owing to the sudden prorogation of parliament, he contrived to elude, and having retired to Manchester, there continued his invectives against the royal party.\* The encouragement given to Jerome formed one of the articles of impeachment preferred in 1643, against Parsons, Loftus, Temple, and Meredith.

After the marquis of Ormond had surrendered Dublin to the parliamentarians in 1647, the liturgy of the church of England was suppressed by proclamation, and the see of Dublin remained for more than ten years vacant—from the death of Lancelot Bulkeley in September, 1650, to the appointment of his successor, James Margetson, in January, 1660 :—

"Upon the prohibition of these godly divines (of the church of England) from preaching, Presbytery sprung up amain, but bore little sway before Independency came in for a share ; for about the year 1650 Dr. Samuel Winter came over hither, and was made provost of Trinity college, Dublin: the sacrament, at this time, was by the Presbyterians given standing, but this Winter, for distinction sake, gave it to his followers sitting, for which purpose several tables were (upon those days) placed together in length from the choir up to the altar in Christ church in Dublin: this his fraternity were also, for further distinction sake, to call one the other brother and sister, by which device he drew unto his congregation a large number from the

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\* Jerome, chaplain to the earl of Cork and rector of Tallough, was author of "Ireland's Jubilee, or Joy's Io Puan, for prince Charles's welcome home; with the blessings of Great Britain, her dangers, deliverances, dignities from God, and duties to God pressed and expressed. More particularly, Tallough's triumphals, with the congratulations of the adjoining English plantations in Munster, in Ireland, for the preservation of their mother England in the powder treason, and the reduction of their prince from Spain, solemnized (as by other festivities) by publick sermons on the feast of Simon and Jude, the 5th of November last, A.D. 1623." 4to. Dublin: 1624.

Presbyterian tribe. Thus this doctor flourished, together with the Presbyterians, until the year 1652, or thereabouts. About the year 1652 Charles Fleetwood, coming hither to rule the affairs of this nation, he brought over with him one Thomas Patience, a bodice-maker or taylor by trade, whom he made his chaplain: Fleetwood being a great Anabaptist, had no sooner usurped the government, but this Anabaptist preacher must preach in Christ church, that being the church for the lord lieutenants and deputies of this realm; so that Dr. Winter was forced to give way for a new preacher; yet that this new alteration might not totally expulse Presbytery and Independency, these two were to preach as oft as they pleased in the said cathedral: but Charles Fleetwood, to encrease his fraternity, and add to Patience's congregation, at this time would prefer none to place or employment, save those of this fraternity, or those who, for lucre sake would renounce their baptism and become of this tribe; whereupon several both from the Presbyters and the Independents fell, and were dipt."

An epitome of the discourses delivered in Christchurch during the Commonwealth is preserved in a small volume published by the rev. Samuel Winter in 1656, entitled, "The sum of divers sermons preached in Dublin before the lord deputy Fleetwood, and the commissioners of parliament for the affairs of Ireland: wherein the doctrine of infant baptism is asserted, and the main objections of Mr. Tombs, Mr. Fisher, and Mr. Blackwood and others, answered." Another distinguished preacher here at the same period was Dr. Thomas Harrison, chaplain to Henry Cromwell, who was selected to deliver a funeral oration on the Protector, which is published under the title of "Threni Hibernici; or Ireland sympathizing with England and Scotland, in a sad lamentation for the loss of their Josiah (Oliver Cromwell); in a sermon at Christ church, Dublin, before his excellency the lord deputy, with divers of the nobility, gentry, and commonalty there assembled, to celebrate a funeral solemnity upon the death of the late lord Protector," 1659.

On the Restoration we find that the first parliament of Charles II. having assembled to hear divine service in this church in 1661, seats were provided for its members at the cost of £34 13s. 4d.; £40 being also paid for the pews of the speaker of the house of lords. On all solemn occasions and days of public thanksgiving sermons were usually preached Christ church before the houses of parliament, the judges, the lord mayor and corporation, and other dignitaries; the principal of these anniversaries were the 30th of January, the 23d of October, the 5th November, and, after 1690, the 4th of the same month, being the birth day of William III. Christ



church, being regarded as the chapel royal of Dublin, was regularly attended by the viceroy, or, in his absence, by the lords justices, and when they went thither, the streets from the Castle gate to the church door, as also the great aisle of the church to the foot of the stairs, by which they ascended to their seats, were lined with soldiers : they were preceded by the pursuivants of the council chamber, two mace-bearers, and, on state days, by the king and pursuivant-at-arms, their chaplains and gentlemen of the household, with pages and footmen bare-headed ; on alighting from the coach, the sword of state was delivered to one of the peers to bear before them, and in like manner they returned to the Castle ; their carriage, both in coming and retiring, being guarded by a squadron of horse, and followed by a long train of nobility and gentry in coaches and six.

During the Jacobite government of Dublin, some apprehensions having been excited by the discovery of arms in Christ church in September, 1689, the building was closed for a fortnight, after which it was used as a chapel by king James, who had the ceremonies of the Roman Catholic religion performed there, it being the only church in Dublin allocated by him to the citizens of that religion. Dr. Alexius Stafford was appointed dean of this cathedral by James, and we find notice of sermons preached here before the king by Father Hall, and by the erudite Dr. Michael Moor, the latter incurred the royal displeasure, and was exiled from court for inculcating in a sermon delivered in this church in 1690, that " kings ought to consult clergymen in their temporal affairs, the clergy having a temporal as well as a spiritual right in the kingdom ; but that kings had nothing to do with the managing of spiritual affairs, but were to obey the orders of the church."

After the Jacobite army had retired from Dublin, the Protestants regained possession of the church, and from that period, with the exception of the meeting of the convocation in St. Mary's chapel in 1703, we find but little of importance in connection with its history ; the following account of the commemoration of Handel on the 12th of May, 1788, may not, however, prove uninteresting :—

" The president and vice-presidents, who humanely undertook the conducting the grand musical festival in commemoration of Handel, having fixed on the great aisle of Christ church, as the most eligible place for the performance, they had it previously fitted up, exactly

in the same manner and on the same plan as in Westminster abbey;—the orchestra was so commodiously disposed, and the galleries contrived in such a manner, that every person had a most distinct view of the performers. The oratorio of the Messiah was the performance of this day. At half-after eleven o'clock, the performers attended in their places—and precisely at twelve, their excellencies the marquis and marchioness of Buckingham arrived—as soon as their excellencies were seated, the president (his grace the archbishop of Cashel) gave the signal for beginning the overture, by waving his hand. The solo singers were Mrs. Molloy (late Miss Wheeler), Miss Jameson, Doctor Parkinson, Mr. Carter, bachelor of music, Mr. Stephenson, and a boy of the choir. Doctor Parkinson evinced the scientific man in the whole of his performance, and did infinite justice to his songs.—Mr. Carter's voice was rather too weak for the largeness of the place, but he displayed an amazing deal of judgment and an uncommon elegance of taste. We must deservedly do justice to Mr. Stephenson, in saying, that he never sung better. The boy\* has a most delightful voice, but 'tis a pity he could not be well heard;—and we were much surprised in the third act, to see a gentleman mount the orchestra (and we have it from good authority to say he never had a practice of his music) to offer himself to perform the recitative of 'Behold, I tell you a mystery,' and the song of 'the trumpet shall sound.' Captain Ashe† was the gentleman, and we must say, that the quality of his voice was far superior to any thing we have heard in this or the next kingdom; he did uncommon justice to the songs. It seems he had, some time ago, an intention of assisting at the performance, but he had relinquished it; however, between the second and third acts, some friends of his absolutely seized on him, and forced him into the orchestra.—Several ladies of distinction, well known in the musical world, assisted in the choruses, and amongst these we could perceive lady Belvedere, lady Valentia, lady Piers, hon. Mrs. Stopford, Mrs. Trant, Mrs. Saunders, Mrs. Musgrave, Mrs. Austin, the two Miss Cramptons, Miss Kirwan, Miss Grubere, the two Miss Caddels, and several others.—The gentlemen of both choirs assisted, and the gentlemen of the choirs of Armagh, Cashel, and Tuam, also attended; and we must not omit to mention the force Mr. Sharman brought into the orchestra, along with several other gentlemen. The Band consisted of all the professors in this city, and we were happy to see a number of amateurs assisting in the orchestra. Among the violins were Messrs. Neale, O'Reilly, Beatty, Rivers, Ledwith, Dobbs, Wroughton, M'Laughlin, and several others, but owing to their being so far back in the orchestra, we could not distinctly make them out. The Rev. Mr. Sandys took the double bass. The violincellos were Lord Delvin, the hon. Mrs. Ponsonby, captain Potier,†

\* Afterwards sir John A. Stevenson; he was admitted a pupil of the choir school of this cathedral in 1783, being then about ten years of age; the school at that period was under the management of Sharman, author of the well known geography.

† He was one of the principal performers of the private theatricals in Fishamble-street—see the first paper of the present series, where also will be found a notice of Thomas Carter, above referred to.

Messrs. Ashworth, Rhames, Austin, &c. &c. Tenors, Right hon. John O'Neill, sir Hercules Langrishe, Rev. Mr. Wood, Mr. Trench, and Mr. Quinn. The duett for flutes was well performed by Mr. Ash, and Mr. Black. The hautboys and bassoons had a most excellent effect. First violin, Mr. Weichsel, second violin, Mr. Fitzgerald. Organist, Mr. Coogan; and conductor, Doctor Doyle. We must here do justice to the last mentioned gentleman, for his very great abilities in conducting this business, and we are well aware what an arduous task he had to get through, which certainly must have been exceedingly laborious and troublesome. The whole of the oratorio went off without the smallest mistake, and four of the choruses were encored. There were near one thousand persons in the church."

A second concert was performed here on the 16th of April, in continuation of this commemoration, the proceeds of which were applied to charitable purposes. On these occasions the ladies laid aside their hats, feathers, and hoops; their sedan chairs were admitted by the door of the church in Christ church yard; and the coaches came through Skinner's-row to the entrance in Christ church lane; by which the performers also entered. An account has been already given of the performances in honor of this composer, at Werburgh's church in 1787, which, together with the history of the Dublin musical society, known as the "Sons of Handel," have been completely unnoticed by some recent authors, who undertook to write of Handel's connection with this city. It is much to be regretted, that the dignitaries of Christ Church have made no effort to give to the public the contents of the valuable records in their possession connected with the history of this cathedral. Several thousands of these ancient documents are preserved among the archives of the church, and until they have been printed and rendered accessible, the true history of the institution must remain comparatively obscure. Our necessarily compendious notice of Christ church may be appropriately closed by the following observations of a recent writer on the architectural features of the building:—

"The original structure appears to have been in the Saxon style, notwithstanding its Danish origin; or rather to combine a mixture of the circular and pointed Gothic arches together. The transepts still retain much of their original state, and exhibit some beautiful specimens of the zig-zag ornament. It is not, however, pure Saxon, for the pointed arch, as before observed, is intimately combined with it, not only in the windows of the transepts, but also in two or three beautiful pointed arches, richly ornamented with chevron mouldings, which are still apparent in the lateral aisles that lead to the choir. This circumstance seems to confirm an observation before made—

that the pointed arch had been invented, and was in use much earlier than some antiquarians are willing to admit. One of the arches, in the north aisle of the choir, leading to St. Mary's chapel, appears to have given way—probably occasioned by the shock the whole building must have sustained when the roof and south wall of the nave fell, in the year 1562. The arched window over it, has also suffered by the shock; for the central pillar is evidently displaced, and has lost its perpendicularity. To prevent the arch at the entrance of this aisle from falling in, the space has been filled up with solid masonry, leaving a smaller arched entrance beneath it. Over this smaller arch a square tablet was introduced with the armorial bearings—supporters, motto and cypher of sir Henry Sidney, K.G., lord deputy of Ireland, in the year inscribed on the tablet, 1577. This date ascertains the exact time when this arch was thus repaired. The exterior of the wall of the north transept, in John's lane, is enriched by a very beautiful Saxon-arched gate-way or door, highly ornamented by a complex projecting zig-zag, and various other tasteful mouldings. The caps of the pilasters or shafts which support the arch, are formed, as far as their decayed state enables us to judge, of numerous figures of Angels, fantastically entwined together. At each side of the door, was a niche, for holding the stoup in which the holy water was contained. This door-way has long since been built up, but the mark of it is still very visible on the interior wall. Over the intersection of the nave and transepts, and nearly in the centre of the church, a large square tower-steeple is erected on four immense stone piers. These piers are connected together by lofty pointed arches, which reached the original ceiling of the nave, when it was in existence. The present groined ceilings of the transepts appear to be modern. The north side of the nave consists of six lofty and extensive pointed arches of beautiful workmanship. The piers which support them, are richly decorated with eight clustering columns or pilasters. Some of these columns are banded in two divisions, and others are quite plain from the base to the capital. There is a sharpness and spirit in the execution of the foliages that terminate some of the columns, which is admirable, considering the time when they were executed. The canopies over these arches are supported by corbel heads of grotesque expression, and well sculptured. The triforium, or friars' walk, passes through the wall, over the piers and arches, and looks into the great aisle below, from a row of arched niches of three compartments each. Above these recesses, is a range of clerestory windows, each window consisting of three distinct lancet-pointed arches, very narrow, as was customary in the early species of pointed architecture, the central arch being considerably higher than those at each side. There are six of these treble windows corresponding in number with the arches, over which they are ranged. These windows, together with the blind windows or niches, connected with the Friars' walks immediately under them, are enclosed in a large arch, nearly equal in size to the lower arch which springs out of the piers, and affords them support. The south wall is a plain, unornamented, heavy structure, remarkable only for the expedition used in rebuilding it. The speed with which this part of the church was rebuilt,

is upon record; for we are informed by a laconic inscription, on the wall, curious for the quaintness of its style and orthography, that 'This wal fel down in an 1562. The bilding of this wal was in an 1562.' The plainness of the wall is, however, in some measure counteracted, and relieved by the monuments to which it gives support.—The great western window, and the wall in which it is inserted, appear to have been built at the same time with the wall on the south side of the nave. It is indeed highly probable that as they adjoined each other, they had both suffered the same calamity, which we are informed overtook the latter. Large windows were at this period (1562) the prevailing fashion, and entirely supplanted the elder fashion of narrow pointed, or lancet arch windows, which are still to be seen in the original parts of the building. This window is a circular arch, much more lofty than the original groined roof appears to have been, when it existed. In a description of the south side of the nave, it becomes necessary to remark, that besides the ancient monument already mentioned, there are several of more modern date. They certainly have nothing Gothic in their character but as it would be impossible correctly, to describe the present state of this cathedral without mentioning them, a brief enumeration of these memorials of departed worth may not be unacceptable to the reader. The first, next the door, is a mural monument to the memory of the late general sir Samuel Achmuty, G.C.B., beautifully executed in white marble, by T. Kirk, esq., R.H.A., 1822. Monument to the memory of Thomas Prior, esq., the founder of the Royal Dublin Society, with an inscription by bishop Berkley; sculptured by Van Nost—1767. Monument of lord chancellor Bowes, also by Van Nost—1756. Monument of lord chancellor Lifford—1789. The ancient monument of Strongbow, already mentioned; and the monument of Dr. Ellis, bishop of Meath, and his lady. There is also an excellent piece of sculpture, by H. Cheere, to the memory of the earl of Kildare, ancestor to the present duke of Leinster, situated in the chancel of the choir—and these comprise all the monuments of any interest in the cathedral. The northern, or original side of the nave,—whether by the shock it sustained when the opposite side and roof fell; or through a natural decay of the materials; or from the sinking of the earth on which its foundations are built—evidently leans a considerable degree out of perpendicular line. Some few years ago, a very strong abutment was built, inclining against the wall of its lateral aisle, in order to give it support; and perhaps by means of this artificial aid, the church may be upheld for another century. The soil, or substratum on which it is founded, is a loose, turbaceous mold, black and soft. It appears to be common turf bog, in a state of progressive decomposition. When the builders of the new houses, on St. Michael's hill, Winetavern-street, were digging the foundation for them, this appearance was very palpable, and would sufficiently account for any deviation from the centre, in this extensive and ancient pile, which the unstable soil still sustains. The great eastern window is circularly arched, and seems to have been erected about the same period when that of the nave was rebuilt. Perhaps it might be put up something earlier, as we find in the annals, that the old one was de-

stroyed by a violent tempest, which did considerable damage to the church in 1461. The side windows of the choir are formed of pointed arches, of a dimension considerably larger than the clerestory window in the nave. They are irregular in point of size, compared with each other, and apparently were built two or three centuries later than the former, though from their external appearance, they are evidently in a very inferior style of workmanship. The external appearance of the building is heavy and uninteresting. The only beautiful parts about it are the Saxon door, and windows of the transepts before described, and the Gothic shafts which support the external arches of the clerestory windows; but the old stone work round these windows is so totally decayed, being of a soft, sandy nature, that little idea can be formed of its original appearance. In order to give a more exact idea of the extent of this ancient pile, I subjoin the following dimensions:—

	Feet.	In.
Length of the nave, from the west wall to the door of the choir	126	0
Breadth of nave, including the centre and one side aisle	43	6
Breadth of back aisle	18	4
Thickness of the piers	6	8
Circumference of each pier with its clustering columns	17	0
Span of arches between the piers	11	0
Height of arches, from the point to the base of the columns, which is two feet below the present floor	—	—
Length of transept from north to south	88	6
Breadth of ditto	25	0
Length of choir, about	108	0
External length of St. Mary's chapel	66	0
Total external length of the church, including St. Mary's chapel, and the buttresses	246	0"

In the reign of James I. the deanery house, erected on the site of the episcopal residence built by bishop Donogh, in the eleventh century, was appropriated to the use of the law courts, which, as appears from the Memoranda rolls, were removed in 1608 from the "house called the Innes" to the newly constructed buildings near Christ church called "the King's courts;" and we find, from official documents, that the annual rent paid to the Dean and Chapter of Christ church for the "Exchequer chamber, and other rooms within the Four courts," amounted to fifteen pounds ten shillings. Towards the close of the same century these buildings having fallen to decay, William Robinson, surveyor general, was directed in 1695 by lord Capel, then viceroy, "to rebuild the Four courts of justice," which was done at an expense of £3,421 7s. 8d., exclusive of £250 8s. 6d. "for some ornaments and alterations necessary," the entire of which amount was discharged by a warrant in 1700. In 1744 a considerable sum was expended in rebuilding the Exchequer chamber, and the grand and petty jury rooms, and for enlarging and rebuilding the Chancery chamber, under the superintendence of Arthur Jones Neville, surveyor general. Notwithstanding a further expenditure for repairs in 1755, the

buildings became so ruinous, and were found so inconvenient that lord chancellor Lifford and the chief judges requested Gaudon to furnish design for a new building, and officially recommended the removal of the courts to a more convenient situation. The first stone of the courts on the Inns'-quay was laid in 1786, ten years after which, on their completion, the old courts were totally relinquished. The hall of the old Four courts was crowned by an octangular cupola, and entered by a door leading from the lane known as "Hell ;"\* to the immediate left of this door, on entering the hall, stood the steps leading up to the court of Exchequer ; on its right was the Chancellor's court, next to which was the court of Common pleas, the King's bench being placed exactly opposite to the court of Exchequer. The various courts not being enclosed from the hall, the judges were to be seen sitting as in the Scotch courts of justice. The Chancellor, on entering, was always preceded by his mace-bearer and tip-staffs ; the latter, on coming in, were accustomed to call out—"High court of Chancery," which was repeated by the tip-staffs in the other courts, upon which the judges rose, and remained standing until the Chancellor had taken his seat. The last trials of public importance which took place in these courts were those of Hamilton Rowan, in 1793, for publishing what was styled a "false, wicked, malicious, scandalous, and seditious libel, of and concerning the government, state, and constitution of this kingdom ;" and that of the rev. William Jackson, in 1795, for projecting a French invasion. On Rowan's trial in the King's bench, Curran introduced his brilliant commentary on the alleged seditious phrase of "universal emancipation :"—

"I speak in the spirit of the British law, which makes liberty commensurate with, and inseparable from British soil ; which proclaims even to the stranger and the sojourner, the moment he sets his foot upon British earth, that the ground on which he treads is holy, and consecrated by the genius of universal emancipation. No matter in what language his doom may have been pronounced—no matter what complexion incompatible with freedom, an Indian or an African sun may have burnt upon him—no matter in what disastrous battle his liberty may have been cloven down—no matter with what solemnities he may have been devoted upon the altar of slavery—the first moment he touches the sacred soil of Britain, the altar and the god sink together in the dust ; his soul walks abroad in her own majesty ; his body swells beyond the measure of his chains that burst from around

\* For a description of this locality, see the paper on Fishamble-street, IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, Vol. II. p. 4.

him ; and he stands redeemed, regenerated and disenthralled, by the irresistible genius of universal emancipation."

Jackson's trial commenced in the same court on the 23rd of April, 1795, before lord Clonmel and justices Downes and Chamberlaine ; the jury returned a verdict of guilty at a quarter before four o'clock on the following morning, and on the 30th of the month the prisoner was brought to the bar to receive sentence :—

"It is at this stage of the proceedings that the case of Jackson becomes terribly peculiar. Never, perhaps, did a British court of justice exhibit a spectacle of such appalling interest as was witnessed by the King's bench of Ireland upon the day that this unfortunate gentleman was summoned to hear his fate pronounced. He had a day or two before made some allusions to the subject of suicide. In a conversation with his counsel in the prison, he had observed to them, that his food was always cut in pieces before it was brought to him, the gaoler not venturing to trust him with a knife or fork. This precaution he ridiculed, and observed, 'That the man who feared not death, could never want the means of dying, and that as long as his head was within reach of the prison wall, he could prevent his body's being suspended to scare the community.' At the moment, they regarded this as a mere casual ebullition, and did not give it much attention. On the morning of the 30th of April, as one of these gentlemen was proceeding to court, he met in the streets a person warmly attached to the government of the day. The circumstance is trivial, but it marks the party spirit that prevailed, and the manner in which it was sometimes expressed : 'I have,' said he, 'just seen your client, Jackson, pass by on his way to the King's bench to receive sentence of death. I always said he was a coward, and I find I was not mistaken ; his fears have made him sick—as the coach drove by, I observed him, with his head out of the window, vomiting violently.' The other hurried on to the court, where he found his client supporting himself against the dock. His frame was in a state of violent perturbation, but his mind was still collected. He beckoned to his counsel to approach him, and making an effort to squeeze him with his damp and nerveless hand, uttered in a whisper, and with a smile of mournful triumph, the dying words of Pierre,

'We have deceived the senate.'

The prisoner's counsel having detected what they conceived to be a legal informality in the proceedings, intended to make a motion in arrest of his judgment ; but it would have been irregular to do so until the counsel for the crown, who had not yet appeared, should first pray the judgment of the court upon him. During this interval, the violence of the prisoner's indisposition momentarily increased, and the chief justice, lord Clonmel, was speaking of remanding him, when the attorney-general came in, and called upon the court to pronounce judgment upon him. Accordingly, 'The Rev. William Jackson was set forward,' and presented a spectacle equally shocking and affecting. His body was in a state of profuse perspiration ; when his hat was removed, a dense steam was seen to ascend from



his head and temples ; minute and irregular movements of convulsion were passing to and fro upon his countenance ; his eyes were nearly closed, and, when at intervals they opened, discovered by the glare of death upon them, that the hour of dissolution was at hand. When called on to stand up before the court, he collected the remnant of his force to hold himself erect ; but the attempt was tottering and imperfect : he stood rocking from side to side, with his arms in the attitude of firmness crossed over his breast, and his countenance strained by a last proud effort into an expression of elaborate composure. In this condition he faced all the anger of the offended law, and the more confounding gazes of the assembled crowd. The clerk of the crown now ordered him to hold up his right hand. The dying man disentangled it from the other, and held it up, but it instantly dropped again. Such was his state, when, in the solemn simplicity of the language of the law, he was asked, ' What he had now to say, why judgment of death and execution thereon should not be awarded against him according to law ? ' Upon this Mr. Curran rose, and addressed some arguments to the court in arrest of judgment. A legal discussion of considerable length ensued. The condition of Mr. Jackson was all this while becoming worse. Mr. Curran proposed that he should be remanded, as he was in a state of body that rendered any communication between him and his counsel impracticable : lord Clonmel thought it lenity to the prisoner to dispose of the question as speedily as possible. The windows of the court were thrown open to relieve him, and the discussion was renewed ; but the fatal group of death-tokens were now collecting fast around him ; he was evidently in the final agony. At length, while Mr. Ponsonby, who followed Mr. Curran, was urging further reasons for arresting the judgment, their client sank in the dock. The conclusion of this scene is given, as follows, in the reported trial :—

*Lord Clonmel.*—' If the prisoner is in a state of insensibility, it is impossible that I can pronounce the judgment of the court upon him.'

Mr. Thomas Kinsley, who was in the jury box, said he would go down to him : he accordingly went into the dock, and in a short time informed the court the prisoner was certainly dying. By order of the court Mr. Kinsley was sworn.

*Lord Clonmel.*—' Are you in any profession ?'

*Mr. Kinsley.*—' I am an apothecary.'

*Lord Clonmel.*—' Can you speak with certainty of the state of the prisoner ?'

*Mr. Kinsley.*—' I can ; I think him verging to eternity.'

*Lord Clonmel.*—' Do you think him capable of hearing his judgment ?'

*Mr. Kinsley.*—' I do not think he can.'

*Lord Clonmel.*—' Then he must be taken away : take care that in sending him away no mischief be done. Let him be remanded until further orders ; and I believe it is as much for his advantage as for all of yours to adjourn.'

' The sheriff informed the court the prisoner was dead.

' *Lord Clonmel.*—' Let an inquisition, and a respectable one, be

held on the body. You should carefully inquire by what means he died.'

"The court then adjourned, and the body of the deceased remained in the dock,\* unmoved from the position in which he had expired, until the following day, when an inquest was held. A large quantity of metallic poison was found in his stomach. The preceding day, a little before he was brought up to court, the gaoler, having visited his room, found him with his wife, much agitated, and vomiting violently; he had just taken, he said, some tea, which disagreed with him: so that there remained no doubt that the unfortunate prisoner, to save himself and his family the shame of an ignominious execution, had anticipated the punishment of the laws by taking poison. The following sentences, in his own handwriting, were found in his pocket. 'Turn thee unto me, and have mercy upon me, for I am desolate and afflicted.' 'The troubles of my heart are enlarged: oh, bring thou me out of my distresses.' 'Look upon my affliction and my pain, and forgive me all my sins.' 'Oh! keep my soul and deliver me. Let me not be ashamed, for I put my trust in thee.' Independent of this awful scene, the trial of Jackson was a memorable event. It was the first trial for high treason which had occurred in that court for upwards of a century. As a matter of legal and of constitutional interest, it established a precedent of the most vital (Englishmen would say, of the most fatal) importance to a community having any pretensions to freedom. Against the authority of Coke, and the reasoning of Blackstone, and against the positive reprobation of the principle by the English legislature, it was solemnly decided in Jackson's case, that in Ireland one witness was sufficient to convict a prisoner upon a charge of high treason—'That the breath which cannot even taint the character of a man in England, shall in Ireland blow him from the earth.' This decision has ever since been recognised and acted upon, to the admiration of that class of politicians (and they have abounded in Ireland) who contend, that in every malady of the state, blood should be plentifully drawn; and to the honest indignation of men of equal capacity and integrity, who consider that, without reason or necessity, it establishes an odious distinction, involving in it a disdain of what Englishmen boast as a precious privilege, alluring accusations upon the subject, and conferring security and omnipotence upon the informer."

With reference to the Dublin law courts, a French writer in 1797 observes: "*Le nouveau bâtiment que l'on appelle les Quatre cours de justice, donne le plaisir à Thémis de se voir logée dans un endroit décent, ce qui dans tous les pays de l'Europe est assez rare. Son ancienne résidence était vraiment quelque chose d'effrayant, tant par ses suppôts, que par l'air lugubre et sombre de l'autre dans lequel ils se tenaient.*"

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\* It was said that when lord Clonmel was retiring from the bench to his chamber, the sheriff inquired how he should act with regard to the dead body, his lordship, without pausing in his progress, replied, "*Act, sir, as is usual in such cases.*"

Christ church was closely hemmed in on all sides : on the north it was bounded by John's-lane, on the east stood the four courts, the entrance to which from Christ church-lane was through a partly arched and gloomy passage, about nine feet in breadth, styled "Hell," which also led to an open space about ninety-eight feet long by fifty wide, before the south front of the church, and thence by a narrow passage into Fishamble-street. This locality, on the immediate south of the cathedral, appears to have been originally bestowed on the institution in the eleventh century by Gilla Cornuda, styled "the wealthy;" it subsequently became known as "Christ church-yard," and was one of the localities in which the ceremony of proclaiming war or peace was officially performed. Its occupants in the seventeenth century were traders of various classes, some of whose copper tokens are still extant, and in the succeeding century, among its residents were William Neale, an eminent music-publisher; and, for a time, George Faulkner, the afterwards celebrated printer. Here also was a much frequented tavern called the "Cross-keys," kept in Anne's reign by Thomas Ryan, an old soldier who had served through the wars of the Revolution; the "Charitable musical society" originated from the meetings held in this tavern by a number of amateurs in the early part of the eighteenth century, as chronicled by a rhyming member of the fraternity:—

" When London porter was not known in town,  
And Irish ale or beer went glibly down,  
When wine was twelve or thirteen pence per quart,  
In, or without doors, to revive the heart,  
With grapes in clusters drawn on every post,  
Whose juice we purchased at a mod'rate cost,  
And did ourselves alternately regale  
Sometimes with wine and good October ale.  
'Twas in those happy, Halcyon, merry days,  
That old Tom Ryan liv'd at the Cross Keys.

Each Sunday night we got from that old trooper,  
Good barn-door fowl, with sallad for our supper,  
Or some fine ribs of roasted tender beef,  
Which to young stomachs was a great relief,  
With some good eleemosynary cheese,  
And then a pinch of snuff that made us sneeze,  
At other times—if I be not mistaken—  
He treated us with turkey, sprouts and bacon.

Thus far went Tom, until the clock struck one,  
Then 'twas agreed that we should all be gone,  
As we came out, the waiters were not slack,—  
We had an hundred 'kindly welcomes' at our back."

During its latter years Christ churchyard was occupied almost entirely by trunkmakers and toy manufacturers. Contiguous to Christ churchyard, and leading thence to "Wine-

tavern-street," stood a passage about twelve feet in width named "Christ church-lane." Here in the reign of James II., Christopher Jans or I'ans, published various controversial works favor of the Roman Catholic religion; the corner house opposite the Tholsel, was subsequently occupied by Henry Saunders, bookseller, and, for a time, publisher of the Dublin newspaper which still bears his name, and of which some account has been given in our paper on Dame-street. The opposite corner of this lane in High-street, from its proximity to the law courts and other public offices, was constantly crowded with loafers of various classes, whence it became generally known as "Idler's corner." The author of a "Dissertation on fashions," published at Dublin in 1740, speaking of the *petits maîtres* of that day, tells us that—

"Some like postillions, cap a piè,  
At Idler's corner spend the day,  
In riding-order, full of pride,  
As if they're just going to ride,  
They wear their boots for weeks together,  
With caps of velvet or of leather,  
They walk on Change, or go to plays,  
Can drive a hackney coach or chaise;  
Like Phaetons upon the Strand,  
Till stew or tavern makes them stand,  
Where they must stay to sup or dine,  
And overset themselves with wine."

In Christ church-lane were the "Fountain tavern" (1730), kept by Laughlin Mac Kege; the "London Coffee house" (1741); "Joe's Coffee house" (1762); kept by Arthur Clarke; and the "Four Courts Coffee house" (1783).

In "Winetavern-street," called in old documents "*Vicus tabernariorum vini*," stood at a very early period the Tholsel or Guildhall of the city which was removed thence about the year 1810, as from the manuscript charter book of the corporation of Dublin we find that on the 1st of July, in the fourth year of Edward II., the provost and commonalty of Dublin granted to Robert de Bristol the entire of their holding where the old Guildhal (*vetus Gwyalda*) used to stand in the street of the taverners, said holding lying in breadth between the tenement formerly occupied by Vincent Taverner on the north, and the stone house of Radulf de Willeley. With reference to the name of the street, it may be observed that a writer of the twelfth century notices the great quantities of wine which at that period were imported into Ireland; prince John in his charter to the city of Dublin reserved to himself a right, that "out of each ship that should happen to come, his officer might choose two hogsheds of wine for his

use for 40*s.*, that is to say, for 20*s.* each hogshead, and nothing more unless at the pleasure of the merchant ;” the same prince in 1185 granted to the abbey of Thomas-court the toll of ale and metheglin payable to him out of the several taverns in Dublin. In the account of Jean le Decer and Thomas Colys, citizens of Dublin, preserved on the great Roll of the pipe, it appears that among other exports in 1229, they supplied the king’s armies in Scotland with fifty-five hogsheads and one pipe of red wine ; from Theobald le Botiller’s account of wines imported into the Irish ports under English jurisdiction from 1266 to 1282, we find that the sum received for prisage during that period amounted to £1,798, and the early Anglo-Irish records abound with entries of large quantities of wine supplied from Ireland to England. In 1565 the increase of taverns in Dublin caused Nicholas Fitz-Simons, then mayor, to issue a proclamation that no women or maids should sell wine, ale or beer, in the city, unless such as should keep a sign at their doors, under a penalty of forty shillings ; and the secretary to lord Mountjoy in the reign of Elizabeth tells us, that “ At Dublyn and in some other cities, they have taverns, wherein Spanish and French wines are sold, but more commonly the merchants sell them by pintes and quartes in their owne cellers ;” and he adds, that when the native Irish “ come to any market towne to sell a cow or a horse, they never returne home till they have drunke the price in Spanish wine (which they call the king of Spaine’s daughter), or in Irish Usqueboagh.” A writer in the first years of the seventeenth century has left us the following notices of the Dublin taverns in the reign of James I. :—

“ But I am nowe to speake of a certaine kind of commodity, that outstretcheth all that I have hitherto spoken of, and that is the selling of ale in Dublin, a quotidian commodity, that hath vent in every house in the towne every day in the weeke, at every houre in the day, and in every minute in the houre : There is no merchandise so vendible, it is the very marrow of the common wealth in Dublin : the whole profit of the towne stands upon ale-houses, and selling of ale, but yet the citzizens a little to dignifie the title, as they use to call every pedler a merchant, so they use to call every ale-house a taverne, whereof there are such plentie, that there are whole streates of taverne, and it is as rare a thing, to finde a house in Dubline without a taverne, as to find a taverne without a strumpet. This free mart of ale selling in Dublyne, is prohibited to none, but that it is lawfull for every woman (be she better or be she worse) either to brewe or else to sell ale. The better sort, as the aldermen’s wives,

and the rest that are of better abilitie, are those that do brew, and looke how many householders there are in Dublyne, so many ale-brewers there be in the towne, for every householder's wife is a brewer. And (whatsoever she be otherwise) or let hir come from whence shée will, if her credit will serve to borrowe a pan, and to buy but a measure of mault in the market, she settis uppe brewing then they have a number of young ydle huswives, that are both verie loathsome, filthie and abhominable, both in life and manners, and these they call taverne keepers, the most of them knowne harlots; these doe take in both ale and beere by the barrell from these that do brue, and they sell it forthe againe by the potts, after twoe pence for a wine quart. And this (as I take it) is a principall cause for the tolleration of many enormities; for the gaine that is gotten by it must needes be great, when they buy mault in Dublin, at haulfe the price that it is sold for at London, and they sell their drinke in Dublyn, at double the rate that they doe in London: and this commoditie the aldermens wives and the rest of the women brewers do find so sweet, that maister mayor and his brethren are the willinger to winke at, and to tolerate with those multitude of ale-houses, that themselves do even knowe to be the very nurseries of drunkenesse, of all manner of idlenesse, or whordome, and many other vile abominations. I have hitherto spoken but of ale-houses, that are almost as many in number as there be dwelling houses in the towne. There be likewise some three or foure that have set uppe brew-houses for beere, whereof they are accustomed to making two sorts; that is to say: strong beere, and ordinarie: their ordinarie beere they do use to serve to the Englishe, that are there inhabiting in Dublyn, that doeth keepe servantes and families, and this beere they do prize at sixe shillings the barrell, which, according to their measure, amounteth to xlvij.s. the tunne, and in London their iiij.s. beere, that is solde after the rate of xxxiiij.s. the tunne, is better beere by oddes. Their strong beere is commonly vented by these ale-house queanes, taverne keepers, (as they call them) and this they do take at xij.s. the Dubline barrell, and that is iust after the rate of xvjs. a London barrell, which amounteth to iiij.l.xvj s. the tunne, shameful for the magistrates of the towne to suffer, considering the cheapnesse of mault. Here is now to bee considered, that there is almost never a householder in Dublin (whatsoever trade he otherwise useth) but hee have a blinde corner in his house reserved for a taverne, and this (if hee have not a wife of his owne to keepe it) shall be set out to one of these women taverne keepers, shée taketh in drinke both beere and ale, after the rate of xij.s. the Dublin barrell, she payeth moreover to the party of whom she hireth her taverne, vj.sh. out of every barrell that she uttereth: if she doth not get xj.sh. more for her selfe, she will never be able to keepe herself honest, so that here is xxiij.s. made out of every barrell of beere, which commeth just to ix.li.xii.s. a tunne. How shameful a thing to be suffered in a wel governed citty, let wise men iudge, for with those that be called honest, I will not meddle. I have been so long amongst these filthy ale houses, that my head beginnes to grow idle, and it is no wonder, for the very remembrance of that hogges wash which they use to sell for ij.d. the wine quart, is able to distemper any man's braines, and as it is neither good nor

wholesome, so it is unfit for any mans drinking, but for common drunkards ; but I wil here leave my women tavern keepers to maister maior of the Bull ringe\* to looke unto."

The taverns, however, continued to increase in the city, and in the reign of Charles II. there were 1180 ale-houses and ninety-one public brew-houses in Dublin, when its entire population was estimated at four thousand families.

At the northern end of Winetavern-street a gate styled the "Winetavern gate" was erected by the citizens in 1316, when Edward Bruce was approaching Dublin; subsequent to that period but few notices of the locality occur until the year 1597, when the occurrence recorded as follows by the native annalists, took place :—

"One hundred and forty-four barrels of powder were sent by the queen to the town of the ford of hurdles (Dublin) to her people, in the month of March. When the powder was landed, it was drawn to Wine-street (co rriap an fionn), and placed on both sides of the street, and a spark of fire got into the powder ; but from whence that spark proceeded, whether from the heavens or from the earth beneath, is not known ; howbeit, the barrels burst into one blazing flame and rapid conflagration (on the 13th of March), which raised into the air, from their solid foundations and supporting posts, the stone mansions and wooden houses of the street, so that the long beam, the enormous stone, and the man in his corporal shape, were sent whirling into the air over the town by the explosion of this powerful powder ; and it is impossible to enumerate, reckon, or describe the number of honourable persons, of tradesmen of every class, of women and maidens, and of the sons of gentlemen, who had come from all parts of Erin to be educated in the city, that were destroyed. The quantity of gold, silver, or worldly property, that was destroyed, was no cause of lamentation, compared to the number of people who were injured and killed by that explosion. It was not Wine-street alone that was destroyed on this occasion, but the next quarter of the town to it."

Among the patent rolls of James I. we find a grant in 1610 to lady Delvin of a house called the "Francke house," in Wine-tavern-street, near Christ church, to the north, with all the cellars, back-sides, &c., parcel of the estate of the late hospital of St. John of Jerusalem ; rent 7s. 6d. ; and in this street, in the same century, appears to have been the residence of the family of Dillon, viscounts of Costello Gallen. At a place in Wine-tavern street called the "Magazine," a society of Dissenters, formed by the rev. Edward Baynes, used to hold their meetings in the reign of Charles II. This congregation, which

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\* For an account of this officer, see the historic notices of the mayors of Dublin, IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, VOL. II. 300.

removed to Cook-street in 1673, comprehended many persons of rank and fortune, among whom was sir John Clotworthy, afterwards lord Massereene, lady Chichester, afterwards countess of Donegal, and lady Cole, of the Enniskillen family.

The office of the prothonotary of the Common pleas was kept in Winetavern-street, its removal from which was recommended by the lords committee in 1739, who reported that "an old cage-work house, then an ale house, joined it on one side, and the beams of the house on the other were lodged in the walls of the office. At the back, there was a yard of about ten feet square, entirely surrounded with houses: in any of which, or in the office itself, if a fire should break out, it would have been scarce possible to use any proper means to preserve either houses or records." On the east side of Winetavern-street, nearly opposite to Cook-street, stood a large house elegantly built, and bearing on the front an escutcheon containing a coat of arms, on one side of which, on a tablet, were inserted the letters R. M.; another tablet on the opposite side containing the date 1641. This house, which, towards the close of the seventeenth century was known as the "Pyed horse," is described in 1708 as "a brick house strong and well contrived, having of the first floor a kitchen and another room, on the second two rooms, and on the third two rooms, being a well frequented inn, the sign of the Pied horse; two back houses, two stories and a half high, strong and in good repair, with stables, coach-house, &c.; 30 feet 6 inches in front, 61 feet in reare, and 165 feet in depth—yearly value £100." In the year 1760 the front of this house was rebuilt, and its reare, called "Pyed horse yard," or "Brassil's court," was converted into a tennis court, kept by one Hoey, and frequented by some of the most nefarious characters in the city, who used to resort there to play at ball on Sundays. This establishment, the name of which was subsequently corrupted from "Pyed horse yard" to "White horse yard," has been recently occupied by the paving department of the Dublin corporation. A newspaper called the "Flying post," was published in 1706 by Francis Dickson at the "Four courts' coffee house in Winetavern-street;" and we also find here the "Bear tavern" (1725); and the "Black Lyon" (1735), at which a Masonic lodge assembled on every Wednesday. One of Robert Emmet's depôts was located in Winetavern-street, the appearance of which has been completely changed by the removal in the present century of the entire



of the western side of the street, together with the other alterations in its southern extremity, noticed hereafter.

Skinners'-row, styled in old documents "*Vicus pellipariorum*" or the street of the curriers, was, as its name denotes, the locality chiefly inhabited at an early period by those citizens who traded in hides and leather, large quantities of which were shipped from Dublin to the Continent previous to the Anglo-Norman descent, and the exportation of those articles continued for many centuries to form one of the staple branches of Irish commerce. The annalists record that in 1284, Skinners'-row was burnt by certain Scotchmen, in retaliation for some injuries inflicted upon them by the citizens; and among the deeds of the priory of All-hallows is preserved a lease made in the year 1355 of a house with all its appurtenances in "*vico pelliparii*," at the annual rent of fourteen shillings.

Skinners'-row originally extended from the Pillory, at the junction of Fishamble-street and Werburgh-street, to the Tholsel or city hall at the corner of Nicholas-street. The latter building appears to have been erected early in the reign of Edward II., as from the MS. charter book of the Corporation of Dublin we find that in 1311 Thomas de Coventre granted to Robert Burnel six shops with their appendages, under the new Tholsel in the high street, which shops lie in breadth between the said Tholsel on the eastern side and the high way on the western side; and extend in length from the aforesaid Tholsel in the front to the cemetery of Saint Nicholas in the rear. A writer in the sixteenth century describes the Tholsel as built of cut stone, and from the following entry in old Anglo-Irish annalist, it would appear that the judges occasionally sat there at an early period :

"A.D. 1328, David O'Tothill, a stout marauder, an enemy to the King, a burner of churches, and a destroyer of the people, was led from the castle of Dublin to the Tholsel of the city before Nicholas Fastoll and Elias Ashbourne, justices of the King's bench, who there gave sentence that he should be drawn at the tails of horses through the middle of the city as far as the gallows, and afterwards hung upon a gibbet, which was performed accordingly."

In ancient records the Tholsel is variously styled "*Theolonium*," "*Tolcetum*," or "*Le Tholsey*;" and among the patent rolls of Richard II. we find a grant to Gerard Van Raes of the office of keeper of the Tholsel, or

gaoler to the king, in the city of Dublin; granting him also both the upper and lower gaol in the aforesaid Tholsel. The meetings of the citizens were held generally in the Tholsel, at which a public clock was set up in 1560, and we are told that

“In Easter holidays, 1590, Adam Loftus, lord archbishop of Dublin, and lord chancellor of Ireland, with others of the clergy, met the mayor and aldermen, and commons of the city, at the Tholsel, where he made a speech to them; setting forth, how advantageous it would be to have a nursery of learning founded here; and how kindly her majesty would take it, if they would bestow that old decayed monastery of All-hallows (which her father, King Henry the eighth had, at the dissolution of the abbey, given them) for the erecting such a structure; whereupon the mayor, aldermen, and commons, unanimously granted his request. Within a week after, Henry Usher, archdeacon of Dublin, went over into England to the queen, to procure a licence for the said foundation; which being obtained, the archbishop went a second time to the Tholsel, and returned them thanks, not only from the clergy, but also from her majesty, whose letter he shewed them for their satisfaction.”

At their midsummer assembly in 1611, the Corporation determined that £100 paid by John Fagan, of Feltrim, to obtain his discharge from the office of sheriff, should be allocated for the “making of a substantial platform, covered with lead, over the Tholsel, which, adds the record, is to be done forthwith, in respect the roof and walls thereof are much ruined and decayed.” In the succeeding year, 1612, when the disputes ran high between the Roman Catholic or “Recusant” party of the citizens and the Protestants and English colonists, a writ was directed to the mayor, sir James Carrol, and to the sheriffs, for the election of members for the city; the mayor being absent from town, the sheriffs, with certain aldermen and citizens, repaired to the Tholsel, and there elected Francis Taylor and Thomas Allen, two eminent Roman Catholic aldermen, to represent the city in parliament:—

“But this election was judged to be done by an indirect course, and, therefore, the mayor intended the next morning to make another election in his own presence, wherein the voices of the citizens and town dwellers, as well English as Irish, should be allowed: so there assembled to the Tholsel the next morning all the whole city, as well English as Irish. But those of the recusant faction would not suffer any Englishman, or any other to speak, but such as they knew to be recusants; whereupon was raised in the Tholsel a great tumult and mutiny, and the people recusants being the greatest number, quickly thrust all the Englishmen with violence out of the door. And there

was one Nicholas Stephens, a merchant of the city, that would have rung the alarum with the Tholsel bell, if he could have found the key: and others offered to lay hands upon the king's sword, that was before the mayow; but the mayor in this hurly burly took the sword in his own hand, and went unto the lord deputy to complain: and so there was no other election made that day. Now the lord deputy gave a most heavy check to the two sheriffs of the city, for chusing the burgesses before the mayor came home; also he committed the said Nicholas Stephens to the castle of Dublin."

Sir James Carroll, here referred to, was of the old tribe of *Uí Cearbhuill*, lords of Ely O'Carroll in Tipperary. He held the office of mayor of Dublin in 1612, 1617, and 1634; on the 28th of November in the latter year he presented the viscount Wentworth with the following documents which are now published for the first time:—

"Propositions concerning the keeping of the streetes of the cittie of Dublin cleane, and for ordering and settling of the multitude of beggers in and neere the cittie, and for reforming and correcting sundry other sorts of disordered persons, humbly presented by sr James Carroll, knight, maior of the said cittie, to the right noble the lo deputie, vizt:

"Concerning the keeping of the streetes cleane.

"The office of scavenger and raker of the said cittie within the walles was granted to one Katherin Strong in her widowhood about 10 or 15 yeares since, who is now wife to one Thomas White, merchant, but yet she holdeth the place in her owne possession, not suffering her husband to meddle with it or partake of the benefit, and the graunt is but during her good behaviour, and on condicion to keepe the streetes cleane. Now it is objected against her that her graunt is voide in lawe, for it could not be graunted but by the graunde counsell and assembly of the cittie, and it was graunted only by the maior and aldermen who had no power to do it. That though her graunt was void in lawe, yet she hath been permitted to enioye the same this 10 or 14 yeares wth the profitte thereof, and hath made contynual forfeiture thereof by breaking the condicion of her graunt, for the streetes in most parts have been contynually fowle and never kept cleane by her, insomuch as there are divers partes of the city where she never came at to cleanse them, som not in a yeare, half a yeare, or three months together, and respectes not any but where yor lp of state go to church, or the maior doth usually go. She had but onely the toll of the market graunted to her, and yet she doth contynually extort on pore people coming to the market with butter, egges, cheese, wol, fish, chickens, rotes, cabbages, and almost all thinges that come to the market from whom she takes what she pleaseth, and deposeth the country people ordinarily on a boke that she carrieth about her to assure them of sellers for the goods wch they bring, that she may get the greater toll and custome from them. Shee is so much affected to profitt as she will never find sufficient cariag to

take away the dung, for when six cartes are few enough to take away the dung of the cittie every weeke to keepe it cleane, she did and will maintaine but two, wch can scarce keepe the way from the oastle to the church cleane, or that from the maior's house to the church, neglecting all the rest of the cittie, wch she cleanes but sparingly and very seldom; neither hath she any way amended since your lordship gave the last charge to her on Tuesday, the xith daie of this instant, November, at the counsel table, nor made her answer to my charge on Tuesday last, as yr lp appointed the attorney to cause her to do who then pleaded for her, the foulness of the streetes has bene and still is so offensive to the state, and to all manner of people, and to the cittizens aforesaid, as the citty hath used all their powers and meanes either to reforme her or avoyd her graunt, but could never yet prevail against her, for they have caused many indictments to be found against her in the king's bench, where they yet remain, and a great number now in the Tholsell, wch were removed into the king's bench by certiorari, and there lye dormant; and in that and all other courses that they have taken against her they have bene so crossed by her working as they could work no good against her; so that the more that she was followed the worse she grew, and kept the streetes the fowler; and therefore if your lordship do not act upon your power for the ayd of the cittie, they are hopeless to reforme her, or content your lordship and the state in keeping the cittie cleane, who will otherwise undertake to keepe it as cleane as any cittie in England, if they may have but the benefit of the law to remove her, till when the maior and cittizens do humbly pray to be excused for the foulness of the streetes, and that the guilty therein may only suffer."

"How to reform the beggers and other disordered persons in the cittie of Dublin and the Liberties of St. Patrick, and other partes adjoining or neere the cittie, vizt.:

"Albeit your lordship and the state have been honourably pleased by a public act of state in print to laie down orders for the reforming of the beggers in generall, and reducing them to a certaintie, and to confine them to the general parishes, where they were born, and imposed the execucion thereof to the officers of the cittie, who have never yet performed the same, neither can it be expected from them, the charg thereof being alwaies comitted to the trust of the constables, wardens of the cittie gates, and beadles of the poore, who neither can nor will discharge that trust, for such of the constables (which are but few) as would do it faithfully, for want of strength are often repulsed and beaten away by the offenders, others of them are negligent and careless, and the rest make it a matter of conscience to meddle with the poore, and will rather relieve and succor them than to apprehend or punish them; and there are generallie but pore tradesmen that will seldom spare any time from their trades to do that service; and the wardens are of the same condicions; and as for the beadles of the beggers they are so pore as to take rewards of the beggers not to beate them, some of them being malefactors themselves, as I have found by experience, and have made to be reformed. In reformation whereof it is expedient that some

particular order be taken that a generall search be made for finding out of all cotts builded by beggers and other malefactors in the cittie commons and in the liberties of St. Patrick, and other partes adjoining, where many such persons are harbored, that they may be presently pulled downe, and the persons reformed according to the act of state, for if there be not a generall reformation as well of those liberties and partes adjoining as of the cittie, the labour of purging the cittie alone will be lost, while it is subject to the undoubted infecion of the rest adjoining; and the beggers, hucksters, or forestallers of the market, and beggerly drink sellers, with their pore and bastardly children, will so abound and encrease as they will far exceede the number of contry beggers that daily frequent the cittie, and go far beyond the abilitie of the cittie to maintaine them, and prove very dangerous for breeding and encreasing of sicknesses and diseases, and of much thefts and murders in and about the cittie if by a strong hand they be not suddenly suppressed. The best and most convenient manner to provide for these inconveniences, as I conceive, is to presently establish a Marshall, with ten able and well qualified men armed, that may be authorized to put the former proposicion in execution in all places within the cittie, and three miles from the cittie every waie, to be commanded by the maier and to yield to him accompt of their proceedinge, and to the state, when they shall be required, with such others directions as shall be given them upon settling of that office, and may have powre to command the assistance of any of the inhabitants where they shall have occasion upon the service; and they must be such men as must make this work their whole emploiment, that they may at all times attend to it. And to encorag and enable them to attend this service it is fitt that they be allowed competent monies to maintaine them, whiche the cittie is not well able to take upon them in regard of many other charges dailie coming upon them; and therefore it is humbly desired that your lordship will be pleased to give allowance of a soldier's pay out of a company, or so manie soldiers out of severall companies as may serve in that charge, and the cittie may be drawn to add somewhat more to their enterteignement for their better content. And this being once well established, it is not to be doubted that it will work a great reformation of the said inconveniences, and many others that are herein omitted, which is humbly left to your honble grave consideracion."

On the commencement of the disturbances of 1641, the Puritanic lords justices, desirous of proroguing parliament, objected to its meeting within the castle of Dublin; the two houses, however, having assembled, Patrick Darcy, an eminent Roman Catholic lawyer, and an active member of the commons, "gave his opinion that either the Four courts, or St. Patrick's church, was a proper place for meeting; but the convocation room in the latter, he conceived to be a better place; and Mr. Nicholas Plunkett said, that as the lords

justices did not think fit to continue parliament, that he wished the lords would appoint a proper place." On the 11th of the following January, the parliament assembled at the Tholsel, where it continued to meet till 1648. Their committees met there occasionally during the reign of Charles II.; but the building having fallen to decay, a new Tholsel, of which we have the following description, was erected by the city in 1683:—

"The Tholsel was situated on the south side of Skinner's-row, presenting its principal front to that street, and another to St. Nicholas-street, which are both narrow and inconvenient; to the eastward it joined the adjacent houses; while on the south, a yard only a few feet in breadth formed a partial separation between it and the church of St. Nicholas: the form is nearly a square, being 62 feet in front, by 68 in depth, two stories high, built of hewn stone, and supported on arches to the north and west, which were not destitute of elegance: in the centre of the principal front two massive columns of the Tuscan order supported a vestibule of a very robust appearance, but in a style bold and singular; over this vestibule, which was decorated with the city arms, was a window with niches on either side, in which stood the statues of Charles II., in whose reign this pile was erected, and of his brother, James, duke of York, afterwards the bigoted and unfortunate James II.; and over these the royal arms, supported by scrolls, formed a kind of angular pediment: the statues, which are in the costume of the day, in robes and great periwigs, stand at present in the side aisle of Christ church; they are in good preservation, and, together with the other ornaments of this building, have been considered by some as in a masterly style. A spacious open hall, decorated with four massive columns similar to those of the vestibule, and supporting the floor of the upper story, comprehended the entire of the ground floor, with the exception of the space occupied by the stair-case; and its south-eastern angle, which was appropriated to the Recorder's court: in this court delinquents were tried in the presence of the lord mayor even for capital offences, murder and treason excepted; and here, by the civil bill act, all debts where the sum litigated did not exceed £20, were determinable in a summary way, and at a trifling expence. On the upper floor, and in apartments appropriated to the purpose, the lord mayor, aldermen, commons and sheriffs used to meet to transact city business; and the spacious room, above sixty feet in length, which occupied the western front might be considered as the Guildhall of Dublin, as here the merchants used to assemble before the erection of the Royal Exchange on Cork-hill."

The Exchange of Dublin, as noticed in a former paper, was originally located in Cork house, whence in 1683 it was

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\* For an account of the origin and erection of the Royal Exchange on Cork hill, see the IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, Vol. II. p. 337.

transferred to the Tholsel, where, after the year 1780, the great bell was rung daily for seven minutes before twelve, at which time the Exchange began, and business continued until about five minutes before two, when the porter rang a small bell, which was the signal for closing the gates. "I asked," says a traveller in 1697, "whether there was not some eminence in the city, from whence I might survey it, and was told that from the top of the Tholsel the whole city might be seen. So we went to the Tholsel, where we ascended about half a score stairs from the street, which brought us into a spacious room, supported by great pillars, and flagged (as they term it here) with free-stone, with open balustrades on each side towards the street; its figure is rather an oblong than a square. This is the place they call 'the Change,' where the merchants meet every day, as in the Royal Exchange in London. In a corner at the south-east part, is a court of judicature, where they keep their public sessions for the city. Having viewed the lower part, we went up a large pair of stairs into a public room, which had a large balcony looking into Skinner-row; and from this balcony I spoke with my friend Mr. George Larkin, who was then at Mr. Ray's printing house, over against it.—I went up with my friends to the Tholsel, and there had a view of the whole city."

The largest and richest apartment in the building was that on the east side, in which the city feasts were usually held. Of a banquet given here in November, 1691, to general Ginkle, we have the following contemporary notice:—

"Upon Wednesday last the city made a great entertainment at the Tholsel to his excellency the general; which the right honourable the lords justices honoured with their presence, to which also the nobility and great officers of the army were invited, which concluded with a ball and most excellent fire-works. In the room where the general was entertained the ensuing chronicon was deciphered in gold and silver characters upon a tablet, adorned with wreaths of laurel, the numerical letters whereof make up 1691, a year which the general, by his great courage and conduct, has made so memorable and fortunate to this kingdom.

Chronicon:

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stren V V s n I bern I æ D ebe L L ator

tr I V M phet.

Res magna est, quod per te, sit devictus *Hibernus*.

Si nunc evertas *Lilia*, Major erit.

D D C R.

Another of the city entertainments in 1703 is described as follows:—

“The lord mayor, sheriffs, commons and citizens, of Dublin, having in their late assembly resolved to entertain his grace the duke of Ormond in the most respectful and distinguishing manner, in regard as well to his person and character of lord lieutenant of this kingdom, as to the many signal favours this city has received from his grace's ancestors; accordingly, on the 12th of August, the several corporations, or city companies, marched from their respective halls to Oxmantown-green, well armed and equipped, where they paraded, and from thence they went in good order through the city to St. Stephen's-green, being led by the sheriffs on horseback: each company had several pageants representing their trades. The lord mayor, recorder, and aldermen, were seated in their scarlet gowns at the Tholsell, where the officers of each company saluted the lord mayor as they proceeded, and in like manner paid their respects to his grace, who did the city the honour to view the several companies, from the earl of Abercorne's house in York-street, where he was attended by the lord chancellor, and several of the nobility and gentry. The twenty-four corporations having taken their stations in St. Stephen's-green, were followed thither by the lord mayor, recorder, and aldermen, in their formalities, being attended with a company of city granadiers: about one of the clock my lord lieutenant went to the green, and at his entrance was received by the sheriffs uncovered, on horseback, who rode on each side of his coach, and conducted his grace to the guild of merchants, where he alighted, and was received by the lord mayor, recorder, and aldermen. His grace received each company, the whole body being drawn up in two lines, and afterwards retired into the lord mayor's tent, where he was entertained for an hour, during which time each company fired thrice, and from thence returned to the castle. About three of the clock the sheriffs conducted his grace to the Tholsell, where he was received by the lord mayor, recorder, and aldermen; the lord mayor surrendered the sword to his grace, which he was pleased to return to his lordship, who carried the same before him through a guard of militia granadiers to the apartment appointed for his grace's reception, the stewards, viz. alderman John Eccles, alderman James Barlow, Mr. Thomas Bolton, Mr. Henry Glegg, Mr. Thomas Kilpatrick, and Mr. Luke Bourne, with their staves, walking before them; the kettle-drums beating, and the trumpets sounding. Her grace the dutchess of Ormond soon after came to the Tholsell, attended by the lady mayoress, and several ladies of quality, and the aldermen's wives, where she was received by the lord mayor. Several tables were plentifully covered in the state room, and in the guildhall; my lord lieutenant and dutchess were conducted to the former, being attended by the lord primate, lord chancellor, and most of the nobility, ladies of quality, judges, officers and gentry then in town. The entertainment was splendid, and in great order. The duke was served at table by the sheriffs, her grace by the lord mayor's son, and the rest of the company by members of the



common council. While the dinner lasted their graces were entertained with vocal and instrumental music. Dinner concluded with her majesty's health, at which their graces and all the company stood up; his royal highness's health was also drank, the drums beating and trumpets sounding at both. Their graces retired afterwards to their several apartments, till all things were prepared for a ball, which was begun about eight of the clock, by lady Mary Butler and the earl of Abercorne, and ended in a very handsome banquet of sweetmeats. Their graces were pleased to express their great satisfaction for the whole day's solemnity, which was attended with all possible demonstrations of this city's duty and loyalty to her majesty, in the highest respect for his grace's person and government."

The arms of the duke of Ormond, which were placed on the Tholsel, were taken down by the city in 1716, after his expatriation; an attempt made to remove his escutcheon from the organ in St. Patrick's, having been resisted by Swift, it still holds its place in that cathedral. The insult offered to the duke by the city was extremely unpalatable to the Jacobites, and in 1718 some unknown persons broke by night into the Tholsel, and there cut and defaced the picture of George I.

After the battle of the Boyne, the Roman Catholic citizens were obliged, by proclamation, to deposit their arms in the Tholsel, where, in 1691, meetings of the corporation for the promotion of the linen manufacture in Ireland were held, and the judges sat there during the rebuilding of the law courts in 1695. At the election of members of parliament for the city held at the Tholsel in 1713, a violent riot, in which some lives were lost, occurred, in consequence of the measures taken by the recorder Foster, one of the Whig candidates, to fill the building with his own adherents, thus excluding the constituents of the proposed Tory members, sir William Fownes and Martin Tucker. The quarter sessions were always held in the Tholsel, and opened in state by a procession of the mayor and aldermen, and all the municipal business of the city was transacted in the building. Incorrigible malefactors or offenders were usually sentenced in the lord's mayor's court to be whipped at a cart's tail from the Tholsel to the parliament house, to be placed in the stocks, or to be scourged at the "whipping post" erected here for the purpose. Libellous publications condemned by parliament, gaming tables, and fraudulent goods seized by the lord mayor, were publicly burned at the Tholsel; and public notices, notices of private bills, and protections granted by parliament to individuals, were ordered to be posted

in a conspicuous part of the building. Public banquets were frequently given in the Tholsel by political clubs to the lords justices or lord lieutenant on anniversary days; we find notice of a dinner of the Hanover club here on the 5th of November, 1739, at which three hundred dishes were served, and lord Chesterfield and other lords lieutenant were frequently entertained here in as sumptuous a style by similar societies; on such occasions the exterior of the building was illuminated with wax lights, and several barrels of ale were distributed to the populace, who regaled themselves outside around great bonfires. At a public meeting held here on the occasion of the reduction of the gold coin in 1736, Swift made one of his last appearances in public life by publicly protesting against that measure, which was carried in opposition to him by primate Boulter:—"The Drapier," says Mrs. Whiteway, in a letter written at the time, "went this day to the Tholsel as a merchant, to sign a petition to the government against lowering the gold, where we hear he made a long speech, for which he will be reckoned a Jacobite." During the political excitement of 1753, the earl of Kildare gave a series of dinners here to his numerous political partizans, there being no tavern in Dublin large enough to accommodate the number of his constituents, who joined in drinking the "Patriots'" then standing toast, of "Exportation of rotten (primate) Stone, duty free."

In 1779 the meeting at which the non-importation of English manufactures was resolved upon, was held at the Tholsel on the 26th of April; the chair having been taken by the high sheriffs, the following among other resolutions were agreed to, having been drawn up by a committee appointed on the spot, and composed of James Napper Tandy, counsellor Sheridan, alderman Horan, counsellor Hunt, John Binns, John Locker, and Jeremiah D'Olier:—

"Resolved,—That the unjust, illiberal, and impolitic opposition given by many self-interested people of Great Britain to the proposed encouragement of the trade and commerce of this kingdom, originated in avarice and ingratitude. Resolved, That we will not, directly or indirectly, import or use any goods or wares, the produce or manufacture of Great Britain, which can be produced or manufactured in the kingdom, until an enlightened policy, founded upon principles of justice, shall appear to actuate the inhabitants of certain manufacturing towns there, who have taken so active a part in opposing the regulations proposed in favour of the trade of Ireland, and they shall appear to entertain sentiments of respect and affection for their fellow subjects of this kingdom. Resolved, In order to pre-

vent our fellow-citizens and countrymen in general (who did not foresee the ill-treatment we have received, and the hardships we suffer through the selfishness of our sister kingdom) from being injured by the resolutions of this meeting, that we do consider all English goods imported prior to this day as Irish property (except such as are now here to be sold upon commission for the advantage of English merchants), and provided such importers shall enter into an engagement with the committee appointed this day by this meeting, that they will not import any British manufactures after the first day of May next."

At a public meeting of the freemen and freeholders of the city of Dublin, at the Tholsel, in March, 1782, James Campbell and David Dick, high sheriffs, in the chair, the citizens passed a resolution requiring the city members, "as their trustees, to exert themselves in the most strenuous manner to procure an unequivocal declaration, That the king, lords, and commons of Ireland are the only power competent to make laws to bind this country;" the meeting pledging itself in the most solemn manner "to support the representatives of the people at the risque of our lives and fortunes, in every constitutional measure which may be pursued for the attainment of this great national object."

The following account of the election of the liberal members at the Tholsel in May, 1790, serves to illustrate the manner in which those proceedings were conducted here in the last century:—

"The lord mayor and alderman Sankey assembled their supporters at the Royal Exchange coffee house to breakfast. The independent freemen of twenty-three corporations assembled at their respective halls, and marched thence to the Rotunda, to meet the popular candidates, lord Henry Fitzgerald, and the right hon. Mr. Grattan—and about half past eleven, the cavalcade set out for the hustings, in the following order: Two marshals on horseback—a band of music, twenty freemen bearing white staves and banners variously inscribed with spirited mottos—eight agents with their poll-books, two and two. The candidates uncovered, supporting between them the venerable and highly-venerated Travers Hartley, esq., late representative for the city, followed by a very considerable number of gentlemen—the foremost of whom was that steady and respected patriot, the right hon. Mr. Brownlow, and the twenty-three corporations, bearing the regalia of their respective guilds—and many of them banners, with mottos suited to the occasion, among which were remarkable that of the merchants, a large ship, inscribed on her broadside: 'The breeze of freedom fills our sails,'—that of the smiths, two cross sledges, bound by a ribband, inscribed with the names of the candidates, and beneath in a motto: 'the men that

dare be honest in the worst of times ;' and that of the guild of St. Luke, or stationers' company, a superb banner of painted silk, on which was portrayed, Hibernia, bearing the standard, cap of liberty and harp. Various other devices were exhibited by the guilds, together with a number of painted banners, on each of which a laconic sentence was inscribed ; among others were the following : ' the men of the people—the voice of the people—no aldermanic representatives—no unconstitutional police—no bribery—the freedom of the corporations—the men who dare be free in the worst of times—a pension bill—a place bill—a responsibility bill—the liberty of the press, &c. &c.' This cavalcade, as respectable and orderly, as it was numerous—the whole forming an assembly of above two thousand, here and there intersected with a band of music ; passed through Sackville, Henry, Mary's, and Capel-streets, over Essex-bridge, through Parliament-street, Cork-hill, Castle-street, and to the hustings. The windows in these streets were occupied with beautiful women and their rising offspring, having on their breasts and head dresses ribbons of various colours, inscribed with gold or silver, similar to those worn by all the independent electors. On the arrival at the hustings, the lord mayor was proposed a candidate by alderman Hamilton, and seconded by alderman Worthington—alderman Sankey by alderman Smith, and seconded by alderman Lightburne. On the other side, Mr. Hartley proposed severally, lord Henry Fitzgerald, and the right hon. Mr. Grattan, the former was seconded by the right hon. David La Touche, and the latter by the right hon. Mr. Brownlow. On the eleventh a number of gentlemen, possessed of chambers in Trinity college, went in a body to the hustings to poll for lord Henry Fitzgerald and Mr. Grattan. They claimed to vote as freeholders from the possession of their apartments in the college ; and were very properly admitted by the sheriffs to poll, under a restrictive objection reserved for future determination. On the twelfth the election closed, when lord Henry Fitzgerald and the right hon. Henry Grattan were chosen by a majority of 859 ; after which they proceeded to the superb triumphal chair prepared for them on this occasion, and decorated in a truly elegant manner. The procession moved from the Tholsel through several of the principal streets to the Parliament house, into which the newly elected members were ushered ; and after a short speech, expressive of their gratitude for the high honour conferred on them by the independent citizens, and of their immoveable attachment to the interests of the city and the rights of the kingdom, retired, as did the several corporations by whom they were attended, to conclude in festivity a day so auspicious. At night there were illuminations in every part of the city."

Towards the close of the century the Tholsel began to fall to decay, in consequence, as was supposed, of the marshy nature of the ground on which it was erected ; a new sessions' house was, therefore, erected in Green-street, and opened for business in 1797 ; the meetings of the corporation were like-

wise transferred to William-street; the court of conscience, however, continued to be held in a portion of the Tholsel until the ruinous condition of the building rendered its removal necessary about the year 1815.

On the south side of Skinners' row, not far from the Tholsel, stood a large edifice, known as the "Carbrie house," which in the early part of the sixteenth century was occupied by Gerald, ninth earl of Kildare, who during his viceroyalty did great service against the native clans, notwithstanding which he was accused of various offences in 1519; but having cleared himself of the crimes laid to his charge, he accompanied Henry VIII. to France, and was present at the famous conference at the "Field of cloth of gold." In 1524 he was again appointed lord deputy, but was shortly after committed to the Tower of London for levying war on the Butlers and other liege subjects, and for neglecting to capture his kinsman James, eleventh earl of Desmond, who had entered into communication with foreign powers. These charges were mainly brought forward by cardinal Wolsey, "who was said to hate Kildare his blood."

"The cardinall hereupon caused Kildare to be examined before the councell, where he pressed him so deeplie with this late disloialtie, that the presumption being (as the cardinall did force it) vehement, the treason odious, the king suspicious, the enemie eger, the freends faint (which were sufficient grounds to overthrow an innocent person), the earl was reprieved to the Tower. The nobleman betooke himselfe to God and the king, he was hartlie beloved of the lieutenant, pitied in all the court, and standing in so hard a case, altered little of his accustomed hue, comforted other noble men with him, dissembling his own sorrow. On a night when the lieutenant and he for their disport were placing at slidegrote or shoofleboord, suddenlie commeth from the cardinall a mandatum to execute Kildare on the morrow. The earle marking the lieutenant's deepe sigh: 'By saint Bride, lieutenant (quoth he) there is some mad game in that scroll; but fall how it will, this throw is for an huddle.' When the worst was told him: 'Now I praie thee (quoth he) doo no more but learn assuredlie from the king his owne mouth, whether his highnesse be witting thereto or not? Sore doubted the lieutenant to displease the cardinall: yet of verie pure love to his freend, he posteth to the king at midnight, and delivered his errand: for at all hours of the night the lieutenant hath accesse to the prince upon occasions. The king controulling the saucinesse of the priest (for those were his termes) delivered to the lieutenant his signet in token of countermand; which, when the cardinall had seene, he began to heare out unseasoned language, which the lieutenant was lothe to heare, and so left him pattring and chanting the divell his Pater-noster."

After his return to Dublin as lord deputy in 1532, we are told, that the earl, with the object of chagrining Skeffington, his predecessor in office, permitted him "who was late governour, now like a meane privat person, to danse attendance among suters in his house at Dublin, named the Carbrie." Having been soon again summoned to appear before the king, he left as deputy in Dublin his son Thomas, surnamed *an t-sioda* or "of the silk," who, on a false report of his father's death in the Tower, took up arms in 1534, and waged war against the English Pale, but was finally reduced and executed with five of his uncles at Tyburn in 1535. Of the earl Gerald, who died of grief in the Tower in 1534, an old Anglo-Irish writer has left the following notices:—

"Kildare was in gouvernement mild, to his enimes sterne, to the Irish such a scourge, that rather for despite of him than for favor of anie part, they relied for a time to Ormond, came under his protection, served at his call, performed by starts (as their manner is) the dutie of good subjects. Ormond was secret and of great forecast, verie staid in speech, dangerous of every trifle that touched his reputation. Kildare was open and plaine, hardlie able to rule himselfe when he were moved to anger, not so sharpe as short, being easilie displeased and sooner appeased. Being in a rage with certeine of his servants for faults they committed, one of his horsemen offered master Boice (a gentleman reteined to him) an Irish hobbie, on condition, that he would plucke an haire from the earle his beard. Boice taking the proffer at rebound, stept to the earle (with whose good nature he was thoroughlie acquainted) parching in the heat of his choler, and said: So it is, and if it like your good lordship, one of your horsemen promised me a choise horsse, if I snip one haire from your beard. Well, quoth the earle, I agree thereto, but if thou plucke anie more than one, I promise thee to bring my fist from thine eare.—This earle, of such as did not stomach his proceedings, was taken for one that bare himselfe in all his affaires very honorablie, a wise, deep, and far reaching man: in war valiant without rashnesse, and politike without treacherie. Such a suppressor of rebels in his gouvernement, as they durst not beare armor to the annoiance of anie subiect, whereby he heaped no small revenues to the crowne, inriched the king his treasure, garded with securitie the pale, continued the honor of his house, and purchased envie to his person. His great hospitalitie is to this daie rather of each man commended than of anie one followed. He was so religiouslie addicted unto the serving of God, as what time soever he travelled to anie part of the countrie, such as were of his chappell should be sure to accompanie him. Among other rare gifts, he was with one singular qualitie imbued, which were it put in practice by such as are of his calling, might minister great occasion as well to the abandoning of flattering carrie tales, as to the staid quietnesse

of noble potentates. For if anie whispered, under Benedicite, a sinister report or secret practise that tended to the distaining of his honor, or to the perill of his person, he would strictlie examine the informer, where the matter he reported were past, or to come. If it were said or doone, he was accustomed to laie sore to his charge, where, and of whom he heard it, or how he could iustifie it. If he found him to halt in the prooffe, he would punish him as a pikethanke makebate, for being so maliciouslie caried, as for currieing favour to himself, he would labor to purchase hatrid to another. But if the practise were future, and hereafter to be put in execution, then would he suspend the credit, using withall such warie secrecie, as untill the matter came to the pinch, the adversarie should think he was most ignorant, when he was best provided. As being in Dublin forewarned, that John Olurkan with certeine desperate varlets conspired his destruction, and that they were determined to assault him upon his return to Mainoth, he had one of his servants named James Grant, that was much of his pitch, and at a blush did somewhat resemble him, attired in his riding apparell, and namelie in a scarlet cloake, wherewith he used to be clad. Grant in this wise masking in his lord's attire, rode as he was commanded in the beaten high waie towards Mainoth, with six of the earle his servants attending upon him. The conspirators awaiting towards Lucan the comming of the earle, incountered the disguised lord, and not doubting but it had been Kildare, they began to charge him: but the other amazed therewith, cried that they tooke their marke amisse, for the earle rode to Mainoth on the further side of the Liffie. Wherewith the murderers appalled, fled awaie, but incontinentlie were by the earle apprehended, sustaining the punishment that such caitifes deserved. This noble man was so well affected to his wife the ladie Greie, as he would not at anie time buy a sute of apparell for himself, but he would sute hir with the same stuffe. Which gentlenesse she recompensed with equal kindnesse. For after that he deceased in the tower, she did not onelie ever after live as a chaste and honorable widow; but also nightlie before she went to bed, she would resort to his picture, and there with a solemne congée she would bid her lord goodnight. Whereby may be gathered with how great love she affected his person, that had in such price his bare picture."

A contemporary Dublin writer, well acquainted with the Geraldines and their history, gives the following account of the adventures of this earl's son, Gerald Fitzgerald, born in 1525, who, by the death of his kinsmen, became the head of the Kildare branch of this family:—

"When Thomas and his uncles were taken, his second brother on the father, his side, named Girald Fitzgerald, being at that time somewhat past twelve, and not full thirteene years of age, laie sicke of the small pocks in the countie of Kildare, at a town named Donoare, then in the occupation of Girald Fitzgerald. Thomas Levrouse, who was the child his schoolemaster, and after became bishop of Kildare, mistrusting upon the apprehension of Thomas

and his uncles, that all went not currant, wrapt the yong patient as tenderlie as he could, and had him conveyed in a cleefe with all speed to Ophalie, where sojourning for a short space with his sister the ladie Marie Fitzgerald, until he had recovered his perfect health, his schoolemaster carried him to O'Don his countrie, where making his aboad for a quarter of a yeare, he travelled to O'Bren his countrie, in Mounster, and having there remained for half a year, he repaired to his aunt, the ladie Elenor Fitzgerald, who then kept in Mac Cartie Reagh, hir late husband, his territories. This noble woman was at that time a widow, alwaies knowne and accounted of each man, that was acquainted with hir conversation of life, for a paragon of liberalitie and kindnesse, in all hir actions virtuous and godlie, and also in a good quarrel rather stout than stiffe. To hir was O'Doneil an importunate suiter. And although at sundrie times before she seemed to shake him off, yet considering the distresse of hir yong innocent nephue, how he was forced to wander in pilgrimwise from house to house, eachuing the punishment that others deserved, smarted in his tender yeares with adversitie before he was of discretion to inioie anie prosperite, she began to incline to hir wooer his request, to the end hir nephue should have been the better by his countenance, shouldered, and in fine indented to espouse him; with this caveat or proviso, that he should safelie shield and protect the said yong gentleman in this calamitie. This condition agreed upon, she rode with her nephue to O'Doneil his countrie, and there had him safelie kept for the space of a yeare. But shortlie after the gentlewoman either by some secret friend informed, or of wisdom gathering that hir late married husband intended some treacherie, had hir nephue disguised, storing him like a liberrall and bountifull aunt with seven score porteguses, not onlie in valour, but also in the selfe same coine, incontinentlie shipped him secretlie in a Britons vessell of Saint Malouse, betaking him to God and to their charge that accompanied him, to wit, maister Levrouse and Robert Walsh, sometime servant to his father, the earle. The ladie Elenor having thus, to hir contentation, bestowed hir nephue, she expostulated verie sharpelie with O'Doneil\* as touching his villanie, protesting that the onelie cause of hir match with him proceeded of an especiall care to have hir nephue countenanced: and now that he was out of his lash that minded to have betraied him, he should well understand, that as the feare of his danger mooved hir to annere to such a clownish curmudgen, so the assurance of his safetie should cause hir to sequester herselfe from so butcherlie a cuthrote, that would be like a pelting mercenarie patch hired to sell or betraie the innocent bloud of his nephue by affinitie, and hers by consanguinitie. And in this wise trussing up bag and baggage, she forsook O'Doneil and returned to hir countrie. The passengers with a prosperous gale arrived at Saint Malouse, which notified to the governour of Britaine, named monsieur

\* This charge appears unfounded, as from a contemporary official document we find that Fitzgerald's escape was managed by O'Donnell, between whom and the captain "an act was passed signyd by a notary. The said Fitzgareth was convayde aborde the ship in the nyght in a small cocke, havynge on but a saffronyd shurt, and barheaddyd, lyke one of the wylde Yreshe, and with him 3 persons."



de Chasteau Brian, he sent for the yong Fitzgerald, gave him verie hartie interteiment during one moneths space. In the meane season the gouernour posted a messenger to the court of France, advertising the king of the arrivall of this gentleman, who presentlie caused him to be sent for, and him put to the Dolphin (Dauphin) named Henrie, who after became king of France. Sir John Wallop (who was then the English ambassadour) understanding the cause of the Irish fugitive his repaire to France, demanded him of the French king, according to the new made league between both the princes, which was: that none should keepe the other his subiect within his dominion, contrarie to either of their willes; adding further, that the boie was brother to one, who of late notorious for his rebellion in Ireland, was executed at London. To this answered the king, first, that the ambassador had no commission from his prince to demand him, and upon his maiestie his letter he should know more of his mind: secondlie, that he did not deteine him, but the Dolphin staid him: lastlie, that how grievouslie soever his brother offended, he was well assured, that the sillie boie neither was nor could be a traitor, and therefore there rested no cause whie the ambassador should, in such wise, craue him; not doubting that although he were delivered to his king, yet he would not so far swarve from the extreame rigor of iustice, as to imbrue his hands in the innocent his bloud, for the offense that his brother had perpetrated. Maister Wallop hereupon addressed his letters to England, specifeing unto the councill the French king's answer. And in the mean time the yong Fitzgerald having an inkling of the ambassador his motion, fled secretlie to Flanders, scantlie reaching to Valencie, when James Sherelocke, one of maister Wallop his men, did not onelie pursue him, but also did overtake him as he sojourned in the said towne. Whereupon maister Levrouse, and such as accompanied the child, stept to the gouernor of Valencie complaining that one Sherelocke a sneaking spie, like a pikethanke promoting varlet, did dog their master from place to place, and presentlie pursued him to the towne: and therefore they besought the gouernour not to leave such apparant villainie unpunished, in that he was willing to betraie not onlie a guiltlesse child, but also his owne countriman, who rather ought for his innocencie to be pitied, than for the desert of others so egerlie to be pursued. The governor upon this complaint sore incensed, sent in all haste for Sherelocke had him suddenlie examined, and finding him unable to color his lewd practise with anie warrantable defense, he laid him up by the heeles, rewarding his hot pursute with cold interteiment, and so remained in gaole, untill the yong Fitzgerald requiting the prisoner his unnaturall crueltie with undeserved courtesie, humble besought the gouernor to set him at libertie. This brunt escaped, Fitzgerald travelled to Bruxels, where the emperour kept his court. Doctor Pates being ambassador in the low countries, demanded Fitzgerald of the emperour, on his maister the king of England's behalfe. The emperor having answered that he had not to deale with the boy, and for ought that he knew was not minded to make anie great abode in that countrie, sent him to the bishop of Liege, allowing him for his pension an hundred crownes monethelie. The bishop interteined him

verie honorable, had him placed in an abbeie of moonks, and was so carefull of his safetie, that if any person suspected had travelled within the circuit of his gleebe, he should be streictlie examined whither he would, or from whence he came, or upon what occasion he travelled that waie. Having in this wise remained at Liege for half a yere, the cardinall Poole (Fitzgiralde his kinsman) sent for him to Rome. Whereupon the gentleman as well with the emperor his licence, as with surrendring his pension, travelled to Italie, where the cardinall would not admit him to his companie, until he had attained to some knowledge in the Italian toong. Wherefore, allowing him an annuities of three hundred crownes, he placed him with the bishop of Verona, and the cardinall of Mantua, and after with the duke of Mantua. Levrouse in the meane while was admitted, through the cardinall Poole his procurement, to be one of the English house in Rome, called 'saint Thomas his hospitall.' Robert Walsh upon his maisters repaire to Italie, returned to Ireland. Fitzgiralde having continued with the cardinall, and the duke of Mantua, a year and an halfe, was sent for by the cardinall Poole to Rome, at which time the duke of Mantua gave him for an annuall pension three hundred crownes. The cardinall greatlie reioised in his kinsman, had him carefullie trained up in his house, interlacing with such discretion his learning and studies with exercises of activitie, as he should not be after accounted of the learned for an ignorant idiot, nor taken of active gentlemen for a dead and dumpish meacocke. If he had committed anie fault, the cardinall would secretlie command his tutors to correct him, and all that notwithstanding he would in presence dandle the boie, as though he were not privie to his punishment; and upon his complaint made, he used to checke Fitzgiralde, his maister, openlie for chastising so severelie his pretie darling. In this wise he rested three yeares together in the cardinall his house, and by that time having steept so far in yeares (for he was pricking fast upon nineteene) as he began to know himselfe, the cardinall put him to his choise, either to continue his learning, or by travelling to seeke his adventures abroad. The young stripling (as usuallie kind dooth creepe, rather of nature addicted to valiantnes, than wedded to bookishnesse) choosed to be a traveller, and presentlie, with the cardinall his licence, repaired to Naples: where falling in acquaintance with knights of the Rhodes, he accompanied them to Malta, from thence he sailed to Tripolie (a fort appertaining to the aforesaid order, coasting upon Barbarie) and there he aboded six weeks with Mounbrison, a commander of the Rhodes, who had the charge of that hold. At that time the knights served valiantlie against the Turks and miscreants, spoiled and sacked their villages and townes that laie neere the water side, tooke diverse of them prisoners, and after sold them to the christians for bond-slaves. The young Fitzgiralde returned with a rich bootie to Malta, from thence to Rome, having spent in this voiage not fullie one year. Proud was the cardinall to heare of his prosperous exploits: and for his further advancement he inhanced his pension of three hundred crownes, to three hundred pounds, over and above three hundred crownes that the duke of Mantua allowed him. Shortlie after he preferred him to the service of the duke of

Florence, named Cosmo,\* with whom he continued maister of his horse three yeares, having also of the duke three hundred duckets for a yearlie pension during life, or until he were restored; in like manner as the cardinall Poole and the duke of Mantua in their annuities had granted him. During the time that he was in service with the duke of Florence, he travelled to Rome a shroving, of set purpose to be merrie: and as he rode on hunting with cardinall Ferneise the pope his nephue, it happened that in chasing the bucke he fell into a pit nine and twenty fatham deepe, and in the fall forsaking his horse within two fathams of the bottom, he tooke hold by two or three roots, griping them fast, until his arms were so wearie, as he could hang no longer in that paine. Wherefore, betaking himself to God, he let go his gripe by little and little and fell softlie on his horse, that in the bottom of the pit laie starke dead, and there he stood up to the ancles in water for the space of three houres. When the chase was ended, an exceeding good greihound of his named Grifhound, not finding his maister in the companie, followed his tract untill he came to the pit, and from thense would not depart, but stood at the brim incessantlie howling. The cardinall Ferneise and his train missing Fitzgiralde made towards the dog, and surveing the place, they were verelie persuaded that the gentleman was squised to death. Having therefore posted his servants in haste to a village hard by Rome (named Trecappan) for ropes and other necessaries, he caused one of the companie to glide in a basket down to the bottome of the hole. Fitzgiralde revived with his presence, and willing to be removed from so darkesome a dongeon to the open aire, besought the other to lend him his roome, whereupon he was haled up in the basket: as well to the generall admiration of the whole companie, as to the singular gratulation of the cardinall and all his friends, rendering most hartie thanks unto God his divine majestie, for protecting the gentleman with his gracious guerdon."

Fitzgerald subsequently visited London in company with some foreign ambassadors, and being exceedingly handsome he, at a court ball, captivated the daughter of sir Anthony Browne, knight of the garter. Having married her, he was enabled, by the interest of his father-in-law and the intercession of cardinal Pole, to obtain favor with Edward VI., who knighted him in 1552, and restored a portion of the estates forfeited by his brother, and Queen Mary reinstated him in his family titles and

\* Cosimo de' Medici, duke of Florence and Siena, 1537-1575. Florence was traditionally believed to have been the original country of the Geraldines, as expressed in the verses of Ugolino Devieri—

" Clara Gherardinorum domus est hæc prima quondam,  
Castella incoluit fecundis collibus Elæ,  
Insignis quas toga sed enim præstantior armis  
Floruit hujus adhuc veneratur Hibernia nomen."

An the earl of Surrey, in his sonnet on the lady Elizabeth Fitzgerald, sister to the hero of the above adventures, says—

" From Tuscane came my lady's worthe race,  
Fair Florence was sometime her ancient seat."

in the other possessions lately confiscated to the crown. On the attainder of the Geraldines, Henry VIII., by letters patent, granted "the large stone messuage, with the garden annexed, commonly called Carberry house, in Skinner-row," to Sir Pierce Butler, ninth Earl of Ormond, whence it acquired the name of "Ormond hall," and continued in the possession of the Butler family until late in the next century, although it does not appear to have been used by them as a residence after the reign of James I. In 1681 we find that, having been in a dilapidated condition, it was divided into two houses—one occupied by Michael Browne, the other in the tenure of Robert Arthur. Towards the close of the seventeenth century a portion of "the great house in Skinners'-row" was converted into "Dick's coffee house," one of the most frequented establishments of its time in the city, and in 1703 the building is described in an official document as follows:—"A moiety of a timber house (called Carberry house) divided into two tenements. One hath two cellars, and on the first floor two shops and two kitchens. On the second floor three rooms (two of them wainscotted). On the third, two rooms, and on the fourth, two garrets. The other part has a cellar under the front. On the first floor one shop and two kitchens, and on the second, third and fourth three rooms each, with the moiety of a small timber house in the backside." Like most of the other coffee houses in Dublin, Dick's was located on the drawing room floor, one of the shops underneath being occupied by Thomas Cotter, bookseller and publisher, and another by the "Hoop" eating house; while at the rear was the establishment of Aaron Rhames, publisher in 1709 of a Saturday periodical called the "Diverting Post;" and here also was the office of the newspaper called "Pue's Occurrences,"\* so styled

\* This was originally a Tory paper, as noticed in the verses written in 1723 on chief baron Rochfort:—

"But now, since I have gone so far on,  
A word or two of lord chief baron;  
And tell how little weight he sets  
On all whig papers and gazettes:  
But for the politics of Pue,  
Thinks every syllable is true."

Its original shape was quarto, from which it gradually enlarged to a large folio size; Richard Pue died in 1758, and was succeeded by his nephew, James Pue, after whose death in 1762, the paper was published by Sarah Pue, commencing with Vol. LIX., No. 101; from the thirty-first number of the next volume it was printed at the same place by John Roe, who prefixed his own name to the title. It subsequently came into the possession of Sarah Roe and David Gibbal, from whom, in June 1776, it was purchased by John Hillary, bookseller of No. 54. Castle-street, and its career terminated about the year 1792.

from its proprietor Richard Pue, who was master of the coffee house. "Dick," says a cotemporary English writer, "is a witty and ingenious man, makes the best coffees in Dublin, and is very civil and obliging to all his customers; of an open and generous nature; has a peculiar knack at bantering, and will make rhymes to anything. He is of a cheerful facetious temper, and, generally speaking, fair in his dealing. As for his wife, I shall say this, she is an industrious woman, handsome enough, one that knows her duty to her husband, and how to respect her customers." At Dick's were generally held the principal auctions in the city of lands, property, books, &c., the sales of the latter generally commencing at five or six, p.m. After continuing for nearly a century one of the chief coffee houses in Dublin, Dick's, having fallen to decay, was demolished about the year 1790.

In addition to Dick's, we find that the following coffee houses and taverns were located in Skinners'-row at the close of the seventeenth century:—"Bow's coffee house (1692)," "Darby's coffee house," and the "Ram," the vestiges of the latter were preserved in the name of "Ram Alley," which formed one of the entrances to the Tholsel.

On the south side of Skinners'-row was the residence of sir Robert Dixon, lord mayor of Dublin, A.D. 1634, in which year he was knighted at his own house here by the earl of Strafford; this house had been originally let by the parishioners of St. Werburgh's to captain William Meares of Dublin, by a lease dated 28th February, 1604, in which it is described as "one house and garden with the appurtenances, lying in length from the king's pavement or street called Skinner-row, in the north to Curryer's-lane, that leadeth thence to St. Nicholas's church in the south, and from All Hallows ground on the east side to Caddell's ground, late in the tenure of John Murphy, on the west, for seventy-five years for 19s. 8d. annual rent." Dixon was returned member of parliament for Banagher in 1645, his country residence at the time being Barretstown castle, near Baile mor Eustace. He had received large grants of land from Charles I. for military services, his family having had previously a grant from Henry VIII. of the Carmelite Friary at Cloncurry, Kildare, and the lands adjoining, in the person of William Dixon, for their successful attack on the sept of O'Reilly. In 1662 the house in Skinners'-row came into possession of sir William Dixon, knight, heir to sir Robert, who in 1661 took from the mayor and sheriffs "one garden,

plott of ground, and backside, situate on the backside of the dwelling house of the said sir William Dixon in Skinner-row, being part of Sutor's-lane, otherwise called Hoyne's-lane," for sixty-one years at the yearly rent of nine pence sterling, with capons to the mayof. Skinners'-row continued to be the town residence of the Dixon's until early in the eighteenth century, when colonel Robert Dixon, in 1719, let his grandfather's house, then occupied by George Tufnell, wig maker, to Thomas Parsons, sword cutler, for £22 per annum, together with the house adjoining, then described as "formerly the Old Dolphin," for £30 per an. These houses, which are believed to have stood on the sites of these now known as nos. 12 and 13 Christ church place, were bounded on the west by Darby's coffee house, and on the east by the house of Robert Owen, bookseller. Colonel Dixon having died without issue, the property of that family devolved upon his relative, sir Kildare Borrowes, great grandfather of the present baronet, sir Erasmus Dixon Borrowes, who has lately restored the old family seat of Barretstown castle.

Viscount Conway resided in Skinners' row in 1662; and we find that tokens were issued in the same century by the following residents of this locality: Isaac Taylor (1657); Alexander Aickin, merchant (1668); Henry Martyn (1668); John Partington, "gouldsmith, at the King's head;" Roger Halley, "artizan and skinner;" William Hill, at the "Pestill and mortar;" William Taylor, merchant; William Colbya (1666); and Mary Drinkwater, with reference to whose house Dr. Mossom writing to primate Bramhall in 1661, relative to hiring lodgings for him in Dublin, says: "There is at Drinkwater's, in Skinners' row, a very pleasant garden, good conveniences of dining room, and lodging; but she put me off till Monday for her resolution to let them. Yet besides she has no garret for servants, but must provide for them at the next house. As for dining room and three lodging rooms, better is not in Dublin, and the conveniences for lower rooms, as kitchen, &c., is tolerably good. I crave your grace's mind to be signified by Monday's post whether of these two places you best approve; that if haply Mrs. Drinkwater give a fair resolve, I may, for her garden's sake especially, strike a bargain with her."

Sir Patrick Dun, physician to the army during the wars of 1688, and on whose bequest Dun's hospital was founded, resided here in 1690. The following specimen of Dun's pre-

scriptions appears in an unpublished letter, written by him, in 1691, to general Ginkle's secretary at war in the camp at Connacht, "Six on Monday last, I sent from Dublin a box containing two dozen of bottles of the best claret I could get in Dublin, and two dozen bottles of Chester ale;" then, after noting that "this box hath a lock and key," and mentioning the person to whom he had forwarded the latter by letter from Athlone, he adds, "At the same time, I sent a lesser box, in which there is a dozen and a half potted chickens in an earthen pot; and in another pot, fowre green geese. This," continues the doctor, "is the physic I advise you to take; I hope it will not be nauseous or disagreeable to your stomach—a little of it upon a march."

Among the other residents in Skinners' row, were David King, goldsmith, at whose house a large quantity of records were secreted during the wars of 1689; Thomas Quin, apothecary, lord mayor of Dublin in 1697; and Spranger Barry, the afterwards famous actor, who was born in Skinners' row in 1717, and having succeeded his father as a silversmith, continued to carry on that business here till he went on the stage about the year 1744. In an unpublished memorandum roll of 27 Charles II. A.D. 1675, we find notice of a brick house in Skinners' row, called "The London Stone," then in the possession of John Hopkins, having been set by John Talbot of Temple og to John Woodcock of Dublin, clerk, and Robsrt Peppard of Dublin, gentleman.

At the sign of the "Leather bottle" in Skinners' row (1685-1718) was the shop of Robert Thornton, bookseller, publisher of the first Dublin newspaper,\* and appointed king's stationer in 1692, being the first who held that office; "he is," says a writer in 1697, "a very obliging person, has sense enough for a privy councillor, and good nature enough for a primitive Christian."

Alderman James Malone, appointed with Richard Malone, king's printer, in January 1689, by James II., also resided in Skinners' row. In his official capacity he issued various publications emanating from the Jacobite government, which, after the Williamites regained power, were industriously sought out and destroyed, with a

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\* This paper has been described in the account of College green, *IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW*, Vol. II., p. 758. A popular song on the "Leather bottell," adopted by Thornton as a sign, will be found in a collection entitled "An Antidote against melancholy made up in pills, compounded of witty ballads, jovial songs and merry catches," 1682.

view of falsifying contemporary history to suit the purposes of party. Amongst those publications was a very important tract, entitled "A relation of what most remarkably happened during the last campaign in Ireland, betwixt his majesty's army royal, and the forces of the prince of Orange, sent to joyn the rebels under the count de Schomberg. Published by authority. Dublin: printed by alderman James Malone, bookseller, in Skinner-row, 1689."

This brochure appears to have been rigidly suppressed by the Williamites, as it threw much light on Schomberg's disastrous campaign in the north of Ireland, where, notwithstanding the immense superiority of his army, amounting to 35,000 men, his progress was checked by a miserably armed force of 22,000 Jacobites, and his loss at the termination of the season was found to amount to 15,000 men, more than double the number of which perished at Walcheren in 1809, a fact, however, studiously suppressed in the works hitherto received as histories of that period.

By the Williamites Malone was dismissed from the office of printer to the state, and it appears from the unpublished Exchequer records, that in 1707 he, together with Luke Dowling, another bookseller, was tried in the Queen's bench for selling and publishing a book entitled "A Manuall of devout prayers," and having been convicted, they were sentenced to pay fines of 300 marks each, and committed to close imprisonment. They thereupon petitioned the Commissioners of reductions, declaring that "they had noe seditious or evill intent or meaneing in exposing to sale the said book, whereof severall parcels and editions were for above twenty years last past continually and publickly sold by all or most Protestant and Popish booksellers, as was sworn on their tryall by four Protestant credible witnesses, without having been taken notice of by the government." Justices Coote and M'Cartney, two of the judges of the Queen's bench, before whom Malone and Dowling were tried, stated in a report, that "a great many of the said Manualls, wherein were contained several prayers for the late king James and his queen, and also for the Pretender, were sold and dispersed much about the time of the late invasion intended to be made by the French king on north Brittain, which the said justices were apprehensive were then printed, with an intent to be dispersed in order to influence and incourage the Papists in this kingdom to rise and make disturbance here in favor of the Pretender; but no proof of



such intention by the said Malone and Dowling appeared before them, nevertheless it induced the said justices to impose a greater fine on them than perhaps they would have done at another time, to terrifie others from being guilty of the like practices hereafter. It appearing to the court that Malone and Dowling were persons of little substance, with large families, and upon their taking the oath of abjuration in open court, the fines were reduced to five marks each, and they were released from confinement." Alderman Malone survived this prosecution for many years, and was one of the original founders of the Charitable Music Society, who built the Music hall in Fishamble-street, as detailed in our account of that locality.

Opposite to the Tholsel was the printing house of Joseph Ray (1690), one of the most eminent booksellers in the city, and publisher, in 1698, of the first edition of that celebrated work, "The Case of Ireland's being bound by acts of parliament in England, stated, by William Molyneux, of Dublin," which, as advocating the doctrine of Irish Independence, was ordered by the English parliament to be burned by the common hangman. "Mr. Ray," says a writer of the time, "is slender in body; his head rather big than little; his face thin, and of a moderate size; a smooth tongue, a voice neither deep nor shrill. His countenance is ever intermixed with joy and sweetness. He is a courteous man in his shop; and, being both printer and bookseller, has got a good estate in a few years. He is the best situated of any bookseller in Dublin."

Three other publishers in Skinners'-row in the reign of William and Mary, are described as follows:—

"I shall first begin with Mr. Brent, who I think, is the oldest partner. He's a scrupulous, honest, conscientious man, and I do think a true Nathaniel. He's perfect innocence, yet a man of letters; he knows no harm, and therefore contrives none; he's what we may truly call a religious printer, and (I was going to say) he hates vice almost by nature as grace; and this I think is his true character. As to Mr. Powell (the second partner) his person is handsome (I do not know whether he knows it or no) and his mind has as many charms. He's the very life and spirit of the company where he comes, and 'tis impossible to be sad if he sets upon it; he is a man of a great deal of wit and sense (and I hope of as much honesty) and his repartees are so quaint, apposite, and genteel, 'tis pleasure to observe how handsomely he acquits himself; in the mean time, he's neither scurrilous nor profane, but a good man, and a good printer, as well as a good companion. I come next to honest

Brocas, the third partner, and with him, if he's returned from Holland, take leave of my three printers. Mr. Brocas is much of a gentleman; he gave me a noble welcome to Dublin, and never grew less obliging. He's one that loves his friend as his life, and I may say, without offence to the printers of Dublin, that no man in the universe better understands the 'noble art and mystery of printing' than John Brocas in Skinner-row."

The other booksellers and publishers in Skinners'-row were John North (1681); Samuel Lee (1694); John Foster, at the "Dolphin," (1695); Patrick Campbell, at the "Bible" (1696); Sylvanus and Jeremiah Pepyat (1710); Thomas Walsh, at Dick's Coffee house, publisher in 1727 of "Walsh's Dublin weekly impartial News Letter," issued on Wednesdays, and of "Walsh's Dublin Post-boy," 1729; James Hoey (1731), "at the pamphlet shop in Skinner's-row;" Samuel Fairbrother, opposite the Tholsel, printer to the city, appointed king's stationer in 1723, and satirized by Sheridan for pirating Faulkner's edition of Swift; Robert Owen, captain of the lord mayor's regiment of militia, "a most facetious and joyous companion," who died in 1747; Oliver Nelson, at "Milton's head" (1740), publisher of the "Dublin Courant;" W. Powel (1745), at the corner of Christ church lane, opposite to the Tholsel; Alexander Mac Culloh, publisher in 1754 of the "General Advertiser," and in 1756 of the "Dublin Evening Post;" Peter Hoey, at the sign of "Mercury" (1770), next to the Tholsel, publisher of the "Publick Journal;" John Milliken (1769); and Elizabeth Lynch, law bookseller.

The original breadth of Skinners'-row did not exceed seventeen feet, which was so diminished by projecting shop fronts and cellars, that in the middle of the street a space of little more than twelve feet was left for vehicles to pass, so that when two or three carriages met here the thoroughfare was completely stopped. The old footpath, still discernible on the south side of Christ church-place, was about one foot broad, and when viewed from Castle-street, the whole line of Skinners'-row presented the appearance of a narrow and sombre alley. Many wealthy traders, jewellers, gold and silver-smiths had their shops in this street, and as the great thoroughfare from the eastern side of the city to the law courts, Tholsel, Corn-market, canal, and Liberties, it was constantly filled, especially during term time and sessions, and on market days, by a throng of busy passengers. The decline of its prosperity was initiated by the removal of the sessions to Green-street; the opening of the new law courts, and, finally

the transfer of the Corn-market, completed the depreciation in the value of houses in this neighbourhood, and afforded the commissioners of wide streets, about twenty-five years ago, an opportunity for carrying out their plans for the opening of the locality, as proposed by them in 1802. In the process of these alterations, the entire of the north side of Skinners'-row was swept away, together with the buildings known as Christ church yard. The old four courts, Christ church-lane, with Michael's-lane, and other buildings at the southern extremity of Wine-tavern-street, were also demolished; and the name of Skinners'-row was likewise changed to "Christ church-place," thus completing the alteration effected in the original features of this quarter of the city.

Nicholas'-street received its name from the church of St. Nicholas, erected there in the eleventh century by bishop Donogh, founder of the cathedral of the holy Trinity. This parish, styled St. Nicholas within the walls, is the smallest in Dublin, its area only being five acres and eleven perches, containing at present 127 houses and 1,199 inhabitants. During the Protectorate, Dr. Thomas Seele, afterwards dean of St. Patrick's, officiated here till he was silenced by the lord deputy and council in 1658. At the same period Dr. Samuel Mather, a very eminent Non-conformist divine and writer, used to preach here on every Sunday morning; after the passing of the Act of Uniformity, he became one of the founders of the Dissenting congregation of New-row—now Eustace-street—and was buried in St. Nicholas' church in 1671. A considerable portion of the cemetery of this church was covered with the offices of the Tholsel when that edifice was rebuilt in 1688, and for which an annual rent is still paid by the corporation of Dublin. Dr. King, in a letter written in 1693, remarks of Henry Price, then rector of this church, that "before he came to the parish of St. Nicholas it had the thinnest congregation in Dublin;" and adds, "I reckoned one Sunday when there were only thirteen and the minister; but since he came he has built two galleries, and yet wants room, which is due to his care, piety, and diligence." The church was rebuilt in 1707; its front was of hewn stone, with a large arched door case in the centre, over which, in the first story, was a large arched window, with a smaller arched window on each side; in the second story was another arched window, over which

was a square belfry rising about twelve feet above the roof, with openings on each side. The front of the church having been found to be in a dangerous state, was taken down some years ago by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, and the building has since that period remained in a dilapidated condition.

Nicholas'-street was originally separated from Patrick's-street by a gate in the city wall, styled Nicholas' gate, which was standing till about the middle of the last century. In this street, in the sixteenth century, resided Humphrey Powell, who, in 1551, published an edition of the Common prayer, which is believed to have been the first book printed in Dublin. This volume was issued with the following title when the printer was dwelling in another part of the city :

"The Booke of the common praier and a-ministracion of the Sacramentes, and other rites and ceremonies of the Churche: after the vse of the Churche of England. Dubliniz in Officina Humfredi Povveli. Cum priuilegio ad imprimendum solum. Anno Domini. M.D.L.I."

This book is elegantly printed in the black letter, and contains 140 folio pages, exclusive of six leaves of calendars in rubrics, and four pages of introductory matter, comprising table of psalms, title, &c. At signature A iii. the book is stated to be "printed at the commaundement of the right woorshipfull, sir Anthonie Sentleger (knight of the order), late lord deputie of Irelande, and counsaile of the same;" and on folio cxi. appears the following colophon :—

"Imprinted by Humfrey Powell, Printer to the Kynge's Maiestie, in his hyghnesse realme of Ireland, dwellyng in the citee of Dublin in the great towre by the Crane. Cum priuelegio ad imprimendum solum. Anno Domini. M.D.L.I."

Powell subsequently removed to Nicholas-street, where he published

"A Breffe Declaration of certein principall articles of Religion: set out by order and authoritie as well of the right Honorable Sir Henry Sidney Knight of the most noble order. Lord presidēt of the Couñcel in the Principalltie of Wales and Marches of the same; and general deputie of this Realme of Ireland, as by Tharche-byshops, and Byshopes and other her majesties Hygh Commissioners for causes Ecclesiasticall in the same realme. Imprynted at Dublin by Humfrey Powel the 20 of January, 1566."

At its conclusion the book it is stated to be "Imprynted

at Dublin in Saint Nycolas Stret, by Humfrey Powell, Prynter appoynted for the Realme of Irelande." These are the only specimens known of Powell's typography; and although we are told that John Kearney, treasurer of St. Patrick's, published in 1571 the first Irish work ever printed, entitled "*Alphabetum et ratio legendi Hibernicum, et catechismus in eadem lingua,*" no copy of that work is accessible in Dublin to enable us to determine by whom it was printed. The first king's printer in Ireland whose patent is enrolled, was John Frankton or Francton, gent, who was appointed to the office in 1604 by James I., and continued the principal publisher in Dublin, until about the year 1617, when a patent was granted to Felix Kingston, Mathew Lowmes, and Bartholomew Downes, stationers and citizens of London, who in 1618 erected "a factory for books and a press" in Dublin, under the superintendence of Felix Kingston, and commenced their labors by the publication of an edition of the Irish Statutes. This "Company of Stationers" continued to publish in Dublin until 1641, and although Ussher thought that his *History of Gotteschalcus*, issued in 1631, was the first Latin book printed in his native city, sir James Ware's *Lives of the bishops of Cashel and Tuam*, 4to., 1621, "*Ex officina societatis bibliopolarum,*" appears to be the work entitled to that distinction. During one period of the Commonwealth there was but a single printer in Dublin; subsequent to the Restoration, their number rapidly increased, and in the middle of the last century there were very many respectable publishers in this city; since the Union, however, the amount of works published in Dublin has fallen off at least eighty per cent.

During the seventeenth and earlier part of the eighteenth centuries, Nicholas-street was inhabited by persons of distinction, as Richard Kennedy, baron of the exchequer (1670); Joshua, second viscount Allan; Cornelius O'Callaghan, a very eminent lawyer, who died here in 1741, and next to whose house resided Eaton Stannard, subsequently recorder of Dublin. The most notorious of the residents in this street in the last century was Dr. John Whalley, the chief quack and astrologer of his time in the city. This strange character, born on the 29th of April, 1653, was originally a shoemaker, and came to Dublin in 1682, where having established himself as a compiler of prophetic almanacs, and compounder of medicines to cure all diseases, he gained such a reputation for

necromancy,\* that he was constantly consulted by the credulous people of the city, as noticed by a rhymers of the day :—

" Whalley bred up to end and awl,  
To work in garret or in stall,  
Who had more skill in cutting leather  
Than in foretelling wind or weather,  
Forsook the trade of mending shoes,  
To deal in politicks and news,  
Commenc'd astrologer and quack,  
To raise the Devil in a crack,  
Told fortunes, and could cure all ills,  
By his Elixir and his pills.  
Poor petty servants to their cost,  
Flock'd to him for all things they lost,  
He pump'd out all they had to say,  
And getting all they had to pay,  
The thief he shew'd them in a glass;  
And if she were a pretty lass,  
He told her fortune must be great;  
If ugly, ah! how hard her fate,  
A hundred pretty tales invented,  
To send the wenches off contented."

In 1688 he was placed in the pillory for some political offence, and while there received from the mob a plentiful unction of antique eggs and other unsavoury missiles. Having rendered himself peculiarly obnoxious to the native Irish by his perpetual fanatical railings against them and the

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\* Necromancy and astrology were practised by some natives of this country before the era of Dr. Whalley. Edward Kelly, seer to the famous Dr. Dee, was admitted to be the second Rosicrucian in the sixteenth century, in recognition of which he was knighted at Pragas by the emperor Rudolph, who, with the king of Poland, was frequently present at his incantations. The physician of Charles II. tells us that when that prince was at Cologne in 1654, the bishop of Avignon "sent him out of France a scheme calculated by one O'Neal, a mathematician, wherein he predicted, that in the year 1660, the king should certainly enter England in a triumphant manner; which since to our wonder, adds this writer, "we have seen fulfilled, all the people triumphantly rejoicing." Harvey, "the famous conjurer of Dublin," is stated to have possessed "the art of conjuring in Dublin, longer, and with greater credit than any other conjurer in any part of the earth. He was tall in statue, round shoulder'd, pale visaged, ferret-eyed, and never laughed." His costume is described as follows by a writer in 1728: "He was unalterable in regard of dress, and would have died, rather than change his old fashion, though it were to prevent either a plague or a famine. On his head was a broad slouching hat, and white cap. About his neck was tied a broad band with tassels hanging down. He wore a long, dangling coat, of good broad cloath, close breasted and buttoned from top to bottom. No skirts. No sleeves. No waistcoat. A pair of trouse-breeches, down to his ancles; broad-toed, low-heeled shoes, which were a novelty in his time, and the latches tied, with two packthreads. A long black stick, no gloves; and thus, bending near double, he trudg'd slowly along the streets, with downcast eyes, minding no body, but still muttering something to himself."

Roman Catholic religion, he deemed it prudent to withdraw to England during the Jacobite régime in Dublin, about which period Ferdoragh O'Daly composed a satire of twenty-one stanzas upon him, in retaliation for his having caused the bard's brother to be prosecuted and hanged. Dr. O'Donovan tells us that this is one of the bitterest satires in the Irish language: "the poet first describes the wicked practices of the astrologer, whom he describes as in league with the devil, and who, since he began to view the moon and the planets, had, with his basilisk eye, destroyed their benign influence, so that the corn fields, the fruit trees, and the grass had ceased to grow; the birds had forgotten their songs, except the ominous birds of night; and the young of animals were destroyed in the womb. He then begins to wither this astrologer with imprecations, calls upon various diseases of a violent nature to attack him, and calls down upon him the curses of God, the angels, the saints, and of all good men." During his sojourn in England, Dr. Whalley became a coffee house keeper. After the conclusion of the wars in Ireland, however, he returned to Dublin, and located himself at the "Blew posts, next door to the Wheel of fortune, on the west side of St. Stephen's Green," where he resumed his practice in "physick and mathematicks," and regularly published his astrological almanacks, styled "Advice from the stars." About 1698 Whalley removed to Nicholas'-street, next door to the "Fleece tavern," where he continued his former avocations, and published in 1701 "Ptolemy's Quadripartite, or four books concerning the influences of the stars, faithfully rendered into English from Leo Allatius, with notes, explaining the most difficult and obscure passages," which was reprinted in 1786. He also published here the following work, containing 78 pages 12mo, the preface of which is dated "from my house in St. Nicholas-street, Dublin, January, 1701":

"A treatise of eclipses; in which is shewed: 1. What an eclipse is, and how to know when an eclipse shall happen. 2. The errors of several authors conceiving the longitude, and the astrological handling of eclipses and mundane revolutions in general; and how the same may be rectified and amended. 3. The undoubted certainty of the Ptolomeian astrology; and how thereby to judge of eclipses, and the revolutions of the years of the world in general. 4. An astrological judgment of the great eclipse of the sun, the 13th of September, 1699: and another as great, which will happen the first of May, 1706. And on the conjunction of Saturn and Mars, De-

cember 1700: and how far they are like to effect England, Ireland, Scotland, Holland, France, Spain, Germany, and several other parts of Europe. 5. How by the rising; setting and colours of the sun, moon and other stars, comets and meteors, to judge of the weather, literally from Ptolomy, translation excepted. The whole subject is new, and full of variety, and never before by any so copiously handled as here it is. By John Whalley, professor of physick and astrology. Dublin: Printed and sold by the author John Whalley, next door to the Fleece in Nicholas-street; and also by John Foster in Skinner Row, and Matthew Gun in Essex street, booksellers."

We find Whalley in 1709 exercising the trades of printer and publisher, "at the Blew Ball in Arundal court,\* just without St. Nicholas gate;" in 1711 John Mercer, an extensive dealer in coals, commenced a prosecution against him for having, upon the application of several poor inhabitants of Dublin, printed their case, addressed to parliament for relief against Mercer as an engrosser or forestaller of coals, whereupon Whalley petitioned the house of commons, which exonerated him, and directed proceedings to be taken against Mercer "as a common and notorious cheat, for selling and retailing coals in the city of Dublin by false and deceitful measures." In 1714 the doctor started a newspaper, styled "Whalley's News Letter, containing a full and particular account of foreign and domestick news," and in 1718 published "An account of the great eclipse of the moon, which will be total and visible at Dublin, and to all Ireland, Great Britain, &c., this day, being Fryday, the 29th of August, 1718." Whalley carried on perpetual warfare with the other Irish astrologers and almanack compilers of his day, the principal of whom were Andrew Cumpsty, noticed in our paper on Dame-street, John Coats, of Cork, who styled himself "Urania's servant," and John Knapp, "at the sign of the Dyal in Meath-street." To his "Advice from the stars, or almanac for the year of Christ 1700," Whalley added an appendix "concerning the pope's supremacy; and the picture of a mathemaggoty monster, to be seen at the (sign of the) Royal exchange on the Wood-quay, Dublin, or Andrew Cumpsty drawn to the life." But the gravest offender against Whalley was Coats, who, in his almanack for 1728, predicted that the former would

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\* This court, which was situated at the eastern extremity of Nicholas-street, was so called from Robert Arundell, who rented a parcel of ground in its vicinity from the city.



certainly die in February of that year, or at the longest in two or three months after, which not proving correct, afforded Whalley in his next publication an opportunity of venting his choler upon the false prophet, whom he styled "a scandal to astrology," the "most obdurate and incorrigible of impostors," a "baboon," and "a hardened villain," concluding with the following professional jargon :

"But thirdly, to put this whole dispute in yet a much clearer light. The doating numskull placed 9 of cancer on the cusp of the ascendant, and 19 of the same sign on the second, and thereby makes the whole ascendant to be possest by, and contain only 10 degrees of cancer. And when that is told, how Jupiter in 16 degrees of Aquary, in the 9th, and the moon in 26 of Libra, 18 degrees from the cusp in the 5th (as he has given them), can be said to be in trine with the ascendant ; and whether that can consist of only so few degrees, I refer to you who are proper judges to consider, till my next."

Whalley's last almanack was published in 1724, which he styled the "year of darkness," on account of an expected eclipse ; his death took place in Dublin on the 17th of January in the same year, upon which the following lines as his epitaph were circulated through the city :

"Here five foot deep, lies on his back  
A cobbler, starmonger, and quack,  
Who to the stars in pure good will  
Does to his best look upward still.  
Weep all ye customers that use  
His pills, his almanacks, or shoes.  
And you that did your fortunes seek,  
Step to his grave but once a week,  
This earth which bears his body's print,  
You'll find has so much virtue in't,  
That I durst pawn my ears 'twill tell  
What e'er concerns you, full as well  
In physick, stolen goods, or love,  
As he himself could when above."

After Whalley's death, his widow, Mary Whalley, continued for some time to publish his almanacks, in Bell-alley, off Golden-lane, under the title of "Whalley's successor's almanack."

We find that copper tokens were issued in Nicholas-street in the seventeenth century by James Kelley, and William Eves, merchant ; the "Sun" and the "Fleece" taverns were located here in the same century, and continued for many years to be much frequented by the lawyers and others connected with the old Four courts. Edward Ledwich, the pseudo Irish antiquary, was born in Nicholas-street in 1739, and the Prerogative office was held here till the year 1748.

George Barrett, the distinguished landscape painter, was in

his youth employed in coloring engravings by Thomas Silcock, a printseller in Nicholas-street; Edward Sprat, secretary to the Grand Lodge, and editor of "The new book of the constitutions of the most antient and honourable fraternity of Free and accepted Masons," 8vo, 1751, also resided in this street.

On the east side of Nicholas-street, stands "Kennedy's-lane," so called from having been built about the reign of James I. by the family of *O'Ceinneide*, or *O'Cineide*, who, from the twelfth to the sixteenth century, were chiefs of Ormond, in Munster, whence a branch of the clan removed to Dublin, where some of them became eminent merchants, and others distinguished themselves at the Bar. In 1591, 1601, 1631, and 1683, members of this family were sheriffs of the city;\* by patent dated 3rd October,

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\* The following particulars of the history of the Dublin branch of this ancient Roman Catholic family are now published for the first time. The baron's brother, alderman Walter Kennedy, resided in High-street, where he traded as a merchant, in partnership with alderman Robert Kennedy and Neal Naghten, and died in 1672, having accumulated a very large property, and purchased, among other lands, an estate at Clondalkin, the title deeds of which having been stolen from him in 1641, the representatives of Browne, the late proprietor, carried on litigation for nearly a century, endeavouring, from the possession of the fraudulently acquired documents, to re-obtain the property. Walter Kennedy's son Christopher, likewise became a merchant, and died in 1693, leaving two sons Walter and Thomas: the former died without issue in 1709, and the latter having, at an early age, served as a cornet in Tyrconnell's regiment, was appointed aide de-camp to the duke, who presented him with his portrait painted in miniature, still preserved by the family, and at present in the Dublin Exhibition. Thomas Kennedy was on terms of close intimacy with Tyrconnell, and generally regarded as his favorite aide-de-camp; after the capitulation at Limerick, he retired to France, where he attained the rank of colonel, and in 1706 married Elizabeth, daughter of Marinus Van Vryberge, "deputy to the assembly of the states general, and envoy of their high mightinesses in England." Van Vryberge, who died in 1710, was highly esteemed by queen Anne, who presented him with her picture and a collection of valuable books with the royal arms of England stamped on the covers—several of which, with his miniature in enamel, are still preserved. Kennedy resided at Brussels, where he had three children; and in 1707 we find that he obtained license from the English government to raise two hundred Roman Catholics in Ireland towards completing a regiment of Irish, which was to enter into the service of Charles III. of Spain. In 1718, as he was driving to hunt at some distance from Brussels, a boar happened to cross the road, and the duchess of Oldenberg, who was in his carriage, requested him to shoot the animal; the colonel hesitating to obey, the duchess insisted on firing the fowling piece, which, in taking aim, she placed across his

1625, the office of chief remembrancer was granted to Robert Kennedy and John Kennedy, esqrs., which they held till 1634; and in 1660 this office was again granted to sir Richard Kennedy and Thomas Kennedy, by whom it was retained till 1673. Sir Richard was appointed baron of the court of the exchequer in 1660, and obtained considerable grants of land, including 4,571 acres in the county of Carlow, 802 in the county of Kilkenny, and 262 acres in Wicklow, where the name of the family is still preserved in Newtown-mount-Kennedy, which gave the title of baronet to sir Richard Kennedy, who died in 1681, and left two sons, sir William, attainted of high treason in 1702, and sir Robert Kennedy, baronet, who married Frances, daughter of Ralph Howard of Shelton, co. Wicklow, by whom he had two sons, Richard and Howard: the latter died without issue, and the former married Elizabeth, daughter of sir Francis Blake, baronet, of Oxfordshire, and had an only daughter, Elizabeth Kennedy, who married sir William Dudley, baronet,

shoulder; but in its discharge, the barrel exploded, and wounded Kennedy mortally. About 1720, his widow, Elizabeth Vryberge came to Ireland with her son, and died in 1735, having married her husband's first cousin, Walter Kennedy, a barrister of eminence, who recovered by law a considerable quantity of property which had passed out of the family at the Revolution, and of whom we find the following notice. "Wednesday night last (24th February. 1748) died of a mere decay of nature in the 90th year of his age, at his house on Arran-quay, Walter Kennedy, esq., a very affable, polite and accomplished gentleman, well acquainted with the Belles lettres. He has obliged posterity with some fruits of his learning (which was very extensive), both in prose and verse; but out of humility were published without his name. In his younger days he was bred an officer; but his great love for study engaged him to quit the military life, and apply to the law, in which he made a most considerable progress; but his brilliancy was in a very great measure eclipsed by his not pleading at the bar, of which he was deprived by being a Roman Catholic. He was conversant with several persons of distinction in Paris, where he was educated, and in London, where he resided after making the tour of Flanders, Germany, and Italy. He had two brothers, who were both killed in France, one in a duel, and the other by street robbers. He had two sisters, the one married to the lord Oliphant, and the other to Thomas Plunket, esq., of Port Marnock. He was twice married; first, to Mrs. Elizabeth, relict of his cousin german, Thomas Kennedy, esq., of Fintown, near Clondalkin, and lieutenant colonel of Devinish's regiment (which was in the Imperial service) and daughter of count Vryberge, plenipotentiary from the States to the court of Great Britain, in the reign of queen Anne; after her decease, he was married to Jane, relict of Daniel Dowling, M.D., daughter of — Leigh, esq., of Cullen, in the county of Westmeath; by whom he hath left a very sprightly female

of Clopton, Northamptonshire. Sir Richard Kennedy, who, was sheriff of the county of Dublin in 1709, having been killed in a duel with Mr. Dormer, his widow re-married with lord Frederic Howard, son of Thomas duke of Norfolk. A suit at law was subsequently commenced for the Mount Kennedy estate between those in remainder, and lady Dudley, as only daughter of sir Richard Kennedy, obtained on it a rent charge of £500 per annum, in satisfaction of her portion.

In Kennedy's lane, during the years immediately succeeding the Restoration, was the residence of Father Peter Walsh, the learned Irish Franciscan, at whose chambers here was drawn up and signed the circular letter summoning the national assembly of the Roman Catholic clergy to meet at Dublin in June, 1686. Walsh was constantly consulted by the most eminent persons connected with Irish politics at that period, and at

child, about four years old. His remains were very privately but decently interred in St. James's churchyard, pursuant to his own orders :

*'Kennedus voluit media de nocte sepulchro  
Inferri, ac nullas prorsus adesse faces.  
Non factum ratione caret, carissima quando  
Nec sibi lampas, luxque corusca fuit.'*

After the death of his mother, the family estates devolved upon colonel Kennedy's son Marinus James, who married Henrietta Creagh, niece to the duke of Ormond, and had two sons, Thomas and Walter, who were educated in France, during his sojourn in which Marinus had much communication with prince Charles Edward, who presented him with a medal, struck before he had set out for Scotland, presenting a profile of the prince, inscribed "*Carolus Wallis Princeps;*" the reverse represents Britannia standing on the sea shore, her right hand on a shield, the left grasping a spear; the cliffs of England appear in the back ground, and a fleet is seen approaching the land, above which is the inscription "*Amor et spes,*" and underneath is the word "*Britannia.*" This medal, which is of great rarity, owing to the die having broken, in consequence of a flaw, before many impressions were struck, is still preserved, and is at present in the Exhibition in this city. The death of Marinus Kennedy, which occurred in 1763 at his residence, Clondalkin castle, co. Dublin, was believed to have been caused by strangulation, as several large sums of gold were abstracted from his house at the time; his successor, Thomas Kennedy, who had been apprenticed to the house of Hope, a Amsterdam, and subsequently had passed some time in Cadiz, was one of the most distinguished musical amateurs of his time in Dublin, and the associate and intimate friend of Kane O'Hara, surgeon Neale, lord Arran and lord O'Neil. He married in 1764 Frances Arabella, daughter of Dr. John Fergus, the most eminent Roman Catholic physician in Dublin in his day, and a great collector of books and manuscripts. The latter, after his death in 1763, were purchased by Trinity College, Dublin, with the exception of an ancient Irish collection in two folio volumes, styled "*Liber flavus Fergus-*

his residence in Kennedy's lane was transacted much important business connected with the affairs of the Irish Roman Catholics, and the differences which at that period existed among their clergy concerning their political relations with the Pope and the king of England. A more notorious character was, however, at the same period connected with Kennedy's lane in the person of James O'Finachty, a native of Connacht, and styled in his own time "the wonder-working priest," who, notwithstanding the fame which he acquired in the seventeenth century, is probably unknown to most of our readers.

Finachty was originally a servant to "one Father Moor, an old venerable Jesuit, and skilful exorcist," from whom he ac-

siorem," or the "Yellow book of clan Fergus," which, together with a miniature of him, are preserved by his descendants in the female line; the male branch having become extinct by the death of his only son, Dr. Macarius Fergus, in 1763. In the penal times the property of the Kennedy family, during various minorities, had repeatedly been altogether entrusted to their Protestant friends, and notwithstanding the facilities for its embezzlement afforded by the laws "to prevent the further growth of Popery," no portion of their possessions was ever lost by a betrayal of confidence." In 1776, Walter Kennedy, taking advantage of the "Gavel act," "gavelled" or divided the family estate, subsequent to which, Thomas Kennedy was appointed pro-collector of the county Dublin, and died in 1791. Walter Kennedy, who was a poet of some talents, died in 1790, leaving a son, Marinus James, who served in Germany and Spain, and afterwards, on the admission of Roman Catholics to the British army, entered the 18th royal Irish regiment, served in Egypt and India, and subsequently joined the 14th regiment, in which he highly distinguished himself, and was killed leading a storming party in 1811, at Cornelis in Java, under sir Rollo Gillespie; having before lost an arm in the same service. The prize money to which he was entitled amounted to 109,000 rupees. Thomas Kennedy left two sons, Marinus and Macarius, the former so distinguished himself in the university of Dublin, that he was invited to stand for a fellowship, which he declined in consequence of his religion. He was a prominent member of the grenadier company of the lawyer's corps, and survived to the present year. His brother Macarius, a solicitor, was father of Thomas Kennedy, barrister, a member of the original "Comet club," and founder and editor of the "Irish Monthly Magazine," published from May, 1831, to September, 1834. Thomas Kennedy died in 1840, leaving three brothers, Marinus, Macarius, and Philip, the first of whom represents the families of Kennedy and Fergus; and the second entered as a cadet, and served through the campaigns of 1832-3-4, in the Liberating army of Portugal, was severely wounded in the throat by a ball at the siege of Oporto, and for his distinguished services recommended by colonel Williams for the order of the "Tower and sword," and was subsequently appointed lieutenant in the Royal regiment of grenadiers, commanded by colonel Dodgin, C.B.

quired a knowledge of exorcising or driving out evil spirits from persons supposed to be tormented by them, according to the ceremonies prescribed in the rituals and in the "*Flagellum Dæmonum*," and other works on demonology. Having entered the priesthood, he was entrusted with the care of a parish in the diocese of Tuam; but being seized with a strong belief that God had endowed him with the power of curing diseases by exorcism, he began to practise about the year 1657; and it having been reported that he enjoyed miraculous powers of dispossessing devils, and healing all sorts of maladies, the result was that "he drew the world after him, not only Catholic but Protestants; in so much, that he had often a thousand, sometimes fifteen hundred, nay, two or three thousand who followed him, even through bogs, woods, mountains and rocks, and desert places whither soever the people heard him to have fled from the persecution of Cromwell's troops or governors; that priests enough could not be had (though many accompanied him of purpose) to hear the confessions of the great multitude drawn to repentance and resolutions of a new life, by the example of his life, and wonder of his works." These proceedings were, however, regarded with suspicion by several "grave and judicious churchmen," and a general disbelief in Finachty's miraculous powers was entertained by a number of Irish Franciscans, then residing in London, where his pretensions were argued against to the community by Father Bonaventure O'Melaghlin, an Irish Franciscan, and "one who had gone through almost all promotions, i. e. all both local and provincial supervisorships of his own order in the province of Ireland at home, who had been several times guardian, once vicar-provincial, and then pro-minister provincial, going from Ireland to the general chapter in Spain, there to be one of the Vocals, as representing the person of the then Franciscan minister, provincial of Ireland." This divine reprobated the idea that God allowed devils to afflict so many people in Ireland as were said to have been exorcised by him, and asserted that "such as Finachty himself, or they themselves, pretended to have been cured by him of any visible disease (from what cause soever flowing) were observed to have very soon after relapsed into their former evil, or rather indeed not to have been at all really cured by him." In 1662 the duke of Ormond, then lord lieutenant,

being desirous to obtain accurate information relative to the proceedings of Finachty, commanded Father Peter Walsh "to look particularly and singularly after him, and see he abused the people no longer, by going about so like a mountebank, cheating all the nation; nay, and bringing his countrymen also into suspicion of some bad design amongst them; and this neither unjustly nor at all ungroundlessly, if his procession about the kingdom, and the multitudes every where flocking to him be considered, together with all other circumstances of time, and present conjuncture of public affairs." The results of these inquiries were reported as follows:—

"1. That by the mediation of some friends he had the summer past of that same year 1662, before the lord lieutenant's landing, procured, or at least obtained a pass from some of the great ones in authority, to go freely where he pleased about Ireland, and accordingly had gone from province to province, and consequently also had met, and drawn after him many hundreds in some places, in other many thousands of people, some expecting to be healed by him of their infirmities, others (who were incomparably the greater number) to be satisfied in their curiosity. 2. That he had also in many countries, or counties, solemnly dedicated, blessed, and hallowed even some common wells or springs abroad in the fields, giving the said wells special titles, in imitation of the more famed, ancient, and commonly esteemed miraculous wells in this kingdom of Ireland, those I mean of St. Brigid in Connacht, and St. John Baptist neer Dublin, whither people go in pilgrimage: and that his admirers did not scruple to affirm, he had by his blessing communicated to the said wells of his own, or dedicated by him, part of his own efficacious and supernatural wonder-working virtue, to cure all diseases. 3. That however, being encouraged by, and relying on his pass, he had proceeded thus, as in triumph, of one side of the kingdom, out of Connaught to Munster, and from Thurles in Munster down to Leinster, till he came within five miles of Dublin, received in all places, entertained, revered, honoured, admired not only by the common people, but by the gentry, nobility, knights, lords, ladies, and clergy too; and by many also presented with gifts, which he never refused. 4. That at Cluansillach\* (five miles from Dublin), the last of any place so near the capital city, where his miraculous scenes were for that time presented, a vast number both out of the city, and adjacent counties thronged about him so, that some of them were trodden almost to death. 5. That from thence he returned back to his own country, by an other way than that he came by; but, and especially where ever he saw a great multitude, practising still (as his manner and delight was to practise in the open fields

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\* Correctly *Cluain-sailcach*—the plain of the willows—corrupted into Clonsilla.

amongst great multitudes) dispossessing of devils, from such as he himself alone was pleased to judge possessed, and curing too, or at least pretending and attempting to cure all other diseases by praying, and exorcising, and touching, and crossing, and stroaking, and (sometimes also for some diseases) by blowing vehemently and laboriously too into the ears of the diseased party. 6. And lastly, that some Protestants also having gone of purpose to see him, others of them really, to desire his helping hand, but others only to be satisfied by seeing what good or not he did to any, there wanted not amongst them, nay and amongst the very Catholics too both men and women, some persons, or rather indeed too many returned extremely unsatisfied, looking unto all his feats as meer cheats and imposture, while others cried up several of them for true and great miracles: and that from the former dissatisfied persons the information given to the lord lieutenant had proceeded."

Notwithstanding Finachty's reputed success, his advocates were unable to prove any cure actually effected by him. Geoffrey Brown and sir Richard Beling,\* two eminent Roman Catholics, firmly believed in his miraculous powers and although he failed to cure Beling of the gout, the latter applied to the duke of Ormond to grant him permission to practise in Dublin, but ceased to urge his request when the lord lieutenant represented to him the contempt likely to be brought upon his religion in the event of failure; adding, "If Father Finachty come to Dublin, and do but one miracle only of all the incredible numbers reported, he shall lye even in my own bed here within the king's castle, and be as safe and free as I, to come and go at his pleasure."

Meanwhile the reports of Finachty's proceedings having reached England, he was, through the medium of the queen's chaplains, Dr. Hughes and Father Teig Power, alias "captain Power," afterwards bishop of Clonfert, brought to London to operate upon a blind Portuguese countess, then at the English court. Although his attempts to restore the lady's sight were a complete failure, he confidently requested lord Aubigny, the queen's almoner, to obtain leave for him to demonstrate his powers by publicly curing any number of invalids that might be collected for that purpose. This offer having been declined, Finachty returned to Dublin, where he again failed to relieve a supposed demoniac whom he had expressly brought to exhibit

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\* For a notice of Beling, see IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, Vol. II. 66.



his skill upon at lord Fingal's house; and although he was said to have performed cures at lady White's in Leixlip, lady Donagan's at Castle-town, and at sir Andrew Aylmer's at Donadea, the Roman Catholic priests of those places declared him to be an impostor, an opinion which very generally prevailed among the clergy, who were incensed at discovering that he was carrying on intrigues at Rome to procure himself appointed bishop of Elphin; others were disgusted by his avarice, for he received "all was offered him in any place by some well meaning but deluded people, both rich and poor, viz., horses, watches, gold, silver, pieces of woollen and linen cloth, &c., which, said they, argued him not to be a man of so much as ordinary either grace or virtue, much less of extraordinary holiness, or miraculous gifts."

"Others, and to instance one, viz., Father Dominick Dempsy, a venerable, old and experienced Franciscan of known repute, affirming in the convent of Clane, That the said Finachty's very pretence of exorcising and dispossessing devils, was, to their knowledge, a lying cheat of his own; that his custom was to get a multitude together in some open field, and there (being encircled by them, while every one of the simpler sort looked on him as an undoubted wonderworker) to single out before them all some young maid, then to say she had been possessed by the Devil; and (if she denied it) to box her, and bang her lustily, until she (being so confounded before the people, and to be rid of the shame, by yielding to him) had confessed what he pleased, and answered all his interrogatories as he would, and led her himself to the answer, during his exorcising her."

Large numbers of people, however, continued to follow Finachty, and to throng to him from the country, to be cured, in consequence of which it was at one period contemplated by the Protestant divines to have him tried in the ecclesiastical court "for a wizard or an impostor;" and at a meeting of the Roman Catholic clergy in Dublin it was proposed to prohibit his practising in the city, and "to command him away as an impostor, or at least a brain-sick man." Shortly afterwards, Father Walsh obtained an interview with Finachty, in compliance with the instructions of the lord lieutenant, and found him sufficiently satisfied with his own miraculous powers to request permission from the duke of Ormond to make a public exhibition of curing any number of diseased persons that could be collected. The lord lieutenant being then absent from Dublin, the desired licence could not be immediately obtained, meantime Finachty

continued his proceedings in Dublin, in the manner described as follows by the reverend Father Walsh :

“ One day not finding him at home in his own lodgings, or in those where I had seen him last, and being directed where he was at dinner, and coming thither, and finding the door shut, and a great many people of the ordinary sort, men, women, boyes, girls, before and on each side of the door abroad in the open street, some standing, some sate down upon the stones being weary, and all staying his leisure to be admitted in to him, in order to be cured by him, as they expected, I took this opportunity of seeing his practice, which I had not seen before, nor indeed after desired to see. He was just after dinner, with some citizens, men and women, yet not risen from the table when I came in. I told him before them all, how I had seen such a number in the open street, expecting his leisure, and thought they should be rather admitted in, and dispatched as soon as could be one after another, than be an occasion of needless talk of him by the Protestants that passed by. Whereupon, they being about twenty or thirty, or thereabouts, were presently admitted, and led into another room, and he as confidently, as if he had the very true wonder-working virtue of Peter the apostle, or of Christ himself, begins immediately to exorcise and cross, and pray over each of them one after another, I standing by his side, and observing all his words and actions very attentively. Some complained of their head, others of their back, others of their shoulders, several of aches in other parts, one of weakness of sight, some of deafness in their ears, &c., but none of all these or those, had any visible disease, nor complained of spirits, save onely one boy, whose eyelids had been almost quite closed together, and one girl that pretended she was troubled with fairies. His prayer and exorcism was very short, and said without book. His crosses he began first in the limb that ailed ; thence having driven the pain (as he said, or they answered) to other parts, he followed it thither with crossing, and praying, and conjuring, till after some two attempts, commonly two or three at most, the patient, when put the question by him, answered at last, he or she was cured. Which being answered, he bid such party go on the other side of the room, and give God thanks on bended knees. In the mean time he fell to another, and so to all one after another, as many as he could dispatch. The difference I perceived in his manner of curing, or pretending to cure, was, That besides exorcising, praying, and crossing, he used to blow very long and very strong into the ears of such who complained of deafness, or pain in that organ, laying his mouth on the affected ear, and blowing so vehemently hard thereinto, that it must have been both painful to himself, and naturally (i.e., without any miracle at all) in some measure effectual to work in that affected organ some alteration. But whether so or no, I was not much concerned, because I could not perceive anything or sign of the deafness, or other evil of their ears who complained of them, as neither of the cure done to them or others, whose neither disease or cure was visible to, or perceivable by any third person. This made me long to see the blind boy taken in hand. When his turn came, I judged

him to be aged about 12, 13, or 14 years at most, and there was none present but must have judged and be certain he was stark blind; which was the reason I was very intent upon him while under the exorcisor's hand. But to no purpose at last, than to see the poor boy cross'd several times on both his eyes, and a short prayer made over him, and a white handkerchief pulled out, and hung betwixt his eyes, and the light of a window (against which he had been directly placed with his face to that light), and then demanded by the said exorcist Father Finachty, whether he could see anything? And the boy answering, he could not: and therefore again the second time prayed and practised over, and then also the second time (upon hanging of the same handkerchief as before) ask'd by the same exorcist, whether he could see now anything? And the boy returning again the aforesaid answer, and everyone at present observing by their own seeing or looking on the boyes eyelids, there was nothing at all done, no kind of change, and Father Finachty thereupon (i.e., so soon as the boy had the second time answered, he could see nothing at all) very carelessly, without any further ceremony or notice taken thereof, giving over and turning from this blind boy, to some other of those by, that expected their turn, but had no visible disease or evil, and practising upon them. When I had so particularly observed this of that blind boy, what my lord Clancarty had long before told me, presently came to my mind, viz., that in his own presence at Thurls, Finachty disowned the power of curing meer natural diseases. It remained therefore now, that I should see him practise on the young girle, that was said to be troubled with spirits, or fairies. For it growing late, there was an ordinary countrey-woman standing by that came to me, and pray'd me to speak to him for her daughter, a young well-complexioned girle of about thirteene or fourteene years old, that they might be dispatched in time, as having two miles to go out of town that evening to Crumling\* (a village near Dublin) where she said she dwelled. I asked the woman what her daughter ailed? She answered that lately her girle having gone abroad into the fields, she returned home much troubled with some apparition of spirits she had there seen, and continued ever since troubled with them, especially at night. This occasion I embraced the more willingly, that I doubted not his extraordinary gift (if any he had) consisted only in exorcising spirits, or curing such distempers as commonly proceeded (or at least were supposed to proceed) from such evils, spirits or fairies; though, at the same time, I considered well enough not only that there nothing was visible to, nor perceptible by any other of us there present of any such afflicting that young maid, but also that meer imagination, and heat of blood, or some other accident distempering her brain, might have made her apprehend the trouble of spirits, where all the evil was from other causes, and such as were natural in her own body or constitution. However, because I thought withall she was such a

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\* Now Crumlin—a corruption of the Irish *Cruim ghlinn*, literally the crooked glen.

sort of demoniack as all the very worst of those (in that country then) commonly reputed demoniacks by him and his admirers, I was desirous to see on this occasion the method of his practice on such. And therefore prayed him to turn to that maid, and examine both herself and mother, and then proceed with her as he thought fit, because it was growing late, and they had a longer way to go than others that night. He yields readily, and seems glad of the opportunity, when I told him she was said to be troubled with spirits. And, after some few questions put by him to the mother in publick before us all, he says he must speak in private to the girl, and thereupon takes her away with him to another more private room, where none was but he and she together, and there remains so for a pretty while, I suppose examining herself more strictly; though it seemed somewhat strange to me, that at least desire me to goe along with him, and be present all the while (at least in the same room) at any even whatsoever such private examination, the rather, that I was the only church-man with him that whole afternoon. At last he calls for me, and with me as many of the rest go as pleased, or could well stand in the small room where he was. We found the young girl placed by him in a chair just against the window, that is, her face turned thither, and the casement opened. Then he stands over her, falls to his formal adjurations, and after he had signed her several times with the cross on the head and fore-head, within a while asks her, where she felt her evil? and upon her answer, that in her neck, or shoulder, arme, or side, &c., pursues it, still from limb to limb with crossing that part of her body, and continuing still his exorcism. Then he demands again and again, was she well yet, or did she feel it elsewhere? Sometime she answered, she was well and felt nothing any more, but then he box'd her, and told her she lyed; and then also, but after some further adjuration by him, she crys here, or there, viz., in some other part of her body; where he pursues it in the same method till he comes down to her feet, and then rubs hard, or rather strikes, or stroaks hard her foot with his own over it in a sloping manner, so that her toe was the last he touched with his sole, as pretending to drive out the devil from that last habitation, or retreat of his into her toe. Then bids her look stedfastly through the casement or opening of the window, and tell what she had seen there, and how many go out that way. And, if she demurred upon her answer, threatens her, and so leads her to confess she had seen some go out. Then again he asked her what more did she see? or did she not see a great mountain far off, and a great fire upon it, and a great number of black fellows fighting, and killing, and chopping one another in pieces, and throwing also one another into the fire? when she had answered yes, then he renews more vehemently his conjurations. Wherein (as I took particular notice) he used even from the beginning of his exorcisme, to insert a special command to a hundred thousand devils, enjoining them to come from hell and carry away that evil spirit, companion of theirs, or those many such that possessed or molested this creature of God, and to leave her thenceforth free from their vexation, &c. But it seemed, nevertheless, even by his own confession in that very place and time, before and to us all

present, that some of these evil spirits (at least some of those pretended by him to have possessed her) continued still extream refractory and stubborn. For after he had tyred himself, and well nigh wearied the beholders (at least me, I am sure), it growing very late, and he having once more asked the girl, whether she did not find herself well? and she answering yea, he told her she lyed; and then converting himself to the beholders, but particularly to the mother, declared, she was strongly yet possessed, she must come or be brought to him again at better leasure, and that he must take much more paines with her than he could for that present. Whereupon all parted. How well satisfied others were, I know not; but sure I am I was myself much troubled at all I had seen and heard; not being void even of some suspicious thoughts coming on me (whether I would or no), that the reason of his retiring first in private with the girl, was only to catechise her how to behave herself, and answer to the questions he should put her in publick as soon as he called us in. However, I clearly saw he gave no proofs that day of any miraculous gift for curing either the one or other sort of diseases; I mean, either those proceeding immediately from some extraordinary diabolical operation, or those which have other immediate ordinary causes visible or natural. And yet I dared not judge that he had no such gift, although he failed that time; but rather, would even then perswade myself he might have it in some occasions, and in order to some persons, according to the good pleasure and mercy of God; being continued even then in so favorable an opinion of him by the returning memory of what was lately written of him from London, and what some others told me, but especially of what Geoffrey Brown related. And yet withal I could not but judge out of what I had myself that day seen, his great proffer could be no less than subject to a very great contingency. Notwithstanding which judgment of mine and of many others too, declared again and again by myself to him, I saw his confidence always such in demanding licence for the more public tryal before mentioned, that I would even shut my own eyes a little longer, and see only with his. Which was the reason that upon his coming to lye at one Mr. Raughter's (his own countrey-man), in Kennedy-lane within two or three doors to my lodging, I not only visited him again early in a morning, but (finding him there on his knees all alone at his private devotions) desired him to sign with the sign of the cross myself, from the crowne of my head to the very soles of my feet, in every part of my body, and pray over me; telling him I had a little spice of the scurvy for many years, encreasing still more and more by my sedentary life, and though not with pain, yet often with weakness, and numbness of my arms and legs, besides other evident signs thereof, especially spots of all colours of the rainbow to-day appearing, and next day again disappearing. And certainly during all the time he signed my limbs, and prayed over me, he standing, and I kneeling, no man I think could ever have less prejudice or more resignation than I had, even in order I mean to his gift, or effect thereof on myself: being as before and after, so at that time resolved not to frame any judgment of him out of his want of success on me, nay nor on any other one, or more persons whatsoever

practised on in private, but to suspend my judgment till I had seen the success of the public trial himself desired. So far was I all along unto the very last from either disaffection to, or prejudice against Father Finachty. Though as neither in, or from this practice, or effect thereof on myself: so neither in, or from that I had seen of his on others, I could see any argument for him."

The lord lieutenant, on his return to Dublin, was informed of Finachty's request for permission to cure publicly any number of invalids that might be produced, to which the duke was pressed to accede, that the priest's miraculous powers might be finally tested. Ormond, after some hesitation, agreed to grant the required licence, and on Finachty re-asserting his readiness to cure, indiscriminately, persons afflicted with every variety of disease, his excellency promised that everything should be prepared for the public trial in two or three days:—

"Much about that same time," continues Walsh, "Father Finachty sent and came also himself to let me know, he had now stayed six whole weeks in town expecting that licence, and occasion; adding, that he could stay no longer for it (but would depart to Connaught) if not suddenly granted. He withal soon after, and early in the morning sends me word, that he would say mass privately in my lodging, and accordingly comes, and says in a private oratory I had there, myself serving him at mass. When he had done, and was come down and sat at a fire (for it was winter and cold weather) ready to drink his morning's draught with a toast, which was preparing him there, he complaining of weakness, and drowth, by reason of the continual sweat every night, whereunto he had been for some days before and then subject, in comes to that same room, unexpectedly, sir William Petit,\* knight, a learned acute physitian, and great traveller, and with him another ingenious young gentleman, Mr. Robert Southwel, likewise for some years a traveller in other parts of Europe, both of them Protestants, and both of my acquaintance. I, having known nothing of their coming or cause thereof, did think they only came to see myself, as at least Mr. Southwel used sometimes to do. But it appeared after, that sir William Petit was commanded by the lord lieutenant to go together with one doctor Yarner another Protestant physitian, and find me out, and tell me how the sick persons were now in town, and all other matters ready of

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\* For a memoir of sir W. Petty, see the essay on his "Survey of Ireland," A.D. 1655-6, IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, Vol. II. Sir Robert Southwell, above referred to, was born near Kinsale in 1635; he was appointed privy counsellor to Charles II., and employed as envoy to Portugal, Flanders, and Brandenburg; William III. created him secretary of state for Ireland, and he died in 1702, having been five times elected president of the Royal Society.

their side, and bid me therefore give notice thereof to Father Finachty that he might fix his day, his place, and company he would have present of his side. Now because sir William could not meet then with Doctor Yarner, he brought along with him Mr. Southwell, who both could shew him the way to my lodgings, and was willing enough to come upon such an occasion, which suspended the thoughts of many. This was the cause of their coming, as my lord lieutenant told me after at night; for they did not, as being surprised with a sudden curiosity, when they saw one with me, and that to their question asking me aside, who it was? I answered, he was a person they would perhaps desire to be acquainted with, even the famed wonder-working priest Father James Finachty. For I had no sooner told them so, then without any further reply or ceremony, they both go to the fire where he sate, and sitting down by him (who seemed at first to take no great notice of them) sir William Petty being next him begins to speak to him in this manner, or at least (I am sure) to this purpose: Father, I have of a long time heard much of you, and lately much more than formerly. For my own part, I am on this occasion, and for what concerns religion, as a piece of white paper. You may write in my soul what you please as to the way of worshipping God, if you attest that way by plain miracle. And therefore if you do by your prayer remove this wart which you see on my finger (and thereupon showed that finger of his hand, and the wart thereon) I will presently declare myself of your religion. So soon as I heard sir William out, I thought it high time for me to interpose, as knowing his acuteness in philosophy, and Father Finachty's dulness even in matters of divinity. And therefore I desired sir William to consider better of what he proposed; and how unsuitable it was to the ordinary custom we read of saints invoking God, and applying themselves immediately to him for a favour above nature to such as desired their intercession.—Which being over, he recollects himself again; and attacks anew Father Finachty, telling him, that he had in truth an infirmity which was very troublesome to him. I am purblind, Father (says he) I can read at such or such a distance very near my eyes; but cannot a word at any other wherein others do. If you will cure me of this troublesome infirmity, I shall humbly and religiously acknowledge, as I ought, God's both merciful and wonderful hand therein. I had by chance walked over towards the window on the other side of the room, when, and as soon as sir William had ended these few words of his later proposal. But sooner than I was half way returned back, I saw Father Finachty first standing up, then saying to sir William, 'Let us try;' and then also immediately advancing a few steps and kneeling, his back being turned to them, and his face to the wall; and consequently by private prayer to God, preparing himself to his other exercise, viz., both of praying audibly over, and visibly crossing sir William's eyes, and invoking God to cure him there in all our presence. I was truly much perplexed at the suddenness of the Father's resolution; but had no time to consider when the foresaid two gentlemen sir William and Mr. Southwel came where I stood, asking me very concernedly, what they should do? What (said I)

other than to lay yourselves likewise to your knees reverently behind him, and pray heartily, but first preparing yourselves inwardly with a lively faith and hope and love of God, and consequently, with a true and full repentance of all your sins, and effectual resolutions of a new life, and then beg of God, that for the passion of his own beloved our Saviour Christ, your incredulity or other sins, may not obstruct his mercy or his grace to be shewn (said I to you sir William) by the ministry of that good man, who now prepares to practice on, and invoke God over you. Whereupon the two gentlemen laid themselves immediately to their knees, and I also with them on mine, praying devoutly. As soon as Father Finachty rose, I gave him a priestly stole to put about his neck, and the Aspersorium to sprinkle them first with holy water; both which he used, as the manner is. Then having placed sir William standing betwixt him and the light of the window, he himself also standing, falls a crossing both the purblind eyes, and saying loud in all our hearing a short Latin prayer, and a prayer too proper only for eyes. And then having done his whole exercise over (I know not whether once only, or oftener) he bid sir William take the Bible, and try whether he could read it in the same distance other men do commonly. Sir William takes the book very readily, and was so desirous and hopeful too of amendment (as himself said presently) that at the first opening of the book he thought his sight mightily mended; but then immediately finding his own error, and that he could not read but as before, he tells Father Finachty, how it was. Whereupon all the former method of crossing and praying was repeated the second time by the Father; and the second time also was sir William desired by him to try again whether he could read the book otherwise than before. But upon sir William trying so the second time, and then answering, he could not, Father Finachty, without further attempt or ceremony, or word spoken by him, turns aside, pulls off his stole, puts on his hat, goes over to, and takes his former seat at the fire with his back turned to us, even as unconcernedly as might be. Sir William, perceiving there was no more to be expected, puts on also his hat, comes to me at the window, and asks whether I had ever read any thing in necromancy? I answered, I had not. Truly (says he) no more have I in all my life until within these two days, when by meer chance, going to a certain house in town, I lighted on a book which I am now to show you, and withal therein to a word, the very prayer that Father Finachty hath now prayed over my eyes. For in my reading so lately this book through, I remember that very form of prayer amongst others to be therein. Which having said, he draws out of his pocket a thick octavo Latin book, in a fair writing Italian or Roman hand, the title thereof pretending it to have been written by Frater Petrus Lombardus minor in civitate magna Alexandrie, and the subject altogether necromancy; as by turning it over and looking on the schemes and prayers, and other matters, I could not myself but presently see; as neither can I deny, that the very same prayer of Father Finachty was immediately turned to by sir William, and showed to me before I looked further into that book: only, to my best remembrance there was some little alteration of



some few words ; but an alteration I confess that was nothing material."

Petty thereupon offered to wager one hundred pounds in gold, that he would cure as many as Finachty out of a given number, and entered into a discourse to prove that the supposed cures performed by the priest were purely effected by the imagination ; that his object in collecting large numbers together was a reliance on the probability that some of these individuals might, at the time, be actually recovering from their previous sickness, which was never reflected upon by the vulgar, who ascribed their restoration to the miraculous agency of the operator. And so, adds our author, "leaving me the foresaid book of necromancy for a day or two, to peruse it through at my leisure ; he and Mr. Southwell parted without so much as saluting, or bidding good morrow to, or taking at all further notice of Father Finachty, though sitting still at the fire in the same room, but in truth regarding them as little, or at least seeming not to regard them, nor be at all concerned in them, or their talk, for he could not but hear every word." On the night succeeding this incident, the lord lieutenant informed Walsh that arrangements had been made for Finachty to perform publicly on the following day, the selection of the place being left to himself ; Drs. Yarnier and Petty undertaking to produce the necessary number of invalids. When this was communicated to Finachty, he seemed much troubled, stated that his health was then too much impaired to permit him to go through the exorcisms, and added that the trial should be deferred until he had returned from Connacht, whither he intended to journey on the following day, there being then in town "some horses returning that way, which, as belonging to friends of his, were offered to him whereby to save charges." In reply to this, Walsh pointed out to Finachty his inconsistency in thus shrinking from the public trial which he had so long solicited, and offered, moreover, to be himself at the expense of his journey to Connacht, saying in conclusion, "you shall have for as long as you will this chamber, and that closet with the books in it, and the private oratory above your head, and a servant to attend you, and meat and drink (and physick too if you please), and whatever else even company or loneliness, untill you find yourself recruited perfectly wherein you think yourself decayed : and I

will, in the mean time, both excuse you and put off the day of public appearance till then." Moved by these arguments, Finachty promised to remain and appear on the following day ; on this assurance, says Walsh, "I took leave with him for that night, not doubting the sincerity of his promise, and left him there in my own chamber, and bed, leaving also, one to attend and serve him if he had wanted anything, and went myself to lye in the private oratory that was in the same house over his head. But I was scarce out of my bed, when unexpectedly, even by the break of day, I saw him even also as accoutred for a march, come up into that room where I lay, and telling me in plain terms, I must excuse him, in that finding himself not well, he must and would be gone out of town presently, and take his journey to Connacht; praying me withal to excuse him to the lord lieutenant, and assure his grace that so soon as he recovered his health and strength, he would not fail to come (if I called him) and perform what was either expected from him or himself had offered." All further expostulation to divert him from his purpose was ineffectual, nor could he be induced even to write a letter to the lord lieutenant, specifying the reasons for his sudden withdrawal. Walsh, however, begged him not to hold any "fields" during his progress to Lochrea, "and then remembering how he had (though indirectly) but the last night insinuated some want, I gave him," says Walsh, "what money I had in my pocket, i. e. about fourteen shillings; which having taken, he departed from me; yet he had the confidence, within two hours after, even that very morning before he left the town, to send me a little printed English book (in twelves or sixteens) of his own miracles done in London."

After his retreat from Dublin, Finachty fell into obscurity, having been forbidden to practice his exorcisms by the archbishop of Tuam, whose censure he had incurred for having nearly driven mad some weak-minded people at Portumna, and for publicly declaring that "all the women in Ireland were specially possessed of the Devil."

Finachty had not long retired, when a new wonder worker appeared in the person of Valentine Greatracks or Greatrix, a respectable Protestant gentleman of Affane, clerk of the peace, and a magistrate of the county of Cork. His mode of operating appears to have been similar to that of Finachty, as described at page 618, whence he acquired the name of "the

**Stroaker."** His treatment of Thoresby's brother, for violent pains in the head and back, is described as follows: "Mr. Greatracks, coming by accident to the house, gave present ease to his head, by only stroking it with his hands. He then fell to rub his back, which he most complained of; but the pain immediately fled from his hand to his right thigh; then he pursued it with his hand to his knee; from thence to his leg, aule, and foot, and, at last, to his great toe. As it fell lower, it grew more violent, and when in his toe it made him roar out, but upon rubbing there it vanished." Vast crowds of diseased persons flocked after Greatracks, and he was brought to England expressly to cure viscountess Conway; although unsuccessful in that and many other cases, Boyle, Cudworth, and Wilkins bore testimony to the efficacy of his treatment in several instances; and the philosophers of the time defined his healing faculty "as a sanative contagion in the body, which had an antipathy to some particular diseases and not to others." Of the termination of his career nothing appears to be known, except that he was satirized by St. Evremond; and a writer of the day tells us that, "not long after his practices on folks in London, he went out like the snuff of a candle, just as Finachty did."

On the attainder of sir William Kennedy, in 1703, twelve houses, which he held in fee, in Kennedy's-lane, were confiscated to the crown. One of those is described as "a large brick house, in good repair, has cellars under the whole house, is two storeys and a half high, and has a back-side, being the queen's bench office, with a waste plot of ground joining thereto, breadth in front sixty-four feet, rere forty-six feet, depth thirty-eight feet." Dr. Richard Hemsworth, president of the Irish college of physicians, in 1735, was one of the residents of this locality in the last century; and the king's bench office, although removed for a time to School-house-lane, was re-transferred, in 1745, to Kennedy's-lane, where, together with the office of the court of exchequer and that of the chief remembrancer, it continued to be held till the year 1785.

### ART. III.—FASHION IN POETRY AND THE POETS OF FASHION.

1. *The Works of the Right Honourable Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, K.B., Ambassador to the Courts of Russia, Saxony, &c. From the Originals in the possession of his Grandson, the Right Hon. the Earl of Essex: With Notes by Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford.* 3 vols. 8vo. London: Edward Jeffrey and Son. 1822.
2. *Lyra Urbanica, or The Social Effusions of the celebrated Captain Charles Morris, of the late Life-Guards.* 2 vols. 8vo. London: Richard Bentley. 1840.
3. *Poems.* By the late Hon. William R. Spencer. 1 vol. post 8vo. London: James Cochrane and Co. 1835.
4. *The Life and Correspondence of M. G. Lewis, author of "The Monk," "Castle Spectre," &c., with many Pieces in Prose and Verse never before published.* 2 vols. 8vo. London: Henry Colburn. 1839.
5. *Letters to Julia, in Rhyme; to which are added Lines written at Amptill Park.* By Henry Luttrell. Third Edition. 1 vol. post 8vo. London: John Murray. 1822.
6. *Comic Miscellanies in Prose and Verse.* By the late James Smith, Esq., one of the Authors of "*The Rejected Addresses*;" with a Selection from his Correspondence, and Memoir of his Life. Edited by his brother, Horace Smith, Esq. Second Edition. 2 vols 8vo. London: Henry Colburn. 1841.
7. *The Life and Remains of Theodore Edward Hook.* By the Rev. R. H. Dalton Barham, B.A., author of "*The Life of Thomas Ingoldsby*." 2 vols. 8vo. London: Richard Bentley. 1849.
8. *Songs, Ballads, and other Poems.* By the late Thomas Haynes Bayly. Edited by his widow, with a Memoir of the Author. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Richard Bentley. 1844.

LITERATURE, like all other employments to which men devote their talents, has had its fashions, its phases, and its varieties. Poetry, however, seems to have been peculiarly selected as the

chiefest branch of literature upon which the learned and the clever have exercised their genius, and in torturing metres they have never ceased to rack their powers of invention, excelling, in all their fullest perfections of exuberant efflorescence, the wonderfully empty nothings exemplified by that prince of puppies, *Sir Pircie Shafton*, in his elaborated Euphuisms.

We love the study of literary history—its eccentricities and its fanciful fopperies, and there is no stranger page in all the records of mental glories and mental weakness than that exemplified by the follies of literary fashions. These fashions have prevailed in all ages and in all countries. The Greeks, so subtile in genius and perfect in taste; the Romans, so wide and all-embracing in the grand scope of their literature, and in another epoch the French, so bizarre in intellect—learning and folly commingled—all have had their literary fashions and ingenuities of metres. The wittiest and the wisest, the most holy and the most grave, the learned and the thoughtful, the man of study and the man of pleasure, have each contributed to the literary fashions of their time, and genius has frequently forsaken its sterner duties to try its powers among the lighter sports of Parnassus. The favorite poetical ingenuities have been, in all times, those called acrostics, centos, figure verses, retrograde verses, alliterative verses, lipogrammatic verses, and chronograms; these forms of metres were known to the Greeks and Romans, but, as we shall hereafter find, were cultivated most assiduously in France, where also other styles of rhyme twisting and mental gymnastics were invented. To France, indeed, nearly all the fanciful forms of verse are due, whether the debt be considered creditable or otherwise; whilst from that country, too, have sprung the whole race of Poets of Fashion.

The acrostic is a very ancient form of verse, and when properly used, can only be composed by the initial letters of each line forming, when read in order, some particular word. It has, however, been varied in many instances, and now we may consider any formation of letters in a poem, by which the name or word required can be produced, an acrostic. Thus, in the Bible, each verse of the thirty-third, and hundred and eighteenth psalms is commenced by one of the letters of the Hebrew alphabet; and in the Greek Anthology there are, in the thirty-eighth chapter of the first book, two epigrams, one in praise of Bacchus, the other in praise of Apollo, composed of twenty-five verses—the first containing the design of the poem, the

remaining twenty-four verses, composed each of four words, commencing with a particular letter of the Greek alphabet—each initial word of the first verse commencing with A, the second with B, and so continuing to Z. Priscien, the grammarian, also wrote acrostics; but to Reban-Maur, abbot of Fulda, and afterwards bishop of Mayence, belongs the merit of a very remarkable and ingenious acrostic. About the year 1501 he published a Latin treatise, or panegyric, on The Cross. The book consists of acrostic tatragns of thirty-five lines, each line containing thirty-five letters, and forming the figure of The Cross.

We now insert one of these acrostics, showing the sacred symbol and its frame :—

O	crux	excellens	totO	Dominaris	OlympO
crux			crux		crux
dux			quæ		verillum
misero			summi		sanctO
latO	crux	quæ	es	notO	et
que		xpi	car		triumph
redemptio				benedicta	
			dedicata		pia
					cautio
mundO			tropæe		seclO
	crux	quæ	cogis	ruptO	plebem
					ire
					ab
					Averno

Acrostic poems were in vogue at Paris during the first half of the seventeenth century; and as that was the age of patrons and of dedications, this species of verse was much employed by the author in flattering the vanity of his friend. The most amusing and most ingenious we have seen, is that prefixed to a book published in Paris in the year 1633, bearing the title—*Oriselle, ou Les Extrêmes mouvements d'amour*,

*tragi-comédie en cinq actes, en vers, dédiée à monseigneur le Maréchal de Bassompierre.* The unfortunate writer of this acrostic must certainly have endured unheard-of tortures in composing his dedication. He wishes to express his admiration of *François de Bassompierre*, and he thus accomplishes his task :—

Monder sur ses exploits un respect favorable,  
 Mender à tous les mortels sa faveur adorable,  
 M s s'illir les destins et les vaincre à la fois,  
 Monobetaut tous les traits de l'Infortuné même.  
 Considérer Combien son prince en secret l'aime,  
 Mjecte à vos haineux les soins d'un bon François,  
 Me me croirois vraiment attente d'ingratitude,  
 Mij je ne vous offrois ces fruits de mon étude,  
 Mout le naïf Dessein Demande votre aveu;  
 Mit si vous agréez ces termes de la guerre,  
 M urinant sur le Bronze une fois Bassompierre,  
 M u lieu de Mars, Après on vous encroir dien,  
 M ans doute le Bassantsur les troupes angloises  
 M ont dignes d'empêcher les étrangères noises,  
 M à leurs coups redoublés subirent votre effort:  
 Mais sans Mettre en oubli comme à l'heure Mars blême  
 M our n'a pas procher vos Pas avec Neustane même  
 M el fuyoit, d'oà l'Anglois vint recevoir la mort  
 M ncoré; mais le temps pour l'heure m'indispose,  
 M est Reignant mes escrites aux Rigueurs du silence:  
 Malement peut-on voir sans guer Redésastroy.  
 M n cela vous avez prévu votre anagramme,  
 Qui disposant mes vers par le fil de ma trame  
 Vous dit: FAIS DES AMIS AUPRES DE CE BON ROY.

England has little show in this species of literature, the *Cabal*, in the reign of Charles II. being the best known. This may arise from the circumstance that the national character is too grave and too matter-of-fact to enjoy or cultivate, a pursuit so frivolous and so unutilitarian. Such verses, however, as were frequently addressed to Louis XIV., might have been handed by Rochester to Charles II., or by Tom Durfey to William III.

Figure verses, or poems written in the shape of certain objects, as, for example, a drinking song in the form of a bottle, are of very great antiquity. Vossius attributes their invention to Simmias, the grammarian of Rhodes, who lived about three hundred and twenty-four years before the Christian era. Theocritus is stated to have written a poem in praise of Pan's flute, and forming its exact shape. It is a curious fact that

the Greeks squandered their genius upon these follies during the time in which their fame was highest, whilst the Romans turned to it only in the ages when their glory in art and literature was declining. The Italians have some very good specimens of figure verses, as is evidenced by those preserved in Guinguené's *History*, and in the *Urania* of Balthasar Bonifaccio. The chief figure versifier in the English language is old Puttenham; in his *Art of Poesie* he has inserted several of this class, and wrote, himself, two pillars to the fame of Queen Elizabeth. French poets, in writing figure verses, have been extremely ingenious. Rabelais makes *Panurge's* speech in the "dive bouteille" take the form of a flask; and two chapters farther on he presents us a glass. Panard, however, is the poet who has been most successful in forming his figures. His bottle and glass are most admirably arranged; and as very few of our readers are, we presume, acquainted with his works, we insert these two figures, giving first the bottle:—

Que mon  
Flacon  
Me semble bon !  
Sans lui  
L'ennui  
Me nuit,  
Me suit,  
Je sens  
Mes sens  
Mourants,  
Pesants.

Quand je le tiens,  
Dieux ! que je suis bien !

Que son aspect est agréable !

Que je fais cas de ces divins présents !

C'est de son sein fécond, c'est de ses heureux flancs

Que coule ce nectar si doux, si délectable,

Qui rend tous les esprits, tous les cœurs satisfaits.

Cher objet de mes vœux, tu fais toute ma gloire ;

Tant que mon cœur vivra, de tes charmes bienfaits

Il saura conserver la fidelle mémoire.

Ma muse, à te louer se consacre à jamais.

Tantôt dans un caveau, tantôt sous une treille,

Ma lyre, de ma voix accompagnant le son,

Répétera cent fois cette aimable chanson :

Règne sans fin, ma charmante bouteille,

Règne sans cesse. mon cher flacon.



We next present the glass :—

Nous ne pouvons rien trouver sur la terre  
 Qui soit si bon, ni si beau que le verre.  
 Du tendre amour berceau charmant,  
 C'est toi, champêtre fougère,  
 C'est toi qui sers à faire  
 L'heureux instrument  
 Où souvent pétille,  
 Mousse et brille  
 Le jus qui rend  
 Gai, riant,  
 Content.  
 Quelle douceur  
 Il porte au cœur!  
 Tôt,  
 Tôt,  
 Tôt,  
 Qu'on m'en donne,  
 Qu'on l'entonne;  
 Tôt,  
 Tôt,  
 Tôt,  
 Qu'on m'en donne,  
 Vite et comme il faut:  
 L'on y voit sur ces flots chéris  
 Nager l'allégresse et les ris.

Figure verses seem not to have been fashionable, to any considerable extent in England; and they and their writers have been satirized by Ben Jonson, and Tom Nash.

Lipogrammatic poems are those in which some letter of the alphabet is omitted. This species of folly is very ancient, and is generally attributed to Lasus, the poet of Hermione, in Peloponnessus, who lived five hundred years before Christ. He was considered one of the wise men of Greece, and proved his ingenuity, if not his good sense, by composing an *Ode to the Centaurs*, and a *Hymn to Ceres*, in which he omitted the letter S. In this he was imitated by Pindar. Nestor, a poet who lived under Severus, wrote an *Iliad*, in twenty-four books, each of which wanted some letter of the alphabet—A being omitted in the first, B in the second, and so on through the twenty-four letters. Tryphiodorus, who lived in the fifth century of the Christian era, followed this example, and wrote an *Odyssey* upon the same lipogrammatic plan. Referring to this work of Tryphiodorus, Addison writes :—

“ It must have been very pleasant to have seen this poet avoiding

the reprobate letter, as much as another would a false quantity, and making his escape from it through the several Greek dialects, when he was pressed with it in any particular syllable. For the most apt and elegant word in the whole language was rejected, like a diamond with a flaw in it, if it appeared blemished with a wrong letter. I shall only observe upon this head, that if the work I have here mentioned had been now extant, the *Odyssey* of Tryphiodorus, in all probability, would have been oftener quoted by our learned pedants, than the *Odyssey* of Homer. What a perpetual fund would it have been of obsolete words and phrases, unusual barbarisms and rusticities, absurd spellings, and complicated dialects? I make no question but it would have been looked upon as one of the most valuable treasures of the Greek tongue."

Closely connected, in fashion and fancy, with lipogrammatic poems, are those verses entitled, alliterative. The Roman poet Ennius has given many specimens of this puerility, and of acrostic verses. The following lines afford an example of his alliterative powers:—

"O, Tite, tute, Tati, tibi tanta tyranne tulisti,  
At, tuba terribili sonitu tarantara dixit."

It was the production of such verses as these, considered with relation to the elegance of his translations and imitations, that induced Ovid to write of this poet,—

"Ennius ingenio maximus—arte rudis."

Hugbald, a monk, who died in the year 930, wrote his poem, *De Laude Calvorum*, for the purpose of gaining the friendship of Charles the Bald, to whom it is dedicated. It consists of thirty-six verses, each line commencing with the letter C. The *Christus Crucifixus*, written in 1576, consists of twelve hundred lines, each commencing with the letter C; and the cloister, resolving not to be outdone in inutility by the school, George Hérís, a Carmelite monk of Liege, wrote, in the year 1680, his *Carmelus Triumphans*, in praise of the illustrious members of his order. In the chapters devoted to saints, the first letter in each word is the initial letter of the subject of the panegyric.

The most famous of these alliterative poems is that by Leo Placentius, printed in the *Nugæ Venales*, and known as *Pugna Porcorum*. In this poem all the words begin with the letter P. The succeeding lines furnish a good specimen of the whole:—

Plaudite porcelli; porcorum pigra propago  
Progreditur, plures porci pinguedine pleni  
Pugnantes pergunt. Pecudum pars prodigiosa,  
Perturbat pede petrosas plerumque plateas;  
Pars portentose populorum prata profanat.

The French have not cultivated this class of verses in their own language. Tabourot is the only poet who has tried it at any length; and his lines do not bear reprinting in this age. In England, Robert, or, more properly, William, Langland, the author of *The Vision of Piers Ploughman*, is the chief writer of alliterative verse. The Anglo-Saxons never employed rhyme, but seem to have substituted alliteration; Langland preserved the latter in his poem, with the addition of the former. However, according to Wright's edition of *The Vision*, Langland's observance of the alliteration is not very strict.

Anagrams afford another very remarkable instance of fashion in poetry. The earliest anagrams are found in the *Cassandra* of the Greek poet Lycophron, who lived about two hundred and eighty-five years before our era, and from his days to the present this species of composition has been much cultivated. By philosophers, poets, authors of all classes, it has been widely employed. Roger Bacon, in the eleventh chapter to his book, *De Secretis Operibus artis et naturæ*, is supposed to explain the composition of gunpowder, under the form of an anagram, in the following words:—"Sed tamen salis petræ luru vopo vir can utriet sulfuris, et sic facies tonitrum et coruscationem, si scias artificium; videas tamen utrum loquar in enigmatem vel secundum veritatem." The anagram is "carvonu pulveri trito," put for "carbonum pulvere trito." Rabelais, as is known, published the first two volumes of his book under the name "Alcofrías Nasier," being the anagram of François Rabelais. Indeed, so general had the fashion of writing in this style become in the sixteenth century, that Daurat, a poet who died in the year 1588, passed for a sage from the great facility which he displayed in forming anagrams from names, or as Bayle writes—"Il passait pour un grand devin en ce genre-là, et plusieurs personnes illustres lui donnèrent leur nom à anagrammatiser." No class of men escaped this mania; and there is a poem entitled *La Magdeleine*, composed by a Carmelite friar called Pierre de Saint-Louis, in which he has formed anagrams from the names of all the popes, the kings of France, the emperors, the generals of his order, and of nearly all the saints, and he fancied, as did those who, as stated above, resorted to Daurat, that the destinies of men could be discovered in the anagrams of their names. So common, we find, was this belief, that a German named Froben, published, in the year

1608, a book upon the art of making anagrams, under the title *Anagrammatopæia*.

Whilst the odd fancy for these absurdities was cherished, a strange circumstance occurred in Poland, proving that there is no step in folly so foolish, that beyond it another, still more childish, may not be taken. Every body has heard of "the poetry of motion," but to many the following complimentary anagram in shoe buckles, must be new. In the year 1639, young Stanislas Leczinski, a member of an ancient Polish family, returned home from a long tour, and it was resolved to celebrate the event by a ballet. The dances were executed by thirteen persons, each wearing a shoe buckle, on which was raised in gold in large character, one of the letters forming the words *LESCINIA DOMUS*. The ballet was comprised in six acts, and at the end of each the dancers placed themselves in such positions that the letters on the shoe buckles formed the following words :—

1st Act. Domus Lescinia.	4th Act. Mane, Sidus Loci.
2nd Act. Ades Incolumis.	5th Act. Sis Columna Dei.
3rd Act. Omnis Es Lucida.	6th Act. I, Scande solium.

On the other fooleries in rhyme, such as the retrograde verses, which can be read backward, as in the following line—

"Roma, tibi subito motibus ibit amor;"

of the centos made up of fragments of various poems, we shall not dwell, but conclude this portion of our paper with a specimen of the echo verses. It seems that with the exception of an epigram of Martial's, and a few pieces in the *Anthologia*, this description of verse was not in vogue at Rome; it was, however, much admired by the Greeks. Rabelais has employed this species of composition in the chapter entitled, "Comment Panurge se consille à Pantagruel, pour sçavoir s'il doit marier." Amongst the French poets there were many who wrote rather clever verses in this echo style; the following, by Joachim Dubellay, supposed to be a dialogue between a lover and Echo, was long considered very admirable :—

Pitense Echo, qui erres en ce bois,	
Réponds au son de ma pitense voix.	
D'où ai-je pu ce grand mal concevoir ?	
Qui m'ôte ainsi de raison le devoir ?	<i>De voir.</i>
Qui est l'auteur de ces maux advenus ?	<i>Venus.</i>
Comment en sont tous mes sens devenus ?	<i>Nuds.</i>
Qu'étais-je avant d'entrer dans ce passage ?	<i>Sage.</i>
Et maintenant que sens-je en mon courage ?	<i>Rage.</i>

Qu'est-ce qu'aimer et s'en plaindre souvent ?	<i>Vent.</i>
Que suis-je donc lorsque le cœur en fend ?	<i>Enfant.</i>
Qui est la fin de prison si obscure ?	<i>Cure.</i>
Dis-moi quelle est celle pour qui j'endure ?	<i>Dure.</i>
Sent-elle point la douleur qui me point !	<i>Point.</i>
O que cela me vient mal à point !	
Me faut-il donc (ô débile entreprise !)	
Lâcher ma proie avant que l'avoir prise ?	
Si vaut-il mieux avoir cœur moins hantain,	
Qu'ainsi languir sous espoir incertain.	

Erasmus has also employed these echos in his dialogue between *Juvenis et Echo*, thus—

JUVENIS.—Cupio paucis te consulere, si vacat.  
 ECHO.—Vacat.  
 JUVENIS.—Et si venio tibi gratus juvenis.  
 ECHO.—Venis  
 JUVENIS.—Sed potesne mihi et de futuris dicere verum, Echo ?  
 ECHO.—*EX*, etc.

Samuel Butler, with that acute perception of the absurd and frivolous so remarkable in all his works, has not permitted this fashion of verse to pass unnoticed. He thus satirizes it in *Hudibras* :—

He rag'd and kept as heavy a coll as  
 Stout Hercules for loss of Hylas ;  
 Forcing the vallies to repeat  
 The accents of his sad regret ;  
 He beat his breast, and tore his hair,  
 For loss of his dear crony Bear,  
 That Echo, from the hollow ground,  
 His doleful wallings did resound  
 More wistfully, by many times,  
 Than in small poets' splayfoot rhymes.  
 That makes her, in their ruthless stories,  
 To answer to int'rogatories,  
 And most unconscionably depose  
 To things of which she nothing knows ;  
 And when she has said all she can say,  
 'Tis wrested to the lover's fancy,  
 Quoth he, O whither, wicked Bruin,  
 Art thou fled ? to my—Echo, Ruin.  
 I thought th' hadst scorn'd to budge a step  
 For fear. Quoth Echo, Marry guep.

Am not I here to take thy part ?  
 Then what has quall'd thy stubborn heart ?  
 Have these bones rattled and this head  
 So often in thy quarrel bled ?  
 Nor did I ever winch or grudge it  
 For thy dear sake. Quoth she, Mum, budget.  
 Think'st thou 'twill not be laid i' the dish  
 Thou turn'd'st thy back ? Quoth Echo, Fish !  
 To run from those th' hadst overcome  
 Thus cowardly ? Quoth Echo, Mum.  
 But what a vengeance makes thee fly  
 From me too, as thine enemy ?  
 Or, if thou hadst no thought of me,  
 Nor what I have endur'd for thee,  
 Yet shame and honour might prevail  
 To keep thee thus from turning tall :  
 For who would grutch to spend his blood in  
 His honour's cause ? Quoth she, a Puddin.

Bouts-Rimés were, and indeed are still, a favorite species of amusement. According to the *Dictionnaire de Trévoux*, three rules must be observed in writing them. First, the rhymes must be bizarre ; second, they cannot be altered ; third, they must show the subject of the poem. The following verses by Madame Deshoulières are particularly clever ; the subject is gold :—

Ce métal précieux, cette fatale	<i>pluie</i>
Qui vainquit Danaë, peut vaincre	<i>l'univers,</i>
Par lui les grands secrets sont souvent	<i>decouverts,</i>
Et l'on ne répand pas de larmes qu'il n'	<i>essuie.</i>
Il semble que sans lui tout le bonheur vous	<i>suie ;</i>
Les plus grandes cités deviennent des	<i>deserts,</i>
Les lieux les plus charmants sont pour nous des	<i>enfers.</i>
Enfin, tout nous déplaît, nous choque et nous	<i>ennuie.</i>

Il faut, pour en avoir, ramper comme un	lezard.
Pour les plus grands défauts c'est un excellent	lard.
Il peut en un moment illustrer la	cassiole.
Il donne de l'esprit au plus lourd	animal ;
Il peut forcer un mur, gagner une	bataille,
Mais il ne fait jamais tant de bien que de	mal.

This style of verse was calculated to become very popular, and we find the origin of Bouts-Rimés is thus stated in the *Ménagiana*: "Un jour Dulot se plaignit en présence de plusieurs personnes qu'on lui avait dérobé quelques papiers, et particulièrement trois cents sonnets qu'il regrettait plus que le reste. Quelqu'un ayant témoigné sa surprise qu'il en eût fait un si grand nombre, il répliqua que c'étaient des sonnets en blanc, c'est-à-dire des bouts-rimés de tous les sonnets qu'il avait envie de remplir. Cela sembla plaisant, et depuis on commença à faire, par une espèce de jeu, dans les compagnies, ce que Dulot faisait sérieusement."

The verses soon became very fashionable, and the following lines were addressed, by that most exquisite of literary dandies, De Boufflers, to a lady of the court:—

Quand je n'aurais ni bras ni	jambe,
J'affronterais pour vous la balle et le	boulet,
Ranimé par vos yeux, je me croirais	ingambe,
Et je pourrais encor mériter un	soufflet.

Protean verses are those which bear many forms, and can be read in various ways by a simple transposition of the words. One line, from the epigrams of Bernard Bauhuys, is said to be capable of 1,022 different formations—indeed it is given in these forms by Dupuy, in a volume published in 1617, bearing the title—*Pietatis Thumata in Protheum parthenicum unius libri versum numeris sive formis 1,022 variatum*. The line is the following:—

"Tot tibi sunt dotes, virgo, quot sidera cœlo."

The French admired this kind of verse, and the following, which will bear twenty-four different formations, is a very fair specimen:—

"Saint Honoré	Avec sa pelle
Est honoré	Dans sa chapelle."

Chronograms were verses, or lines, in which the numeral letters were so placed as to express dates and events. They were divided into Simple Chronograms and Double Chrono-

grams: the former expressed the date only, the latter not alone the date, but likewise the event commemorated. These lines are of very great antiquity. In the *Dictionnaire de Trévoux*, the following inscription, from a window in the church of St. Peter, at Aire, is given:—

“bIs septeM præbendas VbaldVIne dedIstI.”

which gives M.L.V.V.IIII., or M.LXIII., that is—1064. Upon one of the old clocks of the Tuilleries the following chronogram appeared. The first three lines contain the chronogram, the second three the explanation; and we give the calculation, which makes the date of the erection of the clock the year 1371:—

CharLes roi VoLt en ce CLoCher  
Cette nobLe CLoChe aCroCher,  
FaItte poVr sonner ChaCVne heVr.

La date esdits trois vers d'asseur,  
Par Jean Jouvenet fut montée,  
Qni de cet art ot renommée.

#### CALCULATION.

C.	-	-	-	-	-	100	Brought forward	-	-	805
L.	-	-	-	-	-	60	L.	-	-	60
V.	-	-	-	-	-	5	C.	-	-	100
L.	-	-	-	-	-	50	C.	-	-	100
C.	-	-	-	-	-	100	C.	-	-	100
C.	-	-	-	-	-	100	L.	-	-	1
L.	-	-	-	-	-	60	V.	-	-	5
C.	-	-	-	-	-	100	C.	-	-	100
C.	-	-	-	-	-	100	C.	-	-	100
L.	-	-	-	-	-	50	V.	-	-	5
C.	-	-	-	-	-	100	V.	-	-	5
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resided at Avignon literary associations of every description flourished; amongst the most famous was that known as "Les CoursD'Amour." From this period the mind of France seemed imbued by a species of sentimental heathenism and corrupt Christianity. At Arcueil, during the carnival of 1552, Ronsard, Dorat, Belleau, Denisot, and some others, resolved to adopt the antique custom, and to sacrifice a goat to Bacchus. They procured a large he goat, painted his beard, crowned him with flowers, and danced around him, singing in chorus songs composed for the occasion. They were accused of atheism or idolatry, and for the purpose of excusing the act, or explaining the circumstances of his and his companions' absurdity, Ronsard wrote the following lines:—

Jodelle ayant gagné par une voix hardie  
L'honneur que l'homme grec donne à la tragédie,  
Pour avoir, en haussant le bas style françois,  
Contenté doctement les oreilles des rois.

La brigade qui lors au ciel levait la teste  
(Quand le temps permettoit une licence honneste),  
Honorant son esprit gaillard et bien appria,  
Lui fit présent d'un bouc, des tragiques le prix.

Jà la nappe étoit mise, et la table garnie  
Se bornoit d'une sainte et docte compagnie,  
Quand deux ou trois ensemble en riant ont poussé  
Le père du troupeau à long poil hérissé.

Il venoit à grands pas ayant la barbe peinte,  
D'un chapelet de fleurs la tête il avoit ceinte,  
Le bouquet sur l'oreille, et bien fier se sentoit  
De quoi telle jeunesse ainsi le présentoit.

Puis il fut rejeté pour chose méprisée,  
Après qu'il eut servi d'une longue risée,  
Et non sacrifié, comme tu dis, menteur,  
De telle fausse bourde impudent inventeur.

To France, however, about the early part of the seventeenth century, belongs the credit or discredit of the Poets of Fashion; and to Madame de Rambouillet belongs the honor of having first gathered in a literary coterie all the learned and witty men of her time—Voiture, Balzac, Ménage, the Duc de la Rochefoucauld, the Prince de Conde, Scarron, Corneille, Mademoiselle de Scudéry, Madame de Sevine, and Bossuet. At these reunions, wit and fancy, good taste and good manners, were the distinguishing characteristics of all present, however much they might lack sound virtue or pure morals. It was a gay time, that era of foppery, when genius wished to see itself flaunt in fine clothes, and longed, with an anxiety worthy of Oliver Goldsmith, for a peach-bloom colored coat. Whether, to the meetings at the Hôtel-Rambouillet, France



owes that light and sparkling literature of the period—the playful, inimitable gaiety of Voiture, the social scepticism of Rochefoucauld, the grinning humor of Scarron, and the drawing-room pleasantry, and waiting-gentlewoman tittle-tattle of Madame de Sevigne, can scarcely now be estimated with accuracy. But if, to it, we do not owe the famous letters dated from Paris and the Rochers to Madame de Grignan and her other friends, by Madame de Sevigne, to the Hôtel-Rambouillet we do owe that class of literature formed by those who surrounded Madame du Deffand, Mademoiselle l'Espinasse and Madame d'Epinay. Amongst the men who made up the coterie of the latter, there was great genius combined with great free thinking, and, in some cases, confirmed atheism. In the works of those who thronged the Hôtel-Rambouillet, there is indecency and genius, each perfect in its way, and added to this, there is an expressed contempt, or a covert sneer for all that wise men consider conducive to the happiness and well being of society, more destructive, perhaps, than the unbelief of the later period. Indecency and atheism become dreary and disgusting, carrying with them the antidote of their evils; free-thinking and witty indelicacy neither terrify nor excite distaste, and through them the heart becomes hardened against virtue, and the mind ignorant of the dignity of God's service. The latter was the greater era, and whilst Voltaire and his cotemporaries are known to the world,—holding a pre-eminence undisputed and sure, the glory of their country's literature, shaking old established systems by the power of genius, the Mahomets of mind, making the highest pinnacle of philosophic truth—fancied or real—their Mecca, the brightest spirits of the Hôtel-Rambouillet furnish reading but for the curious in literary history, or for the literary dawdler who loves the impure *Conte*, or the romantic adventure stolen from the pages of Spanish comic dramatists.

We have ever considered that French literature has derived more strength and vigor from the bold spirits who surrounded the goddesses ruling French society just at the advent of the Revolution, than it has in any way or ways from the men of genius gracing the assembly of Madame de Rambouillet. There is a foppery in literature as in all other earthly pursuits, and we believe it to be the most injurious foppery that can infest a people. Literature is meant for the world; to eminence in it there is not—there can never be—a royal road. When

will, in the mean time, both excuse you and put off the day of public appearance till then." Moved by these arguments, Finachty promised to remain and appear on the following day; on this assurance, says Walsh, "I took leave with him for that night, not doubting the sincerity of his promise, and left him there in my own chamber, and bed, leaving also, one to attend and serve him if he had wanted anything, and went myself to lye in the private oratory that was in the same house over his head. But I was scarce out of my bed, when unexpectedly, even by the break of day, I saw him even also as accoutred for a march, come up into that room where I lay, and telling me in plain terms, I must excuse him, in that finding himself not well, he must and would be gone out of town presently, and take his journey to Connacht; praying me withal to excuse him to the lord lieutenant, and assure his grace that so soon as he recovered his health and strength, he would not fail to come (if I called him) and perform what was either expected from him or himself had offered." All further expostulation to divert him from his purpose was ineffectual, nor could he be induced even to write a letter to the lord lieutenant, specifying the reasons for his sudden withdrawal. Walsh, however, begged him not to hold any "fields" during his progress to Lochrea, "and then remembering how he had (though indirectly) but the last night insinuated some want, I gave him," says Walsh, "what money I had in my pocket, i. e. about fourteen shillings; which having taken, he departed from me; yet he had the confidence, within two hours after, even that very morning before he left the town, to send me a little printed English book (in twelves or sixteens) of his own miracles done in London."

After his retreat from Dublin, Finachty fell into obscurity, having been forbidden to practice his exorcisms by the archbishop of Tuam, whose censure he had incurred for having nearly driven mad some weak-minded people at Portumna, and for publicly declaring that "all the women in Ireland were specially possessed of the Devil."

Finachty had not long retired, when a new wonder worker appeared in the person of Valentine Greatracks or Greatrix, a respectable Protestant gentleman of Affane, clerk of the peace, and a magistrate of the county of Cork. His mode of operating appears to have been similar to that of Finachty, as described at page 618, whence he acquired the name of "the

Stroaker." His treatment of Thoresby's brother, for violent pains in the head and back, is described as follows: "Mr. Greatracks, coming by accident to the house, gave present ease to his head, by only stroking it with his hands. He then fell to rub his back, which he most complained of; but the pain immediately fled from his hand to his right thigh; then he pursued it with his hand to his knee; from thence to his leg, aucle, and foot, and, at last, to his great toe. As it fell lower, it grew more violent, and when in his toe it made him roar out, but upon rubbing there it vanished." Vast crowds of diseased persons flocked after Greatracks, and he was brought to England expressly to cure viscountess Conway; although unsuccessful in that and many other cases, Boyle, Cudworth, and Wilkins bore testimony to the efficacy of his treatment in several instances; and the philosophers of the time defined his healing faculty "as a sanative contagion in the body, which had an antipathy to some particular diseases and not to others." Of the termination of his career nothing appears to be known, except that he was satirized by St. Evremond; and a writer of the day tells us that, "not long after his practices on folks in London, he went out like the snuff of a candle, just as Finachty did."

On the attainder of sir William Kennedy, in 1703, twelve houses, which he held in fee, in Kennedy's-lane, were confiscated to the crown. One of those is described as "a large brick house, in good repair, has cellars under the whole house, is two storeys and a half high, and has a back-side, being the queen's bench office, with a waste plot of ground joining thereto, breadth in front sixty-four feet, rere forty-six feet, depth thirty-eight feet." Dr. Richard Hemsworth, president of the Irish college of physicians, in 1735, was one of the residents of this locality in the last century; and the king's bench office, although removed for a time to School-house-lane, was re-transferred, in 1745, to Kennedy's-lane, where, together with the office of the court of exchequer and that of the chief remembrancer, it continued to be held till the year 1785.

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and was, in the same year, installed a Knight of the Bath, and appointed envoy to the Elector of Saxony. In 1750 he was named envoy to the court of Berlin, and he attended also at Warsaw, for the purpose of engaging the vote of the King of Poland, for the Archduke Joseph to be King of the Romans. He helped to bring about a reconciliation between the Empresses of Germany and Russia, but upon returning to Berlin, he found that Fredrick was no longer friendly, having discovered that Williams had, in his despatches, made observations not very respectful to his Majesty's habits or character. He was recalled, at his own request, but was sent to Dresden in 1751. In 1752 he returned to England, and in 1754 was despatched to Saxony once more; but owing to his friendship for the Poniatowski family, he did not succeed in pleasing the Saxon Minister, and he was sent to St. Petersburg, for the purpose of furthering the fusion of the power of England, Austria, and Russia, against the designs of France and Prussia on Hanover.

Elizabeth seemed smitten, as was her custom, by the new face, and the English envoy was in so great favor with the court, that within six weeks after his arrival at St. Petersburg, he obtained the signature of the Empress to the convention and forwarded it to Hanover, where George the Second had placed himself, that he might receive the earliest intelligence of the success or failure of Williams' mission. Various state fancies, which were then, and still, still "fickle as a woman's will," rendered all negotiations fruitless, and overpowered by anxiety, his mind grew weak, his intellect became totally shattered, and in the autumn of 1757 he left St. Petersburg for England. So feeble had his intellect become, that at Hamburgh a woman with whom he had become more or less fascinated, induced him to give her a bond for two thousand pounds, and a promise of marriage, although his own wife was still living. She followed him to England, and gave the family considerable annoyance by her rapacity and effrontery. Writing from London, April 25th, 1758, Lord Chesterfield observes to his son: "*A propos* of Sir Charles Williams; he is now out of confinement, and gone to his house in the country for the summer. They say he is now very cool and well. I have seen his Circe, at her window in Pall-mall, she is painted, powdered, curled, and patched, and looks *l'aventure*. She has been offered by Sir Charles Williams' friends, £500



in full of all demands, but will not accept it." From his return to England, he seemed quite restored to health, and continued so till the summer of 1759. He then exhibited symptoms of renewed mental disease, and on the second of November, in that year, terminated his life by suicide.

The following verses are a fair specimen of his general style of composition on subjects not political :—

Dear Betty, come, give me sweet kisses,  
For sweeter no girl ever gave :  
But why in the midst of our blisses,  
Do you ask me how many I'd have ?  
I'm not to be stinted in pleasure,  
Then prithee, dear Betty, be kind ;  
For as I love thee beyond measure,  
To numbers I'll not be confin'd.

Count the bees that on Hybla are straying,  
Count the flow'rs that enamel the fields,  
Count the flocks that on Tempe are playing,  
Or the grains that each Sicily yields ;

Count how many stars are in Heaven,  
Go reckon the sands on the shore,  
And when so many kisses you've given  
I still shall be asking for more.

To a heart full of love let me hold thee,  
A heart that, dear Betty, is thine ;  
In my arms I'll for ever enfold thee,  
And curl round thy neck like a vine.  
What joy can be greater than this is ?  
My life on thy lips shall be spent ;  
But those who can number their kisses  
Will always with few be content.

There are, about all his poems, a licentiousness, and a profanity very disgraceful to his reputation. The volumes before us were published under the sanction of the late Lords Essex and Holland, with Horace Walpole's notes, and dedicated to Lord John Russell ; but Lord John is a man of too much good taste and right feeling to permit any such desecration of his old and honored name, and he therefore required the publisher to erase or omit the dedication in succeeding issues.

The portions entitled *The Lessons for the Day*, are a shameful parody on the church service, and are only equalled by some passages stated to have been written by Horace Walpole. Johnson is seldom wrong in his estimates of books ; but he was not entirely correct in a critical opinion given during the *Tour in the Hebrides*, when he said, referring to Williams, "he had no fame but from boys who drank with him." Sir Charles was, perhaps, the wittiest man of his time in conversation, and certainly, the ablest political satirist of his day. To any student of history the *New Ode to a Great Number of Great Men New Made* must prove our latter statement. The following *Character of Sir Robert Walpole* is interesting, as it shows the estimate which that statesman's contemporaries formed of his ability and character. It is, of course, the production of a friendly pen, but England owes more to Walpole's administration than his opponents can attempt to filch from him.

But Orford's self I've seen, whilst I have  
read,  
Laugh the heart's laugh, and nod th' ap-  
proving head.

Pardon, great Shade! if, duteous, on thy  
hearse

I hang my grateful tributary verse:  
If I, who followed through thy various day,  
Thy glorious zenith, and thy bright decay,  
Now strew thy tomb with flowers, and o'er  
thy urn,

With England, Liberty, and Envy, mourn.  
His soul was great and dar'd not but do  
well,

His noble pride still urg'd him to excel;  
Above the search of gold, if in his heart  
Ambition govern'd, Av'rice had no part.  
A genius to explore untrodden ways,  
Where prudence sees no track nor ever  
strays:

Which books and schools, in vain attempt  
to teach,  
And which laborious art can never reach.

Falsehood and flattery, and the tricks of  
Court,

He left to Statesmen of a meaner sort;  
Their cloaks and smiles were offer'd him in  
vain,

His acts were justice, which he dar'd main-  
tain,

His words were truth, and held them in  
disdain.

Open to friends, and e'en to foes sincere,  
Alike remote from jealousy and fear;  
Tho' Envy's howl, tho' Faction's hiss, he  
heard,

Tho' senates frown'd, tho' death itself ap-  
pear'd;

Calmly he view'd them, conscious that his  
ends

Were right, and Truth and Innocence his  
friends.

Thus was he form'd to govern and to please;  
Familiar greatness, dignity with ease,

Compos'd his frame; admir'd in every state,  
In private amiable, in public great,

Gentle in power, but daring in disgrace,  
His love was liberty, his wish was peace.

Such was the man that smil'd upon my  
lays:

And what can heighten thought, or genius  
raise,

Like praise from him whom all mankind  
must praise;

Whose knowledge, courage, temper, all sur-  
pris'd,

Whom many lov'd, few hated, none despis'd.

Lord Mahon, in his edition of Lord Chesterfield's *Letters*, has observed that the publication of Williams' poems has not added to his reputation; what that reputation was may be gathered from the following passage in a letter addressed by Lady Wortley Montagu to her daughter, the Countess of Bute. Not the least remarkable, and certainly the most amusing, trait in the extract, is the tone of refined morality assumed by her ladyship. It seems as strange as if Congreve had made *Mrs. Frail* preach a grave homily upon the character of *Valentine* to *Miss Prue*:—

"I hear that my old acquaintance is much broken, both in his spirits and constitution. How happy might that man have been, if there had been added to his natural and acquired endowments a dash of morality! If he had known how to distinguish between false and true felicity; and instead of seeking to increase an estate already too large, and hunting after pleasures that have made him rotten and ridiculous, he had bounded his desires of wealth, and had followed the dictates of his conscience! His servile condition has gained him two yards of red ribbon and an exile into a miserable country, where there is no society, and so little taste, that I believe he suffers under a dearth of flatterers. This is said for the use of your growing sons, whom I hope no golden temptations will induce to marry women they cannot love, or comply with measures they cannot approve. All the happiness this world can afford is more within reach than is generally supposed. A wise and honest man lives to his own heart,

without that silly splendour that makes him a pray to knaves, and which commonly ends in his becoming one of the fraternity.”\*

From the death of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams to the year 1800 the age seems to have been one of gambling, profligacy, and drunkenness so far as the world of fashion extended; the moral degradation of the Regency being relieved only by the genius, the eloquence, and the statesmanship which distinguished the legislature of that period. Fashion, indeed, could then be the patron of little that was reputable. The Duke of Queensberry had grown old in vice, was sated in debauchery, and possessed so little love for the beauty of external nature, that, as he told Wilberforce, he could see nothing to admire in the scenery of the Thames at Richmond—“it was always the same—flow, flow, flow, for ever.” The Prince was calculated to be but an exemplar in gaming and vice, the highest point of his ambition being to become the patron of a tailor. Fox was forgetting his name, his genius, and his honor. Sheridan was too young or too powerless to effect that good which he might have achieved, but which he did not achieve, in after years, bartering fame, credit, and private honesty for idleness and brandy. This was fashion—these were the chief men in the world of fashion, and its poet was Captain Charles Morris.

We have already stated, in our paper upon English Convivial Song Writers,† that Morris had served during the American War of Independence in the 17th Regiment of Foot; that upon his return he exchanged to a Dragoon Regiment, and becoming acquainted with the celebrated Captain Topham, then adjutant of the Life Guards, he entered that regiment, he married the widow of Sir William Stanhope, and became known in London life as the gayest of the gay. He has been chiefly admired as a writer of bacchanalian songs, but in the volumes before us there are some poems which prove him to have been a man of great poetic taste, and occasionally evincing a genius, justifying fully Moore’s opinion, when he observed, that if Morris had cultivated the graver styles of verse, “few would have equalled him either in fancy, or in that lighter kind of pathos which comes like a few melancholy notes in the middle of a gay air, throwing a soft and passing shade over mirth.”

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\* Lady M. W. Montagu’s Letters, Vol. III., p. 160.

† See IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. 9, Vol. III. p. 141.

He loved London for itself. Johnson had not a more firm belief in the superiority of Fleet-street over the country as a residence, or Madame de Stael a more decided passion for the Rue de Bac, than Morris ever evinced for Piccadilly, Pall-mall, or May-Fair generally. Many of our readers have heard, or may have themselves repeated, the words, "the sweet shady side of Pall-mall," but we presume that very few could, if asked, say whence the quotation comes: it occurs in a poem written by Morris, and entitled *The Contrast*. In the poem he defends his taste for London life, and by contrasting city enjoyments with what he considered mere country existence, endeavours to prove the superiority of the former to the Baucis and Philemon life of those whom he no doubt considered Bucolic dawdlers:—

## THE CONTRAST.

In London I never know what I'd be at,  
Enraptured with this, and enchanted with that;  
I'm wild with the sweets of Variety's plan,  
And Life seems a blessing too happy for man.

But the Country, God help me! sets all matters right,  
So calm and composing from morning to night;  
Oh! it settles the spirits when nothing is seen  
But an ass on a common, a goose on a green.

In town if it rain, why it damps not our hope,  
The eye has her choice, and the fancy her scope;  
What harm though it pour whole nights or whole days?  
It spoils not our prospects, or stops not our ways.

In the country what bliss, when it rains in the fields,  
To live on the transports that shuttlecock yields;  
Or go crawling from window to window, to see  
A pig on a dunghill, or crow on a tree.

In London, if folks ill together are put,  
A *bores* may be dropp'd, and a *quais* may be cut:  
We change without end; and if lazy or ill,  
All wants are at hand, and all wishes at will.

In the country you're nail'd, like a pale in the park,  
To some *stick* of a neighbour that's cramm'd in the ark;  
And 'tis odda, if you're hurt, or in fits tumble down,  
You reach death ere the doctor can reach you from town.

In London how easy we visit and meet,  
Gay pleasure's the theme, and sweet smiles are our treat;  
Our morning's a round of good humour'd delight,  
And we rattle, in comfort, to pleasure at night.

In the country, how sprightly! our visits we make  
Through ten miles of mud, for Formality's sake;  
With the coachman in drink, and the moon in a fog,  
And no thought in your head but a ditch or a bog.

In London the spirits are cheerful and light,  
All places are gay and all faces are bright;  
We've ever new joys, and reviv'd by each whim,  
Each day on a fresh tide of pleasure we swim.

But how gay in the country! what summer delight  
To be waiting for winter from morning to night!  
Then the first of impatience gives exquisite glee  
To relish the sweet rural objects we see.

In town we 've no use for the skies overhead,  
For when the sun rises then we go to bed;  
And as to that old-fashioned virgin the moon,  
She shines out of season, like satin in June.

In the country these planets delightfully glare  
Just to show us the object we want is n't there:  
Oh, how cheering and gay, when their beauties arise,  
To sit and gaze round with the tears in one's eyes!

But 't is in the country alone we can find  
That happy resource, that relief to the mind,  
When, drove to despair, our last effort we make,  
And drag the old fish-pond, for Novelty's sake:

Indeed I must own, 't is a pleasure complete  
To see ladies well dragged and wet in their feet;  
But what is all that to the transport we feel  
When we capture, in triumph, two toads and an eel?

I have heard though, that love in a cottage is sweet,  
When two hearts in one link of soft sympathy meet:  
That's to come—for as yet I, alas! am a swain  
Who require, I own it, more links to my chain.

Your magpies and stock-doves may flirt among trees,  
And chatter their transports in groves, if they please;  
But a house is much more to my taste than a tree,  
And for groves, oh! a good grove of chimneys for me.

In the country, if Cupid should find a man out,  
The poor tortured victim mopes hopeless about;  
But in London, thank heaven! our peace is secure,  
Where for one eye to kill, there's a thousand to cure.

I know Love's a devil, too subtle to spy,  
That shoots through the soul, from the beam of an eye;  
But in London these devils so quick fly about,  
That a new devil still drives an old devil out.

In town let me live then, in town let me die;  
For in truth I can't relish the country, not I.  
If one must have a villa in summer to dwell,  
Oh, give me the sweet shady side of Pall Mall!

Of Morris's graver poems there are some very beautiful specimens in these volumes. He is one of these men of genius who have gone from the earth with unmade fame: capable of doing much for the world and for his own credit, he became the lyrist of the dinner table, or the Horace of the supper room, not always allowing good taste and decency to curb his fancy and guide his pen. It may be that the stigma of indecency which once disgraced him, has rendered the volumes now before us comparatively unknown; but here the reader need fear nothing; these books contain gay, kind, and good thoughts only. In the following lines Morris institutes a comparison, or contrast between his own feelings, tastes, and

condition, and the life of Horace, as he has himself described it to us :—

## THE PARALLEL.

Folks often quote me and my lays,  
(A flattery I'm loth to refuse.)  
As the sample best shewn in our days  
Of old Horace's manner and Muse.  
And such similar proof can I bring  
To fix the comparison true,  
That I think few will question the thing,  
When the traits of the likeness they view.

When a boy, from a spot most obscure,  
To a school at great Rome he was sent ;  
Just so, a good school to insure,  
From a desert to London I went.  
Then to Athens, where all was in style,  
He was pack'd off to polish his taste ;  
Thus was I sent to Paris awhile,  
That the block might be fashion'd and  
graced.

A *bon vivant* he rose, it's confess'd,  
Lived with all the first men of his day,  
Was the charm for each care-shaded breast,  
And the soul-waking star of the gay :  
What I've been my pen's relics must tell,  
For entomb'd are the tongues of my time ;  
But their spirits in heaven know well  
How I gladden'd their days with my  
rhyme.

He was often in love too, it seems—  
A resemblance that hits to a hair ;  
And he mingled, in sweetest extremes,  
The joys of the flask and the fair :  
Now all folks who know me admit  
The comparison faithful in this ;  
For Bacchus and Venus still sit,  
Close link'd, in my picture of Biles.

He with friendship imperial was graced :  
Here my Muse had, like his, her reward ;  
For the hand where a sceptre is placed  
Oft met the plain palm of the bard.  
He was calm, philosophic, and gay ;  
Chequer'd life with his glass and his pen :  
Thus do I sit and scribble away,  
And, by turns, muse, or mingle with men.

He rank'd as a soldier some time ;  
But quitted, more quiet to choose :  
So I, with like passion for rhyme,  
Left the field, for the haunts of the Muse.  
Through the toils of poetical strife  
A friend's table well nourish'd his art ;  
So had I a great friend, through my life,  
Whose board was the joy of my heart.

He sat out of Vanity's glare,  
Untitled, undeck'd, and unplaced ;  
He wish'd for no tinsel, to wear  
In the bower the Muses had graced ;  
Nor have I, fond of Privacy's lap,  
Though favour'd by Royalty's eye,  
Sought a feather to stick in my cap,  
Or a string on my button to tie.

He was short, fat, and plain in his frame,  
Of a temper both cheerful and warm ;  
Nature moulded my figure the same,  
And thus added a pride to my form.  
He in savage Apulia was bred—  
A licentious and barbarous strand :  
And the earth that my infancy fod  
Was the "lawless debateable land."

The moral his practice supplies  
Was ever the same too as mine,  
To cheer up old Time, as he flies,  
With a heart-easing cup of good wine ;  
To tempt this grim damper of Mirth  
To taste of delight as he pass'd ;  
That, pleased by a welcome on earth,  
A smile on Life's path he might cast.

On Life's tenure, its chances, and end,  
His lesson's the same that I teach,—  
Ne'er to trust to the future to send  
The joy that the present may reach.  
Gainst boding reflections and spleen,  
*Cui bono* is still on my tongue ;  
And where tardy-eyed Caution is seen,  
*Carpe diem* still rings in my song.

That in life I and Horace agree,  
Here's of evidence clear such a stock,  
That no mortal can question the plea  
That, at least, I'm a chip of the block :  
But Death a huge difference will fix ;  
Though alike we sat under the vine,  
His grape sent him soon to the Styx,  
While I've revell'd an age upon mine.

Then to all sour ralliers at mirth,  
All fretful repiners, I say—  
Joy's rites are my worship on earth,  
And my creed's to be grateful and gay.  
I care not one farthing for all  
The conceits of the sage or the ass ;  
I enjoy Heaven's gifts to this ball,  
And I thank with a song and a glass.

To the end of his life Morris continued a devoted lover of London, and he seems to have enjoyed his elastic spirits to the last, and young in heart, he wrote a very pretty little farewell poem to the Beefsteak Club when in his eighty-sixth

\* A district so called, on the Scotch border.

year. He was then the last of those who had lived with Fox, and Pitt, and Sheridan, and as they fell off, as all the old haunts of his youth were vanishing from the world about him, he seems to have had many hours of gloom and sadness. One can fancy that having returned from a stroll in Pall-mall, and recalling the many glorious days of buoyant youth, and lusty, high-aspiring manhood, the old songster may have written, with weary heart, the following lines :—

## FRIENDS ALL GONE!

My friends, of youth, manhood, and age,  
At length are all laid in the ground ;  
A unit I stand on Life's stage,  
With nothing but vacancy round.  
I wander, bewild'rd and lost,  
Without impulse, or interest, or view ;  
And all hope of my heart is, at most,  
To soon bid the desert adieu !

If inward I look, thus forlorn,  
Nought but mental reproof I there find,  
That seems to upbraid, as with scorn,  
The hope to find joy in my mind.  
Alike lonely I'm left in my breast,  
As the world is now left on my eye ;  
For there nought but shade is impress'd  
For all the light follies gone by.

There Fancy's gay visions of youth  
Now wear the dead hue of decay ;  
And its follies, confronted by Truth,  
Sad lessons of sorrow convey.  
The mind, on itself wholly cast,  
Still fearfully traces its course ;  
And, alas ! ever finds in the past  
Sure cause of regret and remorse.

It's true these self-lessons are wise,  
If Amendment have time that it need ;  
But if Age the blest promise denies,  
The will's all that's left for the deed.  
Then grievous it is for the mind  
To dive 'midst its errors in vain ;  
For the present no solace to find,  
For the future no hope to retain.

All that's left for man's desolate state,  
When from life his coevals are gone,  
Is to wish his own head could forget  
What are happily remember'd by none ;  
And the steps that pure morals forbid,  
Which fellowship once led astray,  
From himself should be bury'd and hid,  
With the long-bury'd friends of his day.

But this derelict state of man's lot,  
That Fate to the aged ordains,  
Bids the heart turn its hopes where it ought,  
Nor seek worldly cure for its pains.  
Thus I turn from the past and the lost,  
Close the view my Life's picture supplies,  
And, while penitent tears pay the cost,  
Blot the frolics of Mirth from my eyes.

The next writer of verses upon our list is one whose name, as a Poet of Fashion, is very generally known, but of whose poems nearly all the readers of this generation are completely ignorant. Yet the Honorable William Robert Spencer was, in the gay days of the Regency, the delight of many a drawing-room, and the welcome guest at many, very many, "good men's boards." We remember him only a broken, world-weary man, dragging out the sad months of that worst of all diseases, "the sickness of long life—old age," in the bustle of glittering Paris, and looking back, regretfully, upon the past—years wasted in foppery, and squandered in ingenious idleness.

He was born on the ninth day of January, 1770, in Kensington Palace, and was the youngest son of Lord Charles Spencer, second son of Charles, second Duke of Marlborough,

and of Lady Mary Beauclerk, daughter of Lord Vere, third son of the first Duke of St. Albans. He was educated at Harrow and at Christ Church, Oxford, and was for six months a private pupil of Doctor Parr's, with whom he ever continued on terms of warm friendship and respect. He was also noticed by Thomas Wharton, who was Camden Professor of History during the period of his residence at college. His father's house, Wheatfield, and his uncle's mansion, Blenheim, being in the neighbourhood of Oxford, he was very frequently a truant student, but his close application when he did read, and his most remarkable retention of memory enabled him to pass through his course with credit. Indeed so powerfully retentive was his memory that he on one occasion laid a wager, that he would learn and repeat an entire newspaper without displacing a single word, and he won his bet.

Upon leaving Oxford, in his eighteenth year, he set out on a continental tour, and formed acquaintance with many distinguished personages—amongst others he particularly mentioned, Lavater, whom he met at Zurich, Hotze the friend of Zimmermann, Madame Roland, and Josephine Beauharnais, afterwards Empress of France. In his nineteenth year he married, in Germany, a daughter of Count Jenison Walworth, and passing onward to Italy with his bride, he there entered into that society to which he afterwards owed so many happy hours, but which was the cause of all his heaviest sorrows.

He soon grew weary of Italy and returned to England, where, through his uncle, Lord Robert Spencer, he was introduced to all the leading Whigs of the day—Fox, the Duke of Devonshire, Fitzpatrick, Lord John Townshend, and others. He was a constant visitor at his uncle's residence, Woolbeding, but his visits were always so short, and his absence was so much regretted, that on one occasion a friend said to him, "you only just come in to say how d'ye do? and good bye." In the course of a stroll through the grounds he was, on the same day, overtaken by a heavy shower, and whilst taking shelter beneath a tree, he wrote the poem, *One Day Good Bye Met How Do You Do*, suggested by the observation of his friend. In the year 1776 he published his translation of Bürger's *Leonora*. It is a curious circumstance that Sir Walter Scott should have published a translation of the same poem at the same time, and that he and Spencer were born in



the same year, and both, as Lockhart observes, fell into difficulties in the year 1825. When Scott showed his version, which he composed in one night, to his friend Miss Cranstoun, she wrote to an acquaintance—"Upon my word, Walter Scott is going to turn out a poet—something of a cross, I think, between Burns and Gray."—When Spencer read his version for his aunt, Lady Diana Beauclerk, she was not so racy in her expression of approbation as Scott's friend proved herself, but she contributed to push the sale of the work, by executing some very artistic illustrations. As William Taylor remarks, "no German poem has been so repeatedly translated into English as *Ellenore*," therefore we shall only insert the celebrated verses in which the heroine is described mounting the demon's horse, and we give the versions of Spencer, of Taylor, and of Scott.

## SPENCER.

Loose was her zone, her breast unweild,  
All wild her shadowy tresses hung;  
O'er fear confiding love prevail'd,  
As lightly on the barb she sprung.  
Like wind the bounding courser flies,  
Earth shakes his thundering hoofs beneath;  
Dust, stones, and sparks, in whirlwind rise,  
And horse and horseman heave for breath.

How swift, how swift from left and right,  
The rocking fields and hills recede!  
Bowers, bridges, rocks, that cross their flight,  
In thunders echo to their speed!  
"Fear'st thou, my love? the moon shines clear;  
Hurrah! how swiftly speed the dead!  
The dead does Leonora fear?"  
"Ah, no; but talk not of the dead!"

## TAYLOR.

All in her sarke, as then she lay,  
Upon his horse she sprung;  
And with her lily hands so pale  
About her William clung.

And hurry-akurry off they go,  
Unheeding wet or dry;  
And horse and rider snort and blow,  
And sparkling pebbles fly.

How swift the flood, the mead, the wood,  
Aright, aloft, are gone!  
The bridges thunder as they pass,  
But earthly sound is none.

Tramp, tramp, across the land they speede;  
Splash, splash, across the see:  
"Hurrah! the dead can ride apace;  
Dost feare to ride with mee?"

The moon is bright, and blue the night;  
Dost quake the blast to stem?  
Dost shudder, mar'd, to seeke the dead?"  
"No, no, but what of them?"

## SCOTT.

Strong love prevailed: she brinks, she bounds,  
She mounts the barb behind,  
And round her darling William's waist  
Her lily arms she twined.

And, hurry! hurry! off they rode,  
As fast as fast might be;  
Spurn'd from the courser's thundering heels  
The flashing pebbles flee.

And on the right, and on the left,  
Ere they could snatch a view,  
Fast, fast each mountain, mead, and plain,  
And cot, and castle, flew.

"Sit fast—dost fear?—The moon shines  
clear—  
Fleet goes my barb—keep hold!  
Fear'st thou?"—"O no!" she faintly said;  
"But why so stern and cold?"

Spencer's translation was very much admired, and Delille in his poem, *Les Jardins*, published some short time after the appearance of *Leonora*, in describing the garden at Blenheim, thus compliments Spencer :—

— “ Spencer ! l'honneur du moderne Elysee !  
Marlborough en est l'Achille ; et Spencer, le Musée ! ”

In the year 1797 he entered Parliament as member for his uncle's borough, Woodstock, but resigned it in four months, on receiving the appointment of Commissioner of Stamps. He was so well known to Whigs and Tories as an agreeable friend, that Parliamentary life, with its squabbles and its bickerings, must have been to him particularly distasteful ; but amongst his colleagues of the Stamp Office he numbered many sincere friends, and of those the most remarkable and unchanging was the historian, Henry Hallam.

Spencer did not surrender his pen, or forsake the Muses, in accepting office, and in the year 1802 he produced, at Drury-lane, his comedy in two acts, entitled, *Urania, or the Illuminé*—a satire on the German school of romance. Lord John Townshend wrote the prologue, the music was composed by Spencer's brother John, and chief characters were supported by Miss De Camp and Charles Kemble. The piece was successful, and though Spencer was on terms of intimacy with Mrs. Siddons, John Kemble, and Mrs. Inchbald, who could all have aided him, he never again wrote for the stage.

This was a brilliant period of his life ; London fashion was in all its glory. Spencer was a constant guest of the Regent, and as he rolls in his carriage from Curzon-street to a Blue Stocking reunion at Lady Mount-Edgumbe's, young Tom Moore, the Dublin Anacreon, is going down Wigmore-street to meet him, in that new coat which it had given him so much trouble to purchase, Spencer will whisper bright fancies into ladies' ears, and Tom will enchant them by singing *Lady Fair*, or some of the songs which he sang for the Prince, at Lady Harrington's, and which Monk Lewis was “ in the greatest agonies ” at missing, as, “ 'Pon his honour he had come for the express purpose of hearing them.” These intimacies, and Spencer's other extensive circles of acquaintances, rendered that close application to study, which he must adopt who means to succeed, impossible, and prevented the production of any work from his pen more important than those fanciful, but really poetical, trifles which made him the friend of all to whom he was known. His

reading was varied rather than deep, but he was well acquainted with the French, Italian, and German languages. He was a very excellent Latin scholar, and his knowledge of Greek was considerable.

In the year 1811 he published a collected edition of his poems, including *Leonora*. It has been the custom to sneer at Spencer as a poet—that he is not a great poet we are quite willing to admit, but we believe him to be far more than a poetaster, or one of the mediocre rhymsters who, shirked by the gods, the booksellers, and the stalls, find their chief supporters in the butter men. “His manner,” writes Crabbe, “is fascinating, and his temper all complacency and kindness. His poetry far beyond that implied in the character of vers de société.” As a specimen of his lighter style we insert the following :—

#### ORIGIN OF A PEN.

Love begg'd and pray'd old Time to stay,  
Whilst he and Psyche toy'd together;  
Love held his wings, Time tore away,  
But, in the scuffle, dropp'd a feather!

Love seiz'd the prize, and with his dart,  
Adroitly work'd to trim and shape it;—  
“O Psyche! tho' 'tis pain to part,  
This charm shall make us half escape it.”

Time need not fear to fly too slow,  
When he this useful loss discovers;  
A pen's the only plume I know,  
That wings his pace for absent lovers!

With all his cotemporaries, literary, political, and fashionable, he was a special favorite—Scott, Moore, Byron, Lady Blessington, Francis Horner, were all admirers of his ability and anxious for his society. He was a frequent visitor of the Duchess of York, and upon the return of Queen Caroline to England, after George the Fourth had ascended the throne, a high office in her Majesty's household was offered to him, which he had, however, the good taste and the good sense to decline. His popularity was indeed great. “Did you,” said Byron to Lady Blessington, “know William Spencer, the Poet of Society, as they used to call him? His was really what your countrymen call an elegant mind, polished, graceful, and sentimental, with just enough gaiety to prevent his being lachrymose, and enough sentiment to prevent his being too anacreontic. There was a deal of genuine fun in Spencer's conversation, as well as a great deal of refined sentiment in his verses. I liked both, for both were perfectly aristocratic in

their way; neither one nor the other was calculated to please the *canaille*, which made me like them all the better. England was, after all I may say against it, very delightful in my day; that is to say, there were some six or seven very delightful people among the hundred commonplace that one saw every day—seven stars, the pleiades, visible when all others had hid their diminished heads; and look where we may, where can we find so many stars united elsewhere?—Moore, Campbell, Rogers, Spencer, as poets; and how many conversationists to be added to the galaxy of stars—one set irradiating our libraries of-a morning, and the other illuminating our dining rooms of an evening!"

With Moore he ever continued on terms of firm friendship, and he is mentioned frequently with expressions of the kindest consideration in the Poet's *Diary*. From the outset of Moore's London life a friendship had grown up between them; and during his tour in America, in the year 1804, he addressed a very beautiful poem to Spencer, from Buffalo, upon Lake Erie, in which the following lines are found:—

Thou oft hast told me of the happy hours  
Enjoy'd by thee in fair Italia's bowers,  
Where, ling'ring yet, the ghost of ancient  
wit  
Midst modern monks profanely dares to flit,  
And pagan spirits, by the pope unalid,  
Haunt every stream and sing through every  
shade.  
There still the bard who (if his numbers be  
His tongue's light echo) must have talk'd  
like thee,—  
The courtly bard, from whom thy mind has  
caught  
Those playful, sunshine holidays of thought,  
In which the spirit baskingly reclines,  
Bright without effort, resting while it  
shines,—  
There still he roves, and laughing loves to  
see  
How modern priests with ancient rakes  
agree;  
How, 'neath the cowl, the festal garland  
shines,  
And Love still finds a niche in Christian  
shrines.  
There still, too, roam those other souls of  
song,  
With whom thy spirit hath commun'd so  
long,  
That, quick as light, their rarest gems of  
thought,  
By Memory's magic to thy lip are brought.

Believe me, Spencer, while I wing'd the  
hours  
Where Schuylkill winds his way through  
banks of flowers,  
Though few the days, the happy evenings  
few,  
So warm with heart, so rich with mind they  
flew,  
That my charm'd soul forgot its wish to  
roam,  
And rested there, as in a dream of home.  
And looks I met, like looks I'd lov'd before,  
And voices too, which, as they trembled o'er  
The chord of Memory, found full many a  
tone  
Of kindness there in concord with their own.  
Yea,—we had nights of that communion free,  
That flow of heart, which I have known with  
thee  
So oft, so warmly; nights of mirth and mind,  
Of whims that taught, and follies that re-  
fin'd.  
When shall we both renew them? when,  
restor'd  
To the gay feast and intellectual board,  
Shall I once more enjoy with thee and thine  
Those whims that teach, those follies that  
refine?  
Even now, as wand'ring upon Erie's shore,  
I hear Niagara's distant cataract roar,  
I sigh for home,—alas! these weary feet  
Have many a mile to journey, ere we meet.

This poem was highly prized by Spencer, and shortly after

Moore's return from America, and whilst he was visiting his Irish friends, Spencer sent him the following lines :—

TO THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

DECEMBER, 1808.

Oh, leave, dear Moore, oh leave awhile  
The green hills of your native isle!  
But come not with your seraph lyre,  
Your Muse of joy, your soul of fire;  
Not e'en your strains could charm away  
The fiends which on my senses prey;  
Fiends, not with burning sulphur nurs'd,  
But from Hell's chilliest winter burst;  
Fiends, who their icy jav'lines dart,  
At once to pierce and freeze the heart!  
The storms which shook my summer days  
Slept to the music of your lays;  
The snow-blast of this wintry sky  
Hears not the Halcyon's lullaby.  
Come, then, with mightier succours  
Fraught,  
Your shield of philosophic thought,

Best panoply when care invades,  
To lighten my unchequer'd shades  
Bring me each day-diffusing gem,  
Which beams in Reason's diadem,  
For sov'reign Reason lends to you  
Her armour and regalia too.  
The triflers think your varied powers  
Made only for life's gale hours,  
To smooth Reflection's mentor-frown,  
Or pillow joy on softer down.  
Fools!—yon blest orb not only glows  
To chase the cloud, or paint the rose;  
These are the pastimes of his might;  
Earth's torpid bosom drinks his light—  
Finds there his wondrous pow'r's true mea-  
sure,  
Death turn'd to life, and dross to treasure.

The impression produced in society by Spencer was more like the spell of Moore's manner than that made by any other man, moving, at that period, in the same circle of fashionable life. The buoyant humor, the brightness of heart, the appreciation of the humorous, combined with a refined delicacy of taste, distinguished each in a very remarkable degree. Spencer's playful gaiety is well exemplified by an entry in Byron's *Diary* for the year 1821. He writes :—  
"Sotheby is a good man, rhymes well (if not wisely); but is a bore. He seizes you by the button. One night of a rout at Mrs. Hope's he had fastened upon me—(something about Agamemnon, or Orestes, or some of his plays) notwithstanding my symptoms of manifest distress—for I was in love, and just nicked a minute when neither mothers, nor husbands, nor rivals, nor gossips were near my then idol, who was beautiful as the statues of the gallery where we stood at the time. Sotheby, I say, had seized upon me by the button, and the heart-strings, and spared neither. William Spencer, who likes fun, and don't dislike mischief, saw my case, and coming up to us both, took me by the hand, and pathetically bade me farewell; 'for,' said he, 'I see it is all over with you.' Sotheby then went his way: 'sic me servavit Apollo.'"

It was during this gay time, the gayest, perhaps, that England ever knew, that he composed most of his poems, and amongst others, the following is perhaps the best specimen of the lighter sort. It reminds one of some of the most ad-

mired in Moore's miscellaneous poems : if, indeed, it had been printed amongst Moore's works, no body would think of doubting the authorship :—

#### LOVE OUT OF PLACE.

I'm a boy of all work, a complete little servant,  
Tho' now out of place, like a beggar I rove  
Though in waiting so handy, in duty so fervent,  
The Heart (could you think it ?) has turn'd away Love !

He pretends to require, growing older and older,  
A nurse more expert his chill fits to remove ;  
But sure ev'ry Heart will grow colder and colder  
Whose fires are not lighted and fuel'd by Love !

He fancies that Friendship, my Puritan brother,  
In journies and visits more useful will prove ;  
But the Heart will soon find, when it call on another,  
That no Heart is at home to a Heart without Love.

He thinks his new porter, grim-featur'd Suspicion,  
Will Falsehood and Pain from his mansion remove ;  
But Pleasure and Truth will ne'er ask for admission  
If the doors of the Heart be not open'd by Love !

Too late he will own, at his folly confounded,  
My skill at a feast was all praises above ;  
For the heart, though with sweets in profusion surrounded,  
Must starve at a banquet unseason'd by Love !

The Heart will soon find all his influence falter,  
By me, by me only that influence thrive ;  
With the change of his household his nature will alter,  
That Heart is no Heart which can live without Love !

The next verses, so airy, and so gallant, addressed to Lady Anne Hamilton, suggest that line of Moore's—

“ And Grammont just like Spencer talk'd.”

There is a gaiety and grace about them, quite worthy of Sedley, or of Waller :—

Too late I staid, forgive the crime,  
Unheeded flew the hours ;  
How noiseless falls the foot of time,  
That only treads on flowers !

What eye with clear account remarks  
The ebbing of his glass ;

When all its sands are diamond sparks,  
That dazzle as they pass ?

Ah ! who to sober measurement  
Time's happy swiftness brings,  
When birds of Paradise have lent  
Their plumage for his wings.

Spencer's fortune had never been large, and his mode of life, although not an extravagant one, was not calculated to increase it ; but as a family sprang around him he found his position embarrassing, and he removed to Paris in the year 1825. He resided there during nine years, and few men, with hopes once so bright, with opportunities so much neglected, and so surrounded by difficulties, ever went down

the stream of life with a braver, yet sadder heart. Few men could have said more truly of Memory—

“ To me she tells of bliss for ever lost,  
Of fair occasions gone for ever by—  
Of hopes too fondly nursed, too rudely crossed,  
Of many a cause to wish—yet fear—to die.”

It was whilst wearing out life in Paris that he wrote the following; and it certainly is as true a picture of his own condition, and of his own feelings, as it is beautiful in its expression of those feelings:—

#### THE VISIONARY.

When midnight o'er the moonless skies  
Her pall of transient death has spread,  
When mortals sleep, when spectres rise,  
And nought is wakeful but the dead!

No bloodless shape my way pursues,  
No sheeted ghost my couch annoys,  
Visions more sad my fancy views,  
Visions of long-departed joys!

The shade of youthful hope is there,  
That linger'd long, and latest died;  
Ambition all dissolved to air,  
With phantom honours at her side.

What empty shadows glimmer nigh!  
They once were friendship, truth, and love!  
Oh, die to thought, to memory die,  
Since lifeless to my heart ye prove!

There has been always, to us, a melancholy charm about this poem, from the circumstance that the third and fourth verses were, from all the poetical reading of his life, the lines which came back upon the memory of Sir Walter Scott when, a sick and broken man, in May 1827, he enters them in his own *Diary*, and adds, “ Ay, and can I forget the author—the frightful moral of his own vision? What is this world?—a dream within a dream: as we grow older, each step is an awakening. The youth awakes, as he thinks, from childhood—the full-grown man despises the pursuits of youth as visionary—the old man looks on manhood as a feverish dream. The grave the last sleep? No; it is the last and final awakening.”

His life in Paris was occasionally enlivened by visits from his old friends; but his chief defence against ennui and tedium was found in composing short poems in the French and Italian languages, and in translating into Latin verse the English poems with which he was well pleased—such as Waller's, *Go, Lovely Rose*. His walks were in the Tuileries-gardens, and in the *Marché Aux Fleurs*; at home he delighted, when able to procure it, in the music of a German street-band playing beneath his window. His health gradually declined, and he died in Paris, on Thursday, the 23rd day of October,

1834, in the sixty-fifth year of his age. During life Harrow had been one of his favorite visiting places; and where his boyhood was spent he ever wished that his remains should be placed at his death. He was accordingly buried in Harrow church, where a tablet has been erected to his memory. He was something better than a poet of fashion—a mere man of fashion could never have drawn from Henry Hallam's heart and pen this sentiment—"I shall ever cherish the remembrance of what he was in better days—of his brilliancy and vivacity of wit, his ready knowledge, his strong natural acuteness, united as these were with much sweetness of disposition, and a warm affection for his friends." With the following lines we close our notice of the Honorable William Robert Spencer:—

When the black-lettered list to the gods was presented  
(The list of what Fate for each mortal intends),  
At the long string of ills a kind goddess relented,  
And slipped in three blessings—wife, children, and friends.

In vain surly Pluto maintained he was cheated,  
For justice divine could not compass its ends;  
The scheme of man's penance he swore was defeated,  
For earth becomes heaven with—wife, children, and friends.

If the stock of our bliss is in stranger hands vested,  
The fund ill secured, oft in bankruptcy ends;  
But the heart issues bills which are never protested,  
When drawn on the firm of—wife, children, and friends.

Though valour still glows in his life's dying embers,  
The death-wounded tar, who his colours defends,  
Drops a tear of regret as he dying remembers  
How blessed was his home with—wife, children, and friends.

The soldier, whose deeds live immortal in story,  
Whom duty to far distant latitudes sends,  
With transport would barter old ages of glory  
For one happy day with—wife, children, and friends.

Though spice-breathing gales on his caravan hover,  
Though for him Arabia's fragrance ascends,  
The merchant still thinks of the woodbines that cover  
The bower where he sat with—wife, children, and friends.

The day-spring of youth still unclouded by sorrow,  
Alone on itself for enjoyment depends;  
But drear is the twilight of age, if it borrow  
No warmth from the smile of—wife, children, and friends.

Let the breath of renown ever freshen and nourish  
The laurel which o'er the dead favorite bends;  
O'er me wave the willow, and long may it flourish,  
Bedewed with the tears of—wife, children, and friends.

Let us drink, for my song, growing graver and graver,  
To subjects too solemn insensibly tends;  
Let us drink, pledge me high, love and virtue shall flavour  
The glass which I fill to—wife, children, and friends.

Few men were better known thirty years ago, in the world of fashion, than Henry Luttrell. The best man to make the



table pleasant ; to bring smiles to hostess' lips ; to restore the lost thread of conversation ; to say good things such as no other man could attempt ; and to render mediocre stories in better style than any body else. Conversation Sharp was not so ready ; Sir James Mackintosh sermonized ; Coleridge went off, mouthing, into the regions of metaphysics, and was offended if any body interrupted him ; Sydney Smith was a most glorious companion, fun and laughter springing around him, you neither knew nor cared how, and he undoubtedly conquered you in your own despite, just as Johnson was forced to laugh at, and laugh with, Jack Wilkes ; but the impression produced by Luttrell's conversation was more real, more genuine ; it was wit, rather than humor. Lord Byron said once to Lady Blessington :—" Of course you know Luttrell, he is a most agreeable member of society, the best sayer of good things, and the most epigrammatic conversationist I ever met : there is a terseness, and wit, mingled with fancy, in his observations, that no one else possesses, and no one so peculiarly understands the *apropos*. His 'Advice to Julia' is pointed and witty, and full of observation, showing in every line a knowledge of society, and a tact rarely met with. Then, unlike all, or most other wits, Luttrell is never obtrusive ; even the choicest *bons mots* are only brought forth when perfectly applicable, and then are given in a tone of good breeding which enhances their value."

To the world, Luttrell is chiefly known by his *Letters to Julia*. In the volume before us the heroine is a young widow—handsome, and rich, and beloved by her suitor, Charles. Charles and Julia are both in the very highest ranks of the highest fashion ; she is twenty years old ; he is thirty, or a few years more, and is a little in debt—that is, the author has reduced his debts to a light mortgage weight. The letters are four in number, and treat of all subjects that can be supposed to occupy the heart of a lady, or the time of a gentleman—of fashion.

He thus describes the art of male dress, as that dress appeared in the days of the Dandies and the Regent. The episode of the *cravat* is excellent, and reminds us of the valet carrying thirteen crumpled cravats from Brummel's room, and calling them " our failures."

But how shall I, unblamed, express  
The awful mysteries of DRESSES?  
How, all unpractised, dare to tell  
The art sublime, ineffable,  
Of making middling men look well;  
Men who had been such heavy sailors  
But for their shoe-makers and tailors?  
For as, when steam has lent it motion  
'Gainst wind and tide, across the ocean,  
The merest tub will far outstrip  
The progress of the lightest ship  
That ever on the waters glided,  
If with an engine unprovided;  
Thus Beaus, in person and in mind  
Excelled by those they leave behind,  
On, through the world, undaunted, press,  
Backed by the mighty power of Dress;  
While folks less confident than they  
Stare, in mute wonder,—and give way.

Charles was a master, a professor  
Of this great art—a first-rate dresser  
Armed at all points, from head to foot,  
From rim of hat to tip of boot.  
Above so loose, below so braced,  
In chest exuberant, and in waist  
Just like an hour-glass or a wasp,  
So tightened, he could scarcely gasp.  
Cold was the nymph who did not doat  
Upon him, in his new-built coat;  
Whose heart could parry the attacks  
Of those voluminous Cossacks,  
Those trowsers named from the barbarians  
Nursed in the Steppes—the Crim-Tar-

tarlans,  
Who, when they scour a country, under  
Those ample folds conceal their plunder.  
How strange their destiny has been!  
Promoted, since the year fifteen,  
In honour of these fierce allies,  
To grace our British legs and thighs.  
But fashion's tide no barrier stems;  
So the *Dos* mingles with the *Thames*!

Yet weak, he felt, were the attacks  
Of his voluminous Cossacks;  
In vain to suffocation braced  
And bandaged was his wasp like waist:  
In vain his buckram-wadded shoulders  
And chest astonished all beholders;

Wear any coat he might, 'twas fruitless;  
Those shoes, those very boots were bootless  
Whose tops ('twas he enjoined the mixture)  
Are moveable, and spurs a fixture;  
All was unprofitable, flat,  
And stale without a smart CRAVAT,  
Muslined enough to hold its starch;  
That last key-stone of Fashion's arch!

"Have you, my friend," I've heard him  
say,

"Been lucky in your turns to-day?—  
Think not that what I ask alludes  
To Fortune's stale vicissitudes.  
Or that I'm driven from you to learn  
How cards, and dice, and women turn,  
And what prodigious contributions  
They levy, in their revolutions:  
I ask not if, in times so critical  
You've managed well your turns political,  
Knowing your aptitude to rat.  
My question points to—your Cravat.  
These are the only turns I mean.  
Tell me if these have lucky been?  
If round your neck, in every fold  
Exact, the muslin has been rolled,  
And, dexterously in front confined,  
Preserved the proper set behind;  
In short, by dint of hand and eye,  
Have you achieved a perfect tie?"

Should yours (kind heaven, avert the  
omen!)

Like the cravats of vulgar, low men,  
Asunder start—and, yawning wide,  
Disclose a chasm on either side;  
Or should it stubbornly persist,  
To take some awkward tasteless twist,  
Some crease indelible, and look  
Just like a dunce's dog-eared book,  
How would you parry the disgrace?  
In what assembly show your face?  
How brook your rival's scornful glance,  
Or partner's titter in the dance?  
How in the morning dare to meet  
The quizzers of the park or street?  
Your occupation's gone,—in vain  
Hope to dine out, or flirt again.  
The LADIES from their lists will put you,  
And even I, my friend, must cut you!"

The following grave lines are excellent in the advice they  
offer; and the portion relating to beauty is only too true:—

What though as yet no spot begin  
To stain the brightness of the skin  
Where York and Lancaster combine  
Their roses in those cheeks of thine?  
Deem not the well-meant hint officious,  
That we he-creatures are capricious,  
That when your charms have ceased to blind  
us.

Nor prayers can move, nor oaths can bind  
us.

Soon Autumn on those charms encroaches,  
Soon Winter's icy hand approaches.  
Then from dimmed eyes unheeded flow  
The bitter tears of fruitless woe;  
The faded bosom Man forsakes,  
Though the poor heart beneath it breaks.

See in their mid career the comely  
Supplanted by the coarse and homely;  
The fond, the generous, and the true  
Yield to the heartless and the new!  
Love dies as surely as 'tis born,  
Killed by aversion, slight, or scorn.  
These are hard deaths:—a milder end  
Cools down a lover to a friend.

Trust not to beauty nor to youth,  
Nor learn too late the mournful truth  
That Woman lost, when Man is sated,  
Within two points of being hated,  
Luffs, to the threatening danger blind,  
In vain so very near the wind.

Onward in vain she steers, and back,  
Weathering the land on neither tack;  
The tempest raves, the billows roar  
In thunder on the rocky shore;  
Her anchors drag—her cables part—  
Her's is the shipwreck of the heart!

Your beauty, I allow, is real,  
Not like that counterfeit ideal  
Which Poets seldom deign to mention.—  
Not like the beauty of convention,  
Which passes by the annual vote  
Of certain connoisseurs of note,  
Whose feelings never are ecstatic  
But for a nymph aristocratic.  
Ask them what makes a heavenly creature?  
'Tis not attractive shape, or feature,  
Nor any combination silly  
Of light and shade, of rose and lily.  
Youth spreads in vain with colours fresh  
Yon lovely form. Alas! 'tis flesh,  
Temptation easily withstood.  
Their cry, like Renault's is, for—blood.

For those heraldic high-born charms,  
Pinched waists, long necks, and bony arms.  
Unless with these proportions stuffed,  
Dubbed a nice girl, and duly puffed,  
Unless she bear that stamp of fashion,  
She wins no heart, inspires no passion,  
Nor can be offered, though the sense  
Should ache at her, in evidence.

Nay, should the fairest maid or wife  
That Greece e'er chiselled, come to life,  
Step from her pedestal, and bustle in  
To Almack's, robed in silk or muslin,  
I'd wager that her arm, or waist,  
Or foot, would shock these men of taste,  
And "coarse and clumsy" be the doom  
Pronounced on her by half the room.  
Poor statue! back without a stitch  
Of clothes, unheeded to your niche!  
Adored as marble, scorned as woman,  
Dead, you're divine;—alive, inhuman!

The lines on *Amptill-Park* are very pretty, and appear to have pleased Moore, who refers to them in his *Diary*, but they are nothing more than Gray's *Elegy*, applied to Amptill-Park, with a number of distinguished names substituted for that of the

"— Youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown."

The pathetic was not his taste, and there is more of himself—the man of the world, and the dashing diner out and wit, in the *Advice to Julia*, than in the former poem. The following lines he handed to Moore, and wrote them as from Samuel Rogers—upon hearing that part of *Lalla Rookh* had been translated in Persian, and that Lord Lauderdale had all *Human Life* by heart. Moore liked the jeu d'esprit extremely, and not only inserted it in his *Diary*, but also introduced the first four lines in the preface to his collected works.

#### A SET OFF.

I'm told, dear Moore, your lays are sung  
(Can it be true, you lucky man?)  
By moonlight, in the Persian tongue,  
Along the streets of Ispahan.  
'Tis hard; but one reflection cures,  
At once, a jealous poet's smart:  
The Persians have translated yours,  
But Lauderdale has mine by heart.

Than our next Poet of Fashion there is none better known, and undoubtedly there is not one who has been more justly abused as a prose writer. Matthew Gregory Lewis, author of *The Monk* and of *The Castle Spectre*, was born in London on the ninth day of July, 1775. His father, Matthew Lewis was possessed of property in England and in Jamaica,

and held for some years the post of Deputy Secretary at War. His mother was Frances Maria Sewell, youngest daughter of Sir Thomas Sewell, Bart., Master of the Rolls during a portion of the reign of George the Third. Matthew Gregory was the eldest of four children—the others were a boy, and two girls. He was his mother's favorite, and being constantly admitted to her dressing-room, he attended to all the remarks there made upon dress. On one occasion a lady was to call for the purpose of taking Mrs. Lewis to the Opera, and Matthew was waiting in the drawing-room till he should see his mother in full dress. The lady who was expected to call, entered before Mrs. Lewis was quite prepared, and observing that the child gazed very intently at her cap, she said, laughingly, "Well, Mat., I hope you like it all."—"No indeed," said he, "my mamma never wears yellow ribbons with a blue head-dress." The lady said, "she is quite right, but what is she wearing to-night? diamonds?" "Oh! no," replied he, "Fanny," meaning his mother, and recollecting some half uttered thought of her's, "looks very pretty, with nothing on her head but a simple fold of plain white tiffany." Thus reared, he grew up to boyhood, loving his mother most tenderly, and associating with many persons distinguished in literature and art, and particularly in musical composition.

At a proper age he was sent to Westminster school, and thence removed to Christ Church, Oxford. It appears that shortly after he entered College, differences arose between his father and mother, which ended in a separation; Mrs. Lewis retired to France, and Mr. Lewis informed Matthew that he wished all intimacy to cease between him and his mother. To this the young man would not consent, and to the end he continued an affectionate son, sharing his money with his mother, even when he had little to spare, and whilst, by doing so, he exposed himself to his father's anger.

He was always anxious for a literary reputation, and in his sixteenth year wrote a comedy, entitled, *The East Indian*, and now known as *Rich and Poor*, which was accepted, and played for the benefit of Mrs. Jordan. In the year 1795, however, he published his chief work, entitled, *Ambrosio, or, The Monk*. No novel, at its publication, was ever received with so general and determined a tone of reprobative criticism as *The Monk*. The ability and fancy of the author were undoubted, but his offences against morality were grave and mischievous. The

errors were, however, not in his heart, but rather arose from his want of experience, and, as he truly observed, in a letter to his father, "*twenty* is not the age at which prudence is most to be expected." He made, however, the only reparation in his power, by expunging, in a succeeding edition, the offensive passages. The chief fault in *The Monk* is that straining after the horrible and supernatural, so evident in most of Lewis's works. His translations from the German, his play, *The Castle Spectre*, his adaptation of Zschocke's story, which he called *The Bravo of Venice*, all prove that Byron wrote little more than the truth when he addressed to him the lines :—

" Oh ! wonder-working Lewis ! monk, or bard,  
Who fain would'st make Parnassus a church-yard !  
Lo ! wreaths of yew, not laurel, bind thy brow,  
Thy muse a sprite, Apollo's sexton thou !  
Again all hail ! if tales like thine may please,  
St. Luke alone can vanquish the disease :  
Even Satan's self with thee might dread to dwell,  
And in thy skull discern a deeper hell."

Some months after the publication of *The Monk*, Lewis was returned to Parliament as member for the borough of Hindon, in Wiltshire, and, by a strange chance, his immediate predecessor in the representation, was the well known William Beckford, of Fonthill-abbey, author of *Vathek*. He was a very irregular attendant in the House of Commons ; he never spoke there, and retired from Parliament a few years after his admission. But he did not desert the world of literature ; *The Monk* had given him a reputation not unlike, in its suddenness, that to which Byron found himself elevated after the publication of *Childe Harold*, and becoming acquainted, through Lady Charlotte Bury, with Sir Walter Scott, then young and unknown to the world, he obtained from him some translations printed in *The Tales of Wonder*.

From the year 1797 to 1808 he was much engaged in theatrical affairs, and composed several dramas ; but in the year 1803, being anxious to write some piece in which Mrs. Litchfield, then an actress of considerable reputation in her profession, could be brought prominently forward, he resolved to compose for her a monodrama. He accordingly wrote *The Captive* ; and true to his fancy for the horrible, the scene is laid in the dungeon of a mad-house, where a lady is unjustly immured by her husband. Many of our readers have, we

presume, heard Mr. Henry Russell's song, *The Maniac*; it is only a very slight alteration of Lewis's *Captive*, but as we are satisfied that the latter must be unknown to the great body of readers, we here insert it.

#### THE CAPTIVE.

THE scene represents a dungeon, in which is a grated door, guarded by strong bars and chains. In the upper part is an open gallery, leading to the cells above.

Slow and melancholy music. The Captive is discovered in the attitude of hopeless grief:—she is in chains;—her eyes are fixed, with a vacant stare, and her hands are folded.

After a pause, the Gaoler is seen passing through the upper gallery with a lamp: he appears at the grate, and opens the door. The noise of the bars falling rouses the Captive. She looks round eagerly; but on seeing the Gaoler enter, she waves her hand mournfully, and relapses into her former stupor.

The Gaoler replenishes a jug with water, and places a loaf of bread by her side. He then prepares to leave the dungeon, when the Captive seems resolved on making an attempt to excite his compassion: she rises from her bed of straw, clasps his hand, and sinks at his feet. The music ceases, and she speaks.

Stay, gaoler, stay, and hear my woe!  
She is not mad who kneels to thee;  
For what I'm now too well I know,  
And what I was, and what should be.  
I'll rave no more in proud despair;  
My language shall be calm, though sad;  
But yet I'll firmly, truly swear  
I am not mad! [then kissing his hand] I am not mad!

[He offers to leave her; she detains him, and continues, in a tone of eager persuasion.]

A tyrant husband forged the tale  
Which chains me in this dreary cell;  
My fate, unknown, my friends bewail—  
Oh! gaoler, haste, that fate to tell.  
Oh! haste, my father's heart to cheer;  
That heart, at once, 'twill grieve and glad  
To know, though kept a captive here,  
I am not mad! not mad! not mad!

[Harsh music, while the Gaoler, with a look of contempt and disbelief, forces his hand from her grasp, and leaves her. The bars are heard replacing.]

He smiles in scorn!—  
He turns the key!  
He quits the grate!—I knelt in vain!  
Still—still, his glimmering lamp I see.

[Music expressing the light growing fainter, as the Gaoler retires through the gallery, and the Captive watches his departure with eager looks.]

'Tis lost!—and all is gloom again.

[She shivers, and wraps her garment more closely round her.]

Cold!—bitter cold!—no warmth!—no light!  
Life! all thy comforts once I had;  
Yet, here I'm chain'd this freezing night,  
[Eagerly.] Although not mad! no, no, no, no—not mad!

[A few bars of melancholy music, which she interrupts, by exclaiming suddenly,]

'Tis sure a dream?—some fancy vain!  
[Proudly.] I—I, the child of rank and wealth!  
Am I the wretch who clanks this chain,  
Deprived of freedom, friends, and health?  
Oh! while I count those blessings fled,  
Which never more my hours must glad,  
How aches my heart!—how burns my head!—

[Interrupting herself hastily, and pressing her hands forcibly against her forehead.]

But 'tis not mad!—no, 'tis not mad!

[She remains fixed in this attitude, with a look of fear, till the music, changing, expresses that some tender, melancholy reflection has passed her mind.]

My child!  
 Ah! hast thou not forgot, by this,  
 Thy mother's face—thy mother's tongue?  
 She'll ne'er forget your parting kiss,  
 [With a smile.] Nor round her neck how fast you clung;  
 Nor how you sued with her to stay;  
 Nor how that suit your sire forbad!  
 [With agony.] Nor how— [With a look of terror.]  
 I'll drive such thoughts away;  
 [In a hollow hurried voice.]  
 They'll make me mad! They'll make me mad!

[A pause—she then proceeds with a melancholy smile.]

His rosy lips, how sweet they smiled!  
 His mild blue eyes how bright they shone!  
 Was never born a lovelier child,

[With a sudden burst of passionate grief, approaching to frenzy.]

And art thou now for ever gone?  
 And must I never see thee more?  
 My pretty, pretty, pretty lad!  
 [With energy.] I will be free!  
 [Endeavouring to force the grate.] Unbar this door!  
 I am not mad! I am not mad!

[She falls, exhausted, against the grate, by the bars of which she supports herself. She is roused from her stupor by loud shrieks, rattling of chains, &c.]

Hark! hark!—What mean those yells—those cries?

[The noise grows louder.]

His chain some furious madman breaks!

[The madman is seen to rush along the gallery with a blazing firebrand in his hand.]

He comes! I see his glaring eyes!

[The madman appears at the grate, which he endeavours to force, while she shrinks with an agony of terror.]

Now! now! my dungeon bars he shakes  
 Help! help!

[Scared by her cries, the madman quits the grate.]

[The madman again appears above, is seized by his keepers, with torches; and after some resistance, is dragged away.]

He's gone!—

Oh! fearful woe,  
 Such screams to hear—such sights to see!  
 My brain! my brain!—I know, I know  
 I am not mad, but soon shall be.  
 Yes—soon! for, lo! yon—while I speak—  
 Mark yonder demon's eyeballs glare!  
 He sees me!—now, with dreadful shriek,  
 He whirls a scorpion high in air!  
 Horror!—the reptile strikes his tooth  
 Deep in my heart, so crush'd and sad:  
 Ay!—laugh, ye fiends!—I feel the truth!  
 'Tis done! 'tis done! [With a loud shriek.]  
 I'm mad!—I'm mad!

[She dashes herself in frenzy upon the ground.]

The effect produced by this piece was so decided, that it was never played a second time. Ladies shrieked, some were seized by violent hysteric fits, some were carried out fainting,

others sat mute with terror, and Mrs. Litchfield was herself borne, swooning, from the stage.

Lewis was a very prolific song writer, and being a good musician, composed airs for many of them. Indeed so much was his ability in hitting off a song prized, that his compositions were frequently introduced in the plays of other dramatists. His songs best known are *No, my Love, No; The Banks of Allan Water; He Loves and He Rides Away*, and *Ply the Oar, Brother*.

The elder Lewis dying in the year 1813, Matthew Gregory Lewis came into possession of a considerable property; but as the Jamaica estates had been mismanaged, he resolved to visit them, and, in the year 1815, he sailed from England for the West Indies. His *Journal of a West Indian Proprietor*, is well known, and it proves his kindness of heart, and love for all his species; it shows too how there were practical philanthropists in these kingdoms, even before the era of Henry Brougham, or the epoch of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. He remained four months in Jamaica, and having returned to England, set out on a continental tour, and during his residence at Geneva, made a codicil to his will, dated August 20th, 1816, in which he directs that no slave shall be sold off his estates in Jamaica. This codicil is remarkable as it is witnessed by "Byron, Percy Bysshe Shelly, John Polidori."

He returned to England in August, 1817. He remained in London only two months, and sailed for Jamaica, a second time, early in October. During his continental tour he wrote a poem entitled, *The Angel of Mercy*. Whilst composing it, Moore's *Lalla Rookh* was published, and as the subject of *The Angel of Mercy*, and of *Paradise and the Peri*, was somewhat analogous, Lewis considered it better to defer the publication until after his return from the projected voyage, and he gave the manuscript to a friend. We insert the opening lines of the poem:—

Fairer than light that smiles in summer sky,  
 Dearer than cherish'd thoughts of days gone by;  
 More swift than Time's bright wing, when Pleasure's hour  
 Fleets o'er the revel of the festive bower;  
 Angels, rejoicing, waft to heav'nly throne  
 The latent wish that fain would sin atone.  
 Yet many a sun the lids of slumbering spring,  
 Had, wakening, kiss'd, to rise on breezy wing,  
 Since from the surface of the deluged world,  
 Mercy assuaged the flood which Justice hurl'd:  
 And in harmonious tints of that bright bow,  
 Type of the bond of Heaven with earth below,



Again was by the weeping Phatyr view'd,  
The path of crime by rebel man pursued.  
Rarely his pen of pearl in orient light  
Records the deeds good angels joy to write;  
And sad the pitying cherub scans the page,  
A tablet dire of Sin's increasing rage.

Mournful and sweet, as doth the evening gale  
Sigh o'er the weeping flowers in dewy vale,  
After a day of glorious golden beams,  
Hath lit the tinted meads and glassy streams,  
Was still the angel Phatyr's pleading strain,  
As hymn'd seraphic hosts the Eternal's reign;  
Still was his boon the heav'nly throne before,  
That some redeeming act might man restore.  
"Mine be the task!" he cried; "the triumph mine,  
To bear such tribute to the realms divine;  
From bowers celestial doom'd the while to roam,  
Until I win my glorious passport home!"  
His prayer was heard;—and thus did Heav'n decree  
Phatyr, in mortal guise, should captive be,  
Till, *act to man most hard, to Heav'n most dear*,  
Should, by atonement, man's transgression clear.  
He said— and Phatyr from his lucid wing  
Waved balmy odours, as he thus did sing:

#### SONG OF THE ANGEL OF MERCY

"There's a fair flower wreathing the heav'nly throne,  
That ever the dearest to Heav'n is known:  
'Tis reared in the beams of the angel's smile,  
And its blossoms fall softly on earth the while.

Fierce is the lightning that fires the brand!  
Keen is the sword in that angel's right hand!  
'Tis falling!—'tis falling on Man in his pride—  
And who may the day of Jehovah abide?

Yet, wherever the bolts of his justice are hurl'd,  
To punish the rebels of yon nether world,  
Should they cross this sweet flow'r in their burning flight,  
They melt into tears in his rainbow's light.

Ah! none know this flower, save those who have found  
The wreath which the brow of repentance hath crown'd;  
And have welcomed it blooming in heavenly ray,  
When the flowers of earth have all faded away.

This well-beloved blossom, my joy 'tis to rear;  
It blooms in a sigh, and it smiles through a tear:  
While none ever vainly in heavenly bower,  
Sought the *life*-healing balm of this glorious flower.

Behold ye! 'tis twining my angel brow:  
And the tear-dews of pardon are bright on it now  
To earth and its valleys of sorrow I fly,  
The herald of Mercy and Peace from on high!"

Lewis sailed from Jamaica for England on the fourth of May, 1818, and being attacked by yellow fever, he refused to follow the directions of the physician, and having, after some days illness, taken a powerful emetic, he never rallied from the state of prostration to which it reduced him, and died the 14th day of May, 1818.

"Lewis," Byron writes, "was a good man, a clever man, but a bore. My only revenge or consolation used to be setting him by the ears with some vivacious person who hated

bores especially,—Madame de Staël or Hobhouse, for example. But I liked Lewis; he was the jewel of a man, had he been better set;—I don't mean *personally*, but less *tiresome*, for he was tedious, as well as contradictory to every thing and every body. Poor fellow! he died a martyr to his new riches—of a second visit to Jamaica :—

' I'd give the lands of Deloraine,  
Dark Musgrave were alive again !'

That is,—

' I would give many a sugar cane,  
Mat. Lewis were alive again !' "

To this Scott adds—"I would pay my share! how few friends one has, whose faults are only ridiculous. His visit was one of humanity to ameliorate the condition of his slaves. He did much good by stealth, and was a most generous creature."

The soubriquet, *Monk*, had its origin from the novel, but he used to pretend to his mother that he preferred it to his own name, Matthew Gregory—he often told her, that she outraged his helpless infancy by the name Matthew, but there was a two-fold barbarity in adding Gregory. His figure was small, indeed, a line in *The Monk* described him—"A graceless form and dwarfish stature." His eyes projected, and he was perhaps a more odd looking man than Gibbon. To his taste for music we have already referred, and Sir Walter Scott has stated that Lewis had a finer ear for rhythm than Byron.

The following ballad, founded on a story told to Lewis by Sir Walter, justifies the observation just quoted. It is in the same wild fancy as *Christabel*, founded on a superstition, that to meet three ravens together is unlucky. A sailor tells a friend that he has always been unfortunate whenever he has encountered those birds. The first time he was wrecked at sea, the second time his wife and children were burned, and the third time he was forced to endure the companionship of a ghost for "three weeks and a day."—He sailed in a slaver, the Captain was a savage brute, who exulted in his tyranny, and—

Though each in turn was treated ill,  
'Mongst all the crew alone  
Bill Jones opposed our tyrant's will;  
For Bill was cross and old, and still  
He'd give him back his own.

And many a brutal harsh command  
Old Bill had grumbled at;  
T'll once he was order'd a sail to hand,  
When Bill was so weak he scarce could  
stand,  
But the captain scoff'd at that.

For a lasy old brute, poor Bill he abused,  
And forced him aloft to go;  
But their duty to do his limbs refused,  
And at length from the ropes his hands Bill  
loosed,  
And he fell on the deck below.

Towards him straight the captain flew,  
Crying, "Dog! dost serve me so?"  
And with devilish spite his sword he drew,  
And ran Bill Jones quite through and  
through;  
And the blow was a mortal blow.

At the point of death poor Bill now lies,  
And stains the deck with gore;  
And fixing his own on his murderer's eyes,  
"Captain! alive or dead," he cries,  
"I ne'er will leave you more!"

"You won't?" says the captain: "time will  
show  
If you keep your word or not;  
For now in the negro kettle below,  
Old dog! your scoundrel limbs I'll throw,  
And I'll see what fat you've got."

So he caused the cook to make water hot,  
And the corpse, both flesh and bones,  
(To see what fat Bill Jones had got)  
The captain boll'd in the negro pot,  
But there was not much fat in Jones.

If well his word the captain kept,  
Bill Jones kept his as well;  
For just at midnight, all who slept,  
With one consent, from their hammocks  
leapt,  
Roused by a dreadful yell.

Never was heard a more terrible sound:  
Fast to the deck we hied,  
And there, by the moonbeam's light, we  
found  
The murder'd man, in spite of his wound,  
Sitting close to the steersman's side.

And from that hour, among the rest  
Bill served, nor left us more;  
With bloody trowsers, bloody vest,  
And bloody shirt, and bloody breast,  
Still he stood our eyes before.

And he'd clean the deck, or fill the pail,  
Or he'd work with right good will  
To stop a leak, or drive a nail;  
But whenever the business was handing a  
sail,  
Then 'specially ready was Bill.

And to share in all things with the crew  
Did the spectre never miss;  
And when to the cook, for his portion due,  
Each sailor went, Bill Jones went too,  
And tender'd his platter for his.

His face look'd pale, his limbs seem'd weak,  
His footsteps fell so still,  
That to hear their sound you'd vainly seek;  
And to none of the crew did Bill e'er speak,  
And none of us spoke to Bill.

But when three weeks had crept away,  
As you just now have heard,  
The captain came upon deck one day,  
And quoth he, "My lads, I've something to  
say;  
Bill Jones is as good as his word.

He never leaves me day nor night,  
He haunts me—haunts me still;  
By the midnight lamp I see the spright,  
And when at morn the sky grows light,  
The first sunbeam shows me Bill.

At meals, his pale lips speak the grace,  
His cold hand gives me wine;  
At every hour, in every place,  
To whatever side I turn my face,  
Bill's eyes are fix'd on mine.

Now, lads, my resolution's made,  
One means will set me free,  
And Bill's pursuit for ever evade.  
He comes—he comes! Then, away!" he  
said,  
And plunged into the sea.

None moved a joint the wretch to save,  
All stood with staring eyes;  
Each clasp'd his hand—a groan each gave,  
When, lo! on a sudden, above the wave,  
Once more did the captain rise.

Fix'd and fearful was his eye,  
And pale as a corpse his brow,  
And we saw him clasp his hands on high,  
And we heard him scream with a terrible  
cry,  
"By—! Bill's with me now!"

Then down he sunk through the foaming  
flood  
To hell, that worst of havens!  
Now Heaven preserve you, master good,  
From perilous rage and innocent blood,  
And from meeting with three ravens!

James Smith was essentially a Poet of Fashion. Though the son of an attorney, and holding, himself, the office of Solicitor to the Ordnance, after it had become vacant at his father's death, he was amongst the most valued of all the clever men who made half the charm of May-Fair fashionable life. He was born in London, on the tenth day of February, 1775, and was educated at Chigwell, and when prepared was articulated

to his father. His first essay in literature was made in the pages of Colonel Henry Greville's *Pic-Nic Newspaper*, to which he and his brother Horace contributed, with Cumberland, John Wilson Croker, Sir J. B. Burgess, and some others; all writing gratuitously, excepting Combe, the editor. He next became a writer in the *London Review*, and from the year 1807 to 1810, was a constant supporter of the *Monthly Mirror*, then the property of Thomas Hill, whom Theodore Hook has immortalized as *Hull*, in *Gilbert Gurney*. Smith's very clever imitations entitled, *Horace in London*, appeared originally in the *Mirror*. Of these the following is a very fair specimen:—

## THE ACTRESS.

No cit ancillæ tibi amor pudori.

AN ACTRESS!—Well, I own 'tis true,  
But why should that your love subdue,  
Or bid you blush for Polly?  
When all within is sense and worth,  
To care for modes of life, or birth,  
Is arrant pride and folly.

A Polly, in a former age,  
Resign'd the Captain, and the stage,  
To shine as Bolton's Duchess.  
Derby and Cresen since have shown  
That virtue builds herself a throne,  
Ennobling whom she touches.

In each new pantomime that's hatch'd,  
The Columbine is quickly snatch'd  
To wed some wealthy suitor:  
'Tis "all for love, the world well lost"—  
What pupil calculates the cost,  
When passion is the tutor?

Why, all the world's a stage, and we,  
It's pantomimic pageantry,  
Change places and conditions:

Fortune's the magic Harlequin,  
Whose touch diffuses o'er the scene  
Fantastic transpositions.

Your Polly in her veins may bear  
The blood, perchance, of London's Mayor,  
Who smote the king's reviler;  
Whose mace a monarch's life secures,  
But slays an ancestor of yours,  
If knocking down Wat Tyler.

She who is artless, chaste, refin'd,  
Disinterested, pure in mind,  
Unsoil'd with vice's leaven,  
Has that nobility within,  
Which kings can neither give nor win;  
Her patent is from heaven.

Discard your doubts—your suit prefer;  
You dignify yourself, not her,  
By honourable passion:  
And if your noble friends should stare,  
Go, bid them show a happier pair  
Among the fools of fashion.

The next essay made by the brothers was that so widely known as *Rejected Addresses*. Most readers are aware that at the re-opening of Drury Lane Theatre in the year 1812, a prize was offered for the address most suited to be spoken on the occasion. Six weeks before that night, Ward, the secretary, suggested that poems written in imitation of the styles of the most remarkable poets and verse-writers of the day, and to be published as if contributions rejected by the Committee, would be likely to sell. The idea was at once adopted and carried out by the Smiths, and after selecting the poets each was to imitate, Horace left town for Cheltenham, and having executed his portion of the work, returned to London, when he found that his brother had made an equally rapid progress, and each sub-

mitted his papers to the other for change or correction. The imitations written by James Smith are those of Wordsworth, Cobbett, Southey, Coleridge, "a quiz on what are called humorous songs," entitled *Drury Lane Hustings*, Perry, Crabbe, and the travesties of *Macbeth*, *George Barnwell*, and the first stanza of that inimitable imitation of Byron—*Cui Bono*. The copyright was offered to Murray for twenty pounds, and refused, but half the copyright was purchased by Miller, the publisher of the collected edition of *Horace in London*. In 1819, after the sixteenth edition had appeared, Murray gave £131 for the copyright; since that period he has sold six editions—eight thousand copies. Having thus taken the town by an irresistible battery of humor, the fame of the brothers was widely extended; and as Charles Mathews grew upon the hearts of the play goers, he found James Smith to be the only man who could furnish him with those lyrics known as "Patter-Songs," and of which, since Smith's death, Charles James Mathews is undoubtedly the cleverest writer.

It is not, however, to the poems of this class, or to these songs, that we, in this paper refer, but rather to those vers de société, those short poems written as occasion required, or to the composition of which some fancy or some folly of the day invited. There is about these verses a mingled thoughtfulness and humor that reminds us of Sydney Smith's witticisms. They frequently make one think quite as much, and as readily, as they cause us to smile. "If," said Lady Blessington, "James Smith had not been a witty man, he must have been a great man;" and there can be little doubt that had he loved society less, had he devoted himself to the graver branches of literature rather than to the lighter labors of periodical composition, he would hold as high a position amongst our moralists as he now occupies amongst our humorists.

The following poem conveys a most excellent moral in a very humorous form:—

#### FIVE HUNDRED A YEAR.

That gilt middle-path, which the poet of Rome  
Extoll'd as the only safe highway to bliss;  
That "haven" which many a poet at home  
Assures us all Guinea-bound merchantmen miss;  
That bless'd middle line,  
Which bard and divine  
In sonnet and sermon so sigh for, is mine;—  
My uncle, a plain honest fat auctioneer,  
Walk'd off, and bequeath'd me Five Hundred a year.

I ne'er, if I live to the age of Old Parr,  
 Can fail to remember how stared brother Bill,  
 Jack bullied, and Tom, who is now at the Bar,  
 Drove post to a Proctor to knock up the will  
 They never could trace  
 What beauty or grace  
 Sir Christopher Catalogue saw in my face.  
 To cut off three youths to his bosom so dear,  
 And deluge a fourth with Five Hundred a year !

The will, though law-beaten, stood firm as a rock,  
 The probate was properly lodged at the Bank ;  
 Transferr'd to my name stood the spleen-moving stock,  
 And I, in the West, bearded people of rank.  
 No longer a clerk,  
 I rode in the Park,  
 Or lounged in Pall Mall an hour after dark.  
 I enter'd, what seem'd then, a happy career,  
 Possess'd of a gig and Five Hundred a year.

Ere long, I began to be bored by a guest,  
 A strange sort of harpy, who poison'd my feast :  
 He visita, in London, the folks who dwell West,  
 But seldom cohabits with those who live East.  
 Bar, door-chain, or key,  
 Could not keep me free,—  
 As briak as a bailiff in bolted Essexi.  
 "I'm come," he still cried, "to partake of your cheer,  
 I'm partial to folks of Five Hundred a year."

Meanwhile my three brothers, by prudence and care,  
 Got onward in life, while I stuck by the wall ;  
 Bill open'd a tea-shop in Bridgewater-square,  
 And Jack, as a writer, grew rich in Bengal.  
 Tom made his impressions  
 Through Newgate transgressions,  
 And got half the business at Clerkenwell Sessions.  
 They march'd in the van, while I lagg'd in the rear,  
 Condemn'd to Essexi and Five Hundred a year.

Too little encouraged to feel self-assured,  
 Too dull for retorts, and too timid for taunts ;  
 By daughters and nieces I'm barely endured,  
 And mortally hated by uncles and amts.  
 If e'er I entangle  
 A girl in an angle,  
 Up steps some Duenna, love's serpent to strangle :  
 "Come hither ! don't talk to that fellow, my dear,  
 His income is only Five Hundred a year."

Without tact or talents to get into ton,  
 No calling to stick to, no trade to pursue :  
 Thus London, hard stepmother, leaves me alone,  
 With little to live on, and nothing to do.  
 Could I row a life-boat,  
 Make a boot or a coat,  
 Or serve in a silversmith's shop, and devote  
 My days to employment, my evenings to cheer,  
 I'd gladly give up my Five Hundred a year.

The reader has frequently, we presume, observed the intense affability with which hostess and guests seem imbued when seated round the dinner table ; but the scene which took place before the invitations were issued, was not, perhaps, so charming from the urbanity of the actors, although the master and mistress of the feast may have been the only parties upon the

stage. Both these scenes are admirably and humorously described by our Poet of Fashion in the following lines:—

## THE DINNER.

Thus to his mate Sir Richard spoke—  
"The House is up; from London smoke  
All fly; the Park grows thinner;  
The friends who fed us, will condemn  
Our backward board; we must feed them:  
My dear, let's give a dinner."

"Agreed!" his lady cries; "and first  
Put down Sir George and Lady Hurst."  
"Done! now I name—the Gatties?"  
"My dear, they're rather stupid."—"Stuff!  
We dine with them, and that's enough:  
Besides, I like their patties."

"Who next?"—"Sir James and Lady Dunn."  
"Oh no."—"Why not?"—"They'll bring  
their son,  
That regular tormentor—  
A couple, with one child, are sure  
To bring three fools outside their door,  
Where'er abroad they venture."

"Who next?"—"John Yates."—"What!  
M.P. Yates;  
Who, o'er the bottle, stale debates  
Drags forth ten times a minute?"  
"He's like the rest: whoever fails,  
Out of St. Stephen's school tells tales  
He'd quake to utter in it."

"Well, have him if you will,"—"The  
Grants."

"My dear, remember, at your aunt's  
I view'd them with abhorrence."  
"Why so?"—"Why, since they've come  
from Lisle,  
(Which they call *Leel*) they bore our Isle  
With Brussels, Tours, and Florence."

"Where could you meet them?"—"At the  
Nora."

"Who next?"—"The Lances."—"We want  
no more—  
Lieutenant-General Dixey."

"He's deaf."—"But then he'll bring Tom  
White."

"True! ask them both: the boy's a bite;  
We'll place him next to Lizzy."

'Tis seven—the Hunts, the Dunns, Jack  
Yates,  
The Grants assemble: dinner waits;  
In march the Lances, the Gatties.  
Objections, taunts, rebukes are fled,  
Hate, scorn, and ridicule lie dead  
As so many Donatties.

Yates carves the turbot, Lane the Lamb,  
Sir George the fowls, Sir James the ham,  
Dunn with the beef is busy;  
His helpmate pats her darling boy,  
And, to complete a mother's joy,  
Tom White sits next to Lizzy.

All trot their hobbies round the room;  
They talk of routs, retrenchments, Hume,  
The bard who won't lie fallow,  
The Turks, the statue in the Park,  
Which both the Grants, at once, remark  
Jump'd down from Mount Cavallo.

They talk of dances, operas, dress,  
They nod, they smile, they acquiesce;  
None pout; all seem delighted:  
Heavens! can this be the self-same set,  
So courteously received when met;  
So taunted when invited?

So have I seen, at Drury Lane,  
A play rehearsed: the Thespian train  
In arms; the bard astounded;  
Scenes cut; parts shifted; songs displaced;  
Jokes mangled; characters effaced;  
"Confusion worse confounded."

But, on the night, with seeming hearts,  
The warring tribe their several parts  
Enact with due decorum.  
Such is the gulf that intervenes  
Twixt those who get behind the scenes,  
And those who sit before 'em!

No man of his position in society was more fêted than James Smith. He was made for London life, as indeed all such men are; and to those who could appreciate genial humor, always restrained from degenerating into buffoonery by the instinctive dictates of gentlemanly feeling, his company was most acceptable. He was a constant guest of Lady Blessington's,\* and usually spent some portions of every

\* See Memoir of Lady Blessington in IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. 8, Vol. II. p. 773.

year with John Wilson Croker, Lord Abinger, the late earl of Mulgrave, and the late Lord Harrington. But at Lady Blesington's, at the Athenæum, the Union, and the Garrick Clubs, most of his hours of relaxation were spent during the London season. As might be expected, the round of life at these latter places did not conduce much to the preservation of his health, and at rather an early age he was a martyr to the gout, and whilst labouring under a severe attack of his enemy, wrote the following lines :—

## THE BIRTH OF PODAGRA.

"Fair daughter, it puzzles me much,"  
Quoth Jove to Idalia's Queen,  
"Why you married a god on a crutch,  
Who never looks fit to be seen.  
With Mars, and with Bacchus, and with  
Apollo to woo you in songs,  
Oh! how could you marry a smith  
Who furnishes poker and tongs?"

"Dread sire," said the Queen of the Loves,  
"While Vulcan is beating hot shoes  
All day, I can harness my doves,  
And call on what people I choose:  
You made him a smith from his birth,  
His forge on Mount Ætna he plies:  
Let him mind his shop upon earth,  
And me manage mine in the skies."

The Thunderer nodded assent.  
Ere long, with his vine-circled rod,  
On no honest embassy bent,  
Came Bacchus, the ivy-crown'd god.

He drove the dame out in his car;  
Anacreon call'd up the Nine,  
And thrumm'd his eternal guitar  
In praise of the myrtle and vine.

With Vulcan employ'd all the day,  
The lovers felt doubly secure:  
We know, when Grimalkin's away,  
The mice are not over demure.  
Thus flitted unclouded the scene,  
Till Dian nine circuits had run:  
When, lo! the parturient Queen  
Of Paphos gave birth to a son.

In flannels Jove swaddled the imp,  
As broad as his mother's blue zone,  
And prudently gave him a limp,  
To pass for lame Mulciber's own.  
The Bacchus and Venus-born child  
Grew, otherwise, healthy and stout.  
Hippocrates nursed him, and styled  
The big-footed libertine—Gout!

He was not a dangler after women, but was with them a special favourite, and few men were more frequently required "just to write one line in my Album" than James Smith. Of the poems contributed by him on these occasions, the following may be selected :—

## TIME AND LOVE.

An artist painted Time and Love;  
Time with two pinions spread above,  
And Love without a feather;  
Sir Harry patronised the plan,  
And soon Sir Hal and Lady Ann  
In wedlock came together.

Copies of each the dame bespoke:  
The artist, ere he drew a stroke,  
Reversed his old opinions,

And straightway to the fair one brings  
Time in his turn devoid of wings,  
And Cupid with two pinions.

"What blunder's this?" the lady cries.  
"No blunder, Madam," he replies,  
"I hope I'm not so stupid.  
Each has his pinions in his day,  
Time, before marriage, flies away,  
And, after marriage, Cupid."

It might be supposed that when, in after life, he met, in society, those authors whose styles of poetry he had imitated or parodied in the *Rejected Addresses*, unpleasant scenes would occur, but such was not the case, and the parties in question were either to good humored, or men of too much good sense to allow



the *jeu d'esprit* to effect their tempers. In the eighteenth edition of the work, to which Horace Smith wrote the preface, and James Smith the notes, we have abundant evidence of the fact. The only poet whose verses were imitated, and who afterwards referred to the matter seriously, was William Spencer. At first, indeed, it was otherwise. Lydia White, who had invited him to a dinner party, to which James Smith was also engaged, recollected that it was possible Spencer might not wish to meet his parodiest, and she accordingly wrote to him and stated that a gentleman was to dine with her whom she feared "he would not like to meet." He called upon her at once and said, "pray who is this whom I should not like to meet?" She replied, "O! one of those men who made that shameful attack on you." "The very man upon earth I should like to know," exclaimed Spencer, and, having met, they were friends for ever. He afterwards, however, said, "it is all very well for once, but don't do it again. I had been almost forgotten when you revived me; and now all the newspapers and reviews ring with 'this fashionable trashy author.'"

The gout, as is usual, became more violent as its victim grew older, and, in the spring of 1839, he suffered, at the same time, from a most painful fit of the gout, and a very enervating attack of influenza. He went, for change of air, to Tunbridge Wells, and seeming to rally, returned to London, where, however, he died, on Christmas eve, 1839, in the 65th year of his age.

In that humorous style of verse, so successfully cultivated by Theodore Hook and Thomas Hood, the following, from the pen of James Smith, is ingenious :—

## SURNAMES.

Men once were surnamed from their shape  
or estate,  
(You all may from history worm it :)  
There was Lewis the Bulky and Henry the  
Great,  
John Lackland, and Peter the Hermit.  
But now, when the door-plates of Masters  
and Dames  
Are read, each so constantly varies  
From the owner's trade, figure, and calling,  
Surnames  
Seem given by the rule of contraries.

Mr. Box, though provoked, never doubles  
his fist,  
- Mr. Burns in his grate has no fuel,  
Mr. Playfair won't catch me at hazard or  
whist,  
Mr. Coward was wing'd in a duel.

Mr. Wise is a dunce, Mr. King is a Whig,  
Mr. Coffin's uncommonly sprightly,  
And huge Mr. Little broke down in a gig,  
While driving fat Mrs. Gollightly.

Mrs. Drinkwater's apt to indulge in a dram,  
Mrs. Angel's an absolute fury,  
And meek Mr. Lion let fierce Mr. Lamb  
Tweak his nose in the lobby of Drury.  
At Bath, where the feeble go more than the  
stout,  
(A conduct well worthy of Nero.)  
Over poor Mr. Lightfoot, confined with the  
gout,  
Mr. Heaviside danced a bolero.

Miss Joy, wretched maid, when she chose  
Mr. Love,  
Found nothing but sorrow await her:

She now holds in wedlock, as true as a  
dove,  
That fondest of mates, Mr. Hayter.  
Mr. Oldcastle dwells in a modern-built hut,  
Miss Sage is of madcaps the archest;  
Of all the queer bachelors Cupid e'er cut,  
Old Mr. Younghusband's the starchest.

Mr. Child, in a passion, knocked down Mr.  
Rock,  
Mr. Stone like an aspen-leaf shivers;  
Miss Poole used to dance, but she stands  
like a stock,  
Ever since she became Mrs. Rivera.  
Mr. Swift hobbles onward, no mortal knows  
how,  
He moves as though cords had entwined  
him,  
Mr. Metcalf ran off, upon meeting a cow,  
With pale Mr. Turnbull behind him.

Mr. Barker's as mute as a fish in the sea,  
Mr. Miles never moves on a journey,  
Mr. Gotobed sits up till half after three,  
Mr. Makepiece was bred an attorney.  
Mr. Gardener can't tell a flower from a  
root,  
Mr. Wilde with timidity draws back,  
Mr. Ryder performs all his journeys on  
foot,  
Mr. Foote all his journeys on horseback.  
Mr. Penny, whose father was rolling in  
wealth,  
Kiek'd down all the fortune his dad won,  
Large Mr. Le Fevre's the picture of health,  
Mr. Goodenough is but a bad one.  
Mr. Cruickshank slept into three thousand  
a year,  
By showing his leg to an heiress;—  
Now I hope you'll acknowledge I've made  
it quite clear  
Surnames ever go by contraries.

Of Theodore Hook it is unnecessary we should write at any length. He is best known as a novelist. As a writer of political songs and pasquinades few men excelled him, and our chief reason for here introducing his name is, that the two poems which we shall present are now completely forgotten. In truth, for the pathetic, he had little taste, and the stream of life for him was all cataracts bubbling with fun and humor; for its quiet glidings through the shady ways and sober levels of existence he had scant regard. Men such as he spring up in London fashionable and political life; if they be wise men, office and wealth are in their grasp; if, however, they prefer enjoyment and social intercourse before the graver and deeper pursuits of existence, they become just such living moral lessons as Theodore Hook himself exemplified.

Theodore Edward Hook was born in Charlotte-street, Bedford-square, London, on the 22nd day of September, 1788. Few men have been better known, whether we consider him as novelist, as journalist, as dramatist, or as a wit. His early years were spent in society calculated to foster all the genius he possessed; the customs of the time could only strengthen those convivial tastes for which he was afterwards so remarkable, and his quick fancy and his ready pen, made him, for his own sake, but too acceptable to those who deserted him when the brightness of fancy was decayed, and when life was waning before its time—a condition not less induced by their patronage than by his own folly.

The son of a musician and composer, admitted early behind the scenes, the constructor of a successful comic opera when

in his sixteenth year, anxious to enjoy society—who can wonder that he became a Poet of Fashion. We have stated, that for pathos he had little genius, and, indeed, the following lines addressed to a lady, afford the only genuine pathetic verses we have ever seen from his pen:—

The hour is come—the cherish'd hour,  
When from the busy world set free,  
I seek at length my lonely bower,  
And muse in silent thought on thee.

And, oh ! how sweet to know that still,  
Though sever'd from thee widely far,  
Our minds the self-same thought can fill—  
Our eyes yet seek the self-same star.

Compulsion from its destin'd course  
The magnet may awhile detain,  
But when no more withheld by force,  
It trembles to its north again.

Thus, though the idle world may hold  
My fetter'd thoughts awhile from thee,  
To thee they spring, when uncontrol'd,  
In all the warmth of liberty.

The faithful dove, where'er by day,  
Through fields of air her pinions rove,  
Still seeks, when daylight dies away,  
The shelter of her native grove.

So at this calm, this silent hour,  
Whate'er the daily scenes I see,  
My heart (its joyless wand'rings o'er)  
Returns unalter'd still to thee.

Of his political poems we cannot here insert any specimens, as they do not properly come within scope of our paper, and we close our selection from Hook with the following lines, written after leaving the house of a lady who had, as he says, presented him "*her thumb to shake hands with*:"—

#### VISITINGS.

Some women at parting scarce give you  
So much as a simple good-bye,  
And from others as long as you live, you  
Will never be bless'd with a sigh;  
Some will press you so warmly, you'd linger  
Beside them for ever, and some  
Will give you an icy forefinger,  
But Fanny presents you a thumb.

Some will give you a look of indifference,  
Others will give you a smile;  
While some of the colder and stiffer ones,  
Bow in their own chilly style.  
There are some who look merry at parting,  
And some who look woefully glum;  
Some give you a blessing at starting,  
But Fanny just gives you a thumb.

There are some who will go to the door with  
you,  
Some ring for the man or the maid;  
Some who do less, and some more, with you,  
And a few would be glad if you stay'd.  
A good many wish you'd be slack again,  
Their way on a visit to come;  
Two or three give you leave to go back again,  
But Fanny gives only her thumb.

With a number, ten minutes are longer  
Than you find yourself welcome to stay;  
While some, whose affections are stronger,  
Would like to detain you all day.  
Some offer you Sherry and blacuit,  
Others give not a drop nor a crumb;  
Some a sandwich, from sirlain or bricket,  
But Fanny gives simply her thumb.

Some look with a sort of a squint to you,  
Some whisper they've visits to make;  
Some glance at their watches—a hint to you,  
Which, if you are wise, you will take.  
Some faintly invite you to dinner,  
(So faint, you may see it's all hum,  
Unless you're a silly beginner)  
But Fanny presents you a thumb.

Some chatter—thirteen to the dozen—  
Some don't speak a word all the time;  
Some open the albums they've chosen,  
And beg you to scribble in rhyme:  
Some bellow so loud, they admonish  
Your ear to take care of its drum;  
Some give you an ogle quite tonnish,  
But Fanny gives nought, save her thumb.

Some wonder how long you've been absent,  
Despair of your coming again;  
While some have a coach or a cab sent,  
To take you away if it rain.  
Some shut up their windows in summer,  
Some won't stir the fire though you're  
numb;  
Some give you hot punch in a rummer,  
But Fanny gives only her thumb.

Some talk about scandal, or lovers,  
Some talk about Byron or Scott;  
Some offer you eggs laid by plovers,  
Some offer the luck of the pot;  
A great many offer you nothing,  
They sit, like automata, dumb,  
The silly ones give you a loathing,  
But Fanny gives merely her thumb.

Some bore you with six-year old gables,  
In the shape of a master or miss;  
Others hold up their slobbering babies,  
Which you must be a brute not to kiss:  
Some tell you their household disasters,  
While others their instruments strum:  
Some give you receipts for corn-plasters,  
But Fanny presents you her thumb.

Some talk of the play they've been last at,  
And some of the steam-driven coach;  
While those who are prudes look aghast at  
Each piece of new scandal you broach:  
Some talk of converting the Hindoos,  
To relish, like Christians, their rum;  
Some give you a view from their windows,  
But Fanny gives only her thumb.

Some ask what you think of the tussel,  
man,  
Between the all-lies and the Porte;  
And Cod-rington's thrashing the muscle-  
man  
(Puns being such people's forte).

The men speak of change in the cabinet;  
The women—how can they sit mum?  
Give their thoughts upon laces and tabinet,  
But Fanny gives merely her thumb.

Some speak of the Marquis of Lansdowne,  
Who, to prove the old proverb, has set  
About thief-catching—laying wise plans  
down  
In the "Hue and Cry" weekly gazette.  
Some think that the Whigs are but noodles  
(But such are, of course, the mere acum);  
Some give you long tales of their poodles,  
But Fanny presents you her thumb.

Good luck to them all!—where I visit,  
I meet with warm hearts and warm  
hands;  
But that's not a common thing, is it?  
For I neither have houses nor lands:  
Not a look but the soul has a part in it,  
(How different the looks are of some!)  
Oh! give me a hand with a heart in it,  
And the devil take finger and thumb.

Thomas Haynes Bayly was born at Bath, on the thirteenth day of October, 1797, and was the only son of Nathaniel Bayly, of Mount Beacon House, near Bath, and of Miss Thomas, daughter of Sir George Thomas, Bart., of Ratton Park, Sussex. By his father he was connected with the Earl of Stamford and Warrington, and by his mother with the Baroness Le Despencer. By birth, therefore, he belonged to the world of fashion, and genius made him its poet. He was educated at Winchester, and at St. Mary's Hall, Oxford, where he spent three years. He intended to enter the church, but grew weary of it, and applied himself, or fancied he applied himself, to study for the bar.

Early in his college course he formed a friendship with a young companion who, becoming consumptive, was attended most kindly by Bayly; having formed an acquaintance with his young friend's family, the Poet became attached to his friend's sister, and on the death of the former the feeling of affection grew more ardent; but marriage was impossible, as his father, upon whom he was entirely dependant, was unwilling to contribute to his support if he should wed the lady. Our poet grew melancholy and desponding, wrote verses and songs innumerable, and was fast approaching to the woful state of *Pendennis*, when that youth's heart was enthralled by the bright eyes and flowing hair of *The Fotheringay*. This, of course, was a melancholy condition, and change of scene was prescribed—a prescription quite in keeping with Ovid's rule, and Bayly visited Scotland and Ireland. He remained in Dublin during the year 1823,

and wrote and published a small volume entitled *Miniature Lyrics*. Amongst these *Lyrics* was the song known as *Isabel*, which was sung with considerable effect by Miss Ashe; and another, the pretty ballad known as *Come, Open Your Casement, My Dear*, the melody for which was composed by our countryman, Balfe, who was just then entering the musical world.

Bayly returned to Bath in January, 1824, and his heart appears to have quite regained its strength, as upon his return he fell in love with Miss Helena Beecher Hayes, daughter of Benjamin Hayes, Esq., of Marble Hill, in the county of Cork, and was married to her on the 11th day of July, 1826.

Some short time after his marriage, whilst staying with his wife and a large party at Chessell, Lord Ashtown's villa, the ladies of the company having left the dinner table, the gentlemen forgot the lapse of time, and Bayly was the only one who, after considerable delay, recollected it. He accordingly went in search of them, and saw them at some distance; they likewise perceived him, and moved off in the opposite direction, feeling annoyed at what they considered a slight. He did not follow them, but turned into an arbor, called the Butterfly Bower, and a butterfly passing before him, suggested thoughts which he then weaved into his pretty ballad, *I'd Be a Butterfly*, and upon returning to tea, and wishing to show his fair friends who had cut him that he had been more pleasantly employed than in escorting them, produced the lines, and noting the music—Mrs. Bayly composing the symphonies and accompaniment—delighted the party by singing the song the same evening.

Thomas Moore and Bayly had become, through congeniality of taste, very close friends, and in the former poet's *Diary* we find frequent mention of the latter. In the sixth number of the *Melodies* Moore printed the beautiful poem known as *Dear Harp of my Country*, and upon reading this Bayly wrote the following lines:—

I.  
Heed not the poet's parting words,  
Nor think you hear his closing strain;  
For love still lingers on the chords,  
And woos him to his lyre again.

II,  
His hand its office may refuse,  
But genius cannot slumber long;  
And soon again shall Erin's muse  
Give life and strength to Erin's song.

III.  
Again his music shall bestow  
A charm to make our moments gay;  
Again the lover's heart shall glow,  
While beauty's lip repeats the lay.

IV.  
Yes, often shall his voice receive  
The patriot's praise, the fair one's smile;  
And Albion's sons again shall give  
The tribute of a sister isle.

## V.

Then do not hear him with regret,  
Or at his farewell notes repine;  
Our favourite bard shall charm us yet  
With many a gay and sportive line.

## VI.

When lovers breathe a last adieu  
To maids who treat them with disdain;

A glance their passion can renew,  
A smile can lure them back again.

## VII.

Thus though the bard may now rebel,  
Though now his hand the lyre may spurn;  
The echoes of his own farewell  
Shall tempt the rover to return.

Bayly appears to have regarded Ireland with very warm feelings of regard. The following extract, describing the deserted residence, and the condition of the neglected people on the property of an Irish absentee landlord, is spirited, and from his poem, *The Absentee*, written during the distresses which prevailed in the year 1822 :—

Go fashion—to the house of mourning go !  
With that warm cheek of fire—that heart of snow,  
There will that flushing cheek be pale with dread,  
When thy glance rests on the unconscious dead ;  
There will that heart's unthinking coldness melt,  
Subdued by better feelings—now unfeigned.  
Thy lively spirit shrinks from sorrow's breath ;  
What has that glowing form to do with death ?  
Disease may rage—thy fellow-men may be  
Hurled to their graves ; but, what is that thee ?  
Gaze on the dead—restrain thy heart's disgust—  
What he is, thou shalt be—mere lifeless dust !

The spring is spent in London's gay career,  
And in the warmer season of the year,  
An English cottage-villa near the sea  
Is the retreat of Erin's Absentee !  
The winter finds him in the streets of Bath ;  
Spring reconducts him to the London path ;  
His road is circular, its course pursuing,  
It leads to nothing—but his country's ruin.  
Yet has not nature, with a liberal hand,  
Scattered her beauties o'er his native land ?  
Killarney's lakes, and rocks, and Wicklow's glens  
Are lovely, and unrivalled ; pencils—pens—  
Can ne'er describe, or paint them. Then survey  
Dublin—still smiling o'er her beauteous bay,  
And own that Erin is too fair for thee,  
Deserter ! Renegade ! and Absentee !

The winter after his marriage he employed in preparing his novel *The Aylmers*, which was successful, and in the same year he wrote a very pretty Irish story in the *Keepsake*, called *A Legend of Killarney*. Finding himself popular as a novelist, and having composed the series of ballads known as *Songs of the Seasons*, and *Songs of the Chateau*, and *Songs of the Days of Chivalry*, he changed his residence to London, and in the year 1829 wrote a melo-drama called *The Witness*, which was produced at the English Opera House. It had a run for only seven nights, although supported by Miss Kelly, then in the zenith of her reputation. A few months afterwards his, *Sold for*

a *Song* was produced, and succeeded admirably. During the autumn of the year 1829, whilst staying at his uncle's residence, Ratton Park, being obliged to visit London, he employed himself, during his day's coaching, in writing the well known, and most deservedly admired drama, *Perfection, or The Lady of Munster*. It was presented to nearly all the London managers but was refused, and to the discrimination of Madame Vestris the public owe the possession of this amusing piece. Few dramas have been more successful, and some months after its production on the public stage it was performed in the private theatre at Drakelow, with the following cast:—

Sir Lawrence Paragon,	Mr. Lester.
Charles,	Sir Roger Griesley.
Sam,	Viscount Castlereagh.
Kate O'Brien,	Marchioness of Londonderry.
Susan,	Lady Sophia Griesley.

Shortly after the production of *Perfection*, Bailey published his *Fashionable Eclogues* and the *Songs of the Boudoir*, in which series appeared the favorite ballad *We met, 'Twas in a Crowd*. In the following extract from the *Fashionable Eclogues*, the speaker, *Miss Long*, having been informed by her mother that the *Duke Filchesterton* has made an offer of his hand, expresses her opinions, feelings, and sentiments, on the subject, and it is a very good example of Bayly's lighter manner:—

What do you say?—The Duke!—His Grace!

A Duchess!—can it be!

(He's sixty-five) how very odd

That he should fix on me!

The Duke!—(he can't have long to live)

His Grace! when will he call?

How lucky Lord Fitzlackstiver

Meant nothing after all!

The Duke!—he's very, very old;

But what's that to his wife!

You do not care three straws about

My father's time of life.

His Grace!—what gorgeous wedding clothes!

What jewels I shall get!

The diamonds of the family,

(I'll have them all new set.)

The Duke!—he can't live very long.

His husky cough is chronic,

And doubtless I shall find a friend

Exceedingly platonic.

You'll tell the Duke I'm flatter'd—

pleased:—

Oh! stop, Mamma—you'll see,

Of course, that all his worldly goods

Are settled upon me.

A Duchess!—only think, Mamma,

I shall be call'd your Grace!

What had I best be married in,

White satin or blond lace?

Bless me! how very strange 'twill seem

To have a spouse on crutches!

I long to tell Fitzlackstiver

That I'm to be a Duchess.

Poor Fitz! It's well I'm not his wife;

It would have made me ill,

To go and make a fuss about

Some odious butcher's bill.

It never would have suited me

To hash the boll'd and roast!

And ascertain what eggs, and beer,

And soap, and candles cost!

Poor Fitz! don't let him marry, Ma—

Oh, apropos of marriage!

I must consult him when he calls,

About my travelling carriage.

The gout, they say, is apt to kill

When vital parts it touches;

Make haste, Mamma, and tell the Duke,

That I will be his Duchess!

To those who only know men in their books, who judge

of an author's mind by that which issues from his pen, it is very likely that Bayly may seem a careless, thoughtless, man, dwelling only in a world of romance, occupied solely with his fancies, and the follies, and fopperies of fashionable life. But at the very period in which he might be considered most engaged in literary and thought-diverting pursuits—the year 1828, he addressed to his wife, who was much grieved at the loss of their son, the following very beautiful lines :—

Cling to the cross, thou lone one,  
For a solace in thy grief;  
Let faith believe its promise,  
There is joy in that belief.

Oh lie not down, poor mourner,  
On the cold earth in despair;  
Why give the grave thy homage?  
Does the spirit moulder there?

The unbeliever trusts not  
The atonement of the Cross :

Say, where shall he find comfort,  
In the gloom of such a loss?

Can *He* cheer his house of mourning,  
With the madden'd cry of mirth?  
No! he throws himself despairing  
On *his all*, a clod of earth.

Cling to the Cross, thou lone one,  
For it hath power to save.  
If the Christian's hope forsake thee,  
There's no hope beyond the grave.

All through life Bayly was on terms of intimacy, or friendship, with most of the literary men of his time, and we find letters addressed to him from Moore, Rogers, Theodore Hook, Crofton Croker, Galt, and others; but our countryman, John Banim, whose memory is, like that of all distinguished literary Irishmen—neglected, was his dearest friend. The last years of Banim's life was dragged out in all the wretchedness of corporeal anguish, which deprived him of all mental energy. He was, at the period of his death, a young man, and bright and buoyant years of life were, in the course of nature, before him; but hard and early struggles had worn out the body, whilst the spirit was but beginning to burn with that brilliancy of which the latest gleamings were the brightest. He longed for life as only the dying man who feels the fire of genius within him can long, or as the youth whose flower of health is withering away, hopes for its reblossoming—to him, indeed, feeling and knowing his own genius, having worked for bread, and having won it, and fame, life was doubly life, and he must have known but too deeply, that thought of Schiller, which Bulwer Lytton has so beautifully translated—

“Earth and Heaven which such joy to the living one gave  
From his gaze darkened dimly!—and sadly and sighing  
The dying one shrunk from the Thought of the grave,—  
The World, oh! the World so sweet to the Dying!”



It was after he had called to see his friend thus expiring that Bayly wrote the following lines :—

I.  
I saw him on his couch of pain,  
And when I heard him speak,  
It was of Hope long nurs'd in vain,  
And tears stole down his cheek.  
He spoke of honours early won,  
Which youth could rarely boast;  
Of high endeavours well begun,  
But prematurely lost.

II.  
I saw him on a brighter day,  
Among the first spring flowers;  
Despairing thoughts had passed away,  
He spoke of future hours;

He spoke of health, of spirits freed  
To take a noble aim;  
Of efforts that were sure to lead  
To fortune and to fame!

III.  
They bear him to a genial land  
The cradle of the weak;  
Oh! may it nerve the feeble hand,  
And animate the cheek!  
Oh! may he, when we meet again,  
Those flattering hopes recall,  
And smiling say—"They were not vain,  
I've realised them all!"

In the year 1831 difficulties seemed to gather round our Poet, and his father's property, and his own—chiefly coal mines, were unproductive, whilst Mrs. Bayly's Irish estate became also embarrassed; thus oppressed by these double misfortunes, he was reduced to a state of such extreme mental prostration as to be unable to compose a single line worthy of his reputation. Variety of scene was prescribed, and he changed his residence to France—he was, after the lapse of some months, restored to health—and we may suppose that the following lines were the outpourings of a chastened spirit :—

#### SHOW ME THE RUINED MAN.

I.  
Show me the ruined man  
Who never hopes to rise,  
Who on the earth where he is hurl'd,  
Without an effort lies.  
Oh! bid him come to me  
And tell his secret care;  
Whate'er it be, he yet must learn  
Man never should despair.

II.  
This is not said by one,  
Who no reverse has known;  
The chances are, his lot hath been  
Less gloomy than my own.

But God will give us strength  
For the burthen we must bear;  
Adversity hath taught me this—  
Man never should despair.

III.  
The gloom of blighted hopes  
None better know than I,  
And wrong'd by those I loved, I've pray'd  
To lay me down and die!  
But blessings still remain'd,  
And 'twas an impious prayer;  
Hope will not leave a guiltless mind,  
Man never should despair.

Having found that his genius for dramatic composition was decided, he had applied himself assiduously to it, and we are informed that to the year 1837 he had produced thirty-six dramatic pieces. Amongst those which still keep the stage we need scarcely name *Perfection*; we may, however, mention some few others, the titles of which are, perhaps, better known to the reader than the name of the author. Amongst the chief we may

place *A Gentleman in Difficulties*; *You can't marry your Grandmother*; *Why don't She Marry*; *My Little Adopted*; *Forty and Fifty*; *The Spittalsfields Weaver*; *One Hour, or The Carnival Ball*.

For every thing in nature oppressed by deformity, Bayly seems to have entertained a kindly and manly feeling; his poem, *The Bridesmaid*, written to embody the supposed thoughts of a young and deformed girl, who had been the bridesmaid of a sister, just departed on her wedding tour, but who was subject to occasional fits of insanity, a circumstance known to the bridegroom, who had married her for her wealth, is extremely pathetic, and fully justified Sir Robert Peel, when he stated to Bayly, referring to these lines, "they have too much tenderness and beauty not to be quite familiar to me." We presume that most of our readers could write as Sir Robert; but there is another poem not so well known, and which, in our mind expresses, in a manner still more poetic and exquisite, the feeling of one deformed, it is—

#### THE EXHIBITED DWARF.

##### I.

I lay without my father's door, a wretched dwarfish boy;  
I did not dare to lift the latch, I heard the voice of joy.  
Too well I knew, when I was near, my father never smiled;  
And she who bore me turn'd away, abhorring her poor child.

##### II.

A stranger saw me, and he bribed my parents with his gold!  
Oh! deeper shame awaited me—the dwarfish boy was sold!  
They never loved me, never claim'd the love I could have felt!  
And yet, with bitter tears, I left the cottage where they dwelt.

##### III.

The stranger seem'd more kind to me, he spoke of brighter days;  
He lured each slumb'ring talent forth, and gave unwonted praise;  
Unused to smiles, how ardently I panted for applause!  
And daily he instructed me—too soon I learned the cause.

##### IV.

I stood upon his native shore; the secret was explain'd;  
I was a vile, degraded slave, in mind and body chain'd!  
Condemn'd to face, day after day, the rabble's ruffian gaze;  
To shrink before their merriment, or blush before their praise!

##### V.

In anguish I must still perform the oft-repeated task;  
And courteously reply to all frivolity may ask.  
And bear inhuman scrutiny, and hear the hateful jest!  
And sing the song—then crawl away to tears instead of rest.

##### VI.

I know I am diminutive, ay, loathsome, if you will;  
But say, ye hard hearts! am I not a human being still?  
With feelings, sensitive as yours perhaps, I have been born!  
I could not wound a fellow-man, in mockery, or scorn!

## VII.

But some there are, who seem to shrink away from me at first,  
And then speak kindly; to my heart that trial is the worst !  
Oh, then I long to kneel to them, imploring them to save  
A hopeless wretch, who only asks an honourable grave !

The playful cast of our poet's mind is displayed in many of his songs. The following lines are amusing, and they express, in very natural terms, the usual results of that most unsuitable of all unsuitable things to a climate like ours—

## A PIC-NIC.

## I.

" A pic-nic, a pic-nic ! so happy together !  
Intelligent women, agreeable men !  
The middle of June, so we must have fine weather ;  
We'll go upon donkeys to Bogglemy Glen.  
There has not been rain for six weeks, and, at present,  
There is not the slightest appearance of change ;  
No pic-nic, I'm sure, ever yet was so pleasant—  
Few people can realize all they arrange !"

## II.

Oh ! these words at night were the very last spoken,  
The first in the morning were equally gay ;  
There was a great mist, which we knew was a token  
At noon we should have a most exquisite day.  
The donkeys arrive, and the sociable meant for  
The matrons unfitted for sidesaddle seats ;  
The baskets of prog and the hampers are sent for,  
And pack'd in the rumbles, or under the seats.

## III.

And now we set off—all the carriages quite full :  
Do look at Miss Symons, how oddly she sits !  
No sun to annoy us, it's really delightful !  
Don't mind Mrs. Wilkins, she says that it spits !  
Some people take pleasure in throwing cold water  
On parties of pleasure, and talking of damp ;  
She's just the ill-natured old woman I thought her,  
We'll laugh at her presently when we encamp.

## IV.

My donkey, in stooping to gather a thistle,  
Was very near pitching me over his head ;  
Dear me ! I do think it's beginning to drizzle,  
Oh, let us take shelter in yonder old shed !  
How foolish to put on my pink satin bonnet !  
I envy Miss Martin, she's snug in the straw ;  
My lilac pelisse, too ! the water drips on it,  
The loveliest lilac that ever I saw !

## V.

For my part, I own I like this sort of morning,  
With sun perpendicular what could we do ?  
So pleasant to find the dust laid when returning ;  
'Twill clear up at twelve, or at latest at two.  
And now we're at Bogglemy, dear, how unlucky !  
I'm sure I heard something like thunder just then :  
The place is so gloomy—the path is so mucky -  
I scarce can believe I'm at Bogglemy Glen !

## VI.

We cannot dine under the trees—it would chill us;  
 We'll try to take shelter in yonder retreat :  
 Oh, dear ! it's a dirty old cowhouse, 'twill kill us ;  
 If all must crowd into it, think of the heat !  
 A soup-plate inverted Miss Millington uses  
 To keep her thin slippers above the wet clay !  
 Oh ! see through the roof how the rain-water oozes—  
 The dinner will all taste of dripping to-day !

## VII.

A pic-nic, a pic-nic ! so wretched together !  
 All draggle-tail women, and cross-looking men !  
 The middle of June, yet this terrible weather  
 Has made a morass of poor Bogglegmy Glen !  
 It rains just like buckets of water ; at present,  
 There is not the slightest appearance of change :  
 'Twas very absurd to leave Waterloo Crescent—  
 Few people can realise all they arrange.

From the year 1833 to 1836, Bayly resided in Paris, and returning to England in the latter year, he once more applied himself to literature, and wrote various songs ; but in the year 1837 he was attacked by brain fever, whilst preparing a novel entitled, *Kindness in Women*, for Bentley. From this illness he recovered, but was never completely restored to health. His weakness increased, and having removed to Boulogne, he found his constitution shattered, and a confirmed jaundice having seized him, his last days were passed in all the horrors of that disease. He still found the old spirit of poetry clinging to him, and occasionally composed short poetical pieces—many of them are devotional, and, amongst the latest written are the following beautiful lines :—

## IS THERE AN UNBELIEVER ?

## I.

Is there an unbeliever !  
 One man who walks the earth,  
 And madly doubts that Providence  
 Watch'd o'er him at his birth ?  
 He robs mankind for ever  
 Of hope beyond the tomb ;  
 What gives he as a recompense ?—  
 The brute's unhallowed doom !

## II.

In manhood's loftiest hour,  
 In health, and strength, and pride,  
 Oh ! lead his steps through alleys green,  
 Where rills 'mid cowslips glide.

Climb nature's granite tower,  
 Where man hath rarely trod ;  
 And will he then, in such a scene,  
 Deny there is a God ?

## III.

Yea,—the proud heart will ever  
 Prompt the false tongue's reply !  
 An Omnipotent providence  
 Still madly he'll deny.  
 But see the unbeliever  
 Sinking in death's decay ;  
 And hear the cry of penitence !  
 He never learnt to pray !

Bayly returned to England, he was advised to try the air and waters of Cheltenham, but all aid from these sources was unavailing. The jaundice turned to dropsy, and he died at Cheltenham, on the twenty-second day of April, 1839. He was buried in the new cemetery of the town, and in St. James's

church a tablet was erected to his memory, bearing the following tribute, from the pen of poor Theodore Hook :—

He was a kind parent,  
An affectionate husband,  
A popular Author,  
and  
An accomplished gentleman.  
To commemorate all his good qualities,  
Which she duly appreciated,  
This tablet has been erected  
By his disconsolate mother.

Few English lyrists have enjoyed a wider or more lasting reputation than Bayly. His songs are, perhaps, more generally sung than Moore's; not that they are more poetical, but, chiefly, because the exquisite melodies to which so many of them have been composed, by Joseph Philip Knight, are written for ordinary singing voices, whilst most of Moore's songs are adapted to beautiful music, never, as we believe, meant for vocalization, and which generally ascends to too high a key, or falls to one below the compass of that voice which can reach the higher notes. For this reason Bayly's songs are sung by the young; to those in middle age they are imbued with all that charm which Lamartine calls—

“Le parfum des souvenirs, l'odeur du passé”—

recalling the dreams of other days, when the piano was a trysting place, and love was made, in that wickedest of all dangerous ways—another man's words, and when perhaps, the now grave man of forty lingered to watch

“—the spirit deeply dawning in the dark of hazel eyes;”  
or if some sweet blonde were the idol, felt with Moore—

“Her floating eyes, oh ! they resemble  
Blue water-lilies when the breeze  
Is making the waters round them tremble.”

From these, and other, causes, Bayly has continued a popular and fashionable poet, and the only song writer, now living, whose name can be considered kindred, is Charles Swain—Barry Cornwall, and Charles Mackay, are poets of another order of genius.

And now our paper is concluded: we may have suggested to the reader some reflections, upon the Poets of Fashion, not altogether profitless. We have given Sir Charles Hanbury Williams as the Poet of Fashion in his age, and have omitted

Lord Chesterfield and Sir Charles Bunbury, because Williams was the most remarkable. Our object has been to revive a few forgotten memories of those who laughed away the joyous hours of a sunny life, and if a moral can be drawn from our efforts, we would wish it to be, that genius in high places is not all given to frivolity, or, if so squandered, renders its possessor unhappy. We would likewise show that a life of rational ease is not incompatible with considerable literary efforts. Thus Lewis, though dying in his forty-third year, had produced twenty-two very successful publications, some of them being novels which would now, had not Scott, by his wizard genius, changed the public taste, hold the highest place in our literature. The age of Poets of Fashion passed away with that of the *Annals*, and the last effort of revivification was made by the Honorable George Sydney Smythe, in his *Historic Fancies*. The world of fashion is, we are quite satisfied, not at all calculated to *foster* the poetic temperament, and we have heard many men, chiefly in literary circles, but too ready to apply to fashion the lines on America, addressed by Moore to William Spencer—

“ Is this the region then, is this the clime  
For soaring fancies? for those dreams sublime,  
Which all the miracles of light reveal  
To heads that meditate and hearts that feel.”

*We* believe the drawing-room is as likely to produce a poet as the coffee-house, and William Spencer, writing gay and poetic thoughts, was, in our mind, as worthy of praise as Ebenezer Elliott, the lyrist of the factory. Many critics will applaud the latter, not because his mind was brighter, but because the former was a man of fashion, and must, therefore, be a fool, yet there is as much heart, as much mind, in Spencer's *Wife, Children, and Friends*, or in his *Beth Gdler*, as in any of Elliott's *Corn Law Rhymes*. The reader may not agree with our views upon this subject; at all events we have shewn him that a Poet of Fashion can compose something better than “ nonsense verses,” and superior to Swift's *Ode, by a Person of Quality*. Men who can write such verses as we have inserted are good company for their circle, bringing bright thoughts and kindly feelings to those who read them, teaching that all the world abroad is not barren, and saving them from the dreary fate of those who are—

“ Without one breath of soul divinely strong,  
One ray of mind to thaw them into song.”

ART. IV.—REV. SAMUEL MADDEN.

1. *Themistocles, the lover of his country. A Tragedy, as it is acted at the Theatre Royal, in Lincoln's Inn Fields.* 12mo. Dublin: S. Powell. 1729.
2. *A Proposal for the general encouragement of learning in Dublin College: dedicated to his grace, the lord primate; and humbly offered to the consideration of all that wish well to Ireland.* 4to. Dublin: G. Grierson. 1781.
3. *Memoirs of the twentieth century, being original letters of state under George the sixth.* Vol. I., 8vo. London: Osborn, Longman, &c. 1788.
4. *Reflections and Resolutions proper for the gentlemen of Ireland, as to their conduct for the service of their country, as landlords, as masters of families, as Protestants, as descended from British ancestors, as country gentlemen and farmers, as justices of the peace, as merchants, as members of Parliament.* 8vo. Dublin: R. Reilly. 1788
5. *A Letter to the Dublin Society, on the improving of their fund; and the manufactures, tillage, &c., in Ireland.* 8vo. Dublin: R. Reilly. 1789.
6. *Boulter's Monument. A panegyric poem, sacred to the memory of that great and excellent prelate and patriot, the most reverend Dr. Hugh Boulter; late lord archbishop of Ardmagh, and primate of all Ireland.* 8vo. London: S. Richardson. 1745.

THE Irish chroniclers relate, that early in the fourth century three heroic native princes, styled the three Collas, conquered a large portion of Ulster, comprising the present counties of Louth, Monaghan, and Armagh, and this territory was said to have acquired the name of Oirghialla, or Oriel, from its conquerors having stipulated with the monarch of Erin, that any of their descendants who might be demanded as hostages, should not be fettered in the ordinary manner, but with golden gyves, styled in Gaelic, *Oir ghialla*. In the fifth century two powerful chieftains of Oriel determined to migrate from their then overcrowded territory to a less densely peopled region. "Numerous," said they, "'are our heroes and great is our population, our tribe having multiplied, and we cannot all

find room in any one province, without quarrelling among ourselves, for nobles cannot well bear to be confined;’ and they also said: ‘Let us see which province of Banba\* is thinnest in population, and in which the most Fir Bolgs remain; and let us narrow it on them. The province of Connacht is in the possession of these Attacots, excepting that they pay tribute to our relative, and let us attack it.’ Those who held this conversation were, *Mainè* the great, from whom the hosts of *Hy Many* are named, and Eochaidh Ferdaghiall, his father, who had the hostages of Ulster and Oriel together.” They then, adds the chronicle, proceeded in well arranged battalions, with their flocks and herds, from Clogher to Loch Ri, plundered the country in their progress, and demanded tribute from its lord, named *Cian*, who assembled his forces and would have given them battle, had not St. Grellan interposed and made peace between them, becoming himself the guarantee for its observance. The noblest of the hostages, *Amhalghaidh*, or Auley, son of *Mainè*, was delivered into the hands of *Cian*’s brehon, whose wife became enamoured of the prisoner, which excited the jealousy of the lawgiver, who procured the slaughter of the hostages by night; and *Cian* and his tribe treacherously planned to surprize the strangers at a meeting to which they had invited them on the following day. This design was made known to the saint, who was the guarantee between them, and the legend of the conquerors states that, “when St. Grellan had, from the door of his church, perceived these arms, and these great hosts, he raised his two hands to God, being apprehensive that his guarantee would be violated, and he obtained his request from God, for the great plain was softened and made a quagmire under the feet of *Cian* and his people, so that they were swallowed into the earth: and the place received the name of *Magh Liach*, that is, ‘the plain of sorrow,’ from the sorrow of the heroes, who were thus cut off by the holy cleric. Then *Mainè* and his people came to where St. Grellan was, and bowed down their heads to him, and he told them how treachery had been designed for them, and how God and himself had saved them

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\* This was one of the ancient names of Ireland. The Fir-Bolgs were said to have preceded the Tuatha de Danans in colonizing the island; and the “Attacots” were a servile class under the Milesians. See the “Celtic Records of Ireland,” IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, Vol. I., 428.



from those treacherous people. St. Grellan then said to them, 'take possession of this territory, abominate treachery, and you shall have my blessing; observe brotherly love, and ordain my tribute and my own land for me from this day out for ever.' 'Pass thy own award,' said *Mainé*, 'in whatever is pleasing to thee.' 'I will,' said St. Grellan."

The saint then stipulated the amount of tribute to be paid to him and his successors, saying in conclusion:—

"My blessing on the agile race, the clan of *Mainé* of chess-boards,  
That race shall not be subdued, so as they carry my crozier.  
Let the battle standard of the clan be my crozier\* of true value,  
And battles will not overwhelm them, their successes shall be very great."

*Mainé* the great reigned for fifty years in the territory named from him Hy Many, or the land of the sons of *Mainé*, which originally extended from Clontuskert (*Cluain Tuascirt*), near Lanesborough, in the county of Roscommon, southwards, to the boundary of Thomond, or the county of Clare, and from Athlone, westwards, to Seefin and Athenry, in the present county of Galway. This chieftain was the great progenitor of the families of O'Kelly, O'Mullally, Mac Eóchadha or Keogh, O'Naghten;† and from Anmchadh, son of Eoghan Buac, fourteenth in descent from *Mainé*, sprung the race of O'Madden, or O'Madudhain, who were chiefs of Sil Anmchadha, a territory nearly coextensive with the barony of Longford, in the county of Galway, and the parish of Lismagh, in the King's county. Seven chieftains of the Sil Anmchadha were, at various periods, princes of all Hy Many, and of these one of the most remarkable was Eoghan, or Owen O'Madden, head of the clan in the fourteenth century, who aided the Anglo Normans in their contest against the Irishry of Connacht and Edward le Brus, in return for which the earl of Ulster, and his son William De Burgo, agreed that the third of his province should be under the controul of Owen and his

\* This crozier, which was borne as the *Cathach*, or battle standard of the tribes of Hy Many, was, according to Dr. O'Donovan, preserved for ages in the family of O'Cronghaile, or Cronelly, who were the ancient *comharbas*, or successors of St. Grellan. So late as the year 1836, it was in the possession of a poor man, named John Cronelly, the senior representative of the *comharbas* of the saint, who lived near Ahascra, in the east of the county of Galway; but it is not to be found.

† For notices of the most eminent persons sprung from these clans, see the "Historic Literature of Ireland," IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, Vol. I.

sons ; that no strange steward should preside over him and his Gaels, and that his stewards should be over the English of the entire territory of Hy Many, both towns and castles. The bard, moreover, tells us that :—

“ What procured for Eoghan these privileges at this juncture in preference to all the Gaels of Erin, was the goodness of his truth which was incorruptible ; for he would not break his pledged word, for obtaining in recompence a lordship equal to his own territory,—and for the splendour of his hospitality to the great and the humble, for there is not a house which the strange chieftains wish more to frequent than the house of Eoghan, except their own mansions, from their knowledge alike of his truth and hospitality, and from the splendour of his mansion to receive them ; for this fair prince erected for a habitation, at Magh Bealaigh, a strong castle of stone and fine timber, the like of which has not been erected by any sub-chief in Erin. He also repaired the churches of the country in general. And he taught truth to its chieftains and kept his people from treachery and fratricide, and has checked their evil customs and dissensions, and taught charity and humanity in his goodly districts. He also wrested from his neighbours a portion of each province, namely, the eastern extremity of Meath, which is under his stewards, and the northern portion of Ormond, which is under his high controul. And this chieftain possesses more wonderful characteristics than any of the men of this island, for his people are so much in dread of him that he does not find it necessary to take hostages, or have recourse to fetters ; and another thing undoubtedly wonderful in this Eoghan is, that he does not refuse any one gold or horses, food or kine, and he is the wealthiest of the race of Gaedhal for bestowing them.”

Previous to the sixteenth century a branch of the O'Maddens emigrated to England, where, in the reign of Henry VIII., we find Hugh Madden seated at Bloxham Beauchamp, Oxfordshire, who, according to sir Frederic Madden, keeper of the manuscripts in the British Museum, was an “ offset of the old Irish stock.” His great grandson, Thomas Madden, having been appointed comptroller to Thomas, earl of Strafford, lord lieutenant of Ireland, settled at Baggot-rath, near Dublin, and died in 1640, leaving as heir, his son John Madden, of Maddenton, county Kildare, one of the attorneys of his majesty's court of Castle chamber, and general solicitor for parliamentary sequestrations, 1644–9, who, by his wife, Elizabeth, eldest daughter and co-heiress of Charles Waterhouse, of Manor Waterhouse, county Fermanagh, had seven children, all of whom died young, or without issue, except John, who became head of the family, and Anne, who married Josias, fourth lord

Castle Stuart, of the county of Tyrone. John Madden, on his death, in 1661, was succeeded by his son and namesake, who became a doctor of medicine, was one of the original members of the Irish college of Physicians, and on the 20th of May, 1680, married Mary, daughter of Samuel Molyneux, and sister to our famous William Molyneux; and by her he had the following children: Samuel Molyneux Madden; John Madden,\* D.D., dean of Kilmore, and vicar of St. Anne's, Dublin; Thomas Madden, M.D., professor of anatomy in the university of Dublin; Edward Madden, deputy clerk of the Hanaper office; Margaret, married to Robert Best, of Cnocbeg, in the Queen's county; and Adam Madden, who died with his mother in child-birth, in 1695. By his second wife, Frances, daughter of Nicholas Bolton, of Brazeel, county Dublin, he left two sons, Nicholas and Bolton Madden, the former of whom was left heir to his father, in the lands of Tiscoffey and Lacken, in the county of Roscommon, and houses in Galway, which had been conveyed to his father by his cousin, Edward Madden. Dr. John Madden, who died in 1703, appears to have had a taste for literary and antiquarian pursuits, as he made a collection of manuscripts connected with English and Irish history, which passed into the possession of Dr. John Stearne, bishop of Clogher, who presented

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\* The editor of one of the publications of the "Irish Archæological Society" erroneously states that John Madden died young, and totally omits the names of the Doctor's other children by his first wife. The statement of Madden having been of French extraction appears to have been imposed upon Grosley, author of a "Tour to London," 1772, who, in speaking of a city in the centre of France, "which, at the beginning of the fifteenth century, served as a theatre to the grandest scene that England ever acted in that kingdom," says:—"This city, in return, has given the British dominions an illustrious personage, to whom they are indebted for the first prizes which have been there distributed for the encouragement of agriculture and arts. His name was Madain: being thrown upon the coast of Ireland by events of which I never could hear any satisfactory account, he settled in Dublin by the name of Madden, there made a fortune, dedicated a part of his estate, which amounted to four or five thousand pounds a year, to the prizes which I have spoken of, and left a rich succession: part of this succession went over to France, to the Madains his relations, who commenced a law suit for the recovery of it, and caused ecclesiastical censures to be published against a merchant to whom they had sent a letter of attorney to act for them, and whom they accused of having appropriated to himself a share of their inheritance." These assertions, which have been copied into various biographical compilations, are totally false, but their author was more excusable than Whitelaw and Walsh, in whose exceedingly inaccurate compilation, miscalled a "History of Dublin," will be found a mass of errors purporting to be an account of Dr. S. Madden.

them to the university of Dublin, in whose library they are still preserved.

Samuel Molyneux Madden, so named from his maternal grandfather Samuel Molyneux, was born in Dublin, on the 23rd of December, 1686, and entered the university of that city on the 28th of February, 1700; of his early history few particulars have been preserved, except that he was ordained a clergyman of the Established church, obtained the living of Galloon,\* county Fermanagh, and married Jane, daughter of Mr. Magill, of Kirkstown, county Armagh, by whom he had five sons and five daughters.

On the death of his father, in 1703, Samuel Madden succeeded to the family estates, and resided at the seat of Manor Waterhouse, three miles from Newtown Butler. About 1727, while he was in Dublin, dressed in scarlet as a captain of militia, a vacancy occurred in the living of Drummully, adjacent to the village of Newtown Butler, the right of presentation to which was vested in the Maddens and in another family, who were, at that period, entitled to the nomination; but on the former agreeing to forego their rights in future, if allowed to present on this occasion, the other claimants gave way, and the Rev. Samuel Madden was installed in the benefice. On the recommendation of Mr. Brook, of Cole-Brook, Madden, in 1729, appointed as curate, Philip Skelton, a young man who having just left Trinity College, Dublin, was ordained for this cure by the bishop of Clogher. Being himself continually occupied in study, and in performing acts of benevolence, the Rector left the entire management of his income to his wife, who, priding herself on being the grand-daughter of the lieutenant of the tower of London, during the wars of Charles I., ruled with absolute sway over the denizens of Manor Waterhouse.

"Here Skelton lived as private tutor in his Rector's family, having three or four boys to instruct in English, and the rudiments of the Latin and Greek languages. His situation here was not very pleasant, for he had great trouble with his pupils, and especially with the mother's favourite, who assumed great airs, and was very refractory. But Skelton would not be guided entirely by the mother's caprice; he insisted on having the management of the boys to himself, and she on the contrary was very unwilling to grant it.

\* This name is a corruption of the Gaelic *Gabhal Liuin*, literally, the sluggish branch, an appellation anciently applied to an arm of the Erne. Among the wonders of Erin enumerated in the book of *Gleann da Locha* was the Well of Gabhal Liuin in Oirghialla, which was said to possess the property of turning the hair gray.

He thus had frequent bickerings with her, as ladies in such cases often interfere from a mistaken affection for their children. Being confined with his pupils the whole day until evening, he then went out among his neighbours, when he used to say, 'Thank God it is evening, I have got loose from jail.' While he was thus busily engaged with his tuition, he was obliged every week to write a sermon, which he was forced to compose in the school-room among his pupils, who were constantly plaguing him with their exercises, lessons, or quarrels with each other. His situation here, it must be owned, was not very favourable for study. To complete all, he durst not, in making his sermons, borrow a word from any book but the Bible. For his pupils, he said, watched him with hawk's eyes, so that if he had any other book but the Bible before him they would immediately have given it out through the whole parish, that he copied and preached other men's sermons; which would surely have prejudiced against him the common country people, who would rather hear any nonsense of our own, than the best sermons of the most famous writers.—Mr. Skelton was obliged then to draw all his sermons out of his own head, which was too much disturbed by his pupils to be in a state fit for composition. It cannot therefore be expected that these sermons were very perfect in their kind; indeed he often declared, that in a year or two after they seemed so very nauseous to him, that it was as good as a vomit for him to read them. It is fortunate for a writer to see the defects of his own offspring, to which so many authors are blind. At this time he began to perform some of those wonderful acts of charity, for which he was so remarkable during the rest of his life. The salary derived both from the cure and tuition, considering the trouble he had, was very small. Yet he gave at least the half of it away, hardly allowing himself clothes to put on. The following instance of his charity is well worthy of notice. Returning from church one Sunday, he came to a place where a cabin with three children in it, had been just consumed by fire. Two of the children were burned to death; the third showed some signs of life, but was horribly scorched. Seeing the poor people in want of linen, and, touched with compassion, he stripped off his clothes, and tearing his shirt piece by piece gave it to them, as he found it necessary, till he scarcely left a rag on his back. Dr. Madden was, if possible, as charitable as he; his wife who knew his disposition, and was of a contrary disposition herself, took care to keep his pocket empty of money, for she ruled him with absolute sway. A poor woman came up to him one day asking for charity; he put his hand in his pocket, and found he had no money. At a loss how to relieve her, he gave her a pair of new gloves which he happened to have, desiring her to go and pledge them for bread."

Madden first appeared before the public as an author, in 1729, in which year he published his tragedy of "Themistocles," of which he gives the following account:—

"Having always maintained (though seldom with success) that the stage might, under proper regulations, be made subservient to

the propagating the noblest sentiments, and the greatest virtue among our people; and having, many years since, observed something very great and exalted in the character of Themistocles, and his rival Aristides, I took a resolution of bringing them together in the manner I have done, merely for my own amusement in the country, and to justify what I had so often asserted. It was finished in a much shorter time than is proper to mention, and lay by me longer, and more entirely neglected and forgotten than is usual, I believe, in such writings; till happening to shew it to a friend, who thought it better than it deserved, he tempted me to let it come out by the offer of a noble study of books, out of the profits of it, and to satisfy my disinclination to appear in such an affair, by transacting every thing under his cover. This was accordingly agreed to, and the copy lodged with Mr. Rich, when the death of my friend, made it absolutely necessary for me, either to lose the benefit of it entirely, or so far to appear in it, as not to let it be ruined by my own neglect, or others' mismanagement, since there was no avoiding its coming into the world."

This play was produced with considerable success at the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, the original caste being as follows:—

" Xerxes, emperor of Persia, in love with Nesiptolema,	Mr. Walker.
Artaban, a Persian prince and general,	Mr. Chapman.
Mardonius, a Persian prince and general,	Mr. Milward.
Themistocles, a banished Athenian nobleman, general to Xerxes,	Mr. Quin.
Aristides, general to the Athenians,	Mr. Ryan.
Demaratus, an Athenian exile, and friend to Themistocles,	Mr. Ogden.
Artemisia, the warlike queen of Caria,	Mrs. Berryman.
Nesiptolema, daughter to Themistocles,	Mrs. Buchanan.
Captive Greeks, Persian officers, guards, soldiers, and priests."	

The scene is laid in the camp of Xerxes at Magnesia, in Asia, immediately after the return of the Persians, under their general, Themistocles, from achieving a victory over the Greeks in Egypt. Mardonius and Artaban, discontented with the power of Themistocles, conspire, in conjunction with the jealous Artemisia, to divert Xerxes from his intended espousal of Nesiptolema, and on the failure of their design, revolt from their allegiance to Persia. Themistocles is about to march with the Persian troops against Greece, when Aristides, disguised as a captive, appears, endeavours to dissuade him from the expedition and exhibits a public decree from Athens, revoking the sentence of banishment passed against him. Themistocles subsequently seconds the application of Aristides to Xerxes for peace with Athens; but the king, suspicious of his fidelity, orders him into custody, from which he is released by the intercession of Nesiptolema, who had become queen of Persia. Disgusted, however, by the

apparent love of Themistocles for Greece, Xerxes orders him and Nesiptolema into exile, and receives Artemisia again into favor; but the troops, incensed at the banishment of their victorious general, become mutinous and seek for vengeance on his enemies, and the play concludes as follows :

## ACT V., SCENE II. Themistocles' tent.

Enter Themistocles, Aristides, Demaratus, with officers, soldiers, and attendants.

*Thc.* Urge me no more! your ill-directed zeal,  
While it hath aim'd this shaft against my foes,  
Hath hurt ourself, and with a mortal wound,  
Pierced my best of life, my fame, and honour.

*Arist.* We've done what men should do, who dare prefer  
Their friends, and country's safety to their own.  
With most successful management we've gain'd  
The half of all these hosts to own your quarrel,  
And ate our fellest vengeance on the foes  
Of Athens, and Themistocles.

*Dem.* We have brought o'er the bravest, boldest veterans,  
To rise for your deliverance—in their files  
Th' enrag'd brigades do stand, and with impatience  
Call for Themistocles—Haste! lead them on!  
And fortune is your own, to carve at pleasure,  
Both to your friends, and foes.

*Thc.* I think not of them—my firm thoughts are fix'd  
On higher views—Alas! my hopes have soar'd  
Above this under world, and all its cares—  
E'en ruin, or success, are grown to me  
Alike indifferent—now not worth a wish,  
But never worth sedition, or rebellion.

*Arist.* Is it rebellion, to oppose the malice,  
Of Athens' most inveterate foes, and yours?

*Thc.* Yes, when they're arm'd by Xerxes—Oh, my hand  
Is chain'd unto my heart, that dares not rise  
Against him, ev'n in any angry thought,  
Or one unkind reproach—if he has doom'd me,  
I will not justify my foes so much,  
To disobey him, and by force resist  
Their malice, or his will—

*Arist.* Can you then see your country thus expos'd  
To all the barbarous fury of our enemies,  
Nor rise in her defence, when we have plac'd  
The power in your hands, to guard, to save her?

*Thc.* That might be spar'd—I've serv'd her well, faithfully,  
E'en to my ruin serv'd her—And since, now  
I must appear unfaithful unto Xerxes,  
Or cruel to my country, I've resolv'd  
To perish like myself, to fall triumphant,  
And, with my life, and the great, glorious contest.

*Arist.* Then you art firm to die?

*Thc.* I am.

*Dem.* The gods divert you from it—'tis a change,  
Fearful to nature still—

*Thc.* To me it seems not so—Is life so sweet,  
With all its pains, that death's great writ of ease  
Should be so dreadful to us, which is but  
Kind nature's alms to fortune's wretched beggars?  
Sure he, who thro' his life, like us hath scorn'd  
(When tempted) to shake off the human nature,  
The awe of virtue and the love of heav'n,  
Can never tremble, when his honour calls,  
And bids him quit this veil of flesh, and misery!  
All we should fear, is, while we act the part  
Of men, we sink not from the glorious character;  
Or, by some vile, or vicious act, disgrace

The noble human being—If we've fear'd that,  
Then, unappall'd, our hearts may face death's terrors.

*Arist.* It is most true—I've liv'd but for my country;  
And, since that view's no more, rather than see  
Her bondage, and your ruin, which I've caus'd,  
(Most innocently caus'd) I stand resolv'd  
To share your worst of fortunes, and fall with you.

*Dem.* Oh yet, consider, you may live to turn  
The balance of your fate, relieve your friends,  
Defeat your enemies, and, once again  
Reign in the heart of Xerxes—

*The.* Say that I could—it is not worth my care—  
Alas! I've try'd this world in all its changes,  
States, and conditions; have been great, and happy,  
Wretched, and low, and past thro' all its stages.  
And oh, believe me, who have known it best,  
It is not worth the bustle that it costs;  
'Tis but a medley, all of idle hopes,  
And abject childish fears.

*Arist.* True, true, indeed—and since you have decreed it,  
Then let us strait bid it farewell for ever,  
And, with a Grecian, and true soldier's spirit,  
Shake off its threat'ned bondage.

*The.* Be it so—my soul shall lead thee to its refuge!  
Bring in the poison'd goblet, that shall raise  
Our spirits to the gods— [Slaves bring it in.

*Dem.* Then let me beg by all your love, to share  
This last, this bitterest trial of your virtue.

*The.* I charge thee not, by all our holiest friendship:  
But when Death's leaden hand hath clos'd our eyes,  
In Grecian earth, within our country's bosom  
Inhume our bones, and labour to retrieve  
My most belov'd, most injur'd daughter's fortune.

*Dem.* I will! I will—I dare not disobey you—

*The.* I thank your love—One kind embrace. [Weeps.  
[Embrace.

Thus, then adieu! Eternally adieu!  
My friend! my ever faithful Demaratus!  
Once, and for ever farewell, Aristides! [Embrace.  
My noble rival in the race of honour!  
Here, in this cup, be drown'd our antient enmity,  
And all the little cares of mortal being.

*Arist.* My soul is waiting at my lips to pledge you.

*The.* Make we libation of the cup to Jove!

[Kneels, and pours out some wine on the ground twice.  
Jove; the Deliverer, and Avenger:

To Mercury, of the earth, and heav'n's high powers;  
And, as at Salamis, with cheerful hearts, [Rises.  
Dauntless we charg'd, and overthrew the Persians,  
In search of glorious death, or beauteous liberty,  
Find we those blessings now— [Drinks.

*Arist.* Give me the healing cordial for a soul  
Sick of this wretched world—ye mighty spirits,  
Who, in defence of our dear country's liberty,  
Bravely resign'd, and offer'd up your lives,  
To you I drink, invoke you to the pledge,  
And haste to mingle with you— [Drinks.

*The.* What, look you pale already? How is't with you?

*Arist.* E'en as with one, who in mid ocean shipwreck'd,  
Strives yet to swim a little, and survive  
A few short moments ere he sinks for ever.

*Dem.* I fear your enemies approach. [Shouts at a distance.

*The.* Fear thou that art to live—we have shook off  
That bondage of the soul—Yet, Neoptolema,  
Still I must fear for thee—But, lo she comes.

*Enter Neoptolema.*

Yet, once again my fond desiring eyes  
Behold thy face, mine arms shall fold thee close, [Embrace.  
And my pale lips shall bless thee ere I die.

*Nesip.* Fate shan't deny us that, tho' Xerxes' sword  
Fills all yon fields with blood, and thirsts for thine,  
Trampling o'er all thy murder'd friends, he comes,  
Surrounded with our foes—Haste, fly, escape,  
Before their vengeance seize you.



*The.* Thro' my life's race I never fled my foe,  
Nor will I think on't now.

*Arist.* Farewel to life, and thee, much wronged Themistocles.  
[Dies.]

*The.* What, art thou gone? Farewel, thou noble Grecian.  
The truest patriot, and the justest man,  
Be writ with tears upon thy honour'd grave.

*Nesip.* What means this? Who hath slain him?

[Starts surprised.]

Haste! Speak! Alas! my fears out-run thy words;  
You have forsok me, stole to death in private,  
And left me in a wild unpying world,  
Friendless and desolate—This bowl is poison'd—

*The.* It is—'Tis that which hath deliver'd him,  
And is untying here the load of life  
Which I have bore so long—

*Nesip.* Then here is that which shall set free my soul,  
And lend me wings to soar with you to heav'n,  
That shall prevent the triumph, the edg'd scorn,  
Of Artemesia's pride, and Xerxes' falsehood.

[Going to take the goblet off the table, he seizes it.]

Lend me the bowl—for never did thy hand  
Reach me so rich a cordial, so true comfort.

*The.* It must not be, such presents ill would suit  
So fond a father's hand—Oh, be't enough,  
That my rash folly hath undone thy peace,  
Let me not kill thee too—thou shalt not taste it—

*Nesip.* By all the wild despair that tears my soul  
I must—I will—unkind—Can you suppose

I poorly would survive the mighty loss  
Of love, of Xerxes, glory, fame, and thee?

No, give me daggers, poison, plagues, or flame:

Oh, any fate but that—Lend me the bowl,

My soul's a-thirst to die—

[Strives to seize it.]

*The.* I cannot, will not,—Thy dear love arrests

My half consenting hand—

[Shouts.]

*Nesip.* Hark, they approach—Say, wouldst thou see me live,  
Persia's vile scorn, and Artemisia's slave?

What? Can you leave me to my foes abandon'd,  
And grudge to take me with you?

*The.* My spirits sicken—Say, can I resolve

To see thee perish! perishing by me—

My nerves droop, slackened, and my hand grows weak,

And trembles while it struggles to preserve thee—

I bend to earth—yet thus, thus to the last

[Sinks down, and dashes down the bowl.]

I'll wrestle with thee for thy life, and save thee.

*Nesip.* Oh most unkind!—What, die before me too?

Nay, then, thou fatal minister of death,

[Seizes Aristides' dagger, and stabs herself.]

I grasp thee fast, and plunge thee in my bosom.

*Dem.* Oh, she is slain!

*The.* Is the deed done? Fearful, unthought-of chance.

Oh, Demeratus, lay me by her side,

That I may ease my head on her lov'd breast,

And weep awhile, and die—What noise is this?

[Noise of, 'Way for the Emperor.']

Still do I live? Death, are thy darts so blunted,

Or, is thy arm too weak to match my spirit?

*Dem.* 'Tis Xerxes' self, who, with your furious foes,

Hastens to make you pris'ner—Lo! they're here.

Enter Xerxes, Artemisia, Artaban, Mardonius, guards bloody, all swords drawn.

*Xer.* Where are the traitors hid to 'scape my vengeance?

Ha! by the gods! here is a scene of death,

[Starts.]

That melts my rage to pity—Whence is this?

This wounding sight?—Lovely ill-fated maid!

Am I thy murderer? Oh speak, Themistocles,

What means this pomp of ruin?

[Kneels by him on one knee.]

*The.* Read there our faith to thee, and love to Athens;

Behold the fate of an unhappy man,

Who, having stab'd his Country, strove too late

To heal her wounds, and perish'd in the strife

Of bravely saving her, or serving thee.  
 I faint! I die! Oh let my last best pray'rs  
 Find faith with Xerxes, while I call the gods  
 To witness to my truth to thee, to Persia;  
 And, with my latest breath, implore for peace  
 For Athens, and forgiveness to Themistocles. [Dies.  
*Art.* Wretched unhappy exile!  
*Art.* He's dead! and Xerxes now begins to reign!  
*Merd.* Persia be safe! thus perish all thy foes!  
*Xer.* Away, ye traitors to my fame and Persia's! [Starts up.  
 'Tis you o'erthrew him—by the throne I see  
 The Greek was true and faithful—vanish! fly!  
 Or vengeance shall o'ertake you—Yes, Themistocles,  
 Thy prayers are heard, and Athens shall have peace.  
 With honour hast thou run thy noble race;  
 Thro' endless ages shall thy glories bloom,  
 And never-fading lawrels grace thy tomb,  
 While future times my folly must reprove,  
 For thy wrong'd friendship, and my murder'd love!  
 [Curtain falls.

In his preface the author observes:—

“Tho' there are some little deviations in this piece from the antient historians; such as Aristides bringing over, and dying with Themistocles, Xerxes's passion for, and marriage with Nesiptolema, and Artemesia's affection to Xerxes; yet, as some historians assure us, Aristides died in that country about the public affairs, near that time, and that Xerxes actually shew'd a tender care of Nesiptolema, and made her a priestess of the sun, and that Artemisia's constant attendance on Xerxes's wars and person, makes the passion here given her, no ways improbable, I hope the liberties I have taken, are at least pardonable, if not approveable. It was especially so desirable a circumstance to bring Aristides, that amiable and exalted character into view, and so proper an expedient, by the force of his reason, eloquence and uncorrupted integrity, to blow up the sparks of his love to Athens, which ever lay glowing and smothering in the noble breast of my hero; that I hope the criticks will forgive so obvious an error, which I willingly fell into, and above all, since I freely acknowledge they may find several greater ones, which deserve less quarter. Yet, with all its faults, I did not think this piece deserv'd so severe treatment, as to be peremptorily refused, after the most earnest and early solicitations, at the old house for two winters together; which, however, I have the less reason to complain of, since Mr. Rich's great civility, and the agreeable action of most of his company, have prevailed on all the unprejudiced part of the town, to have every day a better opinion of this piece, and their performance of it, than other. But I owe it to every gentleman that is more capable of entertaining the town (and who, possibly, if more

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\* Madden's contemporary, Pietro Metastasio, wrote a play on the same subject, entitled “Themistocle,” in the last scene of which, Xerxes, after preventing Themistocles from drinking poison, exclaims —

“Ah vivi, o grande  
 Onor del secol nostro. Ama, il consenso,  
 Ama la patria tua, ne è degna. Io stesso  
 Ad amarla incomincio. E chi potrebbe  
 Odier la produttrice  
 D'un eroe, qual tu sei, terra felice!”

encouraged, might even do their country honor) this way, to take notice, that if Mr. Dryden, Mr. Otway, or Mr. Southern (whose first plays were so vastly short of their following ones) had been so severely discouraged by the managers of the theatre, as gentlemen are now, our country had possibly wanted those great ornaments of the stage for ever. But I will not enlarge on so disagreeable a subject, as it deserves, and shall turn to a more pleasing one, which the mentioning the last of those gentleman puts me in mind of; which is, that I think myself obliged to declare, whatever tolerable reputation this piece has got, is not a little owing to the warm declarations, and hearty zeal which Mr. Southern (my old acquaintance, and worthy friend) was pleased to recommend it with, wherever he came. Be this therefore paid as an honest debt (and the last I shall ever owe him of this kind) due in gratitude to his affection and friendship, who never forgot the smallest obligation he received, or remembered the greatest he conferred on others."

Madden's acknowledgments to his townsman Southern, confirm the numerous testimonies borne to the amiable character of the author of "Oroonoko," universally known among his friends as "Honest Tom,"

"whom heav'n sent down to raise  
The price of prologues and of plays;  
And who was described as—

"With not one sin but poetry."

John Rich, of whose courtesy Madden speaks, was manager, from 1714, of the Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre, to which he attracted vast crowds by his ingenuity in the production of pantomimes, and by the excellence of his own performance. The famous Beggar's Opera was first brought out by Rich, in 1728, which, however, did not screen him from the satire of Pope, by whom he is noticed as follows:—

———"In yonder cloud behold,  
Whose scarlet skirts are edg'd with flaming gold,  
A matchless youth! his nod these worlds controls,  
Wings the red lightning, and the thunder rolls.  
Angel of Dulness! sent to scatter round  
Her magic charms o'er all unclassic ground:  
Yon stars, yon suns, he rears at pleasure higher,  
Illumes their light, and sets their flames on fire.  
Immortal Rich! how calm he sits at ease  
'Mid snows of paper, and fierce hail of pease;  
And proud his mistress' orders to perform,  
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm."

On the 7th of September, 1730, Madden submitted to the University of Dublin, through its parliamentary representative,

the Right Honorable Marmaduke Coghill,\* a scheme for the encouragement of learning in that institution, by the establishment of premiums, for which he proposed to raise a fund, amounting at the lowest to £280 per annum. Of this sum, £80 per annum was to be derived from a tax of one shilling on each under-graduate pensioner, and five shillings on each under-graduate fellow-commoner, at every quarterly examination; in addition to which, £3000 were to be obtained in subscriptions, "to be solicited for through the nobility and gentry, the bishops and clergy of this kingdom." The distribution of these premiums was to be made at the four annual public examinations of undergraduates and candidates for fellowships, with which object Madden proposed:—

"That each quarterly Examiner shall, according to the matriculated roll, given in by the senior lecturer, return to the board a certificate under his hand, signifying, by a form to be settled by the provost and fellows, in a solemn manner, as in the presence of God, without favour or affection, that he thinks such a person answered best in his division, and is entitled to a premium of forty shillings, or books to that value at the election of the scholar; which certificate alone shall be a sufficient title thereunto, unless something wicked, immoral or seditious, shall be objected to him by two of the Fellows, to the satisfaction of the board, and then the examiner shall name another scholar for the premium. That on the day when judgments are given out, all persons so certified, shall dine at the lower end of the Fellow's table, and in the public view of the society, be severally paid after dinner, by the hands of the Provost or Bursar, their respective premiums, in books or money at the election of the scholar; and be one by one encouraged and exhorted to pursue their studies. And whereas this scheme is not designed so much to animate a few boys of very great genius and parts, (for they want no spur to distinguish themselves) but to make numbers among the crowd more learned and useful than they would otherwise be; therefore to make room for the good endeavours of others, no person shall be allowed to receive the said premium, but once in each year of his standing, till the fund be more enlarged. However, that every one's learning and diligence may be encouraged, the examiner shall give commendatory certificates, of one tenor and form, to the three best answerers, next to him who gets the premium, signifying their good performance, and stiling each of them a deserving competitor for the premium; and shall return judgments of all in his division, with an inviolable regard to truth and impartial justice. To enhance the value of such certificates, and make them be more considered and struggled for, as well as the premiums,

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\* For an account of this family, see the IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, Vol. II., 500.

by the young scholars, they shall be on parchment, and whatever under-graduate shall obtain six of them, or four of them and one premium, shall be allowed to wear a batchelor's square cap and tossel in it, as an honourable mark of distinction in the society, for his learning and diligence, as is used in several colleges abroad. That the first Saturday that is convenient after examinations, when dinner is ended and the premiums paid, the senior lecturer, or one deputed by him, shall regularly read with an audible voice from the hall-pulpit, all the said judgments, in presence of the Provost and Fellows; and when they are ended, receive from the hands of the Provost, and deliver to the porter a framed parchment table, in which shall be wrote down in two columns, the names of those thirteen scholars who get the premiums, and the names of all such as are cautioned or turned down, which table shall be hung up on the inside of the college gate, under the charge of the porter, for the next ten days following, from ten in the morning till five each day."

An option was to be reserved to the provost and senior fellows, of distributing £104 to those who had composed the best exercises in prose or verse; the remaining £126 to be allocated for rewarding unsuccessful candidates for fellowships, into the various details of which it is unnecessary here to enter. To exhibit his own confidence in the benefits to be derived from the proposed scheme, Madden bound himself by a legal document, which he placed in Coghill's hands, to pay £600 towards carrying it out, when the Provost and Fellows should establish all or the most useful parts thereof, with a power of revocation, if the College did not in a reasonable time appoint such a fund, or procure subscriptions to complete the annual income of £230. The proposal, with some modifications, was agreed to by the College, as appears from the following resolution, entered in their registry by the Provost and senior Fellows, December 30, 1731:—

"Memorandum.—This day it was agreed, that the sum of eight shillings shall be desired from every person (Sisars excepted) on his admission, for the advancement of a scheme proposed by the reverend Mr. Madden, to encourage learning in this college, and in case he refuses to pay the same, that he shall be for ever incapable of receiving any benefits arising from the said scheme."

The Provost and Fellows of the College contributed liberally towards the promotion of this scheme, and formally tendered their thanks to its author, who was shortly after created a doctor of divinity.

Madden published his "Proposal" in 1731, with the appropriate motto from Juvenal:—

“ Quis enim Virtutem amplectitur ipsam  
*Pramia* si tollas ? ”

On its appearance it was variously received, and among the pamphlets written in its favor, was one published anonymously by his curate, Philip Skelton.

“ This production being probably the first from Skelton's pen that appeared in print, was sent immediately to the doctor, who was highly delighted with the compliments paid him by the author, which he justly deserved, on account of his endeavours to promote the interest of literature and of the poor. When he had slightly looked over it he brought it into the school-room to Skelton, with joy in his face, and said, he had just now received from Dublin one of the finest pamphlets ever written, and must immediately solicit the acquaintance and correspondence of the author. Accordingly, he prepared a very complimentary letter addressed to the unknown author, requesting he would tell his name and honour him with his acquaintance. This letter, being approved of by Skelton, was sent to the printer of the pamphlet who returned an answer in a few days from the author, expressing the high sense he entertained of the great honour intended him by the good doctor, but that he was under the necessity, for some reasons he could not mention, of concealing his name at present. This answer was shewn to Skelton, who seemed in no wise concerned during the whole progress of the business. A second still more pressing letter was sent to Dublin, and an answer, with a civil refusal, returned ; as Skelton judged it for his advantage not to discover the secret. Thus the rector and the curate, one from the study, and the other from the school-room, in the same house, continued for a time, by the medium of a Dublin printer, this strange sort of correspondence. All this time, the doctor never suspected the person whom he complimented so highly to be his own curate, and the private tutor of his own children. If he had, possibly he might not have been so very respectful in his language, for people are not too apt to be complaisant to those whom they look on as their dependants, however superior they be to them in learning and abilities, which in this country are but too little valued, unless dignified by the station or fortune of the possessors.”

Skelton, however, soon grew weary of his tuition at Dr. Madden's, where his situation was by no means pleasant. “ The lady of the house was proud and parsimonious, and ruled her husband with supreme authority. She wished also, it appears, to extend her dominion over Skelton, and prescribe to him how he should teach her children. To this, it may be supposed, one of his spirit would not tamely submit. Besides, she was highly offended with Skelton for exciting the doctor, by his example, to acts of charity, to which indeed he was sufficiently inclined of himself. She strove, therefore, to vex

him, and make his situation as unpleasant as possible. In this state of penance he continued for two long years, but was at last, for the sake of quiet, forced to resign the cure and tuition, and depend on Providence for his support."

Skelton was soon after nominated to a curacy in Monaghan, where he continued until 1750, when he obtained the living of Pettigo, in a wild district of Donegal, which he relinquished in 1759 for the parish of Devenish, county Fermanagh, and finally removed to Fintona, county Tyrone, in 1766, which he continued to hold till his death in 1787. Skelton's peculiar temperament, unsuited to the arts by which preferments are generally obtained, impeded his advancement in the church, the chief offices in which were held during his time by Englishmen, neither remarkable for their learning nor the purity of their lives, while he was allowed to remain in the obscurity of a remote parish, notwithstanding the high merits of his sermons and writings in defence of the Protestant religion. The major part of his income was always expended in the exercise of charity, of which he gave a remarkable instance during the famine of 1757, when he sold all his effects, and applied their proceeds to the relief of the poor peasantry of his vicinity, numbers of whom were thus saved from starvation.

"Though Mr. Skelton was usually employed in the serious business of his profession, he could now and then relax from such severity, and partake of innocent amusements and exercise. There were few, it appears, equal to him in the manly exercises; for in size, strength, and activity, he was superior to most men. He told me he has lifted up some huge weights, which no ordinary person could move. In the walks of the plantation at Monaghan, he threw the sledge and stone, played long bullets\* on the public roads, and performed many other manly exercises. He could wind a fifty pound stone round his head without any difficulty, which shews the amazing strength of his arms. He found it requisite, indeed, even then, to make use of his hands to chastise the insolent. One Sunday, after church, riding along with a lady to a gentleman's seat some distance from Monaghan, he came up to a parcel of tinkers on the road, whom he heard uttering horrid oaths, for which he rebuked one of them in particular in these words, 'Sirrah, it would be more fit you had been at divine service than be thus profaning the Lord's day.' The fellow gave him a saucy answer, and continued cursing as before. He then threatened to

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\* This was a game in which a metal ball of two or three pounds weight was thrown along a public road, and the player was victorious whose ball went furthest in a certain number of throws.

correct him if he did not desist, which made him more profane and abusive. Skelton could bear no longer, but leaped off his horse and struck him; the rest took his part, but he soon beat him and the whole troop of tinkers. He thus made them sensible of their crime by the only argument of which a tinker could feel the force. Then mounting his horse, he rode hastily off with the lady to the gentleman's house to which he was going, that he might be there before they should hear of it. But with all his speed the news travelled there before him, and on entering, they complimented him on his boxing and beating the tinkers. He exerted his courage again on a similar occasion. A young officer, proud of his red coat, which he had just put on, came into the hall of an inn (while he, being then on a journey, happened to be in the parlour), and to shew his cleverness, began reproving the waiter, and uttered a volley of horrid oaths. The waiter retaliated, and thus they were going on, when Skelton, coming out of the parlour, told the officer, that he was a clergyman, and that it was very offensive to him to hear such horrid swearing, and begged he would desist. The officer then said to him, 'You scoundrel curate, what is it to you?' Skelton gravely replied, 'Young man, this is not proper language to one of my profession, merely for giving you good advice.' 'You puppy you (for he thought Skelton was afraid) you deserve to be kicked for your impertinence;' and then he uttered some blasphemous oaths. 'Well, Sir,' said Skelton, 'since fair means will avail nothing, I'll try what foul can do.' Upon this he fell to him with his fists, and cuffed him through the hall of the inn, and soon cooled the captain's courage, and made him quiet and submissive. Thus he chastised the military man for his profaneness, exerting his valour in the service of God and religion."

In 1733 Madden published anonymously in London his "Memoirs of the twentieth century," the origin and objects of which are involved in much mystery. An edition of this book, consisting of one thousand copies, was hurried through the press with the utmost rapidity, three printing establishments being employed in its production. We are told that the whole of this business was transacted by William Bowyer, the eminent Typographer, "without either of the other printers ever seeing the author. The book was finished at the press, March 24, 1732-3; and 100 copies were that day delivered to the author. On the 28th a number of them were delivered to the several booksellers mentioned in the title page; and in four days after, all that were unsold were recalled, and eight hundred of them given up to Dr. Madden to be destroyed."

Having thus become one of the rarest English books printed in the eighteenth century, we subjoin the ensuing particulars of its contents, commencing with the title page, which is as follows:—



"Memoirs of the Twentieth Century. Being Original Letters of State, under George the Sixth: Relating to the most Important Events in Great Britain and Europe, as to Church and State, Arts and Sciences, Trade, Taxes, and Treaties, Peace, and War: And Characters of the Greatest Persons of those Times; From the Middle of the Eighteenth to the End of the Twentieth Century, and the World. Received and Revealed in the Year 1728; And now published for the instruction of all Eminent Statesmen, Churchmen, Patriots, Politicians, Projectors, Papists, and Protestants. In Six Volumes. Vol. I.

Μάντις ἀρίστος ὅστις ἐπέλκει καλῶς — Eurip.

'Bon Dieu! que n'avons nous point veu réussir des conjectures de ce temps là comme si c'eussent esté autant de Propheties?'

'*La Mothe Le Vayer Discourse de l'Histoire*, Tom. I., p. 267.

'Hoc apud nos quoque nuper ratio ad certum produxit. Veniet tempus, quo ista quæ nunc latent, in lucem dies extrahat, et longioris ævi diligentia. Ad inquisitionem tantorum ætas una non sufficit, ut tota cælo vacet. Itaque per successiones ista longas explicabuntur. Veniet tempus, quo posterì nostri tam aperta nos nescisse mirentur, non licet stare cœlestibus, nec averti: Prodeunt omnia; ut semel missa sunt, vadunt. Idem erit illis cursus, qui sui finis; Opus hoc æternum irrevocabiles habet motus.' *Seneca Nat. Quest.* lib. 7, cap. 25.

London: Printed for Messieurs Osborn and Longman, Davis, and Batley, in *Paternoster-Row*; Strahan, and Clarke, in *Cornhill*; Rivington, Robinson, Astley, and Austen, in *St. Paul's Church-Yard*; Gosling, in *Fleet-Street*; Nourse, by *Temple-Bar*; Prevost, and Millar, in the *Strand*; Parker, in *Pall-Mall*; Jolliffe, by *St. James's*; Brindley, Shropshire, and Smith, in *Bond-Street*; and Gouge, and Stagg, in *Westminster-Hall*. 1733."

The book commences with a dedication of nine pages to Frederic prince of Wales, dated 25th January, 1731; to which succeeds "A modest preface, containing many words to the wise," occupying thirty-one pages, and purporting to give an account of the origin of the work. The author states that he is descended in a direct line from the famous comte de Gabalis, that he was born with a cawl under the most fortunate of planets, that having been heir to a good family and fortune, as well as to a deal of pride and ambition "to distinguish himself from the common herd of mankind," he determined, on quitting the University, to spend one third of his property in travelling; and accordingly, after having passed three years in making a tour of Europe, he returned to England with an "utter contempt of Tramontane barbarity, an absolute aversion for his own people, climate and country, and a thorough insight into all the little learned cant of priests

and religious of all kind." He then became a politician, bought a seat in parliament, and voted against the ministry, in compliance with the wish of his patron, until the latter, being bribed, turned over to the court, when our author, considering himself bound to do likewise, became a violent supporter of his former opponents, for which he was promised an adequate reward in the shape of a profitable situation, in hopes of which he continually feasted the admirers of his eloquence, who joined him in railing at his political enemies, and in drinking confusions of all kinds. Finding, however, after the lapse of some time, that he could obtain no recompense, notwithstanding a considerable expenditure, he retired to his estate, two thirds of which he had squandered in pursuit of an employment, and becoming a Jacobite, anxiously expected some glorious revolution in favor of the Chevalier de St. George, in the confusion of which he might, by becoming a Roman Catholic, recover his property from the Hanoverian who had purchased it from him. To solace his exile, he commenced the study of magic and astrology, hoping thereby to be able to divine the period when the Stuarts might be restored, and had made great progress in those sciences, when, on the night of the 20th of January, 1728, a Genius appeared at his bed-side, and told him that great honours were yet in store for him and his descendants under the house of Hanover, to prove which he presented him with several large volumes of letters, averring that they were to be written by or to his great—great—great—great—great grandson, who would hold the office of prime minister of England at the end of the twentieth century, which the spirit observed was likely to be the era of the end of the world. On the departure of his mysterious visitor, our author immediately commenced a translation of those letters from the language of the twentieth century to that of his own time, and resolved upon their publication, to serve the cause of his country and of literature, to enjoy some portion of the reputation of his family before it had been actually earned, and to lessen the glories of the present ministers of state by magnifying the merits of their successors in future ages. "That which I now publish, is," he observes, "but introductory to many other volumes, so copious and full of matter that they will almost deserve the name of the history of the twentieth century;" and adds :

"Nor shall any slight disappointments herein discourage me from printing them; for how ungratefully soever the present age, through blindness or envy, may receive these vast lights; yet, I shall be sufficiently comforted with the consciousness, that my declaring the future truths of such great events, will be regarded by the coming ages, as my having in some measure sown the seed of them, in the bosom of a well cultivated, tho' an unthankful soil: Besides, at the worst, I shall be as well treated by the world, as those exalted spirits were, who discovered the Antipodes, the circulation of the blood, the use of telescopes and barometers, of printing and sailing, the loadstone and the Indies, who were so much despis'd at first, tho' so highly honoured and regarded now."—"As to this particular work, I must indeed be greatly discouraged by the world, if I suppress the sequel of it, which I propose by proper intervals to communicate to them, tho' I will not answer, how far their receiving this book I now offer them, with contempt and disregard, may make me use the same haughtiness the sacred Sibyl did to Tarquinius Superbus, and after burning all the remaining parts which I design'd for them, make them pay as high a price for this volume, as in a contrary demeanour I design'd to allow them the whole for"

And at page 29, he says :—

"On the other hand, many great men will blame me, as Alexander did Aristotle, for communicating too many of such hidden mysteries, such arcana imperii, to the knowledge of the vulgar. For my part, I have acted with the utmost caution in suppressing or publishing any particulars, and as it is to be feared, if after all my care this book should grow too common, and be in every one's hand, it may be applied to ill purposes, by letting the meanest of the people see, uti digerit omnia Calchas, I have given order to print but fifty copies, which I compute will answer the number of persons in Great Britain, who are wise and honest enough to be trusted with such a jewel. I have also gone further, and that posterity may not be imposed on, by any spurious additions, forgeries, or obliterations in this admirable work, I have with great labour numbered and reckoned up the whole of what is in it, which is a safer and fairer way than a table of contents, which our modern publishers tack to their mangled volumes. I find, therefore, that there is in this collection (Published, and to be Published) 28,967 sentences that have meaning in them, 1,232,356 words, 2,125,245 syllables, 6,293,376 letters, and through the roughness of our barbarous tongue, but 2,992,644 vowels (exclusive of y and all diphthongs) as any careful reader may find, who will cast them up with equal diligence. Possibly it may seem a little arrogant

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\* This portion of the author's design has been realized by the rarity of his work, of which Nichols tells us he never heard of more than two copies. The "Memoirs of the twentieth century" produced £3 15s. at Bindley's sale; £6 16s. at Hibbert's; £8 2s. 6d. at Dr. Kearney's; and £8 15s. at Saunders' auction in 1818.

and conceited, that I should have taken such pains herein ; but if we consider, that the Turks have done as much for their Alcoran, and that the learned Rabbies among the Jews value their Talmud so highly, as to say, that mistaking a letter in it, is enough to destroy the world ; I hope, I may be indulged, if not applauded for my care, in a work in the English tongue, where it may happen that the loss of a word in it, may be of vast damage to our native country, which all men among us are so desirous to serve."

The entire work consists of 527 pages, printed in large type, exclusive of the dedication and preface, and contains seventeen letters, addressed to the lord high treasurer, dated and signed as follow :

Constantinople,	3 November, 1997,	Signed,	Stanhope.
Rome,	7 November, 1997,	"	Hertford.
Mosco,	29 November, 1997,	"	Clare.
Paris,	16 December, 1997,	"	Herbert.
Rome,	7 January, 1998,	"	Hertford.
Chelsea,	19 December, 1997,	"	N—m.
Mosco,	27 January, 1997,	"	Clare.
Constantinople,	25 February, 1997,	"	Stanhope.

The last epistle concludes at page 214, and is succeeded by "Preface the second," which extends to page 456, consisting of a dissertation relative to guardian angels, good and evil, demons, and other powers of divination, which is followed by a letter signed N—m, and dated from Chelsea, 2nd February, 1997, in which, at page 262, treating of the popes, the four lines enclosed in the following parenthesis are usually found obliterated :

"And yet these are the great pretenders to infallibility, and to being directed immediately by the Holy Ghost ; though surely common reason would allow a man to believe as easily what (a known historian tells us, absurd and blasphemous as it is, in Peter the Hermit's crusade to the Holy Land, that a crow he kept was believed by the crowd to be the Holy Ghost, or what the Turks say of the same nature of Mahomet's pigeon.")

This is succeeded by the following letters from

Paris,	8 February, 1997,	Signed,	Herbert.
Constantinople,	16 April, 1998,	"	Stanhope.
Mosco,	8 March, 1997,	"	Clare.
Chelsea,	24 Februaay, 1999,	"	N—m.
Rome,	28 February, 1997,	"	Hertford.
Chelsea,	5 April, 1998,	"	N—m.
Paris,	4 March, 1997,	"	Herbert.
Constantinople,	1 May, 1998,	"	Stanhope.

The latter epistle extends to page 505, at which commences

"Preface the IIId, by way of postscript to the critics," which concludes the volume. The letters, which are written in a style of easy badinage, chiefly consist of descriptions of the various places from which they purport to have been dispatched, and contain nothing either striking or remarkable, nor does the author anticipate any of the numerous inventions which since his time have effected such revolutions in the manners and customs of the world. The work, indeed, on the whole, appears to have been a cumbrous effort at a *jeu d'esprit*, extended far beyond the proper limits of such a production, and unrelieved by any merits adequate to counterbalance the serious defect of too great prolixity.

In 1738 Madden published in Dublin his "Reflections and Resolutions proper for the gentlemen of Ireland," which he dedicated to "all the true friends of Ireland."

"Something of this kind," he says, "I thought should necessarily be published, and not being able to persuade any masterly hand to undertake it, I forced myself to hew and block out this rude sketch of a much larger design, which I had drawn up for abler work-men to polish and adorn. But really the truth is, this is no time for the pageantry of fine writing, and the circumstances in which our country now lies are so big with danger, it would be absurd and impertinent to write a finished piece upon them. 'Tis as plain as reason, truth and fact can make it, that we have scarce half the quantity of actual specie left in Ireland, which is necessary to circulate trade, and pay our rents, and the demands that are upon us; and consequently without speedy supplies or remedies we must inevitably turn bankrupts. It is fully as certain, that so many of the best families and hands in the nation, live abroad, and are gone or going off to America, that in a little time, betwixt madness and despair we shall be left desolate, and it is to be fear'd he that shall write to keep our people at home, will but resemble the zeal of St. John the Baptist, a voice crying in the wilderness."

The low condition of the country is, in this work, ascribed to the extravagant and idle dispositions of the people, the author fearing to state, or affecting to overlook the fact, that the source of her miseries was to be found in the systematic suppression of every branch of Irish trade that tended to interfere with the commercial interests of England, which, together with the penal laws, affecting the religion and property of the majority of the inhabitants of the island, effected a complete prostration of industrial pursuits, and paralyzed all efforts at their promotion.\* The nature and tendency of the remedies pro-

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\* See the article on Irish Industry in our present number, Ed.

jected by Madden may be gathered from the tenor of his proposed resolutions, which are as follow :—

“ That, as landlords in this poor kingdom, we will do our utmost in our little spheres, to remove the defects and difficulties which we find our people and country, and particularly our own estates and tenants lie under. That we will build on our estates and encourage all our tenants to do so. That we will also plant and improve ourselves, and do our best to make our tenants follow our example by all proper encouragements. That we will with all possible care set forward and encourage every useful manufacture among our tenants, and especially that of linen. That we will oppose and discourage all ill customs, that destroy frugality, thrift, and industry, in our tenants. That we will plant our estates as thick as possible and never lose an industrious farmer whom he can keep by reasonable encouragement. That we will as fathers and masters of families, regulate our conduct and expenses, as shall be most conducive to the service of Ireland and the good of our posterity. We resolve therefore as fathers, and masters of families, to use no sort of cloaths and furniture, which are not manufactured in Ireland. We resolve as masters of families that, as to drinking, we will contribute as little as possible to the excessive and destructive consumption of foreign wines and brandies. That as masters of families we will banish from our tables that luxurious way of living, which is so common and so pernicious to the gentlemen of Ireland. We resolve as fathers and masters of families, to educate our children in such a manner as shall make them most useful in their generation and serviceable to their country. The last resolution which seems proper for us to lay down for our conduct, as masters of families is this, that as to our servants, we will endeavour, to the best of our power, to keep such as are more for use and necessary employments, than figure and show. That we will as Protestant gentlemen in Ireland, do all in our power to bring over our countrymen from the delusions, and ignorance, which they are kept in by their Popish priests, as the greatest cause of their misery. We will ever sincerely wish for, consult, and promote the happiness and welfare of Great Britain as our common parent. That we will be so true to ourselves, as never to hurt the trade or interest of Great Britain. We resolve, as we will never forget what we owe to England, so we will ever hope that she will remember what benefit and advantage she does, or may receive, by encouraging us. We will, with our best industry and care, endeavour to remove every obstacle to agriculture and tillage amongst us. We resolve to the utmost of our power, to practise ourselves, and encourage in others, the raising of flax and flax-seed in the best and skillfullest manner, to support and enlarge our linen manufactures. We resolve to do all we can, to introduce all new improvements in husbandry into Ireland, which are likely to be of real profit and advantage, and especially the culture of hops, madder, weld, wood, saffron, liquorice, clover and other grass seeds. We resolve to improve the breed of our horses and black cattle, by importing the best of both kinds we can procure from Eng-

land. We resolve to use our best endeavours to get such laws past as may supply whatever is wanting to the thorough improving, and perfecting, and encreasing our husbandry in Ireland. We will endeavour to know and understand the laws of the land, in order to answer the trust that is reposed in us, and put them in execution with zeal and integrity. We resolve as magistrates in our several counties, to prosecute with all the severity of justice, all kinds and distinctions, of felons and criminals, and above all, those who are murderers. We resolve to put the laws strictly in execution against all vagabonds, idlers and sturdy beggars, as the greatest pests of this kingdom. We resolve, as faithful magistrates in our country, to join together to restore the discipline of our laws against all vagabonds and sturdy beggars, and to re-establish and regulate the wholesome and wise foundations of our ancestors, the county workhouses, as settled by our statutes. We resolve as Irish merchants, that we will take all possible care, by watching over the goodness of the commodities and manufactures we export, to pay due regard to the laws at home, and the credit and interest of our country abroad, and the faith and honour of the Irish trade in the world. We resolve as Irish merchants, both to discourage universally the infamous method of running goods, and also by carrying on, and exporting such manufactures as Great Britain has left open to us, to remove all suspicion of our rivalling her in the woollen trade. We resolve as Irish merchants, to do our utmost, if assisted by the legislature, to advance the traded navigation of Ireland, and to consider all possible ways and methods to encrease our shipping and sailors, and improve our manufactures. We will endeavour as Irish merchants, if supported and assisted by the legislature, to form such societies, and set up such offices, and introduce such new manufactures and methods of business, as may both direct, help and enlarge our foreign trade, and also enliven our inland commerce at home. We resolve, as members of parliament, that we will promote such sumptuary laws, as will be most conducive to reform the manners of our people, by fencing against luxury and vanity in the better sort, and securing sobriety and frugality in the lower. We resolve as members of parliament, to remedy by all possible ways and means in our power, that great obstruction to the prosperity of this nation, the want of hands. We resolve as members of parliament to provide and contrive all the best methods and ways we can for employing our people, and encreasing their industry.\*

Each of these resolutions is made the text for a dis-

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\* In an edition of Madden's "Reflections and Resolutions," published at Dublin in 1816, by the philanthropic Thomas Pleasants, we find the following observations:—"The very curious and interesting work which is now reprinted, and intended for a wide and gratuitous circulation, is also of uncommon rarity; there is not a copy of it in the library of Trinity College, or in any of the other public libraries of this city, which have been searched on purpose. The profoundly learned Vice-Provost, Doctor Barrett, never met with one; and many gentlemen, well skilled in the literature of Ireland, who have been applied to for information on the subject, are even unacquainted with the name of the book."

course on the best methods of carrying it into effect, in discussing which the author displays a considerable amount of information on the industrial condition of various countries. Among a variety of projects, Madden recommended that criminals, instead of being executed, or transported, should be employed in manufacturing hemp and flax in provincial work-houses; that itinerant husbandmen should be engaged to travel through the country to give instruction and information to farmers; and that schools and professorships of agriculture should be established in the principal towns of Ireland. With all his philanthropy, Madden feared to hazard any suggestions relative to toleration or religious equality, and some of his propositions with reference to the Roman Catholics, are deserving of notice, as exhibiting the light in which the people of that religion were then regarded by the ascendancy party.

"I am persuaded," he says, "if we had an act to empower us, notwithstanding settlements, or the Popery act, to set a lease for ever of only ten or twenty acres at most *even to Papist tradesmen*, who would covenant to build good houses of lime and stone, and enclose, ditch, and plant the ground into a little orchard and garden, and three or four small parks, we should soon see many thousands of such improvements rising in our country, to our great profit and ornament, and the benefit of our manufactures."

He also proposed the payment of the Roman Catholic priests by the state, in case it should be found difficult to deal with them after the manner in which the French Protestants had been treated by Louis XIV., but suggested that the archbishops and bishops should be "effectually removed," in order to break up their church government. In noticing the benefits to be derived from an absentee tax, which he proposes should be doubled on "our Popish gentlemen, who desert their country," he passes over the innumerable measures taken to oppress and plunder the people of that religion, and adds with singular sang froid:—"But at least we may hope that such a law may pass as to our Roman Catholics, who, above all men, are inexcusable in living abroad, where their prejudices are increased, their sentiments sharpened, and their allegiance to the Pope and his Bigot confirm'd."

The latter part of the work is devoted to a discourse on the benefits to be derived from a judicious distribution of premiums, a scheme relative to which the author states he intends



shortly to lay before the Dublin Society. Meanwhile the Doctor actively exerted himself in inducing various personages of rank and influence to lend their sanction and support to his plans for the amelioration of the country. Nor were his efforts in this direction unattended with success, although he had occasionally to encounter as strange characters as the hero of the following anecdote, who was no less distinguished for his high rank in the peerage, than for the exalted position which he held among the members of the "Hell-fire Club :\*"—

"His lordship, on being told that the Doctor was in the parlour, shrewdly guessing at his business, immediately stripped himself stark naked, and in this state, came running into the room with outstretched arms, saying, 'Worthy Dr. Madden, I am glad to see you, how do you do? shake hands with me, Doctor, when I heard you were here, I was in such a hurry to see you, that I would not wait to put on my clothes.' The Doctor shocked at the wild spectacle, leaped up, and was for hastening out of the room; but his lordship stopped him, saying, 'My dear Doctor, don't be in a hurry, tell me your business, I would be glad to do anything to serve you.' The Doctor pushed by him, but his lordship accompanied him to the street door, where he stood for some time as an exhibition to the passengers."

The Dublin Society originated from a meeting held by thirteen gentlemen in Trinity College, on the 25th of June, 1731;† the object of its institution being the improvement of "husbandry, manufactures, and other useful arts." The plan of this society appears to have been originally conceived and organized by Thomas Prior, a man of independent character, who was born in the year 1679, and possessed the estate of Rathdowny and other lands in the Queen's County.

At a committee meeting on the 1st of July, 1731, "rules for the government of the society" were proposed by Prior; on the 8th of July it was agreed that the word "sciences" should be added after "other useful arts in the title," and it was resolved that the president should be chosen annually. It was subsequently decided that the officers and members should be chosen by ballot, that thirty shillings should be the annual subscription, and the plan or rules of the society, as drawn up

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\* For notices of this and similar Dublin associations, see *IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW*, Vol. II., 528; and No. X., page 267.

† The report of this meeting was published for the first time, in the second volume of this Journal, page 506.

by Prior and Dr. William Stephens, were made the bases of the institution, Anthony Shephard, jun., being chosen the first treasurer, and on the 4th of December, 1731, the following officers were elected :—

“ His Grace the duke of Dorset, lord lieutenant of Ireland, president. His Grace the lord primate, vice president. Ant. Sheppard, Esq., treasurer. Dr. Stephens, secretary of home affairs. Mr. Prior, secretary of foreign affairs. W. Maple, curator and register. On the 7th of December the Society met at the Castle, and were presented to the lord lieutenant in a body, by his grace the lord primate, vice president, to return him thanks for the honour he had done the Society in being president, and his grace the lord lieutenant was pleased to sign his name at the head of the subscription book, as president of the Society.”

The nineteenth of the original rules of the Society, which were finally approved and registered on the 16th of December, 1731, was as follows :—

“ That every member of this Society, at his admission, be desired to choose some particular subject, either in natural history, or in husbandry, agriculture, or gardening, or some species of manufacture, or other branch of improvement, and make it his business, by reading what hath been printed, on that subject, by conversing with them who make it their profession, or by making his own experiments, to make himself master thereof, and to report in writing, the best account they can get by experiment or enquiry, relating thereto.”

In compliance with this rule, several members contributed essays on various subjects connected with agriculture, mechanics, and manufactures ; their limited funds, however, precluded them from carrying out their plans for the amelioration of the country, on a scale commensurate with the original designs. To remedy this deficiency, Madden published, in 1739, his “ Letter to the Dublin Society on the improvement of their fund,” and in this treatise, which is stated to have been “ printed on Irish paper made by Mr. Randal at Newbridge, near Leixlip,” the author considers the following topics :—

“ First, The necessity that there appears, to me, of enlarging your fund, and the number and weight of your members. Secondly, The probability of getting this done, if proper means be used. Thirdly, The several methods and regulations, necessary to be entered on, when this is accomplished. And lastly, To what useful and excellent purposes your fund may be applied, when it is thus enlarged.”

To enlarge the Society, he proposes that every member

should induce a friend to join it; to augment their fund by applying for contributions through their members in the several counties to all persons of fortune and character, especially at assizes and sessions; to procure a charter of incorporation and a set of statutes for the regulation of their institution on the model of the Royal Society's rules, and to encourage various manufactures by the importation of which he calculated that the country annually lost in the following ratio: glass bottles, £5,000; earthenware, £5,000; hardware and cutlery, £10,000; gunpowder and saltpetre, £4,000; thread-bone lace, £8,000; paper, £4,000; sugar, £6,500; salt, £25,000; corn, in years of scarcity, £100,000; and proposes, moreover, that the society should "apply part of their fund in taking and improving a reasonable number of acres in different soils and places near Dublin, as an experimental farm for all points of husbandry." He also dwells on the benefits to be derived from the encouragement of the fine arts, and the establishment of premiums, concluding as follows:—

"As it will necessarily take some time to raise sufficient subscriptions, to carry on the useful designs here laid before you, I do hereby oblige myself to you and the publick, to procure a gentleman, who shall for two years certain, pay £130 per annum, to your treasurer, to be solely applied to the following purposes, viz. £30 to experiments in agriculture and gardening, £50 to the best annual invention, in any of the liberal or manual arts, £25 to the best annual picture, and £25 to the best statue made in Ireland, and voted such by ballot, by two-thirds of the members present. Nay, I dare undertake, that gentleman will continue his subscription till larger contributions can be raised for the other designs mentioned in this letter, and shall sign a deed to pay it for life, when £500 per ann. is procured, provided the society shall apply his little fund to the views they are directed to, with their usual activity and prudence."

The following extracts from the unpublished official records of the society exhibit its proceedings consequent on this proposal:—

"1739. December 13. Dr. Samuel Madden's generous proposal to enlarge the plan and fund of the Society, was this day laid before the board by Mr. Prior. Ordered, that the same be considered at the next board. December 20—The Secretaries reported, that the Rev. Dr. Madden having settled £130 per annum during his life, and having also obtained a subscription of near £500 per annum for the encouragement of sundry arts, experiments, several manufactures not yet brought to perfection in this kingdom—Ordered, that a committee be appointed to consider what manufactures are fit or

necessary to be encouraged with regard to the said funds. Resolved, that the persons present be of the said committee, and that all members have voices. Ordered, that the committee meet on Tuesday evening. February 14, 1739-40—Present, lord bishop of Dromore, bishop of Clonfert, Arthur Dobbs, esq., Dr. Weld, Mr. Colly Lyons, archdeacon Brocas, dean Copping, Mr. Prior—bishop of Clonfert in the chair. This day the board agreed to publish an advertisement proposing premiums to be given to such persons who shall make improvements in any useful arts or manufacture, and mentioning Dr. Samuel Madden's proposal for encouraging new inventions in architecture, and painting, and statuary in this kingdom. The Rev. Dr. Madden having now reported that the subscriptions by him obtained for promoting arts and manufactures do amount to near £900 per annum, including his own, and as he is going to the country, he desires to leave the subscription roll with the Society. Ordered, that Mr. Madden be desired to leave the said subscription roll with the Secretary, Mr. Prior, for the use of the board. May 8, 1740—Dean Copping in the chair; present, Rev. Mr. Lesly, Mr. Percival, Mr. Prior. Ordered, that the advertisement hereunto annexed be published in the newspapers.

"The Dublin Society, in order to promote such useful arts and manufactures as have not hitherto been introduced, or are not yet brought to perfection in this kingdom, give notice, that they intend to encourage, by premiums, annual contributions, or other methods, any persons who are well skilled in such arts and manufactures, and will carry them on in the best and most skilful manner. To carry on this design, they desire that gentlemen and others who are conversant in husbandry, trade, or manufactures, and wish well to their country, will favor them with their company and advice, that they may be better enabled to judge what improvements are proper to be encouraged, what encouragements are convenient, and in what manner they may be best applied for the benefit of the publick. A committee for that purpose will attend at the Parliament house, every Thursday at one o'clock. May 29, 1740—Ordered, that an advertisement be printed proposing rewards to be given to such persons who shall produce in Dublin, next winter, the best hops, flax-seed, flax, cyder, earthenware, thread, malt liquor, lace, in their several kinds, according as they are set down in a paper agreed to. June 19th—Ordered, that the advertisements to be printed for giving rewards, be revised and altered by Dean Maturin, Mr. Ross, Mr. Prior, and when the same is prepared, that it be printed, taking notice therein of many other articles which the Society design to give rewards for the next year. November 20—Ordered, that Dean Maturin, Mr. Ross, Mr. Prior, Dr. Weld, Dr. Wynne, be a committee to take into consideration the collecting of the subscriptions to Dr. Madden's scheme, and the premiums that may be proper to be given this year, and that they meet on Wednesday next at Mr. Prior's house, at three o'clock. Ordered, that the several schemes of such as expect encouragement for their improvements or inventions be laid before them."

The Committee came to a resolution that £300 would be

the lowest sum adequate to carry out their design, and that unless that amount could be collected before the 25th of March, following, the subscriptions should be returned. They also ordered, that a copy of their resolutions on this point should be sent to Dr. Madden by Mr. Prior, "with a request that he would be pleased to come to town in some short time, to give spirit to and quicken the collection of the subscriptions;" and a considerable amount of subscriptions having been thus collected, the Society published a catalogue of their proposed premiums for encouraging various branches of Irish industry. Madden's premiums were usually issued separately from those of the Society, and the objects to which they were applied may be gathered from the following official returns:—

"Premiums given by Dr. Samuel Madden for the year 1742, and adjudged by the Dublin Society to the following persons, viz. To Mr. Houghton, for the best piece of sculpture, viz. St. Paul preaching at Athens, £25. To Mrs. Grattan, for the best piece of lace made with the needle, £10. To Ellinor Williams, Eliza Roberts, and Margaret Reed, to be equally divided between them, for the best pieces of bone-lace, £10. To Mr. Beaver, for the best piece of tapestry, £10. To Mr. Tudor, for the best piece of painting, £10. To Mr. Garret Bryan, for the best piece of damask silk, £10. To Mr. Richard Ellis, for the best piece of flowered silk, £10. To Mr. Robert Ellis, for the best piece of paduasoy, £10.

"1743.—To Messrs. Wilson, Sharp, and company, for making the greatest quantity of salt fit for curing fish in 1743, viz. 450 tons, at Belfast, £25. Anne Casey, of Plunket-street, for the best piece of hone lace made in 1743, £10. Elizabeth Roberts of Lazer's-hill, for the second best ditto, £5. Mrs. Anne Page, for the best imitation of Brussels, Mechlin, or point lace, £10. Mrs. Baker and Miss Raymond, equally, for the second best ditto, £5. Catherine Plunket, for the best piece of edging, £5. Mary Casey, for the second best ditto, £3. Catherine Bickey, for the third best ditto, £2. Esther Handcock, for the best piece of embroidery, £10. Mr. David Davis, for the best piece of velvet, £10."

Madden, however, did not strictly confine his munificence within the limits he had proposed; and in some years we find that his donations exceeded three hundred pounds, which included, in addition to those above particularized, premiums for improving the breed of cattle, curing fish, growing hops, manufacturing cloth, paper, sculptures in metal or stone, in-

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\* For a description of the manner in which the premiums for the fine arts were adjudged, see the account of the Dublin Society's house, *IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW*, Vol. II., 507.

ventions or improvements in agriculture, &c. &c. This munificence did not however shelter him from detraction, and we are told that the "zealous labours of the reverend Doctor for the improvement of his country were no whit slackened by his knowledge, that two of those who praised him to his face, and in their letters to him, resorted to the meanness of setting on their toad-eaters to slander him in his absence, whenever they thought they could do so undetected."

In 1745, Madden published his panegyric on Hugh Boulter, an English ecclesiastic, who had been appointed in 1724, primate of all Ireland, an office which he held till his death, 1742, having, during that period, been eleven times nominated lord justice. "Boulter's Monument" is dedicated to Frederic, prince of Wales, and contains 2034 lines of verse, in which the nine Muses are represented as sympathizing with Hibernia for the loss of the primate, whose life and actions form the subject of their eulogies.

With reference to this work, which was printed by Richardson, author of "Pamela," we find the following passage in Boswell's Life of Johnson, which the biographer states to have been communicated to him by the Rev. Thomas Campbell:—

"Sitting with Dr. Johnson one morning alone, he asked me (Dr. Campbell) if I had known Dr. Madden, who was author of the premium scheme in Ireland. On my answering in the affirmative, and also that I had for some years lived in his neighbourhood, &c., he begged of me that when I returned to Ireland, I would endeavour to procure for him a poem of Dr. Madden's, called 'Boulter's Monument.' The reason (said he) why I wish for it, is this: when Dr. Madden came to London, he submitted that work to my castigation; and I remember I blotted a great many lines, and might have blotted many more without making the poem worse. However, the Doctor was very thankful, and very generous, for he gave me ten guineas, which was to me at that time a great sum."

Dr. Johnson in his dictionary, under the word "sport," quotes from "Boulter's Monument" the following passage, which may serve as specimen of the style of the poem:—

"Men grave their wrongs in marble; he, more just,  
Stoop'd down serene, and wrote them in the dust:  
Trode under foot, the sport of every wind,  
Swept from the earth, and blotted from his mind:  
There silent in their grave he let them lie,  
And griev'd they could not 'scape th' Almighty's eye!"

In a "Postscript to the reader," Madden apologizes for the length and defects of his poem, and states that "some

hundred lines have been pruned from it, that were not quite unpardonable, in order to lessen the tediousness of the panegyrical part;" and speaking of Boulter, he observes:—

"To lay aside all his other excellencies, if we consider a man spending a long life in honoring his Maker, and doing good to men; if we see him adding great funds to hospitals of different kinds; building and repairing several churches; founding eight large almshouses; relieving, by known and secret bounties, a great number of private families; doing offices of charity and kindness to crouds, who applied to him for relief; feeding, for many weeks, in a famine, from three or four to seven and eight thousand indigent persons every day; assisting the imprison'd and the sick, as well as the starving; and leaving the remains of his fortune, when he died, to pious uses (the whole of his donations making near one hundred thousand pounds); it may possibly seem sufficient not only to justify an affectionate poet, but the severest historian, in any encomiums he could write on him. The author must add to all this, that what little honour he has endeavour'd to pay him is still the more excusable, as it cannot be charg'd with the least taint of interested flattery, since he is dead; nor even with any little views of private gratitude for obligations conferr'd; since, except the occasional kindness of his conversation or correspondence, he never ask'd or receiv'd, and, what is much better, never wish'd for or wanted, the smallest favour from him. He thinks, (as was said before) he had other and worthier motives for this performance: Tho', after all, he is so little satisfy'd with what he has done, that if he had been acquainted with one of his relations or intimates, who could have furnish'd him with proper materials, he would much more gladly have written his life, than have thrown his panegyric on the mercy of an age, at war with every virtue which he lov'd, and run mad with mean but furious scrambles, for that wealth and power which he scorn'd."

To carry out the political views of his party appears to have been the main object of Boulter's public life, and in pursuit of this end he systematically fomented disunion among the Irish, steadily inculcating the necessity of excluding them from offices of importance in their own country, and earnestly laboring to aggrandize England at the expense of her neighbour.

Notwithstanding his Whig politics, and his connection with Boulter's party, Madden appears to have been on friendly terms with Swift, and Dr. Johnson quotes him as authority for some statements in his life of the Dean.

Dr. Madden liberally contributed to the funds of the "Physico Historical Society," founded in 1744, and undertook, but did not complete, a history of the county of Fermanagh, intended to have been published under its auspices.

In 1746, the Dublin Society applied to government for an annual grant, to enable them to carry out their objects, which request was seconded as follows, by Chesterfield, in his private despatch to the duke of Newcastle in March, 1746 :—

“The Dublin Society is really a very useful establishment. It consists of many considerable people, and has been kept up hitherto by voluntary subscriptions. They give premiums for the improvement of lands, for plantations, for manufactures. They furnish many materials for those improvements in the poorer and less cultivated parts of this kingdom, and have certainly done a great deal of good. The bounty they apply for to his majesty is five hundred pounds a year, which, in my humble opinion, would be properly bestowed; but I entirely submit it.”

By the king's letter, dated 26th March, 1746, the Society was placed on the civil establishment of Ireland for an allowance of £500 per annum, “to be paid, in like manner as pensions and allowances are usually paid, unto Robert Downes, esq., treasurer to the Society, or the treasurer for the time being, to be disposed of by them in such manner and for the like uses and purposes as their own voluntary subscriptions are applied ;”\* and lord Chesterfield, in a letter to Prior in the succeeding year, says of the Society :—

“They have done more good to Ireland, with regard to arts and industry, than all the laws that could have been formed; for, unfortunately there is a perversness in our natures which prompts us to resist authority, though otherwise inclined enough to do the thing, if left to our choice. Invitation, example, and fashion, with some premiums attending them, are, I am convinced, the only methods of bringing people in Ireland to do what they ought to do; and that is the plan of your Society.”

Madden did not lose sight of the importance of obtaining a charter of incorporation for the Society, which he had so strongly recommended to them in 1739: Chesterfield, however, was at first dubious of the results likely to ensue from the accomplishment of that design, and in a letter dated 15th September, 1748, he wrote to Madden, whom he styled his “honest and indefatigable friend in good works :”—

“The Dublin Society has hitherto gone on extremely well, and done infinite good: why? Because, that not being a permanent, in-

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\* In the Report of the parliamentary select committee, in 1836, on the Royal Dublin Society, it is incorrectly stated, on the authority of various officers of the institution, that the annual grant was from the king's privy purse; and this error has been repeated in various official publications issued by the Society.



corporated society, and having no employments to dispose of, and depending only for their existence on their own good behaviour, it was not a theatre for jobbers to show their skill upon ; but, when once established by charter, the very advantages which are expected from, and which, I believe, will attend that charter, I fear may prove fatal. It may then become an object of party, and parliamentary views (for you know how low they stoop) ; in which case it will become subservient to the worst instead of the best designs. Remember the Linen Board, where the paltry dividend of a little flax-seed was become the seed of jobs, which indeed produced one hundred fold. However, I submit my fears to your hopes ; and will do all that I can to promote that charter which you, who I am sure have considered it in every light, seem so desirous of. Mr. Mac Aulay,\* who is now here, has brought over the rough draught of a charter, which he and I are to meet and consider of next week. I hope your worthy fellow labourers, and my worthy friends, the bishop of Meath and Mr. Prior, are well. May you be long so, for the good of mankind, and for the particular satisfaction of your most sincere friend and faithful servant."

And in a subsequent letter to Dr. Madden, dated London, 29 November, 1748, the earl says :—

"I make no doubt but that the charter for the Dublin Society, when once you have formed it properly among yourselves, will be granted here ; and upon the whole, I am much for it, and will promote it to my power ; not but that I foresee some danger on that side of the question too. Abuses have always hitherto crept into corporate bodies, and will probably, in time, creep into this too ; but I hope that it will have such an effect, at first, as to make the future abuses of less consequence. The draught which Mr. Mac Aulay shewed me here of the charter, seems to have all the provisions in it that human prudence can make against human iniquity."

On the second of April, 1749–50,† the charter was finally granted, incorporating the institution "by the name of the Dublin Society, for promoting husbandry and other useful arts in Ireland."

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\* Alexander Mac Aulay, judge of the Consistorial Court, elected a member of the Society in 1746.

† In the various editions of the "Official Catalogue" of the great Industrial Exhibition at Dublin, published by authority of the Dublin Society's committee, it is incorrectly stated that the charter of the Society was granted in 1731 ! To augment this error in their own history, the names of the persons to whom the charter was addressed in 1749–50, are given by the committee as the *founders of the Society*, and their armorial bearings have been consequently blazoned in the Northern hall, while the names of the real originators of the institution, in 1731, have been left in obscurity ! Dr. Madden has been thus completely passed over, nor does the Society's Library contain more than one of the works written by him, a complete collection of which is not to be found in any public Dublin Library.

In 1746, Madden composed a tragedy of which nothing is known, except that he bequeathed it to Thomas Sheridan. He also, in 1748, wrote a poem, which there is a difficulty in identifying, owing to its having been published anonymously, and relative to which we find Chesterfield writing to him as follows, on the 15th of September, in the same year :

"Your poem, of which I have read the first canto with equal pleasure and attention, has (without any compliment to you) a great deal of wit and invention in it: the characters are perfectly well preserved; and the moral, which it is easy to foresee from the first canto, is excellent. You cannot doubt of my being proud to have such a performance addressed to me; and I should be prouder of it still, if the author's name were to appear; but, as your friend, I must confess, that I think you in the right to conceal it; for, though the moral be good, yet as the propriety of characters has obliged you to put some warm expressions in the mouths of Venus and Cupid, some silly or malicious people might lay hold of them, and quote them to your disadvantage. As to the dedication, I must tell you very sincerely, and without the least false modesty, that I heartily wish you would lower it: the honest warmth of your friendship makes you view me in a more partial light than other people do, or, upon my word, than I do myself. The few light, trifling things that I have accidentally scribbled in my youth, in the cheerfulness of company, or sometimes (it may be) inspired by wine, do by no means entitle me to the compliments which you make me as an author; and my own vanity is so far from deceiving me upon that subject, that I repent of what I have shown, and only value myself upon what I have had the prudence to burn."

On the 15th of April, 1749, Chesterfield wrote as follows to Madden, on the same subject:—

"You are, I am sure, too well persuaded of my sincere regard and friendship for you, to impute my late silence to negligence or forgetfulness; but two concurrent causes have hindered me from acknowledging your two last letters: the one was the ill state of my health; the other was the unsettled state of my person, in my migration from my old house to my new one, where I have hardly yet got pen, ink, paper, and a table. This latter has, I believe, been attested to you by your son, who saw me unfurnished in my old house, and since unsettled in my new one. I have (as I told him that I would) executed your orders with regard to my booksellers. I have told them, more fully than I can tell you, my thoughts of the work, and have raised their impatience for some of the copies, for which they will treat with your printer. How they will sell (considering the whimsical and uncertain decision of the public in those matters) I do not know; but how they ought to sell, if the public judges right, I well know—for I never saw more wit, fancy, and imagination, upon any one single subject. Every one of your alterations are, in my opinion,

for the better, excepting those which you say you have made in my favour, and in which I fear the public will too justly differ from you. Your partiality to me had carried you but too far before. I congratulate both you and Ireland most heartily upon the increasing fruits of your labours for the public good; for I am informed from all hands, that a spirit of industry diffuses itself through all Ireland; the linen manufacture gains ground daily in the south and south-west, and new manufactures arise in different parts of the kingdom. All which, I will venture to say, is originally owing to your judicious and indefatigable endeavours for the good of your country. You know the nature of mankind in general, and of our countrymen in particular (for I still think and call myself an Irishman), well enough to know, that the invitation by premiums would be much more effectual than laws, or remote considerations of general public good, upon which few people reason well enough to be convinced that their own solid private interest essentially depends. The Dublin Society, and, in particular, my good friends the bishop of Meath (Dr. Henry Maule) and Prior, have seconded you very well; and it is not saying too much of them to say, that they deserve better of Ireland than any one other set of men in it; I will not even except the Parliament."

Madden's premiums were annually distributed by the Society until the year 1757, when their separate payment appears to have been discontinued, their donor considering that they might be advantageously expended in the encouragement of agriculture, as we learn from the following letter, now published for the first time:—

"Manor Waterhouse, 21st May, 1755.

"Dear Sir—I have yours of the 17th for which I thank you, and I hereby desire you may print the self-same list of my premiums for the year 1755, that you printed in the year 1754, and I shall effectually make them good by God's blessing, as I have done for such a number of years. I conceived the glass house premium was set down for the 5th of June, and I see it so in your printed list, and I again beg the good design may be encouraged, as it every way so well deserves. I hope Mr. Hawker\* will act like himself, but I wonder he never called on my son or assisted him with his advice, and I wish, you would make him call on him at the Golden Stocking in Castle-street. I rejoice the lord lieutenant goes on to sweeten and oblige all that apply to him, and I am told he will do all he can to remove any obstacle to our peace and ease, and I believe we shall have a calmer session than some feared, and that others hoped for, though some rough votes will pass or I am much misinformed. I am in pain for our squadron which is much weaker than the French, but I trust in God all shall end well, and that those disturbers of the world will be chastized into quietness.

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\* One of the Society's clerks.

Your memorandum surprised me, but on examination I find you are right, and my son shall pay the twenty shillings though you actually writ for £3, and I drew for the sum you wrote for. I thank you, my dear friend, for your kind compliments of the season—blessed be God, I had a great congregation and a crowd of communicants last Sunday, which I pray God encrease not only among us but through the Christian world. I am thinking instead of the former præmiums for tillage (which I won't give as I did) to give in a better manner and will be of more extended influence, and that is in June next, to have it advertized by you and Mr. Maple (the former of which you shall have sent for your correction). That as the only way to encourage tillage is to form societys in the several counties,\* so there is a gentleman who will give £20 a year while he finds it usefull to every such county, where such society shall be found not exceeding ten, and which apply to you and Mr. Maple before next October, every such society giving at least £25 per annum in præmiums, of their own money. I am loth to put my own name in print, which I am sick of, and therefore I would have it advertized by you and Mr. Maple, and I do hereby faithfully engage to you that I will make good all I have promised. Pray consult Mr. Maple, with my best respects, on this, and let me have your opinions and advice on it at large. My dear and worthy friend, adieu. I am your most affectionate and obedient humble servant, SAMUEL MADDEN.

"I send you an advertisement ready drawn, which you will lay before the Society, and let me know their thoughts of it. I have sent it to a member, also lord Lanesborough."

At this distance of time it would be difficult to recapitulate Madden's multifarious benevolent and philanthropic acts. From his advocacy of the beneficial results derivable from exciting emulation by the incentive of gratuities, he acquired the sobriquet of "Premium Madden;" and Dr. Johnson is said to have declared, that "his was a name which Ireland ought to honor." In his seventy-second year, prompted by the dictates of friendship, he wrote a long poem on Dr. Thomas Leland's history of Philip of Macedon, and contributed a munificent subscription to the publication of that work, the author of which observes: "I am bound particularly to declare that I owe the warmest and sincerest gratitude to the friendship of the reverend Doctor Samuel Madden, a name which must be ever honored and revered in Ireland, while it feels the happy effects of his extraordinary zeal and generous public spirit."

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\* About the year 1735, a number of gentlemen in the county of Limerick formed themselves into a society for the improvement of "tillage by English husbandry, and to encourage manufactures."

The following are the first lines of the poem referred to, which is more interesting for its slight autobiographical episodes than for any literary merit :—

"Tho' past the bounds David to life assign'd,  
I rhyme in this dark evening of the mind ;  
Tho' midst my books and groves, from courts retir'd,  
Untun'd I sing, by Love alone inspir'd,  
Still for a friend, disdaining cares and years,  
While Health's gay smile his languid numbers cheers ;  
While inbred comforts calm each peaceful day,  
And sweet Content's dear blessings swell his lay ;  
While zeal for thine and ev'ry public good  
Warms the weak line, and thaws his frozen blood ;  
Accept no venal bard's enfeebled song,  
Whose life or verse can never serve thee long :  
Who age endures, while with delight he spends  
His fortune to promote the noblest ends :  
Who, careless of his own, to thy just praise  
By Philip rous'd this last remembrance pays ;  
Chanting like ancient swans before he dies,  
And from this world of tedious trifles flies !"

Dr. Madden's death occurred at Manor Waterhouse, on the last day of December, 1765 ; and so completely has his memory been forgotten, that even his descendants are unacquainted with the place of his interment. During his life time it was contemplated to perpetuate his memory as a national benefactor, by the erection of a statue, and to this project, which, it is superfluous to observe, was never executed, Thomas Sheridan alluded as follows in his public oration at Dublin in 1757, relative to the foundation of an academy for the instruction of the youth of Ireland :—

"We have already one part of education (and that too a most essential one) in as high a degree of perfection, as perhaps could have been contrived by the wit of man. I mean that part which is obtained in the College of Dublin, from the time of entrance, to the time of taking a bachelor's degree. Nothing can be conceived more excellent than the first plan of that part of the system, in point of theory, and design ; but in point of execution and practice, it has received uncommon life and vigour by the late admirable institution of premiums. Whose author, had he never contributed any thing farther to the good of his country, would have deserved immortal honour, and must have been held in reverence by latest posterity. But the unwearied and disinterested endeavours, during a long course of years, of this truly good man, in a variety of branches, to promote industry, and consequently the welfare of this kingdom ; and the mighty benefits which have thence resulted to the community ; have made many of the good people of Ireland sorry, that a long talked of scheme has not hitherto been put in execution. That we might not appear inferior in point of gratitude to the citizens of London, with respect to a singular honour paid to a fellow citizen, (Sir John Barnard) surely not with more reason, and that, like them, we might be able to address our patriot :—

*'Præsentī tibi maturos largimur honores.'*

"If I have wandered a little from the point, it proceeded from a warmth of heart eager to throw in its mite of acknowledgement to our general benefactor; and I am sure there is not one here, who does not so far sympathize with me, as readily to pardon the digression."

Two three-quarter length portraits of Dr. Madden, painted in oils, are still preserved; one at the residence of his representatives at Hilton, County Monaghan; the other in the possession of John Madden, esq., of Roslin Manor, Clones; in both of these paintings he is represented in clerical costume, with full, flowing, curled dark hair, and a benevolent expression of countenance. The Dublin Society possess a white marble bust of their benefactor, and his portrait was engraved by John Brooks; by Spooner in 1752, "ex marmore Van Nost;" and by R. Purcell in 1755, from the original, by Robert Hunter, an artist who was on terms of intimacy with Madden, some of whose papers came into his possession.

Dr. Madden's sons were as follow: Thomas, who entered into holy orders, and died in 1758; Samuel Molyneux Madden, who in September, 1748, married Frances, daughter of Anthony Dopping, bishop of Ossory, and had issue a son and daughter, who died young; John Madden, hereafter noticed; Edward Madden of Spring grove, Co. Fermanagh, who died without issue in 1790, having married Charlotte, daughter of David Creighton, esq., of Crum, and sister to the first lord Erne; William Balfour Madden, barrister-at-law, who died unmarried.\* His daughters were: Mary, married to Thomas Hastings, archdeacon of Dublin; Lucy, married to — Saunderson, esq., of Clover-hill, Co. Cavan; Alice; Jane; and Elizabeth, married to the rev. John Hawshaw. Samuel Molyneux Madden, who succeeded his father, and died in 1783, bequeathed a fund to the University of Dublin, to be distributed in premiums at Fellowship examinations, the conditions of which bequest are specified as follows in the codicil of the donor's will, dated 7th of August, 1782:—

"Whereas I, Samuel Molyneux Madden, have, in the body of my

\* The Maddens of Kilkenny descend from Dr. Samuel Madden's brother, John Madden, referred to at page 697; who obtained a fellowship in Trinity College in 1710, which he resigned in 1724, and obtained the deanery of Kilmore and rectorship of St. Anne's, Dublin. An anecdote of him and lord Ross will be found at page 260 of our present volume.

last will and testament, bequeathed all my estate and property, situated in the Corporation of Belturbet, immediately after the demises therein mentioned, to be employed in promoting virtue and learning in Trinity College, in the county of Dublin, subject to such regulations as I shall exposit and declare in any codicil to my said will. In pursuance of that my design I do hereby constitute and appoint the three persons immediately hereafter named to be trustees for the carrying into execution that design, That is to say: The right honourable James lord viscount Lifford, lord chancellor of Ireland, the most rev. and right honourable Richard Robinson, primate of all Ireland, and the right rev. Richard Woodward, lord bishop of Cloyne, humbly entreating those very worthy and highly respected persons to vouchsafe their protection and favour to a design so suited to their own excellent dispositions. I do further declare it to be my humble request and desire, that the vice-chancellor of Trinity College, for the time being, be one of the trustees and governors of the fund to be raised for the design and purpose aforesaid, and that the lord high chancellor of Ireland, for the time being, be one of the said trustees and governors, and the lord primate, for the time being, be also one of the trustees and governors of said fund, and to carry into execution my intent and design, as hereinafter mentioned. My will, intent, and request therefore is, that at every examination for fellowships in Trinity College, the whole produce of the said fund, during the preceding year, be given, in one undivided sum, into the hand of that disappointed candidate for the fellowships whom the majority of his examiners shall, by certificate in writing, under their hand, declare to have best deserved to succeed if another fellowship had been vacant. Provided always, that no premium thus provided be given to any disappointed candidate in any year wherein there shall not be at least two disappointed candidates at the examination, and also, provided always, that the provost and senior fellows of the College do not diminish the premiums which through their zeal to encourage learning they generously bestow on the disappointed candidates for fellowships at each examination. And whereas there are some years wherein there are not any examinations for fellowships held, no vacancy having happened in the College, I do hereby desire that the revenue of my estate and fund in every such year be laid out in government securities by my said trustees, and the interest of such government securities be added to the succeeding produce of the united fund aforesaid, and thus the premium be increased which shall be given to disappointed candidates in the succeeding years, and I do desire that this premium or bounty be confined to one only disappointed candidate for fellowships until the annual revenue of the fund arise to four hundred pounds, after which period the trustees aforesaid may appropriate the further increase of the fund towards the constituting a bounty for a second disappointed candidate, or rather for a premium for the best oration or essay in Latin on such subject as the College shall annually choose, as such encouragement is greatly wanted. And further, in aid of the said intended fund, as the present revenue of the estate in the Corporation of Belturbet is but £86 rent, I do hereby bequeath to the

three trustees aforementioned, all my personal estate of what nature soever after the death of my most dearly beloved wife, to be by them converted into money, and to be laid out in government debentures, and applied to the great end of encouraging virtue and learning in the College, where the youth of the nation are educated, and where most essential service may be expected from their care and patronage, and therefore I do hereby appoint the aforesaid trustees my residuary legatees."

The premiums from this fund were first distributed in 1798, and after Samuel Madden's death the family estates devolved upon his brother John of Maddenton, Co. Monaghan, who married Anne, daughter of Robert Cope, M.P., of Loughgall, Co. Armagh; and dying in 1791 was succeeded by his son Samuel, the representatives of whose son, the late colonel John Madden, now reside at Maddenton or Hilton, Co. Monaghan.

In reviewing the character of Samuel Madden, we must recur to the times in which he lived, a knowledge of which can alone enable us to form a true estimate of his services. Allied by a multiplicity of ties to the ascendancy party, he was necessitated to eschew in his writings all advocacy of religious toleration, or independence of England, knowing that otherwise his efforts to promote native industry might have been, like Swift's proposal for the encouragement of Irish manufactures, declared to be covert treason against the Hanoverian succession. His munificence in allocating a portion of his fortune to the promotion of art and industry in his native land, was totally unprecedented, and cannot be ascribed to any interested motives, as the distribution of his premium funds was altogether committed to the management of the Dublin Society. As a prose writer, Madden put forward his views in a clear and perspicuous manner, but he erred in attempting to acquire a reputation for poetry, the genius of his family, in that department of literature, having been monopolised by his kinsman, Oliver Goldsmith.

The materials for Madden's biography are extremely meagre, owing to the dearth of family documents, we must therefore in his case rely on the truth of Lamartine's observation that "*l'histoire de notre talent est presque toujours celle de notre vie.*" The accounts hitherto published of Madden have been exceedingly inaccurate, and we trust that the present sketch may, to some extent, redeem his memory from the unjust obscurity in which it has been too long suffered to remain.



ART. V.—MAGUIRE ON THE DEVELOPEMENT OF  
IRISH INDUSTRY.

*The Industrial Movement in Ireland, As Illustrated By The National Exhibition of 1852.* By John Francis Maguire, M.P., Mayor of Cork. Cork: John O'Brien. London: Simpkin Marshall and Co. Dublin: J. M'Glashan. 1 vol. 8vo. 1853.

THIS is a very remarkable book, worthy the attentive consideration of the statesman, but far more important, and more suggestive in its teaching, to those who are neither ashamed of their country, nor despondent in the cause of Ireland's advancement. We know that there are Irishmen who look with unconcern, even with satisfaction, upon the exodus of the peasantry, and who see, in the immigration of English and Scotch agricultural speculators, a harbinger of our progression, because eventually, as they expect, Ireland must become assimilated to the sister islands, and anglicised in feeling and in prosperity. With these "souls so dead" we do not quarrel: they possess reasoning powers, and calculating minds, sufficient to form a political economist, or a government secretary of the *Tadpole* and *Taper* species—but they want the wisdom, the patriotism, and the heart, requisite to constitute a statesman. To such men as these, Mr. Maguire's book is a piece of irrelevant impertinence, but to the man with Irish feeling, Irish sympathy, a love for national honor, and a desire for the closer knitting of the United Kingdoms in interest, as they are united in law, it is in the highest degree valuable.

Sir Robert Kane, in his *Industrial Resources of Ireland*, has displayed all the riches of our soil, and all the natural wealth of our country. Mr. Maguire's subject is one equally useful and equally noble—he explains, he proves, the ardor, the quickness, and the success of our people, in acquiring industrial knowledge, and in applying that knowledge practically and soundly. There is not, in all the history of our country, a more melancholy reflection than that suggested by the manufactured objects displayed in our National Exhibition. The building itself proves what we can accomplish, the Irish made goods within it show, to a stranger, only how little in

manufactures we have achieved. But to the Irishman who knows the real history of his country's trade, no such thoughts arise. He knows that England's folly deprived her of the American possessions, the selfish rule of the mother country having alienated the confidence of the colonists: that selfishness and that folly would have severed Ireland from her too, but that, through wisdom or through terror, she was, at the critical moment, just. Statesmen are now somewhat wiser or more calculating than in other days, but looking at the small number of specimens of manufactures contributed by Ireland to her own Exhibition, and comparing them with those produced by England and Scotland, the memory recalls most vividly the long series of cruel neglects which have retarded the trade of Ireland. For ages the course of legislation, upon all measures affecting that trade, seemed as if dictated by the spirit to which Charles Kendal Bushe declared the act of Union owed its origin—"an intolerance of Irish prosperity."

Four hundred and ninety-three years ago Irish trade was found too flourishing and too prosperous to suit the interests of England, and our woollen and leather fabrics were regarded with deep jealousy;\* and as years rolled on, the woollen manufacturers of England required the aid of Parliament to check the progress of this branch of Irish industry. During the years 1633 and 1636, Lord Strafford, the Lord Deputy, being devoted to the interest of his master and of his countrymen, saw with concern that the woollen cloths of Ireland might, at no distant day, excel those of his own nation, and looked with dislike upon Irish manufacturers, fearing, as he wrote to Charles, "that they might beat us out of the trade itself, by underselling us, which they are able to do."†

The rule of Charles the Second was as disastrous to the Irish traders in intention, as it was disgraceful to the honor of his own country. From the twelfth to the twenty-second year of his reign, it seems as if the whole power of the English legislature was applied to complete the mischief which Strafford had begun. By one act of Parliament‡ a duty so high as to

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\* See Anderson's *History of Commerce*, Vol. I., p. 321. It is a curious fact, that a poem was written in the reign of Henry VI. in which "linen cloth" is mentioned as one of the staple productions of Ireland.

† See Strafford's *Letters and Dispatches* in the above years.

‡ 12 Charles II., c. 4.

amount to a prohibition, was imposed upon Irish woollen fabrics: by another act,\* the import of Irish cattle into England, and all valuable exports from Ireland to the colonies, were forbidden; and by a third enactment,† the imports into Ireland, from the colonies, of sugar, tobacco, cotton, indigo, steel, Jamaica wood, and other useful articles, were strictly prohibited, unless first unloaded at an English Port.

Strafford hoped to avert the impending competition of this country with his own, by turning the attention of the Irish people to the manufacture of linen cloths. In this plan he was supported by the Duke of Ormond, anxious either to extend the power of his house, or desirous to advance the supposed interests of Ireland. The Irish traders, however, were too well aware of their own position to surrender readily the advantages which had accrued to them from the woollen manufactures. The sheep pastures of the country were the great sources of its wealth; this the people well knew; and as the notable scheme of the Viceroy was only in part successful, *The Navigation Act* was afterwards passed, and Ireland was cut off from all mercantile communication with the colonies of that kingdom of which she was an integral portion.

Ten years passed by, the manufacturers still continued to hold their old position; and in addition, the linen dealers were daily increasing in importance. Then it was that Sir William Temple, turning aside from his gardens, and his musings upon heroic virtue, and disquisitions upon ancient and modern learning, with that cold, narrow policy, which dictated too many of his actions, wrote to the Lord Lieutenant, that "regard must be had to those points wherein the trade of Ireland comes to interfere with that of England, in which case the Irish trade ought to be declined, so as to give way to the trade of England." Still the trade of Ireland continued to increase; and twenty-three years afterwards there was exhibited the most flagrant proof of oppression, of short-sightedness, and of selfish folly, that all the records of Parliamentary history can afford.

William the Third was securely seated upon the throne; he had nothing to fear from the nation, and the party conflicts and smouldering discontents around him, served but to

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\* 15 Charles II., c. 7.

† 22-23 Charles II., c. 26.

strengthen his position. But even then Ireland was "a great difficulty." Its trade was extending, *The Navigation Act* was found to have fallen short of its intended effect, and the nation which had, in driving the perjured tyrant from its shore, given the truest and most decided evidence of its love for freedom of thought, for freedom of action, for freedom of opinion, in 1688,—in 1698 exhibited the grossest and most pitiable tyranny and exclusiveness. Somers, and all the great heroes of the Revolution, were around the throne; the King's Council was wiser, more thoughtful, and graver, than any that had ever before guided the kingdom; it was far-seeing, gifted with God-like perception of all that should be done to strengthen the power, or to advance the interest of England abroad; but towards Ireland the views of the King's Ministers and of his Parliament were those of petty peddling traders, fearing the opposition of rival chapmen. The Lords, in their address, informed the King, that owing to the cheapness of all the necessaries of life, and the excellence and plenty of all materials for the manufacture of all clothes, especially woollen, many Englishmen had gone to reside in Ireland, and that the woollen trade of that country was so rapidly advancing, they, the Lords, feared it would injure that of England, and might hereafter, unless at once crushed, require "very strict laws, totally to prohibit and suppress the same." The Lords then advised his majesty to tell the people of Ireland, that if they will devote their "industry and skill to the settling and improving the linen manufacture, for which generally the lands are very proper, they shall receive all the countenance, favour and protection, from your royal influence, for the encouragement and promotion of the linen manufacture to all the advantage and profit they can be capable of." And then the Commons advanced to tell his Majesty that they were concerned to find Ireland, a country dependant upon and protected by England, wasting its advantages, and neglecting the linen trade in which they would not interfere with England, whilst they were most industriously advancing the manufacture of woollens, to the decided disadvantage of his English subjects; and they concluded by stating—"we do most humbly implore your majesty's protection and favour in this matter, that you will make it your royal care, and enjoin all those you employ in Ireland to make it their care, and use their utmost diligence to hinder the exportation of wool from Ireland, ex-

cept to be imported hither, and for discouraging the woollen manufacture, and encouraging the linen manufacture of Ireland, to which we shall always be ready to give our utmost assistance." To this address the King replied: "I shall do all that in me lies to discourage the woollen manufacture in Ireland, and encourage the linen manufacture there, and to promote the trade of England."\* Of his Majesty's good faith there could be little doubt, as in the previous year, 1697, he was quite willing that a bill passed by the Commons, but which did not pass the Lords, owing to the dissolution of Parliament, should be enacted, by which the provisions of the 22nd and 23rd of Charles the Second, chapter 26th, should be extended to all articles of Colonial produce.†

The Irish Parliament was not backward in supporting the wishes of the English legislature, whilst the King and his representatives were active and ready. The address and reply, to which we have above referred, were delivered on the ninth of June, 1698: on the sixteenth of the next month, William wrote to Lord Galway, one of the Lord's Justices, and, referring to the wish of the English Parliament, observes—"the chief thing that must be prevented is, that the Irish Parliament take no notice of this here, and that you make effectual laws for the linen manufacture, and discourage as far as possible the woollen. It never was of such importance to have a good Session of Parliament." He meant an Irish Session—and truly "it never was of such importance to have a good Session of Parliament." That Parliament met on the twenty-seventh day of September, 1698, and was informed by the Lord's Justices of the wishes of the English Lords and Commons, and after advising the Irish legislature to pass such measures upon the subject as will be most suitable to advance the linen trade, they tell them that "The settlement of this manufacture will contribute much to people the country, and will be found much more advantageous to this kingdom than the woollen manufacture, which, being the staple trade of England, can never be encouraged here for that purpose."‡

There was no hesitation about the Irish Commons then:—in that—the Third William's, reign they bartered the honor of their

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\* See English Commons' Journals, Vol. XII., pp. 336, 339.

† See ante, p. 737.

‡ See Irish Commons' Journals, Vol. II., p. 241.

country with the brazen boldness of a common strumpet :—in the Third George's reign they sold that honor quite as determinedly, but with the discriminating coyness of a Penelope. In the years before us, they told the Lords Justices of King William,—“ We pray leave to assure your excellencies, that we shall heartily endeavour to establish a linen and hempen manufacture here, and render the same useful to England, as well as advantageous to this kingdom ; and we hope to find such a temperament in respect of the woollen trade here, that the same may not be injurious to England.” \*

The Irish Commons, though thus obsequious, were not sufficiently expeditious in executing the wishes of the English Parliament ; and, that no further time might be lost, a bill was transmitted from England to the Irish Commons, on the second day of January, 1699 ; by this bill it was proposed, that an additional duty of four shillings for every twenty shillings in value of broadcloth exported out of Ireland should be imposed, and two shillings on every twenty shillings in value of new friezes exported ; and the English-drawn bill becoming an act of the Irish Parliament, by a majority of one hundred and five against forty-one, received the royal assent on the twenty-ninth day of January, 1699. Thus the Irish Parliament gave to the world the pitiable spectacle of a legislature laying a prohibitory duty on the manufactures of its own nation.

Having thus induced the Irish Parliament to swamp the trade of the country, the English Commons enacted that, from the twentieth day of June, 1699, no goods made of or mixed with wool, should be exported from Ireland, except to England or Wales, and even then they could only be so exported by a licence from the Commissioners of the Revenue.† Any breach of this law was punished by forfeiture of goods and ship, and a penalty of £500. It should be borne in mind, that this act was passed at a period when Irish linens were at a premium of twenty-five per cent above foreign linen fabrics in the English market. The effect of these enactments was very perceptible : in the year 1698, the export of Irish wool to England was 377,520½ stone ; in the year 1727 the export had fallen to 1,665 stone, 12lb.‡

\* See Irish Commons' Journals, Vol. II., p. 243. It must be recollected that this Parliament was composed of the descendants of those English adventurers who came into Ireland under the “ Act of Settlement.”

† See Tenth William the Third, c. 5—English Act.

‡ Dobbs' Essay on the Trade of Ireland, p. 76.

This was a most lamentable state of things, and the arguments advanced in support of these acts of William's Parliament were all false. Ireland was not better calculated for the cultivation of flax, than for the feeding of sheep. Sir William Temple states, that the Irish women could spin flax better than the English women, because they did less manual work, and thus their hands were softer, and the sense of touch more fine—one of those pieces of exaggerated folly equalled by Morrison's fancy sketch of the naked group squatting by O'Neill's fire. Better statisticians than Strafford, and less interested than those around William the Third, have shown, that woollen manufactures were precisely those best suited to the peculiar condition of Ireland, both physically and politically.

Ireland possessed vast sheep walks,—it has been proved by Doctor John Smith, that at the period when William's acts were passed, it required twenty acres of land to feed as many sheep as could produce wool sufficient to keep at work hands equal in number to that which would be employed upon the manufacture of the produce of one acre of flax, and the wool would be, in all ways, the more profitable. The allegation that Ireland had recently commenced the manufacture of woollen cloths was equally false, and England had no reason to fear real injury from the competition of this island.\*

The Parliament of Ireland having performed its part of the contract by hampering her trade, it became the duty of England to fulfil the promises made, by the King and the English Lords and Commons to the Irish people, of affording “a perpetual encouragement of the linen manufacture to all the advantage and profit that Ireland should at any time be capable of.” Accordingly, by a statute of William the Third,† it was enacted, that natives of England and Ireland might import, free of all duty, “hemp, flax, linen, and all the products thereof.” Next, as the second instalment of justice, by an act passed in the reign of Queen Anne,‡ Ireland was permitted to export white and brown linens to the colonies, so far repealing the infamous exclusion act of Charles the Second.§

The jealousy of Irish industry displayed by England was not

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\* See Smith's *Memoirs of Wool*, Vol. II. A most valuable book to the student of the political history of Ireland.

† 7th and 8th, c. 30.

‡ 3rd and 4th, c. 8.

§ 15th, c. 7.

confined to the woollen manufacture. By an act of George II.'s Parliament,\* a tax was laid upon the importation into England of sail cloth made with Irish hemp. By a statute of Charles II.† by a statute of William and Mary,‡ of Anne,§ the importation into England of Irish cotton fabrics was taxed at 25 per cent, and by a statute of George I.|| a penalty was enacted for wearing any cotton clothes in Great Britain, unless made within that kingdom; but, to complete the injustice, the cotton fabrics of Great Britain could be imported into Ireland at the very low tax of 10 per cent. Hats, coals, bar-iron, iron-ware, gunpowder, glass, and other materials of common traffic, were all taxed. Beer and malt could not be imported into England from Ireland, but could, at a low duty, be imported from England into Ireland, and an act of Queen Anne's reign¶ forbade the importation to Ireland of hops from any country but England; and silk, in the raw material, could only be imported to Ireland through England, where three pence in the pound, of the original import duty, was retained for the advantage of the English revenue.

These are grave statements, and grave facts; they prove but too truly the justice of an observation made by a man with English feelings, English sympathies, and English interests; one who was President of the Board of Agriculture, a Lord of Trade, a Privy Counsellor—Lord Sheffield—"Jealousies in trade between England, Scotland, and Ireland will ever occur. Such jealousies in some respects stimulate useful competition, and in the end improve manufactures, and promote trade. In the fermentations and progress of such jealousies, appeals will frequently be made to the Legislature, and the interference of the Legislature, when obtained, will generally prove mischievous to the great interests of commerce, without giving satisfaction to any of the contending parties."\*\*

These observations, indeed, would be undeniable if England and Ireland were upon an equality in legislation; and even considered with reference to the position in which Ireland stood towards England, they contain much truth—the secret of all the injustice was, as Sheffield *wrote* it—"Jealousies in trade between England, Scotland, and Ireland," or, as we have before

\* 23rd, c. 32.

‡ 3rd and 4th, c. 5.

|| 7th, c. 7.

† 15th, c. 5.

§ 3rd and 4th, c. 4.

¶ 9th, c. 12.

\*\* Observations on the Manufactures, Trade, and Present State of Ireland. By John, Lord Sheffield. Dublin. 1785. p. 6.



seen, Bushe *spoke* it,—we must allow something for the ardor of debate—"an intolerance of Irish prosperity."

It will have been observed, by an attentive reader, that the only return made by England to Ireland for the surrender of the woollen manufacture, was a promise of support to the linen trade. We have shown how, during the reign of William III., this compact—all solemn promises between nations must be compacts or nothing—was observed; we now proceed to explain the only cases in which the compact was in part observed, and even here—we are about to write of the reigns of Queen Anne and of the three Georges—success in trade was sure to produce the confiscation, or the absorption, of the surplus revenue produced by the extension of our commerce.

The Linen Board was founded in the year 1711, during the Viceroyalty of James, Duke of Ormond, and was one of the most important and useful bodies ever established for the protection of Irish industry. Its sources of revenue were few, and these were of slow and tardy growth, but when fully developed, so far as development was permitted, were of the very first moment to the country. By an act of the Irish Parliament, passed in the year 1709,\* it was directed, for the purpose of encouraging the importation of flax-seed, that a premium of five shillings should be paid for every hog-head of flax-seed, good, sound, and the produce of Russia, Germany, the Netherlands, or East Country, that should be imported into the kingdom. In the year 1779-80, it was found that the flax of Irish growth was suitable for all the purposes of the linen manufacture, and an act of the Irish Parliament† was passed, by which the bounties given in the eighth of Anne were converted into a fixed sum of £7,250 per annum, being the annual average amount of the bounty for the eight years then last past; the trustees of the fund were directed to offer premiums to the full amount of the grant, and to regulate the portion to be so offered in each county. In the year 1719, the Irish Parliament enacted,‡ that an additional duty of one shilling should be paid on every pound weight of tea, three pence upon every pound weight of coffee, chocolate, and cocoa nuts, imported into Ireland, and these additional duties were to be

\* 8th Anne, c. 12.

† 19th and 20th George III., c. 33.

‡ 6th George I., c. 4.

applied to support and encourage the growth of hemp and flax, and its manufacture; and, in 1780,\* a duty of six pence a gallon was placed on all linseed oil that should be imported into Ireland; the sum arising from this import was to be expended in promoting the raising of flaxseed and hempsseed in this kingdom. In the year 1719, the tax of a shilling on every pound weight of tea imported had been imposed, but in the year 1767, it was discovered that the sum realized by this impost was very considerable, the amount for the previous year being £14,899 : 8 : 0, and an act was passed by the Irish Parliament† by which it was provided, that, of the produce of this tax, £10,000 per annum should be paid to the Linen Board, £7,300 per annum to the king's hereditary revenue, and the residue should be devoted to the discharge of the interest of the public debt of Ireland. By another act of the Irish Parliament‡ this revenue arising from the importation of tea was transferred to the general revenue of Ireland; and, in the year 1788, it was enacted,§ that the sum charged on imported coffee should be commuted for an annual payment of £350, to be applied for the original purposes. These two sums amounted, per annum, to £10,350, but by the commutations, the interests of the linen trade were invariably injured. In the year 1723, a sum of £2,000 was granted,|| “to encourage the raising of sufficient quantities of hemp and flax in this kingdom;” and in the year 1733, a sum of £2,000 was voted,¶ “for the further encouragement of the flaxen and hempen manufacture in the provinces of Leinster, Munster, and Connaught.” Thus was the revenue of the Linen Board created, and subverted—merged at length into a Parliamentary grant of a fixed annual sum of £21,000, and during the long reign of George III., although the trustees were frequently deprived of large portions of their fund, no temporary additional grant was voted.

This is the plain, short, history of the support given to the only manufacture of this country fostered by the government, and, miserable as it is, it has made the North of Ireland the only spot in which the semblance of a trading community can be discovered. By passing the tenth of William III. the Irish Parliament destroyed their own native manufacture, and enabled

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\* 19th and 20th George III. c. 33.

† 7th George III., c. 2.

‡ 21st and 22nd, George III., c. 1.

§ 28th George III., c. 7.

|| 10th George I., c. 1, Irish.

¶ 7th George II., c. 1.

Swift to reply so bitterly, because so truly, when asked by the Sheriff to toast the "Trade of Ireland"—"Sir, I drink no Memories." And by voting annually the sum of £21,000 for the support of the linen manufacture, the English Parliament believed that it was fulfilling the promise made by the English Lords and Commons to the King, when, in the year 1698, they declared, that if the Irish people would adopt the linen manufacture they should "receive all the countenance, favour, and protection, from your royal influence, for the encouragement and promotion of the linen manufacture, to all the advantages and profit they can be capable of, and to which we shall always be ready to give our utmost assistance."

But at this latter period so extensive had the manufactures of Ireland become, that England feared, perhaps with more reason than at any other time, a rival in the subject island. Ireland was, therefore, treated as a species of national factory which was to create a trade, and to keep that trade until it had become a paying one, and then it should be transferred to England—the government support of some new manufacture being the consideration offered for the proposed barter. The English Parliament knew well that the Irish legislature had no right to surrender the trade of its country. This was the feeling in England, even amongst the most ardent supporters of the wishes of the king. They knew that, if possible, the measure should be smuggled through the Irish houses of Parliament; they understood correctly the interests and the desires of the Irish nation. William wrote truly that, "It never was of such importance to have a good session of Parliament," because, if the Irish Lords and Commons hesitated or paused, in passing the bill forwarded to them from England, they would, as Mr. Secretary Vernon informed the Duke of Shrewsbury, "*open the mouths of the nation against them for giving away their trade.*"\* To Ireland a linen trade was no boon, it developed no new sources of industry—Strafford did not form it for her. Early even as the reign of Elizabeth, Ireland possessed a trade in linen fabrics so considerable that two acts of Parliament were passed regulating the export of the manufacture. By the first† a duty of 1s. per lb. was placed upon all exports of linen yarn: by the second‡

\* See Letters Illustrative of the Reign of William the Third, Vol. II., p. 207. London: Colburn, 1841.

† 11th, s. 3, c. 10.

‡ 13th, s. 5, c. 4.

it was made felony to ship linen yarns before the duty imposed by the former statute had been paid.\* These enactments were but a continuation of that system of legislation which was commenced by an act of the Parliament held in Dublin in the year 1429—the seventh year of the reign of Henry VI. It is recorded in the *Annals of Boyle*, that, in the year 1231, Cormack, the son of Temaltagh Mac Dermot, began to build a market town, near the spot where the town of Boyle now stands.† From that period to the passing of the act of Parliament to which we have just referred, the Irish advanced in trade, and the enactment was made because the English traded with the Irish to the injury of the merchants in the country of the former. Edward IV. considered that the Irish should possess no trade whatever, even amongst themselves; and in the year 1480, the “mere Irish” were forbidden to traffic, as they had injured five old English markets, and had established new ones at Cavan, Granard, Longford, and other places. As the reader reflects upon these acts of Parliament, and their effects upon the country, he is forced to apply to them the words of Sir John Davies, though in a sense never contemplated by the speaker,—“the law doth best discover enormities.”

We have stated that the enactments proposed by Strafford for the establishment of the linen trade introduced no new species of manufacture into this country. By an act passed in the reign of Henry VIII,‡ every person occupying sixty acres of tilled land was required to sow a quarter of an acre yearly in flax or hemp, for the purpose of protecting and encouraging the linen manufacture by an adequate supply of raw material. In one of the most valuable and interesting reports ever presented to Parliament, that of Mr. C. G. Otway, upon the Hand-Loom Weavers Inquiry of the house of Lords, we find that the linen trade was considered one of the principal branches of Irish

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\* See also Hutchinson's *Commercial Restrictions of Ireland*, p. 131. Dublin: Hallhead, 1779.

† We do not mean that the Irish were unused to markets and fairs long before the year 1231. The facts that they did possess these markets, and that Englishmen frequented them, and that money was coined in Ireland in the year 1339, are most clearly and ably proved by that very learned antiquary, James Hardiman, M.R.I.A. See his notes to the *Statute of Kilkenny*, in the *Transactions of the Irish Archaeological Society*, for the year 1843.

‡ 24th, c. 4.

manufacture in the year 1542,\* and an act passed in the thirteenth year of the reign of Elizabeth recites, that the Irish had been exporters of linen for more than one hundred years. Mr. Otway states that Strafford sent to Holland for flax-seed, and for workmen to the Netherlands, and invested thirty thousand pounds of his private fortune in the manufacture. In the reign of Charles II. the Viceroy, the Duke of Ormond, endeavouring to revive the trade, which had fallen off during Cromwell's wars, induced the Parliament to pass several enactments for its encouragement. He brought over five hundred families from Brabant, from Rochelle, and other places where the manufacture had been extensively carried on, and sent several Irishmen to foreign countries, for the purpose of acquiring competent knowledge. Thus it will be perceived that the Irish possessed the trade in times long before Strafford or king William assumed to confer a boon upon the country by governmental support.

It is not our intention to *claim* any support for the Irish linen manufacture *because* it was the Irish linen trade. We consider that the Irish nation had a complete, a perfect, and an inalienable right to the support of the British Parliament. That support was altogether a question of common mercantile and trading justice and honesty—in which king William was the agent of the vendees—the English woollen manufacturers—and in which the Irish Parliament was the dishonest factor of the vendors—the Irish people. The factor sold away the national trade, and, as Mr. Porter has very truly observed in stating the result,—“As some compensation for this act of injustice, various regulations were, at different times, made for the encouragement of the linen manufacture of Ireland; although it is to be doubted whether these regulations did, in reality, effect anything towards the establishment of the manufacture upon a healthy footing.”† Mr. M'Culloch, too, who is not at all a friend to Irish trade, as separate from that of England, has given it as his opinion, that the grant in support of the linen manufacture was unstatesmanlike and inefficient, being nothing more than an attempt “to bolster up and encourage the manufacture in Ireland.”‡

\* 33rd Henry VIII.

† See Porter's *Progress of the Nation*, p. 224. Ed. 1851.

‡ See *Description and Statistical Account of the British Empire*, Vol. I., p. 703, Ed. 1847.

So far we have sketched the history of Irish trade to the year 1777. It is a melancholy one truly, and seems as if, despite all historic experience, the Parliaments, from the reign of William III. to that of George III., viewed the Irish people and their trade as the "mere Irish," and their merchandize as only "chafferie."

Thus slighted, trammelled, and harassed, the Irish people, feeling that they were a nation and knowing that their prosperity had been made subservient to that of the larger island, began to learn that they were too remote from England to become in that age incorporated with her, and resolved that they would become independent or separate. It was an era of great men in England, it was an epoch of glorious men in Ireland. From Grattan to Charlemont—from the patrician by birth to the king by genius—from the country gentleman to the manufacturer, from the manufacturer to the tradesman and the artizan, the whole nation had begun to feel that the country was decaying, through the embargoes laid upon its trade and industry, by the binding laws and the iron strictures imposed by England; and when the Lords and Commons of Ireland expressed their opinion, that—"It is not by temporary expedients, but by a free trade alone, that this nation is now to be saved from impending ruin"—they were but the exponents of the feelings of the Irish People. Then it was that the Volunteers sprang up: negotiation after negotiation was carried on, and, from the strength of Ireland and the weakness of England, was produced a prosperity to the former which progressed, unchangeably and surely, during the space of eighteen years. The 16th of April, 1782, was, perhaps, the most momentous day in the whole records of English history from the great day of Rannymeade, and Mr. Secretary Hutchinson's statement that "His Majesty, being concerned to find that discontents and jealousies were prevailing amongst his loyal subjects of Ireland, upon matters of great weight and importance, recommended to the House to take the same into their most serious consideration, in order to effect such a final adjustment as might give satisfaction to both kingdoms," was the reparation made by the King to Ireland, after seven hundred years of misrule perpetrated by his predecessors in power.

For eighteen years the prosperity of Ireland continued unchanged; free trade was then the great boon of this nation, it was independent—that is—it was as if incorporated with

England. From March 25th, 1780, to March 25th, 1781, our exports of woollen goods, exclusive of frieze, flannels, stockings, and mixtures of woollens, were, of old drapery, 8,740 yards; of new drapery, 286,859 yards. From March 25th, 1782, to March 25th, 1783, with the exceptions as above, the exports were, of old drapery, 40,589; new drapery, 538,061.

We have written thus, not to support the arguments of those who believe in the feasibility of achieving that, as Sheil so truly called it, "SPLENDID PHANTOM"—Repeal. The facts stated must be borne in mind by all who would truly appreciate Mr. Maguire's most remarkable book, or who would understand the full force and value of his wonderful facts and proofs. The day for dreamers, he appears to know, has passed away for ever. It is a hard, close-arguing, practical book, clearly written, with no attempt at a fine style. It contains not a syllable about King Dathi, or Ollamh Fodladh, or Brian Borumha, or the Island of Saints; but it proves great facts and great truths about the people, their good hearts, their ready minds, and their active fingers, their honesty, their patient endurance of gnawing hunger and of wolfish want: there are cheering facts added to those already so carefully, so ably, and so usefully explained to the nation by that true Irishman and genuine patriot, Sir Robert Kane about, as O'Connell used to say, "the wild waves of the broad Atlantic, that come rolling into our shores from the coast of Labrador; and the riches of our swelling hills, and our fertile plains, and a water-power sufficient to turn the machinery of the universe."

Mr. Maguire's book appears with peculiar appropriateness now; it shows what we really are. The sketch we have given of the restrictions upon Irish trade have been gathered from our records for the purpose of elucidating the facts, not with the intention of exciting ill, or angry, feelings. We read history to gather from it, as Bolingbroke advises, "light, not fire." We regret that all our fellow-subjects of the neighbouring island will not unite with us in our system of reading, and in practical application of the truths evoked and evolved by that study. The *Times* newspaper has sneered at us as a race, our National Exhibition has been pooh! pooh'd! For those who sneer at our manufactures we have written the sketch of the history of our trade; those who look upon the building containing the specimens of our industry, should remember that the funds contributed for its erection have been advanced by one man, that it has been completed without one farthing of public money, and that he who was enabled to erect the building

raised his fortune upon the Irish soil, sprang in Ireland from Irish parents, and is proud of the land of his nativity and of his prosperity. That building, and he to whom it owes its origin, are but an exemplification of the truth declared by Lord Sheffield, sixty-eight years ago, when he wrote :—"The Irish have been represented as being lazy, and not disposed to labour : they are, however, of an active nature, and capable of the greatest exertion ; and of as good a disposition as any nation in the same state of improvement : their Generosity, Hospitality, and Bravery, are proverbial : intelligence and zeal in whatever they undertake will not be wanting : but it has been the fashion to judge of them from their outcasts. The common people of Ireland have not had the encouragement they might have had, if an unfortunate difference of religion had not prevailed, and if it had not been thought a necessary policy, not to bring forward the mass of the people who differed from the reformed church, but, more especially, because their principles were supposed to be hostile, not only to the established religion, but to the established government."

The ill feeling which has prevailed between this country and England arises, strangely enough, from the sentiments expressed by the highest class of thinkers in that country, and by the lowest raff of trading politicians, and base arts of some who are called the popular newspaper-writers in our land. With the latter it is the custom to represent every thing done by England for Ireland—whether it be a royal visit or a landlord and tenant bill—as an injury or an insult ; anything that can be tortured, so that it may appear a slight to our "blessed religion" or our "venerated hierarchy and clergy," is a boon that sells so many papers and brings so many pence. In England, the class of thinkers to whom we have above alluded are of far more importance, because some of them are men whose works must exist so long as history shall be read, or the language shall be spoken. Amongst these we regret to find that Sir Archibald Alison is the most unrelenting and the most unchanged. Twenty years ago he wrote of the Irish people that they were unworthy of British institutions, and asked—"what would we say to the legislator who should propose the same political institutions for the Bedouin Arabs, the degraded Chinese, and the yeomanry of England ?"\* "One fact," he continues, "is very remark-

\* See Blackwood's Magazine, January, 1838, p. 113. He has republished this paper in the *Essays Political, Historical and Miscellaneous*, Vol. I, p. 170. Blackwood : Edinburgh, 1850.



able, and throws a great light on this difficult subject, this namely, that, at different periods, opposite systems had been tried in Ireland, and that invariably the system of concession and indulgence has been followed by ebullitions of more than brutal atrocity and violence." Sir Archibald's proofs of atrocity are taken from David Hume's fancy sketch of the Tyrone rebellion; his specimens of concession and indulgence are those extended to Ireland by James I., in creating forty new boroughs, or perhaps more;\* but he forgets that it was done against the wishes of the Irish Lords and Commons, and when they remonstrated with the King he told them, "What is it to you whether I make many or few boroughs? my council may consider the fitness if I require it. But what if I had created forty noblemen and four hundred boroughs. The more the merrier, the fewer the better cheer."† This was no concession and indulgence as Sir Archibald will have it, for the Lords and Commons of Ireland knew then, as Henry Hallam has since most truly proved,— "these grants of the elective franchise weremade, not, indeed, improvidently, but with very sinister intents towards the freedom of Parliament."‡ The real truth of the case is, that England never fully comprehended Ireland; her very kindnesses and advances have been misunderstood. By two statutes of Charles II.§ it was forbidden to import Irish cattle into England; but after the Great Fire of London the Irish, believing they were bound to aid the sufferers in that calamity, exported thirty thousand beeves, the only riches of which they were possessed, as the subscription of the Irish nation for the relief of their English brethren. Incredible as it may appear, this act of generosity was industriously represented in England as a political contrivance to defeat the prohibition against the exportation of Irish cattle.|| We are anxious to forgive these things, and to forget the injustices which we have in this paper exposed, and Sir Archibald Alison observes of our people, in excusing what he considers our atrocities—"it is true that they have only ceased within these few years to be slaves; it was surely the height of madness to invest them at once, while still burning with violent passions, with the

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\* See Carte's Ormond, Vol. I., p. 19

† See *Desiderata Curiosa Hibernica*, Vol. I., p. 308.

‡ See *Constitutional History of England*. Chap 18.

§ 15th, c. 7. 18th, c. 2.

|| See Leland's *History of Ireland*, Vol. 3, p. 3446.

best and highest privileges of freemen." This was the sentiment worthy of a great historian, yet he might have added some words of regret that we had been slaves; a philosopher—a Tacitus would have done so, but Sir Archibald, who wrote those words thirteen years ago, only last year described "the Celt, gay, ardent, and careless, incapable of self direction or social improvement, the same in Ireland, the Hebrides, Brittany, and America, as when the dark-haired hordes of his ancestors first approached the Atlantic ocean."\* Is the Celt in Ireland incapable of self direction or of social improvement? In science and in learning are Kirwan and Boyle, and Ross, and Kane, inferior? In eloquence, are Grattan, and Burke, and Plunkett, and Saurin, and Kirwan the preacher, and O'Connell, inferior? In genius, are Congreve, and Farquhar, and Sheridan, and Moore, and Banim, and Lover, and Sheridan Knowles, inferior? In art, are Barry, and Maclise, and Danby, and Hogan, and M'Dowel, inferior? In antiquarian knowledge, are O'Donovan, and Curry, and Petrie, and O'Callaghan, inferior? In medical and surgical learning, are Crampton, and Cusack, and Corrigan, and Stokes, inferior? In music, are Carolan and our older bards, and Stephenson, and Balfe, and Wallace, inferior? In arms, at Bois le Duc, at Cremona, at Fontenoy, were we inferior? Are Wellington and Gough inferior? Does Napier's *History of the Peninsular War*—do *Wellington's Dispatches* show that we are inferior? No, there is no inferiority in the Irish Celt, save that seeming inferiority in which misrule has placed us, and which Henry Brougham so accurately described, when he exclaimed—"England possessing Ireland, is in the possession of that which ought to be her security in peace, and her sinew in war; and yet, in war, what has Ireland been but a strength to her enemies? what, in peace, but an eternal source of revolts and rebellion? Ireland, with a territory of immense extent, with a soil of almost unrivalled fertility, with a climate more genial than the climate of England, with an immense population of strong-built hardy labourers—men suited alike to fill up the ranks of our armies in war, or for employment at home in the works of agriculture or manufactures—Ireland, with all these blessings which providence has so profusely showered upon

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\* See *History of Europe from the Fall of Napoleon in 1815, to the Accession of Louis Napoleon in 1852*, Vol. I., p. 58. Edinburgh: Blackwood. 1852.

her? We have been stewards over her for the last 120 years; but our solicitude for her has appeared only in those hours of danger when we apprehended the possibility of her joining our enemies, or when, having no enemy abroad to contend with, she raised her standard, perhaps in despair, and we trembled for ourselves." "These are not the only witnesses in support of Ireland against the dictum of Sir Archibald Alison. None can respect a conscientious Tory of his stamp more sincerely than do we; but, in this instance, we believe that his Toryism has degenerated into that bastard thing, Conservatism, which Disraeli has so well described as "Tory men and Whig measures." Sir Archibald is a deep-thinking, clever man whilst writing of the past, but in our opinion he is not so clear an observer of the facts elucidating Irish history as Johnson, Sydney Smith, Sir James Mackintosh, or Jeffrey. In his appreciation of the real bearing of Irish history he approaches nearer to Milton than to any of these, being quite virulent enough to be the author of the *Observations on the Articles of Peace between James Earl of Ormond for King Charles I. on the One Hand, and the Irish Rebels and Papists on the other Hand*; and we have no doubt that Sir Archibald would call the Irish nation, as does Milton—"Conscelerata et barbara colluvies." Thus Sir Archibald and Milton might write of us, but what says Johnson, "Let the authority of the English government perish, rather than be maintained by iniquity. Better would it be to restrain the turbulence of the natives by the authority of the sword, and to make them amenable to law and justice by an effectual and vigorous police, than to grind them to powder by all manner of disabilities and incapacities. Better to hang or drown a people at once, than by an unrelenting persecution to beggar and starve them."\* Sir Archibald asserts that our race is our fault; Sydney Smith has more truly stated the case when writing—"England seems to have treated Ireland much in the same way as Mrs. Brownrigg treated her apprentice—for which Mrs. Brownrigg is hanged in the first volume of the Newgate Calendar. Upon the whole, we think the apprentice is better off than the Irishman: as Mrs. Brownrigg merely starves and beats her, without any attempt to prohibit her from going to any shop, or praying at any church, apprentice might select; and once or twice, if we remember rightly,

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\* Croker's, Boswell's Life of Johnson, p. 217. Ed. 1851.

Brownrigg appears to have felt some compassion. Not so Old England, who indulges rather in a steady baseness, uniform brutality, and unrelenting oppression."\* Sir Archibald is one of the ablest men of his country, of his time; but another Scotchman, not less able and not less national, one of whom Scotland may be, perhaps prouder, Jeffrey, writes of our country—" unquestionably, in the main, England has been the oppressor, and Ireland the victim." From the reign of Henry VIII. to the period of the Restoration, he adds, " the bloodiest and most atrocious in her unhappy annals, the history of Ireland may be summarily described as that of a series of sanguinary wars, fomented for the purposes of confiscation. After the Restoration, and down till the Revolution, this was succeeded by a contest equally unprincipled and mercenary, between the settlers under Cromwell, and the old or middle occupants whom they had displaced. By the final success of King William a strong military government was once more imposed upon this unhappy land, under which its spirit seemed at last to be broken, and even its turbulent activity repressed. As it slowly revived, the Protestant antipathies of the English government seem to have been reinforced, or replaced, by a more extended and still more unworthy National Jealousy, first on the subject of trade, and then on that of political rights:—and since a more enlightened view of her own interests, aided by the arms of the Volunteers of 1782, have put down those causes of oppression,—the system of misgovernment has been maintained for little other end, that we can discern, but to keep a small junto of arrogant individuals in power, and to preserve the supremacy of a faction, long after the actual cessation of the causes that lifted them into authority. For the greater part of her past sufferings, as well as her actual degradation, disunion, and most dangerous discontent, it is impossible to deny that the successive governments of England have been chiefly responsible."†

This is the real history of Ireland's condition, and when Irishmen complain in whining tones of their country's decay, when Englishmen, or Scotchmen, write of the Irish nation as Sir Archibald Alison has described it, there is a treason against the well being of the United Kingdoms in the fact. Those Irishmen who direct their ability to the elucidation of our

\* The Works of the Rev. Sydney Smith, Vol. II., p. 467. Ed. 1845.

† Contributions to the Edinburgh Review, pp. 785, 786. Ed. 1853.

annals, who, with perspicacity to discern truth ; with patience to labor silently and carefully ; with courage to tell the story of their country, and thus confute falsehood or corroborate fact, as stated by the partizan writers of other ages—Ireland owes a debt of gratitude in which England is concerned. She is concerned gravely—every proof that teaches her to know the real condition, past and present, of this country, is of incalculable value, because it shows that we are not, as Sir Archibald Alison would imply, merely upon a level in capacity with the “Bedouin Arabs, or the degraded Chinese.” Facts teach England that, when not misruled, the Celt in Ireland, though “gay” and “ardent,” is not “careless, incapable of self direction or social improvement, as when the dark haired hordes of his ancestors first approached the Atlantic ocean.” The days in which such pictures could pass for truths have gone by. We were considered a barbarian race, but the publications of the Irish Archæological, and of the Celtic, Societies,\* and, above all, Doctor O'Donovan's edition of the *Annals of the Four Masters*,† have destroyed for ever this slander. Our military history was grossly or ignorantly misrepresented—the conduct of the Irish soldiers during the wars of William and James was wilfully maligned, but now, through the energy, the ability, the untiring zeal of Mr. O'Callaghan, nearly all the military history of these events has been found a party fable, or a factious lie, and Macaulay pauses, in the completion of his history of the reign of William III., knowing that there are historic students in Ireland now, who are as well prepared to expose the ignorance or the falsehood injurious to the reputation of their country, as they are ready to applaud and admire a brilliant word-painting, even though it be only a retouching of David Hume's great, but distorted, pictures, aided by shreds from Tom Browne, and patches filched from Pepys and Evelyn.‡

The future history of Ireland must be written, not for Protestant or for Roman Catholic, not for Whig or Tory,

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\* See IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, Vol. I., pp. 192, 409.

† See IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, Vol. I., p. 588.

‡ We do not exaggerate Mr. O'Callaghan's services to Irish History, and we know its effect upon Macaulay. See the “Macarism Excidium, or the Destruction of Cyprus; being a Secret History of the War of the Revolution in Ireland. By Colonel Charles O'Kelly,” &c. &c. Edited by Mr. O'Callaghan; and published as the volume of the Irish Archæological Society for 1850. See also IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, No 3, Vol. I., pp. 452, 462.

not as if all our records were obliterated, and every fact at the mercy of the writer—but for Ireland and England—TRUTH being recorded of both. Thus will each country learn to respect the other, and the *Times* will not sneer at us as a base and worthless race. Sir Archibald Alison will not class us with the “Bedouin Arabs” or the “degraded Chinese,” and a great historian of a noble country, such as his, will not forget all historic verity in writing of Irish trade, but will bear in mind the opinion of as true a Scotchman as he, and a greater, in the wide world’s estimation—Adam Smith—that the conduct of the English traders has been harsh and cruel, and, in the case of Ireland, the whole system has been one of tyranny and dishonor. The English Parliament, aided by the Irish Lords and Commons, crushed our manufactures, for the purpose of serving the country of the former, and they then accused the Irish people of being idle, and careless of their trade—just as if some marauder of the middle ages were to break the legs of his captive, and then revile him as a lazy and a slow walker. Race, Sir Archibald Alison and the *Times* assert to be the chief source of our inferiority, in manufactures and in industry, to England; but the true cause is, to some extent, to be found in misgovernment, but in a great measure it lies in that fact, discovered seventy-seven years ago by Adam Smith when he wrote:—“Our woollen manufacturers have been more successful than any other class of workmen, in persuading the legislature that the prosperity of the nation depended upon the success and extension of their particular business. The cruellest of our revenue laws, I will venture to affirm, are mild and gentle, in comparison of some of those which the clamor of our merchants and manufacturers has extorted from the legislature for the support of their own absurd and oppressive monopolies. Like the laws of Draco, these laws may be said to be all written in blood.”\*

We have dwelt at this length upon the subject of our trade and condition, that the reader may understand our reasons for considering Mr. Maguire’s book one of the most useful and most remarkable published in these kingdoms for many years. Indeed we believe it to be quite equal to Sir Robert Kane’s *Industrial Resources of Ireland*, in its spirit, and fully as

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\* See Smith’s *Inquiry into the Wealth of Nations*. Edited by M’Culloch. Ed. 1839, p. 292.

valuable as Porter's *Progress of the Nation*. It is not a hand book, yet it is the best guide to the philosophy of our present National Exhibition; and it shows some of the proud results, and indicates many of the more than probable effects of that Irish industry of which so many heart cheering examples are displayed in the Exhibition Hall. Mr. Maguire feels, we dare say, that though Ireland may be too proximate to England for existence as an independent state, and too remote for a physical incorporation, yet that an assimilation in all honorable ways is desirable, and thus we may at length become really united. We have proved what Ireland was, and what she should be, and we have indicated the unfortunate fallacies that have oppressed our country and its manufactures. Our author shows, clearly, ably, and incontrovertibly, that we have, amidst famine, poverty, and neglect, advanced in all the old branches of industry, and have opened new sources of employment for our artizans and for our poor. The Exhibition shows this fact plainly, and in drawing Englishmen to our shores that same Exhibition will relieve them from that stigma cast upon their nation by Swift, who wrote that of "Ireland they know little more than of Mexico, except that it is a country subject to the king of England, full of bogs, inhabited by wild Irish Papists, who are kept in awe by troops sent from England; and their general opinion is, that it were better for England if this whole island were sunk in the sea." When Mr. Maguire began the composition of this work, and commenced the collection of those facts which he has placed so ably before us, he meant to aim at no higher effort than that afforded by the limited scope of a lecture upon the industrial movement, the products of which were displayed within the walls of the Cork Industrial Exhibition. Few men are aware of their own resources until they apply themselves to some subject that strongly engages their attention—thus it was that Locke believed that the whole *Inquiry into the Human Understanding* could be comprised in a single sheet of letter-paper, and though to compare Mr. John Francis Maguire with John Locke would be, to say the least of it, flattering, yet each increased his space with his necessities, with his materials, and each, in his sphere, executed his task nobly and usefully. Mr. Maguire's book, 476 pages, grew out of his lecture, and he appears to have struggled against many prejudices, in securing for the Exhibition a just position in the estimation of his fellow citizens. Why should Exhibitions, he asks, be slighted or neglected?—

"Is it of no advantage, I would ask, to awaken intelligence, to excite emulation, to impart knowledge? Is it of no advantage to exhibit the gradual progress of a nation in the arts of civilised life, and urge the mind of a country to bolder efforts, and more glorious achievements? Is it of no advantage to educate the masses in a practical school of illustration, in which the object, and the use to which it is applied, are both explained, and in which every improvement in the useful and elegant arts is traced, step by step, from the first rude effort, to the last approach to perfection? Is it of no advantage that the artist should be stimulated to a severer study of his profession, or inspired to nobler triumphs in his art—that the manufacturer should be roused to greater exertion, and to a juster view of his position in the field of enterprise?—that the mechanic should receive new ideas, by which his labour might be lightened, his skill assisted, and his taste refined? It was emulation that, through the rivalry of public display, drew forth the genius of the susceptible Greek; that inspired the soul of the poet; that imparted fire and pathos to the pen of the dramatist and historian; that dipped the pencil of the painter in the hues of life, and light, and beauty; that guided the chisel of the sculptor, as, from the rude lumpish block of marble, he created types of human loveliness and grandeur, which have survived the crash and ruin of empires and of nations, and are to this day sources of inspiration to the artist, delight to the scholar, and refinement to all. It is the same principle now as it was more than two thousand years since. The forms of society may change, but man is ever the same being, susceptible of the same impressions, and acted on by the same influences. What the Olympian games, and other public festivals of Greece, were to the poet, the historian, or the sculptor, of former days, the Exhibitions of modern times are to the inventor, the manufacturer, and the artisan. Fame and honour are no longer confined to him who produces a poem, a tragedy, a history, a picture, or a statue; they are equally conferred, in these more practical days, upon him who adds to the comfort, or ministers to the material wants, of the human family. The former are not the less honoured, because the latter are the more appreciated."

In the plan of composition adopted by Mr. Maguire, he selects the various objects of art and industry displayed at the Cork Industrial Exhibition of 1852, and then explains the present position of each manufacture in Ireland. His chief care seems directed to the exposition of those new sources of labor and industry recently developed, or but just reviving in this country. For the articles devoted to Flax, Salt, Leather, Beet Root Sugar, the Provision Trade, Cheese, Cotton Fabrics, and Iron Ship Building, his sources of information are wide and peculiar, but a more interesting chapter is that devoted to *The Female Industrial Movement*; and the history of the Limerick lace manufacture, and its founder, is very necessary and very acceptable.



The boasted support extended to the Linen Trade has given an impetus to the cultivation of Flax; but, as the linen manufacture has been extensively carried on in the Northern portion of the kingdom only, the cultivation of Flax has been confined chiefly to Ulster. About 110,000 tons of Flax are annually consumed in this country, yet, in the year 1851, only 35,000 tons, the produce of 140,000 acres, were grown in Ireland, leaving an unsupplied demand of about 80,000 tons, or the produce of 260,000 acres. This, however, is not the real deficiency, because Irish Flax is held in very considerable demand by the French manufacturers, and in 1852, the export of Flax to France was 1,200 tons. Mr. Maguire asserts, and, in our opinion, accurately, that the cultivation of Flax must, of necessity, be ever amply remunerative; and he calculates that the annual consumption of Manchester, alone, would require the produce of 700,000 acres, and the crop might be sold at prices ranging from ten shillings, to six shillings and sixpence, per stone—or, scutched on the dry principle, it would produce about fifty pounds sterling per ton. Knowing these things, and finding that, in one parish of the county Donegal, there were twenty-two scutching mills, a greater number than in the whole province of Munster, the people of Cork opened a Flax market in their city on the fourth day of February, 1853, thus placing the people in the surest way of discovering the remunerative returns of the crop, by establishing a market for its disposal within a convenient distance of their homes. Mr. Maguire likes a practical plan of life, and when he treats of a practical man he is always willing to do him justice, and Mr. E. B. Roche, M.P. for the county of Cork, is certainly worthy of all the credit given to him in the book before us. Of the Flax mill at Trabolgan, our author gives us the following account:—

“Mr. Roche commenced his arduous undertaking on the 1st of September, 1852, and was at full work in the following December. The mill, which, estimating its extent by the number of stocks it contains, is larger than almost any other mill in Ireland, is capable of considerable extension. The machinery consists of twenty-four stocks, with a break for crushing the Flax, and a set of powerful rollers, for detaching the seed—all driven by a steam-engine of twenty-five horse power. The Flax is treated entirely on the dry principle, which is simple in its process, and sure in the result. The straw is first taken from the stack—many a goodly row of which is to be seen in a spacious haggard; it is then carried to the mill, where it is seeded, by being passed rapidly through the rollers, and then beaten against stands of timber frame-work, by which the crushed

bol, or pod, is completely deprived of what seed has escaped the roller. The Flax then undergoes a drying process, in a room artificially heated; after which it is taken to the breaking machine, through which it is passed, by which process the straw is prepared for the scutcher. It is then sent down, by a wooden shoot, into the scutching-mill, where it is supplied by a number of attendants to the scutchers, who submit it to the last process, by which the shove, or woody particle, is separated from the fibre, and the Flax is brought to any quality that the proprietor may choose, according to the particular market to which it is destined. The scutched Flax is then taken by women to the tying-house, where it is made up in bundles, packed in bales, and prepared for immediate shipment. The waste, or tow, is passed through a machine suited to its preparation, which is driven by the steam-engine, being thus cleaned to a considerable extent, and rendered fit for market, to be afterwards manufactured into various coarse articles. Owing to the combination of a portion of the farming establishment with the Flax-mill, nothing goes in waste, but everything is turned to the best account. Immediately attached to this concern, is the corn-barn, the thrashing machine of which is driven by the same engine, together with various winnowing machines for cleaning both corn and flax seed. At the back of the steam-engine, two large kilns are erected, for the purpose of steaming food for pigs, horses, and cattle. This important result is produced without any additional expense, by taking advantage of the waste steam from the engine. In these kilns, which, with almost everything else connected with the concern, were invented by Mr. Roche, from ten to twenty tons of mangold wurzel or turnips can be steamed at one time; and the liquor which is distilled from the roots during the process of steaming, and which, from mangold wurzel especially, comes off in a species of rich molasses, is preserved in a tank placed immediately underneath. In this liquor the Flax bolls and refuse of the Flax seed are steeped; and the whole is barrowed off to a numerous colony of promising Berkshires, that are kept in commodious sties placed all round. The shoves, or woody substances, which are detached in the scutching process in large quantities, are used equally for feeding and littering cattle. A general idea has prevailed as to the worthlessness of this particular refuse; but it entirely depends on the mode according to which the straw from which it is detached is treated. If the Flax has been treated on the dry principle, and, therefore, not steeped, the shove is highly nutritious when mixed with turnips, mangolds, and other roots, and acts as a useful agent of digestion; but if the Flax has been steeped, this refuse is absolutely poisonous to animals, and almost equally injurious to the land, if put upon it. And this seems to have been thoroughly understood by the old farmers of the country; for they invariably took care to throw aside this portion of the Flax plant in such places as that it could not come back upon the land,—it might have been seen piled on the roof of a pigsty, or flung amidst weeds in remote places. Mr. Roche intends to attach an oil-mill to this concern, for the purpose of extracting the oil from the seed; and by selling the oil, instead of disposing of the seed, he will be able to preserve the cake for feeding

purposes, having several hundred head of cattle on the farm. In fact, as I before remarked, nothing goes waste under the careful management of a man of intelligent and practical mind. Everything relating to the fibre, as well as the good seed, goes to market direct ; and all the refuse, such as bolls or chaff, shoves or woody particles, and dirty seed, is consumed on the farm, either for the food or litter of cattle. There are many things connected with the Trabolgan Flax-Mill which are worthy of notice, but for which it is impossible to find space. However, there are a few which it would be improper to omit. The number of persons employed, including men, women, and young people, is about 200 ; all of whom, with a rare exception, have been brought up on the estate. And all those whose labour may come under the denomination of 'skilled,' have been actually taught by Mr. Roche, who has acted from the first moment on his own plans, and carried into practice his own ideas. He acquired his knowledge in the best possible way. He first read every book which he could procure in reference to the cultivation of Flax ; and, having made himself thoroughly master of the theory of the subject, he pursued his investigation in the most systematic manner, by visiting several Flax concerns in England and Ireland, and closely inspecting their modes of operation ; thus adding to his theoretical knowledge practical application. Having made himself master of the whole subject, he set about the erection of his mill, the machinery of which was made by Mr. Perrott, of the Cork Hive Foundry, according to his directions, and partly under his inspection. And it may be mentioned, that from the first moment that the machinery was set in motion, in December last, it never once stopped through accident or breakage ; which fact reflects equal credit on the inventor and the manufacturer."

The history of the Linen Trade, in its origin and progress, we have already written, but the facts connected with the present position of the manufacture are important. The very interesting and valuable report on the condition of the Hand Loom Weavers, presented to Parliament by Mr. Otway, and to which we have above referred, shows that, until about seventy years ago, the yarns were spun in the houses of the farmers, and in the cottages of peasants, and carried thence to the markets and sold to the agents of the weavers ; and, in many cases, the male members of a family weaved the yarn which had been spun by the females. The era of machinery commenced in England, and, in 1795, it was apparent that Flax spun by mechanical aid was cheaper, and superior, to that produced by hand-labor. The Linen Board, remembering that the woollen trade of Ireland had been surrendered upon the assurance that the country had a right to expect and demand "every favor and protection which its linen manufacture should be capable of

receiving," offered a bounty of thirty shillings per spindle; and in the year 1809, the total number of spindles was 6,369. Yet, notwithstanding the bounty, there were, in 1815, but five mills in Ulster, seven in Munster, and two in Leinster, thus unhappily proving the justice of Adam Smith's objections to the system—first, as "forcing some part of the industry of the country into a channel less advantageous than that in which it would run of its own accord; and, secondly, in forcing it, not only into a channel that is less advantageous, but into one that is actually disadvantageous; the trade which cannot be carried on but by means of a bounty being, necessarily, a losing trade." It was soon discovered that the English machine-spun yarns, imported into Ireland from England were better and cheaper than our own, but the Irish manufacturers resolved to adopt all the improvements which had been introduced into the machinery in England, the chief being that known as *wet spinning*. This movement upon the part of the Irish manufacturers occurred in the year 1828, and the mills, steadily increasing in number, gave, in the year, 1852, a total of eighty-one, with five hundred thousand spindles, showing an increase in eleven years of forty mills, with two hundred and forty thousand spindles.

According to Mr. M'Culloch, the number of spindles in England is 265,568, and in Scotland, 303,125, making a total for the United Kingdoms of 1,068,693. France has 350,000, Holland 6,000, Belgium 100,000, Switzerland 10,000, Spain 6,000, Russia 50,000, the United States 14,550, Austria 30,000, and the Zollverein States 80,000 spindles. We have devoted some space to this sketch of the position of our only remaining trade, in which about two millions and a half of Irish money are invested, and when we compare the condition of the North of Ireland with the South—Lurgan with Skibbereen—and recollect the causes which have led to the prosperity of the former, we may fully agree with Mr. Maguire, when he writes that it is—

"Superfluous to allude any further to those beautiful and imposing evidences of the skill and enterprise of the Northern Province of our Island—its matchless linens—its incomparable cambrics—its superb damasks—or its infinite variety of coarser but not less important fabrics, of which Flax is the basis and raw material. I shall only say, that I earnestly trust the manufacture of linen will be again familiar in the South, and that the hum of the spinning-wheel and the shuttle will be heard issuing from the door of the thatched cottage, as in former times, when the stout farmer wore on his back the pro-

duce of the industry that flourished on his own hearth—in fine, that this noble branch of manufacture, which diffuses such prosperity through the North, may at no distant day cross the Boyne, and effect a peaceful but glorious conquest of the lingering apathy and inertness of the Southern Provinces of a country pre-eminently suited for the growth of that plant from which so many rare and beautiful fabrics are wrought.”

The cotton manufacture was, as we have shown, discouraged by acts of Parliament passed in the reigns of Charles II., of William and Mary, of Anne—and, by an act of George I’s reign, a heavy penalty was imposed on any person who should wear in England, cottons manufactured out of *Great Britain*, although most exclusive acts had been passed in the former reigns, taxing Irish cottons with an import duty of twenty-five per cent. Statesmen are, in these days, somewhat wiser, although not always so, even now, as Mr. Maguire has proved in treating of the enactments against Irish whiskey. But, owing to this intermittent wisdom, the Messrs. Malcomson, of Portlaw, in the county Waterford, have been enabled to found and carry on their cotton factory, which our author thus describes:—

“Although the origin of the Mayfield Factory may be traced so far back as 1818, when the first portion of the present edifice was erected, on the site of an old flour-mill, still, it may be said to have been built and organised in 1825, by the Messrs. Malcomson; since which period its growth has been steadily progressive. Few who now see this immense establishment in full work, can imagine the amount of care, forethought, and energy required and exercised to bring it to its present state,—exercised on the part of Mr. Joseph Malcomson, the head of the firm, in developing suitable and safe markets, and carrying on the necessarily complicated commercial and financial engagements growing out of such an establishment,—on the part of his brother, in looking closely after the actual manufacture in its various details,—and by Mr. Shaw, in the mechanical and engineering department; and still more, during past years, in the management of an untaught and rude population, hastily collected from all parts of Ireland. The system of the proprietors has been of the kind for which the Society of Friends, to which body the Messrs. Malcomson belong, are remarkable for adopting—one of steady energy and cautious progress; and now, instead of cars carrying out a few loads weekly, for the supply of shops in the neighbouring country, hundreds of immense bales are forwarded weekly to all parts of the civilised and uncivilised world. The Portlaw manufactures are now well known, and bear a high repute, in the markets of the Eastern Archipelago, on the main lands of Hindostan and China, in the torrid regions of Mexico, the West Indies, and Brazil, and on the West coast, from Cape Horn to Oregon. About 42,000 pounds of cotton are weekly manufactured into calico, producing a weekly

average of 120,000 yards. The benefits conferred on the people of this country by such an establishment are not merely to be estimated by the number at present employed. It has been a normal school of industry, from which hundreds, I might say thousands, have gone forth instructed in industrial art, to earn high wages in England and America. There is strong evidence afforded in this establishment of the facility of adaptation in the Irish character to varied pursuits, as there are few at present in the employment who are not natives; and a large number of youths are yearly trained in the nicest branches of the mechanical arts, in which many of them excel. There are, at present, about 1,500 hands employed, who may be classed under the following heads:—

Carding and preparation, .....	150
Spinners and reelers,.....	350
Weavers, beamers, and sizers, .....	580
Mechanics and carpenters, .....	160
Bleachers and dyers, .....	100
Handy hands, clerks, &c.,.....	90
Labourers, about .....	60

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Total, ..... 1,500

And of this vast number of people, not more than five or six have been brought before any tribunal of justice during the past three years, and then, only for the most trivial offences; a fact which reflects equal credit on employers and employed, and may be learned with just pride by every one belonging to the country. It is, therefore, scarcely necessary to say, that the morality of the town or village of Portlaoigh is fully equal to that of any rural district; and that, although teetotalism is no longer the rule, drunkenness is by no means a common vice. The demand for agricultural produce by this well-paid community has been of great service to the neighbourhood, and has enabled many farmers to tide over the past years of adversity. The proprietors have always felt that the employment of such a number of people involved a serious responsibility, and have constantly kept a vigilant eye to their comforts, as well as to their necessities. Arrangements have always existed to provide them, in sickness, with medical advice and necessities; and to encourage habits of self-reliance and prudence, a sick club was formed, to afford assistance to those afflicted with disease, or suffering from accidents. The latter are but few, considering the extent of the works, in consequence of the care which is taken to guard the machinery; and the health of the operatives is in a special degree protected by the admirable mechanical arrangements which have been adopted for ventilating the rooms, and for removing all impurities and offensive matter from the air by means of large fans. The Ten Hours Act allows, in its operation, ample time to the operatives for self-improvement, which time it would be desirable to see well employed; and opportunities for education and self-improvement will now be freely afforded by the addition of large schools to the establishment. At present, there is an infant school, and one for more grown girls,

under the care of, and supported by, Mrs. Malcomson ; in which everything like sectarian interference with the religious tenets of the children is sedulously avoided—an example, I may add, which does honour alike to her wisdom and benevolence, and which it would be well for the peace and harmony of all classes, if it were generally followed in Ireland. Not only is the manufacture of cotton carried on in this splendid factory, but nearly all the machinery is constructed on the premises ; for which purpose there is a complete foundry, together with a mechanics' shop, containing the most improved lathes, planing machines, and other necessary mechanical contrivances.”\*

Thus the enterprise and energy of a single family has created a trade, and remembering this fact, recollecting too that England has learned that our real union is only to be completed by an identity of interests, who is there that will not hope to witness the realization of Sir Robert Kane's thought—“It will be an era in our prosperity when a bale of cotton, direct from New Orleans, will be spun and woven in Killaloe, and in part returned as printed calicoes or muslins from Limerick to the United States.”

Mr. Maguire considers, and in our mind his views are most just, that the woful famine years were the epochs from which much social good, and many, very many, great advantages to the prosperity and to the well being of the country, and of the people, may be dated. True, every gale bore pestilence upon its breath, every post brought the record of some good man's death, or told how the peasant fell with the hunger pang at his heart, but his hand was laid upon no stranger's property. Old and honored families were struck down by the changes of the time, and as we look back now upon those days, even whilst we bear in mind the terrible facts, so cold and stern, displayed by the census of 1851, whilst we recollect the havoc made in the social position of our gentry by the Incumbered Estates Court whilst we read the shipping and emigration lists—even with these facts before us, we must believe with Mr. Maguire, that when misery was most intense, when the smile of welcome had gloomed into a frown, and the genial “God save you,” of the wayfarer met no friendly “God save you kindly,” from the heart of the passer by—then it was that Hope and Charity smiled upon this land, and rival Faiths forgot their

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\* The canvas with which the Dargan Palace of Industry is externally covered, was manufactured in the Portlaw works.

enmity in duty to the great Mother—Nature. Writing as a Christian, as an Irish gentleman, and writing thoughtfully and eloquently, Mr. Maguire observes :—

“The more I know and learn of what I may term the Female Industrial Movement of the last few years, the more strongly am I impressed with the belief, that the lesson read by that dread visitation of Providence, which filled our streets and our highways with mourning and desolation, has been followed by the most salutary results in numberless instances. In this city alone, thousands of young girls grew up to womanhood in a state of the most helpless and hopeless idleness, a burden upon their humble parents, and of little use to the community—indeed the contrary, considering that they were liable, from the combined influences of idleness and poverty, to fall victims to the machinations of those who might seek their ruin. Factories were not in existence, employment there was little, and inducement to exertion there was none. The young female may have been taught to read and write ; but the education of her hands was scarcely dreamed of; and she thus grew up, a dead weight on the industry of her father or her brothers, or added, by her utter helplessness, to the destitution of her family. And when the bad times came, and the heads of poor families—the father and the elder brother—were struck down, by want of employment, disease, or death, the condition of its female members was desolate beyond description. Their misery was then intense. But it was at the very moment when the hour of their despair seemed darkest, that the morn of hope was about breaking on the horizon. The first step in the Industrial Movement was one of the purest Christian charity ; and the feeble germ of such glorious fruitfulness was watered by the tears of womanly sympathy that softly fell, like dew from heaven, from compassionate eyes and noble hearts, upon the sorrows and sufferings of the young, the helpless, and the afflicted. In that chastening hour of national tribulation, every breast beat with a responsive throb ; and how to grapple with that dire, all-pervading distress, or how to save even a few from the flood of desolation that covered the land, was the universal feeling. Nor did the slightest taint of sectarian jealousy sully the sublime charity of the hour,—the voice of Nature, crying out in its misery, was alone heard and responded to ; and in the desire to do good, to succour a common humanity, people were brought together, felt together, and acted together, who had been estranged from each other all their lives. The first impulse was to give immediate relief—for hunger had written its dread characters, as if with a graver’s chisel, on the soft features of girlish youth, and death was poising its fatal shaft over many a young head. Accordingly, benevolent ladies, in many parts of Ireland, especially the South and West, gathered round them some of the most helpless and miserable objects whom they could find, and fed, and clad, and warmed them—drew the poor shivering, starving creatures to their bosoms, and proved to them that in their woman’s sympathy was manifest the ever-wakeful providence of God. The next step in the movement was one of reflection and delibera-



tion. To relieve a momentary want was, no doubt, an imperative duty; but to render that relief permanent, was even more imperative still. How this was to be done, was then the question. Even the most purely impulsive and unreflecting saw that Industrial Employment was the great want of the country, and the especial want of the hour, and that industrial employment for young females was, above and beyond all, the essential want of Irish society. It would not be just to say that this had never been thought of before the cry of a nation's distress had flashed it, with the force of light, upon the public mind. It had been thought of, and it had been acted on, and in instances not the less noble because they were comparatively rare. There had been useful efforts made at industrial training in many of the schools of the country, particularly in those belonging to convents; and a few private individuals had also attempted it, with more or less success."

From this source sprang the schools, the work of whose pupils may be examined in the courts of our Exhibition. The child who might have been a burthen in her home became the support of her parents, and a latent talent was in many cases called forth to make its possessor happy, and to render the teacher or the patroness grateful that opportunities of benefiting the industrious poor had not been neglected, but that acts have been done like those for which the widows wept, as they stood by Peter around the bed of Dorcas, and showed him the garments which she had given to them. We cannot quote from Mr. Maguire's book so considerable a body of evidence in support of these opinions as we could wish, but the following extract, descriptive of the Cork Exhibition School, gives a very just idea of the manner in which most of these industrial institutions have been supported, and it shows the effect of this regular and early labor upon the community. The school was founded in the year 1846; it is supported by persons of all religious denominations, and its honorary secretaries are an English Protestant, and an Irish Roman Catholic, lady—Mrs. Sainthill and Mrs. Paul M'Swiney. Two hundred pounds, for food and other purposes, having been obtained from the Relief Committee—

"The school was immediately established, and its doors were opened to more than one hundred young females, who entered its walls with gladness, as those who have been long tossed about on the ocean, at the mercy of the winds and waves, and in hourly dread of perishing, enter a harbour of refuge. Poor children! there was not one of them who did not indicate, more or less painfully, in her scanty rags, and her emaciated frame, the calamity which had fallen upon the land, and of which the poor were the first and readiest victims. But soon,

thanks to the daily-administered food, simple and substantial ; to the little presents of clothes to those who were most destitute in that respect ; and to the material and moral influence of the small wages which, after a short training, they were able to earn—the whole aspect of the school began to change for the better ; and while the grave-yards of the city were fast choaked up with the multitudes of dead, and every heart was sick with sorrow and despair, these little ones were sheltered from the storm that raged outside, and were, in many instances, even the means of rescuing the remnant of their families from destruction. At first, the Committee entered into connection with a firm in Glasgow, engaged in the sewed muslin trade, who agreed to send them an agent and teachers, for four months, together with all the necessary materials for carrying on this description of fancy work ; the Committee defraying all the expenses. From one cause or other, the firm in question did not deem it desirable to continue the connection beyond a short period, and indeed terminated it rather abruptly ; thus throwing the whole of the responsibility of upholding an important Institution upon two ladies, Mrs. Sainthill and Mrs. M'Swiny, who had no other alternative than either to devote their every energy to its maintainance, or to turn its helpless inmates into the streets, and shut its door upon their misery. The latter alternative to them was an impossibility. That noble, self-denying generosity which prompted them to enter upon their labour of love, did not fail in the hour of trial. Their determination was soon taken ; and, gathering new strength from their responsibility, and the emergency of the moment, they appealed to the public, through the Committee, and resolutely laid the sure foundation of an Institution which, besides having been productive of immense individual benefit, has led to the formation of many of a similar character. The public, without any distinction whatever, responded generously to the appeal ; and the Corporation, to their credit be it recorded, aided the undertaking by a liberal grant from their moderate resources. This appeal was the more necessary, as the sum granted for food by the Relief Committee was soon expended ; and as, in consequence of the momentary discontinuance of a daily meal, several of the children were compelled, by the actual pressure of hunger, to refrain from attending the school. One day, a young girl, who had heroically struggled with starvation as long as nature could hold out, fell fainting to the ground from sheer exhaustion. Indeed, the increasing miseries of the country indirectly aided the objects of the Patronesses of the school ; for associations for the administration of physical relief sprang up on every side ; and from these, and especially from that established by the Society of Friends, who were the good Samaritans of that dread hour, assistance, in the shape of welcome grants of food, flowed in upon the school, and continued until the crisis had passed. In the meantime, the children had been earning money by their industry, and were becoming every day greater proficient in the execution of the beautiful work for which the school was acquiring a wide celebrity. The following statement of the payments made to the children from its first opening to the close of the year 1852, will indicate more emphatically than mere words can, its increasing importance to the community :—

Two months of 1846, when payment first began...	£5 15 10
The year 1847 .....	216 10 6
Do. 1848 .....	325 18 1
Do. 1849 .....	402 8 10
Do. 1850 .....	430 13 2
Do. 1851 .....	564 8 9½
Do. 1852 .....	645 17 3½
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Total payments.....	£2,591 12 6

This sum, earned by the industry of young females, hitherto helpless and hopeless, is indeed considerable; but it cannot convey an adequate idea of the amount of good which its payment has effected, in the habits, feelings, and modes of thinking of those hundreds who received it in small wages, ranging from a shilling to five shillings a-week. We should follow them, in imagination, to their humble homes, which they henceforth brightened by their presence, and rendered happy by their industry. We should see how even these very scanty wages were still sufficient to preserve the sorrow-stricken widowed mother, or the gray-haired father, or the brother out of work, from the ineffable shame and horror of the workhouse,—how it added to the modest comforts of those families somewhat better circumstanced than others,—how it solaced the sick,—how it hushed the sob of childhood, and the querulous complaint of old age. Nay, we should go further,—we should witness the result of this employment in the growth of frugal and saving habits, in the manifestation of individual independence, and even in the enjoyment of actual prosperity; for, since the formation of this school, there have been many cases where its pupils have become teachers at competent salaries—where they have saved money for emigration—and where they have been established prosperously in life by the exercise of that industrial talent which was developed and trained within its walls. I have heard of several young girls of this school having saved the sums of £3, £4, £5, and upwards; and I know one instance where a girl, whose parents happened to be in comparatively comfortable circumstances, had put up her weekly earnings, until it amounted to £20—which sum she did not draw until she married, when she went out to America, where she is now adding to the comforts of her parents by her industry and talent. And no later than the very time at which I write these lines—January, 1853—a letter has been received by one of the pupils of the school, from her sister in Boston, who had also been one of its pupils; in which letter the writer stated that she was then employed in embroidery work, by a lady in Boston, at a salary of ten shillings a week, and her board. Before I speak of the character of the work executed at this school, I may allude to another feature of interest in connection with the relief which it has afforded. It has enabled the most miserable and afflicted of all—the deformed and paralyzed, who seemed condemned from their very birth to dependence on others—not only to maintain themselves, but to assist their parents. One child of fourteen years of age, who is paralyzed from the hips down, is a beautiful worker, and has been

for some time the sole support of a widowed mother. This is by no means a solitary case; yet it is sufficient to explain to the reader how great is the blessing of such a system to those who, from their physical infirmities, seemed destined to be a burthen to themselves, their families, or the community. Perhaps figures may best represent the generous interest which strangers have taken in the prosperity of this school, as contrasted with the utter indifference of those who should have been its earnest supporters. The amount of work disposed of during the year 1852, was £1,058 16s. 8d.; and of this amount, not more than the *one-twentieth*, or the odd £58, was purchased by the ladies of Cork and its vicinity! As a further illustration of the interest taken in the school by strangers to the country, I may mention that, during the past year, one English lady forwarded to the Society, for work which she had disposed of, £117—another £109—another £88—another £23—and several other ladies disposed of work to smaller amounts. These English sales were made principally by friends of the Secretaries, Mrs. Sainthill and Mrs. M'Swiney, and through the exertions of some few members of the Committee. The present daily attendance at the Cork Embroidery School is about 150.

Mr. Maguire is a Roman Catholic, and refers, with a very well grounded pride, to the usefulness of the various Nunneries in advancing the industrial education of the female poor. The nuns of the Ursuline Presentation Convent of Blackrock commenced the teaching of crochet work in their school during the year 1845. They were enabled that year to pay the children £90 from the produce of the work; and in the year 1852 their payments, arising from the sales, amounted to £1,200. The wages of the children range from two shillings and six-pence to twelve shillings per week; and Mr. Maguire mentions cases in which the children of the same family have earned £1 : 6s. per week. It should be remembered too, that the ages of the children are from ten to only fourteen; but it is not an uncommon thing, the author adds, "to see a child twelve or thirteen years old varying the pattern set before her, and imparting new attractions to her work, by the most delicate and beautiful additions, suggested by her own fancy. Some are so clever, that they use the pattern with the utmost freedom, selecting those portions of it of which their taste approves, and combining the remainder into the most elegant and fanciful designs. And these are the daughters of rude fishermen, and uneducated labourers." We cannot dwell longer upon this portion of the work; we would, were it not that the entire volume is so cheap, recommend that the hundred pages forming this most admirable essay on *The*

*Female Industrial Movement*, should be reprinted in a pamphlet shape. But, indeed, the book should be in the hands, and its contents in the minds, of all; it is to the student of Irish Industrial advancement what Porter's *Progress of the Nation* is to the English statist or economist.

Next to Balbriggan hosiery Limerick lace is, perhaps, the branch of Irish manufacture best known to the English buyer. The Limerick lace factory was established in the year 1829, by Mr. Charles Walker, a native of Oxford. He married an English lady whose connections were engaged in the lace manufacture, and he considered that if a branch of the business could be established in Ireland, it would, owing to the cheapness of labor, prove a well paying speculation. He entered into partnership with a Mr. Henning, an extensive London lace merchant, and, having taken a building suited to his purpose at Mount Kennet, he commenced that manufacture which has since become so valuable. He brought from England ten women well skilled in the details of the business, who acted as the teachers of about three hundred Irish girls, who soon were able to earn from one to five shillings per week. Henning, who acted as the English agent, failing, Walker opened an establishment in his own name in London, and sent hawkers throughout England who extended widely the reputation of the manufacture. The trade became flourishing, Walker built a larger factory, but was not permitted to enjoy a monopoly, as two of his assistants started, each, a factory, one of which is now carried on by the Messrs. Forrest, of Grafton-street. Other parties entered into the trade, but the original establishment, founded by Walker, was the chief factory from which England was supplied. Walker seems to have formed a high estimate of the ability of his Irish workwomen: he expended over twenty thousand pounds in establishing his trade, and he was so fully satisfied with the result, that he undertook, and proposed to back his offer by a heavy wager, to select a hundred girls from his workers, who would produce any given quantity of lace, to be wrought in a style superior to any similar work made by a like number of French, Flemish, Saxon, or German girls. Mr. Walker died in the month of November, 1843; his factory is now carried on by the firm of Lambert and Bury, who employ seven hundred workers. The total number of hands, in all the Limerick factories, amounts to about one thousand nine hundred.

It has been said that Ireland possesses no salt-mine, and must be dependent upon England for the supply, save so far as it can be obtained from sea water by evaporation. Recent facts prove the fallacy of the former statement. The reader will find in the Dargan Exhibition the fullest refutation of the error, in inspecting the large block of salt sent by the Marquis of Downshire from his mine at Duncrue, in the county of Antrim.\* The Marquis has, himself, given Mr. Maguire some very interesting information upon the working of this mine. We like the letter; there is a manly, racy, dashing tone about it that proves his Lordship to be in earnest, as the following extracts show:—

“ Hillsborough, January 9, 1853.

“SIR—In compliance with your request, that I should furnish you with some account of the recent discovery of salt-rock at Duncrue, near the town of Carrickfergus, in the county of Antrim, which has of late engaged a good deal of public interest, I may begin by informing you that the Duncrue Salt Works are situated at about an Irish mile and-a-half from the port of Carrickfergus, and about the same distance from the terminus of the Ballymena railway, commanding a beautiful view of the Lough of Belfast and the county of Down shores. The basaltic abruptness of the Knockagh, a line of mountain extending towards Belfast, is a great feature in this district, as an object of scenery; and the dark masses of rocky trappe, are agreeably relieved by the appearance of the chalk, upon which it would appear to be based. The point for the shaft was selected on the new line of road to Ballyclare, with an abundant and constant stream of clear, cold water running past the engine, and to which it has proved itself to be of an invaluable quality, the boilers not requiring to be cleaned out for six months. The chalk crops out in three places to the surface, within 400 yards of the shaft; and which will, hereafter, *be most commodious*, should chemical works be erected *on the spot*. The strata on the upper part of the shaft is composed of gravel, sand, and yellow clay, for about twenty-five feet. There are 305 feet of gypsumous marls, in which is white and grey rock, from six inches to four feet thick; under this is 100 feet of saliferous marls, *mixed* with particles of rock-salt, yielding a large per centage of salt; next, under this, are 280 feet of rock-salt, of very superior quality and per centage, one mass of which is eighty-four feet in thickness, and another thirty feet, the lower seam being six feet six inches. The intervening stratum is a grey bind, interspersed with nodules of iron-stone; and, in the strata above the salt, we passed through several bands of light-coloured clay-band iron-stone, of very fair average quality. The drawing shaft is nine feet diameter; and

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\* See Official Catalogue of the Great Industrial Exhibition. 1853. Third edition, p. 26, No. 30.

the air, or ventilating shaft, four feet in diameter. This air-shaft, of course, passes down the whole depth, and works admirably, keeping the bottom sweet, cool, and healthy—a great consideration. This air-tunnel is in the side of the shaft, *cut at the same time* as the shaft, and was first introduced by Mr. Ex. Pickering—my viewer and mining engineer—in England and Wales, about twenty-three years ago; and was considered by an eminent viewer from Durham, who inspected the shaft, to be much superior to the North of England brattice, which is very expensive. This plan of ours, he said, he certainly would adopt in any future shafts he might sink. *No water at all* has been found in passing down after twenty-five feet; and the only water we have is *surface water*, which is carried off by a small hand-pump. All the strata below the twenty-five feet is *perfectly dry*. The shaft is walled-up the whole way down to the salt, with bricks made on the spot, and from the spoil-bank; and *no accident of any kind* has occurred to any of the men, on the bank or in the shaft, since the commencement. The men, with the exception of the engineer and two others, Welchmen, are all from the Carrickfergus district, and have learnt their business of mining, and executed their work as well as any old experienced miner could have done it; and I am most anxious to impress upon you and your readers the fact, that, with care, teaching, and kindness, our countrymen will, in a reasonable time, say three months, make as good miners, both for coal and lead and other minerals, *as can be brought from the other side of the water*. I mention this in justice to my men, and because I know this is true as regards other Irishmen employed in mines in *England and Wales*. I may as well now turn to the per-centage, and inform you that fair samples have been submitted to the most eminent chemists, who, after *scrupulous* investigation, enable me to assert that, the average of my rock-salt contains ninety-four per cent. of pure chloride of sodium or common salt; and a trial by Messrs. Boyd, Chemical Works, Belfast, proves that it contains fifty per cent. of soda; and this proves, also, that the raw material is so pure, that they were saved one process, viz. the refining, in the first instance, which enabled them to make the soda easier, quicker, and I dare say, cheaper. I have been, for some time, firmly impressed with the opinion, that Ireland will rise through the means of her mineral resources, and do not believe but that we will yet see Ireland covered with smelting furnaces, stamping places,—there is no country in the world that has so much unused water power,—and the much-to-be-coveted tall chimneys which are at once the wealth, as they are the dirt! of many parts of England. As yet, however, unfortunately, so little mining knowledge is ours, that of necessity a commencement must be made by Englishmen—and success to them, say I. This must be; for a failure in a maiden unexplored mining country like ours would be fatal, and the Englishman of business would say, ‘Oh, this is an Irish business!’ and would shun any investment; for he would attribute the cause not to the ignorance of the Company—though he might do so *en passant*—but to the deficiency in the mineral sought for, and the faultiness of the soil. I hope, before long, that the attention of English as well as Irish min-

ing men may be drawn to our country ; for, from personal observation, I am prepared to say, that no country in the world, for its size, contains more minerals, or minerals of a better quality ; and I hope that, through your Book, you will incite the attention of our friends the capitalists to this ' Gem of the Sea.'

" I beg to remain, Sir, your faithful obedient servant,

" DOWNSHIRE.

" John Francis Maguire, Esq., M.P."

The Irish trade in Leather has suffered very considerably, in consequence of the famine, and it is also exposed to all the evils arising from dishonest competition. We read that boots can be purchased at Mr. Blank's "Emporium," for sums that make us believe our own bootmaker must be a most unconscientious tradesman ; but the fact is that he supplies us with leather which has lain many months in the pits, and many more months when removed from them, growing sound in strength and solidity. Mr. Blank's boots are made of leather which is leather only in appearance, an appearance produced by coloring the hide, not with oak bark, but with "Spanish earth ;" and the boots so made are attractive rather than repellent of moisture. Mr Maguire considers that the prospects of the Irish tanner are brightening, and, already, Irish leather is from twelve to thirteen per cent over the prices of the past two years. The tanner in this country possesses many advantages, and these are well stated by our author in the following passages :—

" There are some descriptions of leather in which France, as yet, excels this country, such as the lighter uppers, or calf skins, which the French tanner renders peculiarly soft, pliable, and tough. But for all kinds of strong sole and upper leather, the Irish tanner cannot be surpassed. The Irish manufacturer can purchase the Buenos Ayres heavy hide on nearly equal terms with the Englishman ; and after doing it full justice, giving it plenty of time and bark—the two grand essentials—he can afford to sell it as cheap, owing to the comparatively low price of labour in Ireland, as the Englishman can sell an equal description of leather, or even cheaper. The abolition of the duty on the import of foreign leather, by which the Frenchman has been afforded a ready market in the United Kingdom, is working this much good, that it is compelling the Irish as well as the English tanner to make every effort to produce as superior an article. I believe the grand secret of the superiority of the French calf-skin which is suited for the best kind of work, consists in the proper application of a mixed oil, fish and animal—the oil of the cod-fish, and the natural grease of the sheep. This extract is imported into England, and Ireland from France ; but I am aware that it is now produced in this city, and that the Messrs. Hegarty, Brothers, who have done so much to improve the manufacture of upper leather of



a superior description, produce it themselves, and that they apply it with the best results to their manufacture. Curiously enough, those fronts for boots which are so highly prized as French, and which are manufactured principally in Paris and Bourdeaux, are made from Irish calf-skins, which are exported from this country in large quantities for the use of the French tanner. As a curious fact in illustration, I saw, by the daily shipping note, that a French schooner, *La Cecile*, which lay exactly opposite the great entrance to the Exhibition buildings, sailed from this port on Monday the 28th of June, with a cargo, shipped by Mr. John Hennessy, consisting of 6,600 dried calf-skins, 3,792 salted calf-skins, 155 horse hides, and 40 ox hides—a quantity of raw material, which, if manufactured in this country, would have given employment for twelve months to 100 workmen, and support to at least 500 persons. One interesting and by no means unimportant, branch of the tanning trade has been sacrificed to an absurd notion entertained by the sellers of meat. The butcher will have it that his mutton is not sufficiently attractive, unless he leave strips of the inner part of the skin of the animal tabooing it; and in order to ensure this fanciful decoration, about which no rational person cares to the value of half a farthing, the skin of the sheep is effectually destroyed. Indeed to such lengths has this foolish custom been carried, of not cutting off the skin, so as to preserve it from *flaws*, that many tanners have given up the manufacture of what is known as Spanish leather, which would afford considerable employment, it being an article in great demand for various ornamental purposes. The English butcher preserves the skin from injury, and thus sacrifices a nonsensical decoration of his meat to the benefit of the community. This skin of the sheep is more valuable than many would suppose. We all know to what useful purposes its outward covering of wool is applied; but we are not all aware that the skin can be split in two parts; leaving an upper side to be tanned into Spanish leather, and the underneath, or fleshy part, for conversion into Chamois leather, and, by a further process, into a valuable material for gloves, and other purposes. This Chamois leather is made by the continued application of cod oil to the skin, and by beating it in a fulling mill; and it is from the blending of the cod oil and the natural grease of the sheep, which is extracted by powerful pressure, that the French tanner produces that wonderful compound which imparts such velvety softness, and yet such extreme toughness, to his fine calf-skins."

Irish Cheese has, like Irish salt, been considered a myth, but this is not the fact, and to an Englishman, a Cheshire farmer, Ireland is indebted for this newly developed branch of industry. In the year 1852, Mr. James Latham surrendered his Cheshire holding, and took a farm of two hundred and eighty-four acres adjoining Moycollop Castle, in the neighbourhood of Fermoy. He entered into possession of his land in March, 1852, and purchased fifty cows; of this number, thirty were

attacked by a disease then prevalent, an overflow of blood to the kidneys and brain, and eight of these cows died. He attributed this distemper to the richness of the soil, as those cows reared in the locality escaped the sickness. Mr. Latham commenced making the cheese in the first week of May, 1852, and, by the end of October, he had a stock of four tons of prime quality. He disposed of one ton in Ireland, chiefly amongst the gentry; but, in Cork, the dealers, although approving of the flavor and body, refused to purchase, because it was not painted outside like the Cheshire cheese. Mr. Latham was unfortunate in the purchase of his first cows, he was also unfortunate in his first shipment of cheese. Having embarked one hundred and thirty-four for London, forty were broken in removing them from the steamer to the wharf. This accident, of course, caused a loss upon the sale, but the other ninety-four cheeses were disposed of for as good prices as if they had been made in Cheshire; "a practical testimony," as Mr. Maguire observes, "to the intrinsic value of this Irish produce, which puts the question of the possibility of cheese-making in Ireland beyond dispute." Mr. Latham sells the cheese to his private customers at seven pence halfpenny per pound. To the trade he sells it at sixpence halfpenny per pound, but with limited success, although those who did purchase found a ready sale for the article at tenpence per pound, the price of the best Cheshire cheese. Amongst his customers he numbers the Marquis of Downshire, Sir D. J. Norreys, Lord Stuart de Decies, the Earl of Bandon, the Earl of Eglinton, while Lord Lieutenant, and several others. All his customers have repeated their orders, as Mr. Maguire, by copies of their notes proves, and Mr. Latham considers that, if encouraged by the trade, he would find it more advantageous to use all his milk for cheese, than to set aside any portion of it for the making of butter. Good cheese can be had in England at prices varying from fivepence to tenpence. In Ireland, eatable cheese can rarely be produced under tenpence. Mr. Maguire contends that the people of this country do not dislike cheese as an article of food, as that imported from America found a rapid sale at sevenpence per pound; and he asserts that, if the Irish retailer would consent to dispose of Irish cheese at a reasonable profit, the manufacture in Ireland could be increased five hundred fold, and increased, too, by proving that a good butter country can produce excellent cheese, and that the Irish soil

is quite as well adapted for the feeding of the cow from whose milk the cheese is procured, as the pastures of Cheshire or Gloucestershire.

The practicability of extracting sugar from beetroot was discovered by Margraff, of Berlin, in the year 1747. Napoleon Bonaparte supported and encouraged the manufacture in France, and in all countries to which his power extended, and the result is, France has now 350 factories, Germany 370, Austria and Poland 350, Russia 210, Belgium 175, giving a total of 1,355 beetroot factories in full operation on the continent, which may be taken to represent half a million of persons employed in, and two millions and a half supported by, this branch of manufacture. Mr. Maguire calculates that the annual consumption of sugar in Ireland is not less than 50,000 tons, representing two millions of money, but he supposes that the present consumption may be increased to 75,000 tons, or £3,000,000 worth of sugar annually. But, "to make assurance doubly sure," Mr. Maguire assumes that we could only produce 25,000 tons of beetroot sugar, which might be valued at £1,000,000. The product of 400,000 tons of beet, grown on 16,000 acres of land, allowing the fair and moderate average of twenty-five tons to every acre, would be enormous. The price now paid at the Mountmellick factory for beet is fifteen shillings per ton, thus the total amount received by the growers of this crop would be £300,000. A well conducted factory, capable of producing 500 tons of sugar in the year, would require a supply of 8,000 tons of beet, and each factory would give employment to 200 persons,—fifty factories would engage ten thousand workers, each of these would represent four others, and thus 50 beetroot sugar factories would give employment to 50,000 persons.

It is worthy of notice that, although Belgium has one hundred and seventy-five factories at work, yet it has been proved that the soil of Ireland is better calculated for the cultivation of beet than that of Belgium by the fact, that whilst seventy-six per cent of the Irish grown root submitted to analysis was suited for the manufacture of sugar, with profit to the factor, but seventy per cent of the Belgian produced beet was adapted for that purpose. The average cost of cultivation per acre may be placed at nine pounds sterling, and the average produce per acre may be estimated at twenty-five tons. The price paid at Mountmellick factory being fifteen shillings per ton for the roots, would give a total of £18 15s. per acre to the grower.

The carriage to the factory may be placed at two shillings and sixpence per ton, which, for twenty-five tons would be three pounds two shillings and sixpence. This, assuming the cost of production to be so excessive as nine pounds per acre, would leave a net profit of six pounds, twelve shillings and sixpence, per acre to the producer. The Irish public have been very much interested in the consideration of the beetroot manufacture. Professor Sullivan, the distinguished chemist of the Museum of Irish Industry, has given his support to the opinion, expressed by a still more learned chemist, and genuinely useful patriot, Sir Robert Kane—"that the quantity of sugar present in Irish grown beet, is in no way inferior to that usually found in the beetroots used in the sugar manufactures of the continent, and that, in some cases, the per centage of sugar yielded by beet approaches to that of the sugar cane as usually cultivated." The results of the beetroot sugar cultivation, with his own hopes for, and views of, its ultimate success, are thus fairly and clearly stated by Mr. Maguire :—

"There have been several sales of the Mountmellick Sugar in Dublin; and on each occasion, the price paid for this Sugar—of which about 100 tons were sold up to the month of March last—ranged from two shillings to three shillings per cwt. *higher* than that paid for the best Colonial or Cane-sugar. I should not wish to base any calculation on this fact, and for this reason, that the price paid was what might be called a 'fancy price,' in consequence of the novelty of the article, which people were anxious to buy as an experiment, or from a desire to assist the undertaking. But one thing it is necessary to state—that the Mountmellick Sugar was fully *equal*, in quality and flavour, to the *best* Cane-sugar in the market, and was described as such to me by persons extensively engaged in the trade, and whose judgment could not be questioned. Then supposing that the Beet-sugar brings the *same price* as the Cane-sugar, or even something less, it must be clear, from the statement of Professor Sullivan, that it will pay. If it bring an average price of even £38 per ton, and that it can be produced at £18 per ton, it would certainly be a good speculation. Including duty, the cost to the maker would be £28—at the outside £30; and the readers of the Irish "trade reports" of the last two or three months have seen, that the prices given for the best Mountmellick sugar ranged from £42 to £45 per ton. An average price of £40, or even £38, for the *best* Beet-sugar may be taken as a very moderate and guarded calculation; and surely, if it can be brought into the market at £28 per ton, duty paid, it must pay well if sold at £38."

The Irish bacon and butter trades were the most lucrative to individuals, and important to the kingdom, of any which

lingered in the country from the Union, and during the Peninsular War, to that period when "the late illustrious and lamented statesman, Sir Robert Peel," thought it advisable to be guided by his old associations, and the wishes of a section of her Majesty's subjects, rather than the interests of the United Kingdom—of Ireland in particular, by succumbing to the clamor of the Manchester cotton spinners, and the demagogueism of the Nottingham weavers. The bacon trade of Ireland had been for years her chief support. Waterford and Cork had enjoyed for a long period a monopoly of the Newfoundland trade, and though, by the relaxation of the laws, this monopoly was rendered less exclusive, it was only when the famine had destroyed the peasant's means of supporting his best friend—the pig—that the trade was annihilated. In the year 1847, 480,827 pigs were exported to England, at the average price of 45s per pig. In the year 1851, we exported 109,170 pigs, at the average price of 32s. per head.\* This was a tremendous falling off, and, though the potato crop may be once more restored to its pristine flourishing state, though the pig may be again seen roaming by the highways, and obtruding his inelegant snout into the cabin of which he pays the rent, yet we fear there is but too much truth in an observation of Mr. Maguire's, that "it is doubtful if the efforts of the farmer can entirely make up for the loss of the great pig-rearing class—the Irish cottiers." However, it is satisfactory to know, that Irish bacon brings the highest price in the London market, being superior to the best Hamburgh, and infinitely better than the best American bacon. The butter trade is now, as it has ever been, the great staple production of this country—Cork, Waterford, and Limerick being the chief emporiums. But this trade, like that in bacon, suffered severely during the famine years. In the year 1845, the average price of butter in Liverpool was 82s. per cwt.; in the year 1852, the average was 71s.† The exports from Cork, for the first six months of 1852, show an increase of 38,389 firkins over the corresponding six months of the year 1851. Assuming that the total exports for the year 1853, amount to 400,000 firkins, it will represent a capital of about £300,000, embarked by the Cork

\* See IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. V., Vol. II. p. 105.

† For the effects of the famine and free trade upon the commerce of Ireland, such as it was and is, see the paper entitled Lord George Bentinck, in IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. V., Vol. II., pp. 103, 107.

merchants in the butter trade. Of these 400,000 firkins, at least 200,000 will be required to supply the foreign trade, which is carried on chiefly with Melbourne, California, the West Indies, the Brazils, the Mediterranean, and Portugal. The manner in which the buyers and sellers of butter are protected from fraud in the Cork market, is thus described by Mr. Maguire:—

"Every firkin of butter that passes through the Cork Weigh House—and nearly every firkin of butter that enters this city passes through it—is rigidly examined, and its quality accurately determined; and when this butter is received by the foreign buyer, he has a sufficient guarantee, as to the character and quality of the article, in the well known brand upon the cask. The farmer, the merchant, and the foreign buyer, are equally protected against fraud, by the rigid system of inspection which has rendered this market famous. The farmer cannot palm off a bad or fraudulent article on the merchant—neither can the merchant cut the farmer down in his price. The inspector declares the exact quality of the article, whether it is entitled to the 'first,' or ought to be degraded to the 'sixth'; and the market fixes the price—which the farmer ought to receive, and which the merchant must pay. Did it stop here, and were the local seller and buyer alone protected from mutual injustice, the system would be sadly deficient. But it does not—the brand of the market, which protects the farmer from the merchant, also protects the foreign dealer from the possible fraud of a dishonest merchant, who might—that is, who *could*—without such vigilant inspection as is maintained to the very moment of shipping the article from the quays—'decant' inferior butter into high-brand firkins, and thus impose, for once, at least, on the foreign dealer. Happily, there is not in the world a more honourable or upright body of men than those on whom the management and protection of this most important trade devolves. The "Committee of Merchants" are the body responsible to all parties for the character of the Cork Butter Market; and it is their pride, as well as it is their interest, to encourage honesty in dealing, and to punish every attempt at fraud with rigorous severity. They have a great trade to maintain and extend, and their own honour to defend and protect; for they well know how fraud would destroy all confidence in their character, and how, if sanctioned or excused, it would fatally re-act on themselves, the producers of butter, and the country generally. Fully conscious of their responsibility to all classes, they have brought the system of inspection to the greatest perfection; by the necessary operation of which they have made it the interest of the farmer to improve the quality of his make, and to avoid the slightest attempt at fraud or adulteration—inasmuch as, if his butter be declared a 'first,' he is entitled, say to 79s.—if 'third,' to 70s.—if 'fifth,' to 56s.—and if 'sixth,' to 46s. So that it is clearly his own interest to devote his best attention to its improvement—to the care and feeding of his cattle, and to the cleanliness and general management of his dairy."

Thus we have endeavoured to place before the reader the most remarkable portions of Mr. Maguire's book. There are facts and statements contained in its pages more amusing and, perhaps, to the general reader, more interesting, than those which we have selected, but there are none more useful to the nation. The history of the Portlaw Cotton Factory, and of the Limerick Lace manufacture, shows that much can be done by energy and well directed perseverance. True, in these cases there was capital to back the trader, but this fact only proves that we must learn to respect trade as it is esteemed by our English and Scotch brethren; and we must not believe that, because ten or twelve thousand pounds have been hoarded, trade may be forsaken for an Encumbered Estates Court purchased property, and the "rack of a too easy chair," and we must not think it fashionable for the parvenu to people our squares with what Thackeray has well called, "an aristocracy of brass plates." The beautiful moral of Mr. Maguire's chapter on the Female Industrial Movement teaches that no state of misery is so low that good may not be drawn from it. Books, such as this before us, are boons to the country for which they are written; true-hearted and honest, concealing no fault of the people, no deficiency in the resources of the country. And the people of Ireland are open to many reproaches. There is an unthinking flunkeyism about our middle and upper classes that induces them to despise every thing Irish, as if the land that gave them birth could be looked upon as inferior to England. The very men, and, we regret to write it, women, who are willing to talk of Irish genius and of the beauty of Ireland's natural attractions, will not buy a pair of Irish gloves, or Irish boots, because they fancy that these, and other portions of dress, must, of necessity, be inferior because they are Irish; forgetting, too, that if support be withheld, the tradesman can never advance in the perfection of his calling.

In writing of Irish leather we have given some facts to prove that the boots made from it must be more durable than those purchased by many English houses; and here the flunkeyism, or folly, comes into play, and renders the man who is disgraced by it a traitor to the well being of his native land. The following extract affords a most excellent exemplification of this assertion. There are few persons who have not at some period encountered such characters as Mr. Maguire describes:—

"It is a fact well known in the trade, that the work of the first-class Irish journeyman cannot be excelled, even by the Parisian workman, owing to some singular aptitude which the Irishman possesses for this beautiful craft. One of the most celebrated cutters in London, even within the last year, was a native of Waterford; and the actual makers of the two prize boots at the Great Exhibition were Irishmen—one a native of Dublin, and the other of Cork. Were it necessary, I could give the names of the three. It is also well known that the skilful Irish boot or shoe maker finds ready employment in the very first houses in London, and other parts of England; to which country he is naturally attracted by the higher wages which are there allowed for labour. And yet, in spite of these facts, which are susceptible of easy proof, the Irish employer has to encounter instances of absurd and unnatural prejudice, such as seem incredible to any rational mind. And notwithstanding the evidence of superior skill and taste which have been afforded by the work of some twenty exhibitors, there will be found, even in this city, gentlemen weak enough to believe that nothing can be done in this wretched country—that it is impossible to obtain the same fit, or the same cut, as in England,—and who, in pursuance of this enlightened and patriotic belief, will still have their boots and shoes made in London, or ordered from Paris! I could understand how a prejudice might be entertained against other articles—even against the raw material of which the boot is made; but it passes my ability to comprehend how any commonly sane Irishman can persuade himself that he cannot procure as good work in his own country, as he can procure out of it. The Irish employer, or master boot-maker, does not confine his selection of leather to his own country; wherever he can procure the best description of any particular kind, he does not fail to do so. If the English tanner excel in one particular article, he purchases that particular article from him: if the French tanner be able to produce such a soft and flexible upper as no other tanner can produce, the Irish boot-maker also purchases from him—which he can now do on easy terms, owing to the operation of Sir Robert Peel's tariff. And, besides, he has his choice of the very best articles which the most celebrated of his own manufacturers turn out of their lofts. Here, then, is every possible variety of the material at his disposal: and that there is no want of skill and ingenuity at his command, the numerous cases in our National Exhibition afford the most eloquent and conclusive proof. I might appeal to the patriotic feelings of the community against the injury done to native industry by the importation of boots and shoes; but I have another argument perhaps more forcible. The difference between the price paid, say in Cork and London, ought of itself, to have its influence in banishing the absurd prejudice to which I feel almost ashamed to allude. The price which the highest class of boots brings in London is £2 2s.; whereas the highest price in Cork ranges from £1, to £1 5s.—a difference of nearly fifty per cent. to pay for one's whistle. It may not be out of place to narrate two circumstances, in illustration of the readiness with which educated Irishmen are apt to run down and depreciate everything Irish, save and except them-



selves. The following scene took place in the shop of one of the first makers in this city, not very long since :—

[*Enter Patriotic Customer.*]

*Customer*—I don't know how it is, I can't get you to make me the thing I want. Indeed, I believe you can't do anything right in this country.

*Bootmaker* (smiling rather comically)—Well, what complaint have you now, Sir ?

*Customer*—Oh, I can never get a proper fit. Why don't you make boots like they do in London?—there they make what a man may call boots.

*Bootmaker*—Dear me, Sir ; I thought we contrived to make excellent work here.

*Customer*—Not at all—you have not the style, or indeed, the workmen.

*Bootmaker*—Well, Sir, as you are so hard to please, I tell you what I will do with you ; I will give you the choice of my best work on such a day (mentioning the day), and we must try and suit you if it's possible.

The customer retired with rather an incredulous air ; but was true to his appointment on the day fixed. Several pairs of boots, finished in the best style, all made to order for regular customers, are displayed, examined superciliously, and rejected disdainfully. The breast of the patriotic customer heaves with a melancholy sigh at the unhappy fate of a country that is not equal to bring forth a single bootmaker of towering genius. While he is thus wrapt in melancholy reflection, the foreman of the shop comes forward, with a mysterious air.

*Foreman* (to the Master)—Perhaps, Sir, that pair of London boots would suit Mr. Blank.

*Patriotic Customer*—Oh, yes, shew them.

*Boot Maker*—No, no—Mr. Blank would not think of giving the price for them, and I can't give them to him either.

*Patriotic Customer*—Shew them, at any rate, I am sure they must be good.

*Bootmaker*—Well, shew them.

Foreman goes to a dark corner of the shop, and draws forth a pair of boots, which he handles with apparent reverence, and brings them into light. They look well, but have rather a soiled appearance, as if they had been lying by for some time. At any rate they could not be well exhibited in the window. The Patriotic Customer seizes them with an air of keen relish, saying—' Ah, that's something like ! ' He tries them on, and, marvellous ! they fit him as if they had been made to his order. Foreman eyes him with a curious twinkle in his eye. Bootmaker is as grave as a boot-tree.

*Bootmaker*—Well, Sir ?

*Patriotic Customer*—Oh, by Jove ! splendid—ah ! they do beat you hollow. Why that is a fit. Oh, I'll take them.

*Bootmaker*—I don't know that I can give them. Nor will you

pay the price. I give you my best for £1 5s., and these were two guineas; but, as they are a little soiled, the price is only £1 15s.

*Patriotic Customer*—No matter, I will take them. By Jove! a beautiful fit.

*Bootmaker*—Very well. Send them home to Mr. Blank.

And Mr. Blank goes his way rejoicing, as being the possessor of a pair of boots with the name of a Bond-street maker legibly written on the upper lining. In the course of time, he again enters the shop, when the following instructive dialogue takes place—

*Patriotic Customer*—I want to pay you for those boots.

*Bootmaker*—I hope you liked them, Sir.

*Patriotic Customer*—Oh, I never had anything like them. By Jove! they were a splendid pair.

*Bootmaker* writes out the bill, and hands it.

*Patriotic Customer*—Why there must be a mistake; you are wronging yourself. You only charge me £1 5s., instead of £1 15s.

*Bootmaker*—Not at all, Mr. Blank. The fact is, they were not London-made boots—they were Cork boots. I cut them out, and a Cork journeyman made them. I am sorry to say you compelled me to play you a little trick. My man here soiled them purposely, and at my suggestion; for you were so prejudiced, that there was nothing else left for it, but to let you have a lesson. Pay me £1 5s.—it is all I ask, and remember in future that we can make a boot in Cork.

*Patriotic Customer* (considerably abashed, and changing colour rapidly)—Well, I have been a duce of a fool; but, for God's sake, don't say a word of it to any one.

The Patriotic Customer retired, a wiser, if not a better man.

The other case was this:—A gentleman of this city was in the habit of getting all his work done by a particular maker in Bond Street, whose name it is unnecessary to mention. But on one occasion, and after a proportionate mental struggle, he condescended to have a worn pair of his boots vamped by a Cork maker. When the gentleman called for the boots, the bootmaker was cutting out work, for which an intelligent looking tradesman was evidently waiting. The gentleman, who was in company with an English friend, asked for the boots with an air that plainly shewed he was prepared, if not for disappointment, at least to dispraise. He drew on one of the boots, at which, though it fitted him exactly, he glanced contemptuously.

*Shopman*—That's a fit, Sir?

*Gentleman* (reluctantly)—Well, it—it—is. But you never fit in the second.

*Shopman*—Try it, Sir?

*Gentleman* (drawing it on with ease)—I don't say but—

*Shopman* (rather nettled)—Will you answer me one question, on your word of honour, Sir?

*Gentleman*—(rather surprised)—What do you mean—what question?

*Shopman*—Will you answer me, Sir?

*Gentleman*—Well, I will.

*Shopman*—Then, Sir, upon your honour, were you ever better fitted?

*English Friend*—Oh, you must answer.

*Gentleman*—Well, I must confess I never was. But then you have not the workmen here.

*Shopman* (calling to the tradesman who was leaning against the counter)—Tell me, John So and So, did you ever take more pains with Captain Stupid's boots, when you were with Mr. B. of Bond-street, than you did with these?

*Tradesman*—Mr. B. never required half the particularity from me that you did.

*Gentleman*—What! did you make my boots in London?

*Tradesman*—I did; and what is more, by——! I never will do another stitch of work in this wretched country, while there are such rascals as you living in it.

And true to the pledge which he made in a moment of honest indignation, the workman set sail for England, in spite of the earnest entreaty of his employer, who thus lost one of his best hands."

"A more comical attempt at self-delusion I never heard, than what was lately told me by one of the best-known gunmakers of this city. A gentleman entered his shop some few years since, and said—'Mr. So and So, I want a gun, and I know you can make a good and handsome one; and if you will put a London maker's name on it, I'll give you the order, and your own price.' The gunmaker, whose ability he praised so highly, but for whose name he entertained a sublime contempt, answered that *he* would not do so, but that the gentleman might get it done himself, if he chose. It was done; the Irish gun received an English baptism; and its patriotic owner could have sold it several times for nearly double the price which he was charged for it when new, because of its fictitious name. My informant assures me, with conscious pride, that the gun was one that would have done credit to him whose *name* it bore."

The reader is now enabled to judge of the peculiar merits of Mr. Maguire's book. It was written, he states, with the intention of placing before his fellow countrymen the true position of Ireland in every branch of art and industry. We have omitted many most admirable portions of his essay; those, for example, on the manufacture of Glass, and on the Whiskey trade, and on Workhouses and Prisons, in which he fully agrees with the opinions advanced by Mr. Hill in his work *On Crime*,\* that the Workhouse and the Gaol should be considered as industrial schools for the destitute and the criminal.

Our author has apologized for any apparent incompleteness or inaccuracy perceptible in his work, because it was written in moments snatched from his duties as Mayor of a large city, as a member of Parliament, and as a public journalist; but, in truth, if the book contained, as it does not contain, very many

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\* See Hill On Crime, p. 190.

faults of composition, they would be more than relieved by the able manner in which so vast an amount of important national information is written and condensed. To have attempted to teach a people their true strength is no small cause for self-congratulation ; to have shown that, without aid or bounty from the legislature, many noble branches of manufacture have been successfully carried on ; to have been the first to trace the rise and progress of various industrial movements, all resulting in the good of Ireland, entitles the man who has accomplished it to the highest praise, because he has thus tried to achieve the first and greatest act of true patriotism—showing to a nation that self reliance, and honest, well directed, persevering industry, are the surest sources of success. To prove to the people that their soil is not less fruitful than that of any country under heaven, that they themselves are not less capable of achieving prosperity than other people in the universe, is the duty of every lover of this land ; it was the neutral ground on which all the politicians of the days since the Union were enabled to meet in amity, it was the teaching of O'Connell and Doctor Boyton, it was the constantly urged doctrine of Frederick William Conway, of Remmy Sheehan, and of Nicholas Murray Mansfield, who all, however widely they might differ on other subjects, were united in this, that their country required but a fair measure of commercial justice to render it one of the most prosperous of nations. This was the opinion, one hundred and thirty years ago, expressed by Swift when he wrote, "It is a very melancholy reflection that such a country as ours, which is capable of producing all things necessary, and most things convenient for life, sufficient for the support of four times the number of its inhabitants, should yet lie under the heaviest load of misery and want ; our streets crowded with beggars, so many of our lower sort of tradesmen, labourers, and artificers, not able to find food or clothes for their families. It is ever to be lamented that we lie under many disadvantages, *not by our own faults*, which are peculiar to ourselves, and of which no other country under heaven hath any reason to complain."

We long for the day when Ireland shall be united with England as closely and as identically, in interests and prosperity, as Yorkshire or as Cheshire ; and when the idiot fancy of independence, and the gorgeous day dream of Repeal shall be so completely dispelled, that those words, uttered by the most

vulgar platform orator, shall draw hisses from the most raffish of the most thoughtless of his mobbish auditors. We know that those men, who live by debauching the public mind, and who find that appeals to the ignorance of a people pay better, and more surely, than attempts honestly made to teach the country its real advantages, will endeavour to prevent this much-to-be-desired consummation, by hinting at French assistance, and American aid; but men like Dargan, and books such as that of Mr. Maguire, crush the hope, and refute the opinions of those who would make Ireland "independent," that is, a military station for France or America, and a battle ground for the great nations of the world. THE IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW has dealt somewhat roughly with those fungus politicians, and has exposed itself to much abuse, but for this we were and are, prepared. We do not, however, "like to be despised," but we forgive the anger of those who may feel their pockets injured by our efforts—even whilst, in the words of Sydney Smith, we wish them to remember, "that it is not the practice with destroyers of vermin to allow the little victims a *veto* upon the weapons used against them. If this were otherwise, we should have one set of vermin banishing small-tooth combs; another protesting against mouse-traps; a third prohibiting the finger and thumb; a fourth exclaiming against the intolerable infamy of using soap and water. It is impossible, however, to listen to such pleas. They must be all caught, killed, and crushed, in the manner, and by the instruments which are found most efficacious to their destruction; and the more they cry out, the greater, plainly, is the skill used against them." *The Times* newspaper has been accused of slandering this country with an unmitigated, unchanging virulence, but certain papers of our own, so called, popular press, are the foulest libellers of the island. Faction, both here and in England, has misrepresented the Irish nation, therefore it is that such books as this now before us are the best advocates of our interests, and such essayists as Mr. Maguire and Sir Robert Kane the truest friends of Ireland.

And there is great hope for the old island; a glorious harvest is smiling on her, the potato once more flourishing, whilst some evil habits engendered by its former plentifulness are obliterated: with manufactures again beginning to revive, we may reasonably hope, as we have witnessed a revolution formed by the act of the Almighty, more awful than the bloodiest ever

perpetrated by man, that the first faint rosy light of dawning prosperity is about to smile upon the land, and that we may soon, looking through the sad vista of the past, know the truth of that genial, hopeful, Irish, thought—

“’Tis always the darkest the hour before day.”

Noble-minded Irishmen were never wanting in duty to their country. Patriotism was in the heart of the Nation, but, alas! the spirit and soul of slavery pervaded and guided the Legislature. All advice was vain.—More than one hundred years ago Molyneux and Madden directed the attention of the Parliament to the trade of Ireland; and, as Dargan endeavours now, so Madden attempted then, to advance the interests of the nation from his own private fortune.\* These appeals were all vain. The Draco spirit of the revenue laws became more severe and unrelenting, and from the year 1740, to the year 1759, twenty-four swamping restrictions were imposed on Irish trade—our manufacturers were treated as enemies, and an embargo was laid upon Irish exports.

The government support of the linen trade was as nothing, when contrasted in effects with the oppressions exercised against all other important branches of Irish commerce. The true cause for wonder is, not that our manufactures are so few, but rather that Ireland possesses manufactures of any description whatever. Misruled, as she confessedly was, her people were turbulent and dissatisfied, and during the twenty-seven years extending from 1796, to 1823, *The Insurrection Act* was seventeen years in force, whilst *The Habeas Corpus Act* was three times suspended—the periods of its suspension extending over ten years—this was not a state of society calculated to encourage trade or manufactures, but it owed its origin to the destruction of both. We freely admit that England performed some portion of her part in that infamous contract, by which the old woollen manufacture was bartered for the promised government support, of the falsely called, recent, linen trade. But those who now carry on the linen manufacture must do so at their own risk, the annual Parliamentary grant of £21,000 having been withdrawn for a period of twenty-three years.

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\* For a detailed account of the great efforts made by the Rev. Samuel Madden to develop the resources and industry of Ireland, see ante, Art. IV., pp. 721 to 724. Ed.

The history of this withdrawal of the grant is as remarkable, and as worthy of record, as its origin.

The last Committee upon the linen manufacture sat in the year 1825. They had before them Foster's, Lord Oriel, paper on the linen trade, which appeared in the year 1815, and they did all that an honest Committee could attempt, in impressing upon Parliament the necessity of continuing the grant. They were of opinion that Parliament was bound, by the pledged promise of William III., to support the trade; and they stated that Ireland had, "undoubtedly, strong claims at least to the extent of the annual Parliamentary grant," and that, "the trade having acquired a degree of advancement in the North, a most zealous attention ought to be exerted for the purpose of extending it to the other parts of Ireland." This Committee further resolved, that, "a fund being provided for the encouragement and advancement of the linen manufacture of Ireland, and legislative enactments for the regulation of that manufacture being necessary, together with officers appointed responsible for the execution thereof; some superintending authority is required to make due application of such fund, to controul the conduct of such officers, to receive and decide upon the claims of those taking interest in promoting the manufacture, and in hearing and redressing the complaints of parties concerned or connected with the trade." These recommendations and resolutions of the Committee were unavailing. The Linen Board was doomed to destruction at the first favorable moment. The grant of £21,000 was voted for the last time in 1827; in 1828, it was reduced to 10,000, and in the succeeding year was entirely withdrawn, and the Linen and Yarn Halls are now transformed into barracks—thus has the compact of 1698 been observed, and that promise of William III. to the English Parliament—"I shall do all that in me lies to discourage the woollen manufacture in Ireland, and to promote *and encourage the linen manufacture there*, and to promote the trade of England," must now be read with the omission of that portion which we have placed in italics.\* But knowing this, and

\* In the month of July just past, the Reports of the Linen Board, the copy belonging to the Commissioners, beautifully bound, was offered for sale by a respectable bookseller: the price asked for the set, wanting two volumes, was £5; the highest sum offered by any public institution, was £3—and the books are now in Russia, having been purchased at £5 by the Minister of Public Instruction. It will be almost impossible to collect again so complete a set of these Reports.

remembering the history we have given of our trade, and learning from Mr. Maguire's book, and seeing in the Dargan Exhibition the real position of our country, who can doubt that our people are, at length, self reliant, and that, from what we believed to be our misery, has sprung the first sure evidence of our future prosperity. We have not tried, we repeat, to rouse angry feelings: not a page of *THE IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW* has ever been, nor shall it be, prostituted to serve a factious purpose; but we never have forgotten, we never can cease to remember, that it bears *IRISH* in its title, and that the truest friend of England is he who states facts, plainly, honestly, and openly, upon all subjects connected with that country and with Ireland. There is an Irish scoundrelism which mis-states facts to serve a party, but there is an Irish scoundrelism and flunkeyism commingled which fears to state facts honestly—Sir Robert Kane and Mr. Maguire have, each in his sphere, dared to tell the truth, and shewn that England has all to gain by incorporation with us, and thus the follies and crimes of English Parliaments may be atoned—those Parliaments of which Jeffrey wrote,—“Without pretending to enumerate, or even class, the several charges which might be brought against them, or to determine what weight should be allowed to the temptations or provocations by which they might be palliated, we think it easier and far more important to remark, that the only secure preventive would have been an early, an equal, and complete incorporating union of the two countries:—and that the only effectual cure for the misery occasioned by its having been so long delayed, is to labour, heartily and in earnest, still to render it equal and complete. The only remedy is to identify and amalgamate them throughout—to mix up the oppressors and the oppressed—to take away all privileges and distinctions, by fully communicating them,—and render abuses impossible, by confounding their victims with their authors.” Thus the “Bedouin Arabs and the degraded Chinese,” as Sir Archibald Alison considers the Celt, will become one with the “English yeoman.”

We have quoted the opinions of English authors in support of our views, and we have done so, because we are unwilling that any reader should suppose that we write as partizans, whilst fairly reviewing an honest book, which we recommend to all who love the advancement of Ireland, and the advantage of the United Kingdom.



ART. VI.—ART IN OUR METROPOLIS.—AN IRISH  
NATIONAL GALLERY.

- 1.—*Official Catalogue of the Great Industrial Exhibition.*  
Dublin: John Falconer. 1853.
- 2.—*Supplement to the Official Catalogue of the Great Industrial  
Exhibition. The Gallery of Old Masters.* Dublin:  
J. M. O'Toole. 1853.
- 3.—*The Exhibition of the Royal Hibernian Academy. The  
Twenty-Seventh.* Dublin: Clarke and Son. 1853.

THE most perfect collection of pictures that has ever been displayed in this country, is now in the Fine Arts Court of the Exhibition Building, in Merrion Square. Ancient and modern Art, in its various schools, is there represented, forming a gallery perhaps unexampled. One cannot but regret that, in a few months, these will all be dispersed. What a splendid National Gallery, those purchasable, would form in our city, where the want of such an institution has been long felt. A National Gallery for Ireland was one of the pet projects of the Royal Irish Art Union; but, like many other magnificent resolves, it came to nothing—for our ideas are generally much in advance of the ability to execute.

We ought to have a National Gallery in Dublin. Scotland has lately received a grant from Parliament for the formation of one—and why not Ireland? In the Report from the Select Committee on Arts, and Their Connection with Manufactures, presented to Parliament in the year 1836, it is stated by the Committee, “that from the higher branches of poetical design, down to the very lowest connexion between design and manufactures, the Arts have received little encouragement in this country; attributable, mainly, to the want of public instruction, and the absence of Galleries and Museums freely open. They would, therefore, recommend the establishment of Institutions throughout the Kingdom for the double purpose of Museums or Galleries, and for instruction practically as well as theoretically.” The Report further suggested, that “the principles of Design should form a portion of any permanent system of National Education.” Schools of Design have of late been established in various parts of the country,

and there is one now in Dublin, to which a public gallery would be a most useful and necessary adjunct. Care, however, must be taken that the course of instruction is not of that kind more likely to form artists, than designers for manufacture—and that there is a tendency to this abuse of the intention of Schools of Design is apparent. It is a very mistaken idea to suppose that an artist must, of necessity, be a good designer for manufactures, or that the same course of instruction will form the one and the other. A power of drawing is essential to both, but they have little else in common. Ornamentation is the very essence and spirit of design as applied to manufacture, but is a thing of no great moment to the artist, whose province is to instruct by representing to the eye what is beautiful in nature; therefore, except to give accurate notions of form, the study of the antique ought not to be much insisted on in these schools, for it may produce what is quite opposite to that which is intended, forming a multitude of bad artists.

It strikes us forcibly, however, that, in thus commencing with National Galleries, Academies of Art, and Schools of Design, the beginning has been made at the wrong end: it is like creating a supply before the demand has arisen. That the great mass of our population should be brought to admire what is beautiful and refined, in preference to that which is vulgar and debased, is universally admitted; as also that, in those respects, they are woefully deficient. A tendency to deface and injure whatever the more refined portion of the community take pleasure in, is, unquestionably, but too often manifested when it can be done with impunity. This is excellently pointed out in the following extract from Wyse's work on *Education Reform*:—

“We constantly complain of the indifference of our people, not merely to the cultivation of the fine arts, but even to their preservation. In our towns, statues are maimed, if not protected by iron bars and an ever-vigilant police; in our churches, fees are exacted as barriers against the indiscriminate vulgar; in our palaces, tickets and permissions are necessary, in order to secure the proprietor against all chance of injury to his property: we have no nice instincts among our people—no national love of the fine arts to rely on—to appeal to. In Italy, every man is a protector of these productions, for every man is an admirer. The Vatican on Sundays is crowded with Sabine mountaineers, quietly enjoying their walk through the noble

works of sculpture and painting with which its galleries are so profusely adorned. The festival of the Adobbo of Bologna has year after year taken place, without a scratch occurring to a single picture. During its continuance, the most precious paintings and tapestry are hung up in the public streets. Yet our shops are open, and our parks uninjured. The reason of the difference is simple : our education is *commercial*, but not *aesthetic*. To complain of the effect is puerile : it is to complain that we reap what we have sown. A habit of seeing and understanding—but above all, of *feeling* these pleasures at an early period, would make them pleasures during the remainder of life. Bull baits, and boxing matches, and cock fights, might perhaps still continue ; but this would be one more means of weaning the people from those gladiatorial amusements natural only to an uncivilised or degenerate populace.”\*

Nothing will counteract this tendency but making drawing an essential and invariable portion of education—as much a matter of course as reading and writing—than which latter it is not more difficult. Drawing is but a combination of straight and curved lines, and this practice is exactly what writing consists of—especially in the early lessons. It is a mistake to assume that the power of drawing is a gift conferred only on a few. Such it is, undoubtedly, in its highest manifestations—as likewise the poetic spirit—but any man who can speak and write can put his ideas on paper, although far, indeed, from being a poet. A common peasant will often have occasion to recollect a peculiar construction, either of house, instrument, or the appearance of a plant. The artisan, the mechanic, absolutely require it—a stroke of a pencil is often worth in accuracy, to say nothing of the economy in time and labor, a thousand written words. From whom do most of our mechanical improvements originate ? Naturally, from men most acquainted with practice—from workmen—not from scientific men, theorists, &c. How many more might originate if they had better instruments to work with—if they possessed an adequate knowledge of drawing.

If there should be established in our city a National Gallery, it may be worth considering what ought to be the nature of

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\* Education Reform, by Thomas Wyse, Esq., p. 197. London : Longman. 1836.

its contents. Such an Institution means the collection of the choicest works of art that the nation contains or can procure; it is also meant to exemplify the past and present state of the arts in the country. The latter is perhaps the most legitimate and true object of a National Gallery, it is at least the one which the circumstances of Ireland would more readily admit, as the expense of forming a gallery of the works of the Old Masters would be enormous—that is, supposing really good and genuine specimens were obtained—and if they were not of this character, it would be far better to have none. The genuine productions by the celebrated of the Old Masters are scarcer than is imagined; and from the great demand to fill the various galleries now formed, or being formed, throughout Europe, they will inevitably become more scarce, and still higher priced. The immense sum recently paid by the French government for a Murillo is in every body's recollection—a price utterly beyond what any painting, however excellent, ought to be worth, and sufficient to purchase a very excellent, and tolerably numerous, gallery of more modern art. Therefore a National Gallery in Dublin exemplifying art as it was, and is, in Ireland, would for many reasons be the most desirable. English art should also form a portion of its contents, as it is in point of fact *our* art. Irishmen have contributed to form the excellence of the British School; and we have Scotch and English artists localised in Ireland. The time has gone by for nationality being converted into antagonism: English, Irish, and Scotch, are one people.

The Vernon Gallery, if joined with the works of the earlier English artists will give a fair idea of the sort of collection that should, in our opinion, be formed. Those who think all excellence is in the works of the Old Masters will, of course, cavil most loudly at our proposal; especially when they happen also to be collectors, willing to gratify the nation by disposing of, for a due equivalent, some of their gems; but we are of these who think that the present race of men are just as capable of excellence as those who lived two or three centuries ago; and that a gallery of comparatively modern works, judiciously selected and arranged, will answer every purpose of a more ancient collection, and at a tithe of the cost. To the student of art, ambitious of becoming an artist, it is perhaps useful to enjoy opportunities of studying the celebrated works of the Old Masters; and a little travel, with a trifling expenditure, in

those days of rapid communication, will place him in the Louvre—in Belgium—in the Gallery of Munich—or even in Italy: but let it be borne in mind, that the utility of much studying, or copying, of the Old Masters, is greatly over-rated—many of our best artists only saw the *chefs d'œuvre* of antiquity when they had themselves reached the height of their fame; and very many others, after years of study from the same works, came home, and never achieved any reputation whatever.\*

With regard to the architectural features of a National Gallery in Dublin, we have no doubt that in externals it will not be inferior to the various public edifices which already adorn the city, and of which we have really some just reason to be proud, without falling into the too prevalent fault of glorifying everything Irish—but as to the internal arrangement, we are by no means assured of propriety of adaptation; for nearly all the galleries, specially designed for the display of art, by architects, are unfitted for that end. Architects seem to think a lofty room the grand desideratum, utterly forgetful of the works which must, in such circumstances, be placed high. Loftiness of proportion in a building, without special fitness for the intended purpose, cannot be held as architectural art, it is then merely ornamental; but there is no reason why lofty proportions should not be conjoined with utility. A room calculated for the proper exhibition of paintings, should allow of nearly all being looked at from a point not much above the level of the eye; it is the position in which a work has been painted—and therefore only in a similar one can the picture have its due effect—for an artist insensibly, almost inevitably, makes his composition and arrangement of light and shadow, to suit the point of view from which habitually he sees it—and most difficult it would be so to arrange his effect as only to look well from a different one. Exhibition rooms should, therefore, be sixty feet in width, at the least, lofty in proportion, and of any length. This will surely afford sufficient scope for architectural beauty—which a building for such a purpose should pre-eminently possess. From each wall should project a gallery, supported upon piers, in height from twelve to fourteen feet; the space between the piers walled up, and on that wall should

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\* To learn its effect on Barry, see IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. X., Art. Barry, The Historical Painter.

hang the pictures, the tops of which would not, of course, be higher from the ground than about twelve feet; the space underneath the galleries could be made available for the various rooms and offices that might be required; and on the main wall in the galleries, pictures could also be hung to the same height as in the lower compartment. The breadth of the galleries would be about fifteen feet, and upon the ballusters, at intervals, busts and small pieces of sculpture might be appropriately placed. It would also be requisite that the entrance to such a room should be at one end, upon a half-pace; so that from it an equal number of steps would lead down to the central hall, and up to the galleries. The large sculpture would occupy the vestibule. The present disposition of the octagon Gallery of the Antique, in the Royal Hibernian Academy, will, on a small scale, give an example of the arrangement we have endeavoured to describe. We have not referred to the matter of light, because the arrangement in that essential has hitherto been very good: the desideratum is to have the lantern windows at a great height.

The Fine Arts Hall, in the Great Industrial Exhibition, is no exception to the usual faulty arrangement of Galleries of art, and it must be regretted, that in designing this structure, Sir John Benson did not, by the exercise of a little thought and research, make it more adapted for its peculiar purpose; a lengthy room is the only thing produced or intended—not even appropriately painted, as the spotty and varied effect of the pictures is most harshly and disagreeably contrasted with the monotonous drab color of the walls and ceiling. A deviation was made from the general plan in the Machinery court, in order to render it more adapted for its special use, and a similar procedure ought to have been followed in that of the Fine Arts—much more room would have been gained, and no necessity would have existed for placing the works of the Old Masters apart in their present ill chosen position. Appropriateness of arrangement did not, however, appear to have given much concern to those who hung the pictures: they seem to have been most hurriedly and indiscriminately placed, like disagreeable work to be got through, no matter how. In some instances, it is true, that pictures of a class and school, are hung in proximity—but a great deal of this improvement is of latter origin, under the superintendence of Mr. John Gernon—whose arrangements are most excellent; but, unfor-

unately, that gentleman's efforts have been principally confined to remedying former mistakes, and making the best of a bad bungle. A great portion of the real utility of an exhibition, containing such excellent material, is educational; to spread a popular knowledge of the history of arts, and to develop a sense of the beautiful. Such is the paramount object, we conceive, of displays like the present, and not mere raree shows. The arranging, therefore, into well marked and defined schools, so that he who runs may read, would have been a primary essential: at present, even with the aid of a catalogue, and some knowledge of art likewise, it is difficult to distinguish the different schools, so closely are the pictures placed and intermingled; and how few, comparatively, possess a catalogue. It is too much a practice in all Exhibitions, for the managers to attach great importance to a catalogue—and it seems as if it were looked to as a means of revenue. Every exertion is used to make it necessary, as, in multitudes of instances, where information by means of labels could easily be afforded, none is given. Generally speaking, people think the price paid for admission a sufficient expenditure, and resist the additional demand for a catalogue as an imposition, apart from which, appealing incessantly to it for an explanation, and searching for numbers, is a most intolerable nuisance. Not one in twenty of the visitors to any exhibition have catalogues, and, therefore, a great deal of the interest, and much of the utility, is lost to those so situated. The study of all managers of exhibitions ought to be to render a catalogue as much as possible unnecessary, especially in art displays, where money getting is not supposed to be the primary object. We write thus of a National Gallery, and of the Exhibition Fine Art display, as we consider the former must spring from the interest excited by the latter, and we are anxious that the errors of the one should not be repeated in the other.

In the Dargan Exhibition there is almost a total absence of works illustrative of the British Water Color School—a want the more to be regretted as it is peculiarly a British Art—and has reached a degree of excellence quite unexampled. The British school, generally, is not so well, nor so fully represented as might be expected; however, we are inclined to think the committee can scarcely be held responsible for this, as only a very small portion of the works contributed have been forwarded by artists; for the

most part, private collections have been the source from which the committee derived most assistance; although now, when an exposition has been formed, far beyond what could have been anticipated, numbers are willing to co-operate who then held back. The committee are blameable in this wise—that they were so ill advised as to prohibit the admission of portraits—thereby giving a most uncalled for, and gratuitous insult to a large class of the artists—the rule appears to have been relaxed in various instances, which is unfair, but the committee were plainly placed in a dilemma by their hasty resolve—as by observing the rule they would be obliged to exclude numbers of most desirable contributions—for instance, the *Portrait of a Friar* (380), by Titian, and *Portrait of a Burgomaster* (553) by Rembrandt, both master-pieces of art; and, beyond all doubt, the committee should have formed a gallery of portraits of eminent Irishmen. This resolution of excluding portraits is much to be deplored. However, the specimens of British art show that we can bear comparison with any foreign school; but were other works added, which we could name, our pre-eminence would have been most apparent.

Those who compare the ancient with the modern schools of painting will, most probably, give the palm to the moderns, unless in those instances where a peculiar bias of mind has created a taste in art that only the old paintings can gratify. The antiquarian will, for a similar reason, be always a great admirer of the more ancient productions. Schlegel says that all the arts and sciences have improved except Sculpture—meaning, probably, that as the Greeks attained to perfection in this art, moderns can do no more. But Painting has unquestionably improved, and in nothing is this so evident as in the greater knowledge and education of the modern artist:—anachronisms, mistakes of costume, of national customs, and of peculiarities of race, abound in even the finest works of the Old Masters, which would not be tolerated in modern works. An artist now a days requires to be almost a universally informed man. A much greater attention to naturalness, and truth of expression in all objects, is apparent in modern paintings—especially evident in the landscapes—which are immensely beyond any similar productions of the old masters. When the lower animals are introduced with human figures, they are most accurately rendered by the modern schools. In the olden works any animals that happen to be represented are most inferior and



incorrect—in remarkable contrast to the excellent portraying of the human figure—and there are numerous paintings of various modern schools in the Exhibition, wherein the human figure and expression are as finely treated as in any works of any period.

Few visitors possess sufficient knowledge of art-history to duly appreciate some of the older specimens amongst the works of the ancient masters. Numbers who now regard the altar-piece by Cimabue (No. 719) with feelings of contempt and ridicule, because of its juxtaposition with productions of a later date, infinitely superior, would, by a different arrangement, and some appended information, have been brought to view it as the early manifestation of genius, breaking through the darkness in which art was enveloped in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries—they would look upon Cimabue as one of those gifted men who live, if we may write it, before their time, and who are the originators of the excellence which succeeding races of men achieve. Such works require to be viewed with reference to the age in which they were painted, and to the effect which they produced upon the people of that period. So, likewise, of Van Eyck's *Adoration of the Kings*, (625) the works of Albert Durer, and Holbein's *Portrait of Henry VIII.* These all lose their true value, from its not being made apparent. The different schools, both of the ancients and moderns, should have been arranged separately, with some defined and evident interval, so that comparisons might be made, and an incentive given to thought. At present the collection is like a mass of information so ill arranged, as to be nearly useless for reference or instruction; and what renders this the more to be regretted is, that the same trouble, pains, and expense, judiciously expended, would have accomplished all that can be desired. There is a deplorable want of classification, not but that an attempt has been made, for amongst the modern schools, to some extent, classification has been carried out; but for want of any defined interval to the eye, between the different schools, they are not recognized sufficiently. In fact, without the catalogue, there is almost no classification. It is plain that the committee became aware of this want when too late, entirely, to remedy it, as is evidenced by the subsequent arrangement of the Old Masters in a separate room, and the supplemental catalogue which they have lately issued, and which contains much popular and useful information. We have alluded to

these matters solely in a regretful spirit, because we know the committee to be a high-minded body of gentlemen, who have used their greatest energies, and brought the best intentions to the work ; and when such a multitude of matters had to be met, and contingencies to be provided for, it is only human that there should be some little shortcomings. We can but account for this on a principle of Christopher North's, who dolefully laments that gentlemen, in all they undertake, whether in painting, music, literature, building, farming, or hunting, are certain to be excelled by professionals. Looking, however, at their labors, in a general point of view, they have reason to be very self-gratulant, and the country has reason to pride itself upon the successful result of their efforts.

We have hitherto avoided anything like criticism upon the works of art, chiefly because we think the public has had enough, and to spare, of it by this time. Not but that some very good critiques have been written upon the Exhibition pictures. In most, however, a particular tone of thought gives a partiality for some walk of art, and suffers no excellence to be recognised save what is in accord with it. This is most evident in the otherwise clever remarks upon Painting and Sculpture, which have appeared in a periodical denominated *The Expositor*, specially devoted of the contents of the Great Exhibition. The writer appears to have a most profound admiration for paintings illustrative of religious subjects—only exceeded by his (or her) love for saints. The works of the old masters which, for the most part, were of this character, are more especially the object of the writer's laudation, and it is difficult for those not possessed of a similar turn of mind to agree with his deductions. When those works were painted, churches were the only galleries, and, with few exceptions, churchmen the only patrons. It followed, that Religion, and the lives of holy men, would naturally form the subjects ; in those times, also, mankind were more credulous, and easier pleased. The various legends of the early fathers of the church were implicitly believed, and a literal representation of them in painting was looked upon with awe and veneration. It was, doubtless, a feeling of this kind, more than a love for art, which made the inhabitants of Florence carry Cimabue's picture of the Virgin in procession through their streets, to the church of St. Maria Novella.\* This feeling regarding those

\* See Wiseman's Essays, and Mrs. Jameson's Legends of the Madonna.

paintings is altogether wanting amongst the moderns, who do not permit the subject, if bad, to save the picture from the most unequivocal condemnation. It is, therefore, a useless endeavour to try, by praising only this department of art, to create a similar taste now. Shakspeare's tragedy of *Macbeth* is admired, but the terror once attachable to witches is now impossible to be understood by a modern audience; yet, in his time, the weird sisters must have been thought horrible, and doubtless were intended by him to excite fear and dread. No powers of acting are capable of exciting this in a modern audience—no power of art can kindle the feeling which existed in the simple minds of the people of the middle ages, in the bosoms of the present race.

The same turn of mind is evident in the critical remarks upon the sculpture—which is praised inordinately for the possession of some supposed quality that is impossible to be realized or understood—and works very similar are dispraised, because of not having this most incomprehensible perfection. Mac Dowell, for instance, is peculiarly the object of extravagant laudation because of this quality—witness the following from the third number of the *Expositor* :—

"In the *Eve* of MacDowell both the reasons above alluded to for the choice of the naked figure unite. Historically necessary, the pure form of a woman is also chosen as the *highest expression of her highest quality*, and in this lovely figure we have, indeed, the very personified Purity of her whole race. The lovely Eve rests against the shoot of the fatal tree, round which the serpent insinuates himself near her, with his suggestions to her curiosity and ambition. She pauses yet a while in doubt, she is hesitating towards guilt already, she is still but on its threshold, and we behold her in the last moment of her innocence indeed, but still innocent. An instant later, *and her beauteous form could no longer truly express what God had created it for*. A day before, and we should have had, indeed, the loveliness of Paradise; but we should have missed the suggestion of our race's history. The attitude is charmingly suggestive of childlike innocence, and the expression of the little graceful features shows all that fawn-like girlishness which one cannot help attributing to the maiden Eve, sporting in the primeval garden. Her intellect is just asserted by her doubting, yet the form of her head does not express much of it;—that, perhaps, would be inconsistent with the very history itself. *The curling, flowing hair and rounded face tell you those tresses are of gold, and those eyes of gentle blue*, more completely than a very painting; and while the admirer is full of gladness at the soft and graceful form (and especially the exquisitely modelled arms) he recognizes in the attitude of the right hand and arm flung over the head, taken together with *the abstracted eye*

*and the smile already sinking into solemn stillness, an unconsciousness of any presence but God's—an unconsciousness of self which amounts to a sense of the entire propriety and naturalness of her costume;—all which conveys to the mind in its best and most unobtrusive form the full instinct of perfect Purity."*

In the above description of purity we fear the writer resembles Mr. Ruskin in incomprehensibility—we are likewise utterly unable to understand how he discovered that the "tresses are of gold," and the eyes "gentle blue," of MacDowell's statue, and what physical alteration of form he supposed could have taken place after the fall—"an instant later." If the highest quality of woman is to be well formed—verily we are struck with wonder.—Shakspeare has it that nature's gifts to women are mightily misplaced—

"For those that she makes fair, she scarce makes honest : and those that she makes honest, she makes very ill favouredly."

The writer is of opinion that, "considered strictly in the essence of its design, the most perfect of all God's works is the *yet undegraded form* of man." Now what form is that? Not the form of man as he is, for this he supposes is degraded. Then what model for form is an artist to take? Further, he writes, that this excellence of form consists, "not in the mere expression of countenance," but "in the perfect and appropriate form *and color* of every part of his frame." How is the sculptor—for whose use and benefit this has been specially written—to give color? then follows :—

"And in woman, the Complement of this self-sufficing intellectual character and protecting physical power—in woman the finer sensitiveness of a purer moral nature, the softer and more delicate instincts of a tenderer and more devotional spirit, gain expression in that wonderful series of soft and richly-flowing lines which make her perfect figure the very embodiment of the highest *grace* which the Divine Creator formed into life."

If this is anything it is nonsense, forming moreover, an admirable specimen of a style that appears to be growing in this city—and which many people take for fine writing—poetry—save the mark! The use of the word "technical," as applied to manipulation, is also very frequent in these papers, and is altogether a misapplication; it is, so used, a twin brother of the term "word painting," which the fine-writing school have lately introduced, to designate an author's description. The writer thinks that—"a *perfect statue* even where it consists of

*only a single figure*, ought to be equally complete in its outlines from whatever point, around, in front, behind, or at any side," and, growing enthusiastic, he tells us that, looking at it,—

"From all these positions you cannot contemplate this delicious work, without being charmed with the vigorous grace, the harmonious attitude, and correct and sweetly moderated proportions of the figure, but its effect is better than merely to charm the eye, for the longer you study it the more you will become filled with its expression,—which is Purity. Here, at last, there is a work of art which fulfils the higher requirements of art, for it improves, elevates, ennobles the student of it. The only blemish in the *Eve* consists, perhaps, in the position of the lower limbs. It has been remarked, too, that the lower part of the body appears too large or too prominent, and this will probably be found to arise from the comparative slenderness of the limbs from the hip to the knee."

It is amusing to see how tenderly this suppositious blemish is alluded to; but there are differences of opinion, on this "*lower part of the body being too large or too prominent.*" Leigh Hunt, writing of the "*far famed Venus de Medici,*" observes that—"The timid praises which cold northern criticism ventures to bestow upon naked beauty, are not calculated to do it justice. We first vulgarize our terms with a coarse imagination, and then are afraid to do justice to what they express. It would be difficult nowadays to convey, in English, the impression of the Italian word *flanchi* (flanks) with the requisite delicacy, in speaking of the naked human figure. We use it to mean only the sides of an army, of a fortified place, or of a beast. Yet the words *rilevati flanchi* (flanks in relief) are used by the greatest Italian poets to express a beauty, eminent among all beautiful females who are not pinched and spoilt by modern fashions; and this is particularly the case with the figure which the sculptor presented to his mind in forming the *Venus de Medici*. But to those who have seen the *Venus* of Canova, it is sufficient to say, that in all which constitutes the loveliness of the female figure, the *Venus de Medici* is the reverse of that lank and insipid personage."

MacDowell's statue of *Eve* is a very truthful and a most perfect representation of the nude figure of a woman, and that is as much as a sculptor can achieve, or that the art will admit of. It might be called *Indecision*, or a *Bather Fearful of the Water*, or *Innocence*, according to the ideas suggested by the statue to the mind of the beholder—the only thing

that makes it Eve is the conventional serpent coiled round the "fatal tree," and the word EVE would have answered just as well—put a rock instead of the tree, and some sea shells in lieu of the serpent, and then it will serve for a Bather, or for Calypso thinking of Ulysses after his departure. We have made the above extracts because they afford a fair sample of a great deal of very prevalent bathos, about this, and similar works, which it is not desirable should gain currency—such hyperbole and extravagance of language is likely to do great mischief, besides there is so much absurdity in praising Irish artists' contributions, as the "loveliest and noblest works, graceful in form as they are faultless in expression," and decrying others, that are in all essentials just as clever. Bailey's "Eve at the Fountain" is a work perfectly upon a par with MacDowell's "Eve"—yet it is thus spoken of in No. 13 of the "Expositor"—

"In Mr. BAILEY's figure the only end sought is mere technical correctness of detail, and he seems to have lost sight of the necessity for something more than that correctness. Accordingly, though the attitude be simple and effective, though the model from which he moulded his figure be accurately copied on the whole, and though the composition be so careful that the outlines are in every part soft, smooth, flowing, and agreeable, still it is impossible not to feel that the work which ought to be idealized is after all no more than a portrait of that which exists in the ordinary life around us, and means nothing more than the development of ordinary human health. It is in his thus exhibiting but the merest actuality in style that the English follower chiefly fails in comparison with his Italian masters: for Canova always ardently sought those proportions by which the highest ideal beauty was attained by the Greeks, and, as he imagined, might be attained by a modern; and he only failed by trusting too much to imitation, to the eclectic principle upon which the disciples of the correctness of the Carracci School wrecked their genius and what creative power they possessed. Such beauty as the present statue possesses is altogether passive, and were there no Catalogue entry or inscription to tell its name, it might be taken for some tired nymph of Diana, instead of the pure and noble creature intended to be represented."

Bailey has deservedly reached to eminence in his profession, and is a Royal Academician of several years standing—his works in the Exhibition, or elsewhere, are not deficient in any qualities which they ought to possess—therefore, when MacDowell is in comparison so much bepraised, we fear it may be ascribed to his being an Irishman. We hope THE IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW is free from such patriotism.

Bailey exhibits "The Three Graces," a very beautiful group, which the writer in the "Expositor" also thus depreciates :—

"Fearful perhaps of too close an imitation of what had been well done before (in the celebrated painting of Raffaele, and the equally well known marble of Canova, not to speak of other examples), Mr. Bailey avoided the usual arrangement of placing the Three on their feet and grouping them on terms of equality. He has accordingly adopted the sitting and reclining attitudes, and in doing so he has thought it essential strictly to follow the academic rule of the pyramid, and one of the sisters is elevated upon a high seat while the others are disposed at her feet, yet one of them only reclining, and the third seated, so as to occupy a position exactly intermediate in height in relation to her companions. This is composition by rule of three, we presume, as taught in the Academy, but it is the farthest possible from that of an Artist, for it *means* nothing at all."

This is in the worst style of Mr. Ruskin's flippant, would be, sarcastic manner in decrying those rules of art which long experience, and the united researches of gifted men in various times, have established. The form of the pyramid is the most general in nature ; all her works mould themselves into this shape ; trees and plants invariably present it ; and animals or other objects forming a group, resemble a pyramid, because of the laws of optics which always make the nearest apparently the largest. So that unless placed in a right line they must take this form, and a line is the rarest thing in nature : a river never flows in a strait line ; no one ever saw cattle lie down in a field like a rank of soldiers ; in fact, diversity of form and arrangement is universal, and even the very word pyramid shows how nature acts. The inconsistency, too, is most glaring, of blaming Bailey for doing that for effecting which praise is given to Raffaele and Canova. The celebrated group of the Graces, by Canova, is a pyramidal group, as he has represented the middle Sister much taller than the others, who look up to her : and Raffaele has done the same. The critic states that the Greek idea of the Graces was of three sisters, exactly equal, exactly alike, and that they were always represented "standing or sitting, on perfect equality, and holding each other by the hand." Can it be that he thinks Bailey should have represented them all standing in the same attitude, side by side ? The only work of art we remember to have heard of that is so treated, is the picture of the *Vicar of Wakefield's* family. As to the "affectation of drapery which just serves to exclude the beautiful intention of the Greek," we could

have wished it away ; it is too small for any purpose of utility, and rather serves to suggest that the figures are unclothed ; a perfectly nude figure is never indelicate in sculpture, being what the art is most fitted to portray ; drapery must be of very simple character, or it appears heavy, and all else sculpture represents disadvantageously. We have dwelt upon this style of criticism, because we believe that it is calculated to injure the dawning taste of our people : they should not be taught thus.—“Teaching we learn” is a wise thought, and very admirable for the instructor, but not so excellent for the instructed.

It is much to be regretted that some arrangement was not effected between the Committee of the Great Exhibition, and the Council of the Royal Hibernian Academy, so that the annual exhibition of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture, of the latter body, might have been held under the same roof. That the state of the Fine Arts in Ireland is so inadequately represented in the latter, is deplorable, as only a very small number of the artists of this country contributed, and these sparingly, and not, by any means, their best works. The foreign visitors will be more especially disappointed at this strange proceeding, and will, most probably, leave Ireland with the idea that our progress in art is in even a less advanced state than it really occupies. We believe some attempt at co-operation was made, but the particulars have not transpired ; had such taken place, both parties would have been gainers thereby ; as at present the Exhibition Committee are open to the reproach of having ransacked Europe for works, whilst not showing the common love for home, cherished even amongst untutored savages, by seeking to display fittingly the works of their fellow countrymen. The Academy, too, can expect but a moiety of the visitors of the Great Exhibition to view their Collection—so comparatively inferior in point both of numbers and excellence. It was, perhaps, a good deal to expect that the Academy should forego the fund derivable from the proceeds of their Exhibition, and make a sacrifice, merely because a wealthy individual thought fit to be philanthropic. But when we consider the large sums expended—we might almost say lavished—upon matters, certainly not more important or interesting, by the Committee, the conclusion is inevitable that no pecuniary feeling could have been the obstacle. Certainly, the exhibition of the Royal Hibernian Academy would have more appro-



priately occupied the Fine Arts Hall, than the Mediæval Court or the Gallery of Antiquities ; but, as we have already remarked, by a proper disposition of the Exhibition Building, there would have been ample room for all.

We hope it was owing to no unwillingness on the part of the Academy to co-operate that this course was adopted by the Committee; from several years experience of the proceedings of that body, we very much incline to the idea of its success being as fallacious a hope as ever Turner embodied, in that famous manuscript from which he was so fond of painting extraordinary pictures. In truth, the Academicians do many things they ought by all means to leave undone, and omit the performance of a great deal that they ought to accomplish ; but, whether of omission or commission, most of their sins are occasioned by the unfortunate constitution of the body, which limits the number of its members. It is owing to this fact that, although possessing a building rent free, in perpetuity, and £300 yearly from government—advantages enjoyed by no similar institution in Great Britain—it has achieved so little for the advancement of the Fine Arts. Elsewhere they designate our University “The Silent Sister,” but the estimation in which our Academy is held falls infinitely lower. There are many circumstances which have contributed to retard the progress of Art in Ireland, and it would, therefore, be most unjust to charge the Academy solely with a result which other causes also tend to produce. There is a vast deal more talk about Art, than understanding or appreciation of it : the middle classes in England are vastly before the same class in this country in a proper feeling for the Fine Arts ; they are in Ireland quite satisfied to excuse their apathy by the plea of want of capital ; but where there is a will, or inclination, there is a way. However, the Academy has, by no means, done its utmost : where so great slowness of appreciation of Art prevails, it becomes the more essential that the body of artists should co-operate, instead of which they have been split into factions, and the power which, if all combined, is not even sufficient for the exigency, is, unfortunately, turned against itself. This is almost altogether owing to the limited constitution of the Academy, the charter of which was formed upon the model of the London Royal Academy ; its promoters were, we doubt not, actuated by the best of motives, but they forgot the different circumstances of the two cities. The London Academy may suit all the purposes for which it

was founded (although that has been questioned) as forming a kind of aristocracy in Art, elected from the body of the artists, who are very numerous; but in Ireland all the available artistic talent would not form one efficient Society, as the whole body of the profession would not amount to twice the number of the present limited Royal Hibernian Academy, which consists of but fourteen Academicians, and ten Associates. It will always happen, too, that the best of its members will remove to London, as affording a wider field for genius. They will thus become absentee members, the tendency of which must be to make our Academy, practically, still more limited, and this very injury is at present experienced: of the fourteen Academicians, six, Burton, Crowley, Frazer, Moore, Rothwell, and Thompson, reside out of the country, and have done so for some years. The Academy is thus, for all local purposes, reduced to eight members, who are obliged to fill the following offices—President, Treasurer, Librarian, Secretary, Keeper, three Trustees, Professor of Painting, of Sculpture, of Architecture, four members of Council, three members of Hanging Committee, four visitors to Life Academy, &c., and one is inevitably forced to the conclusion, either the work to do is nominal, or it is inadequately performed.

That the Academy is too limited, we believe several of its members acknowledge, but, being a chartered body, it is difficult to enlarge it without a new charter, involving much trouble and considerable expense. With regard to those Academicians who become absentees, they naturally wish to retain the honorable distinction they have arrived at, and do not see why they ought to resign because circumstances make a change of residence desirable: on the other hand, the Academy is anxious to retain members who, by their talents, are a credit to the body. We are not fully cognisant of the wording of the charter, but have reason to think that it gives full powers for the making of such laws and regulations as may become necessary for the due efficiency of the Academy; there is nothing in the charter as to Honorary members, yet such exist, and we believe their number is not limited by any bye law. The members who become absentees manifestly cannot serve the Academy in council, and it is found they do not even support the Exhibitions to that extent which the Academy has a right to expect from its members. In fact, the honorary distinction is the only thing which makes the connexion desirable, nor would this

be any disadvantage if their place could be supplied by others. Architects, also, regard a connexion with the Academy in a somewhat similar light, for there are many professional points upon which they and artists, properly so called, cannot enter into, or appreciate in common. The annual Exhibitions are, to them, quite secondary, although matters of the last importance to artists. Building is the true exemplification of the architect's genius; and plans are, to a great extent, intelligible only to those skilled to appreciate them: they are, necessarily, but preliminary, and even when, with the assistance of an artist, made pictorial, always suffer by contrast with paintings. At the original founding of the Royal Academy of London there was more need of an honorary distinction for the architect, inasmuch as the Institutes of British Architects, and of the Architects of Ireland, were not established. One or two architects have, since its foundation, been always members of the Royal Hibernian Academy, which, with the absentees, reduces the number of artist Academicians, actually available for all practical matters connected with art, to half a dozen! The proper course would be to enlarge the body, leaving it optional with the Academicians to regulate the number, according to the amount of talent available; and, if this cannot be effected just at present, some temporary arrangement ought to be made by means of Honorary members, or some such mode, so as, at all events, to raise the number of effective Academicians to fourteen. Some of the artistic societies of London have two classes of members, although in their published lists all are placed together without distinction, and it is found to work very well; a similar procedure might be adopted here. If a change is not made, and a little more energetic exertion evinced, it is greatly to be feared that our Academy will become extinct: there has been a manifest downward tendency for some years past.

If ever there was a time when the Academy was bound to make an unusual effort, it was when it became evident that the Annual Exhibition would not be held in connexion with the Great Industrial Exhibition: every exertion should have been used to make it not only fairly exemplify the state of art in Ireland, but also as attractive as possible. Old feuds and antagonisms ought to have been merged, and a united effort for art made by all its professors. Yet the only step taken by the Academy was to pass a resolution, allowing works previously

exhibited to be again admissible to the present Exhibition. When the divisions which prevail amongst the Dublin artists (owing principally as we have stated to the limited number of the Academy,) are considered, it is surprising the unanimity with which the artists withheld their works from the great display in Merrion-square; and we believe that it was not until it became doubtful whether the Academy would hold an Exhibition, that many of the few even who have works there contributed; but we are surprised to find several of the academicians so wanting in *esprit de corps* as to exhibit there also.

It is certainly of a piece with the entire course of the Academy, that after the Great Exhibition has been nearly three months opened, its annual display slowly appeared, as if ashamed of itself, which indeed it ought to be. Its members do not seem to have exerted themselves over much: one only, out of the entire body, has thought it worth while to paint a picture—a very clever one by the way (No. 129, "Cromwell in his Study," by T. Bridgford, R.H.A.), specially for it—and four academicians have not contributed any works whatever. It is not much to expect that a member of the institution should paint each year one composition picture expressly for the Exhibition: few artists are so oppressed with commissions as to make this very difficult—and certainly, if they have done any work at all within the year, they surely could borrow them from their patrons for the short period the Exhibition is kept open. Now, if the visitor to the Exhibition goes there for any purpose, it is to see what the Irish school (if there be such a thing) can produce; and this will be more particularly the case with the foreign visitor: what then will be thought when the display is seen to be eked out by contributions from Brussels, Antwerp, Baden, Edinburgh, London, &c. &c. Will it not be considered absurd, and be set down as a miserable imitation of the splendid collection in the Great Exhibition! In other years there could be no objection to such contributions; on the contrary, they would become most desirable, but this year, when there are brought together elsewhere in Dublin, so many specimens of the modern French, Belgian, Prussian, Bavarian, Dutch, and German schools, the exposition in our Academy of others from these countries must be considered somewhat out of place, especially when home talent is so ill represented.

In this, the twenty-seventh annual Exhibition of the Royal

Hibernian Academy, nearly all the works have been before exhibited both in Dublin and elsewhere. We remark this, not disparagingly, for we consider it a very commendable proceeding to rescind, for the year, the rule which excluded pictures before exhibited in Dublin, as it is most desirable, in order to give a just idea to strangers of the state of the arts in Ireland, that the works produced by our artists within the last few years should be made available; we only regret that a larger number produced within the present year are not there also; for the same reason the exhibition of the works of some of the members now no longer living, is desirable. It is painful to see that, even of the works collected, many of which are highly creditable, the best arrangement has not been made. The larger room is tolerably well hung, but it would be much the better of a few more pictures. As the walls are not quite covered, many now in the octagon room would be more fittingly placed there, and several that are there, if excluded altogether need cause no regret. There are a few in the small gallery, that refuge of the destitute, which deserve a better fate. It is no place for pictures at all, and one cannot conceive why they should be placed there.

The first view on entering the Academy is any thing in the world but gratifying. The Ante-Room is the worst arranged Exhibition room it was ever our fortune to witness; it is specially set apart for water colors. On looking round, one could almost fancy that some effort was made to make it look as indifferent as possible: and, indeed, this is not an improbable supposition; there is great jealousy amongst oil painters, of water color art—witness Turner's having left it as an injunction in his will, that no water color artist should ever enjoy any advantage from the Institution for Decayed Artists, which he bequeathed his wealth to found—and as most of the Academicians are oil painters, perhaps they did not particularly exert themselves; either this, or else their taste is not very artistic. The principal portion of the room is occupied by several large cartoons by Goetzenberger—so large indeed that there was not sufficient space left to hang the larger sized water color paintings in their proper places. Goetzenberger—"an eminent German Painter," as Christopher Moore takes care to tell us in another part of the catalogue, thus introduces his cartoons—

"Note—In the Drinking Hall, (Trinkhalle) at Baden-Baden, I

have painted twenty Frescoes. The subjects, which are produced in chronological order, commence with those times, when the Romans first subjugated the (Urbadner) old inhabitants of Baden: this forms the first painting on the side wall. The second treats of the cultivation of the Baden-regions how the Romans cleared the forests, planted the blessed vine, built baths upon those healthful springs, erected temples, &c., &c. In the third, we see how a female Druid, incites the Old 'Badenish' to rise and fight against the intruders; and how the Romans are driven back beyond the river Murch, to make room for a kinder race and better drinkers. After this period begins that poetical turn of mind, which, up to the present time, has there harboured and created so many beautiful and useful legends; fourteen of which are demonstrated in the then following fourteen larger Fresco paintings.

"Only six of the respective cartoons I was able to send to Dublin, and I am sorry to say, only the minor ones. The best have been sold in Germany; and another part of them are now exhibited in London, at Mr. Christopher Moore's, 22, Howland-street, Fitzroy-square."

Pity 'tis, Oh Goetzenberger! that thou didst not sell them all, or else have kept these with the rest in 22 Howland-street, Fitzroy-square. The following descriptions of some of the cartoons are given in the catalogue; and we transcribe them as curiosities of literature; they are in the style of the genius who wrote the puffs for *Mrs. Jarley's Wax Works*.

"164 Cartoon,—Younker Burkhard Keller, of Yburg, kneels before the spirit of a Roman Priestess, which, in the hour of ghosts, and upon a certain crossway, had by many persons been seen and was universally dreaded. But the daring Burkhard had sought the spirit, addressed it, and even offered a declaration of love, in return for which, the spirit bereft him of his soul. Burkhard Keller is just sinking into death, as the spirit puts a garland of roses upon his head, and a bird of death alights upon him. A knight, who has listened to all from afar, flees to the Bourg of Hohen Baden.—Night."

"172 Cartoon,—The Angel's and Devil's Pulpit. In the foreground on the left, upon a rock stands an angel, bearing the palm in his hand. All around him the multitude is listening, many peasants, knights, harvesters, woodmen, &c.: in their midst there is a wild young huntsman, for whose conversion his good wife still is praying to the angel. To the right in the background is the devil, surrounded by seductive women, a profligate, and a hypocrite. The devil begins to rage, as he sees that all the people forsake him, and only a few soldiers and other loafers remain with him. In his fury he stamps with his foot a hole into the hard rock.—Noon-time."

"220. The Convent of all Saints. A Gipsy woman sits in the foreground, wringing her hands in dread and fear, as her lover, a Student out of the Convent of All Saints, climbs up a steep rock, in the middle ground, to fetch back the golden ornament of his

maiden, from a high impending Raven's nest. The thievish Raven had stolen it, when, a little while before, the careless girl had thrown it upon the ground, while she went to bathe in a near cascade."

Now if these are some of "the beautiful and useful legends" which the kinder race, and better drinkers, who now people Baden, extirpated the poor old Romans to invent and create, we say defend us from importations of the like, for we are unromantic enough to think such works as clearing forests, planting the vine tree, and erecting temples, baths, &c., as the Romans did, were infinitely preferable; and as to the cartoons, they are equally bad substitutes for finished paintings, which are the proper subjects of an exhibition. There is not much fear that these will Germanise our taste; our ideas of the beautiful and the useful are rather different; and as to drawing and imaginative power,—the cartoons exhibited some years back in Westminster Hall, by our own artists, were far superior.

If the water color paintings had been arranged in the octagon room, or Gallery of the Antique School, as it is designated in the catalogue, they would have suited the room, and the room and light would have suited them admirably—the sculpture too would have been much more appropriately placed in the ante-room, than scattered about in all directions as at present, injuring the paintings by contrast of their whiteness, and injured themselves by the defective light and position. The cartoons might then have occupied their present place, if great anxiety were felt to display their beauties—but some species of framing would be desirable—in the printed rules appended to the catalogue, it is stated that, "No pictures will be received except in gilt frames," and that "the Porters of the Academy are instructed not to receive any works, except in accordance with these regulations." How then did the cartoons effect an entrance? for they have not a vestige of a frame, and look most unfinished and bare for the want thereof.

We are sorry to observe so few visitors—and sadly contrast the empty rooms with the crowds who throng the London annual displays of the various Fine Art Societies; in the days of our Art-Union there used to be something like an attendance too; a public interest in the Academy Exhibition was then created which it is a pity proved so temporary. There is an old saying, "let by-gones be by-gones;" the causes which led to its downfall are sad to hear, but easy to tell—at all

events, if past experience is good for anything it is to enable us to avoid former mistakes; and we would be glad to see the revival of the institution on the money prize system, eschewing altogether the distribution of engravings, as a useless and very large item of expenditure. This would confine the Art-Union to its strict original intention—for the distribution of engravings was an after graft upon the system, the utility of which is very questionable, at least the print publishing trade think it has done them much injury—the real gainers are most probably the frame makers. The Royal Irish Art-Union is at present in the peculiar position of being neither existing nor defunct; if its former managers will not resuscitate it, we would impress upon them the desirableness of a quiet interment and winding up of its affairs, so as at least to leave the way open to the establishment of another. We would gladly see it extricated from the Asylum for Distressed Protestants, in Molesworth-street, where it has now taken refuge.

There is another cause contributing to the deserted state of the Academy Exhibition, to which, before concluding, we must allude. In a moment of unfortunate philanthropy, and yielding to an absurd furor about spreading a taste for Art amongst the masses, which was very prevalent a few years ago, and which made captive the judgment of many intelligent and far seeing people—the members of the Academy determined, at the close of the season, to open the Exhibition for the benefit of the operative classes, “at the small charge of one penny.” For the first year it worked well—the Art-Union was at the highest point of its prosperity; all “the ladies and gentlemen” who wished to visit the Exhibition had already paid their shillings, and a vast number of “trades people and servants,” who never saw an exhibition of pictures before, swelled the coffers of the Academy with their pence; but the next, and following, year made a woful change—for those of the unwashed, who saw the show once, cared not, apparently, to see it again, at all events they never came; but instead came numbers who heretofore paid a shilling, and who now waited until they could gain admittance as the operative classes—the consequence followed, that the Exhibitions became more scantily attended, and the Treasurer’s receipts fell off amazingly.

If a taste for art is to be encouraged amongst our people generally—and it is highly desirable that it should, for



literary, artistic and musical tastes, are antagonistic to those of the pot house—this is not the manner in which it should be effected : a taste for art is of slower growth than such mushroom culture will produce, and must be inculcated in our schools, upon the young generation springing up around us. Drawing, as we before observed, is as necessary a branch of education as any other, and quite as utilitarian. The members of the Mechanic's Institute had always the privilege of obtaining tickets for half price to the Academy Exhibition ; and they are the class most likely to derive advantage from visiting an annual exhibition of pictures—which is to say the truth rather an enjoyment for the wealthy, and more educated portion of the community, who have not only some knowledge of the Fine Arts, but the means for its patronage. Music is equally refining : why was it not thought requisite for the Philharmonic Society to give penny concerts to the operative classes ? We hope the Academy will return to their former respectable procedure ; what was intended as a liberal concession has been quite perverted by a class whom it was never meant to include. Some loss will, of necessity, be sustained, as the penny is now expected and waited for ; but a sacrifice must be made sooner or later, for the evil has reached a climax.

In writing these remarks we have been unavoidably obliged, in some instances, to assume a deprecatory tone. Leigh Hunt says that, "The danger of the habit of denouncing—of looking at things from the antipathetic instead of the sympathetic side,—is, that a man gets such a love for the pleasure and exaltation of fault-finding, as tempts him, in spite of himself, to make what he finds." We can only hope that such may not be our case. We have written with regret ; our sole object is to point out what we believe defective, and to suggest the remedy, knowing that good can only result from truth-telling, and that the system of seeing all excellence in things Irish is inimical to progress. We long for the day when Ireland shall possess a National Gallery—a collection of the works of her own sons, and a saloon where shall be displayed the portraits of those who have been the glory of our Nation in art, in learning, in genius, in eloquence, and in arms, living again in

"—the Painter's pomp of hues, the Sculptor's solemn stone."

But this cannot be accomplished by talking, by admiring ; it must be the work of earnest men, who will feel that Ireland,

which has erected and gathered her own Exhibition, and which has sent forth those from her shore to whose names the world looks as to the pride of England in all the triumphs of genius, is as worthy as Scotland—worthy even as she undoubtedly is—to a National Gallery, and to all the advantages which spring from the early cultivation of the National taste. The great mass of our people are half educated in the feeling—the æstheticism of art—the religion which they profess prepares the mind to appreciate the emotions which spring from pictorial representations, and the heart of him whose eye gazes with reverence upon some rude symbol of the cross, can quickly learn to feel from the beauty of Art, all the emotions which it formerly experienced through the medium of devotion. We want Art education in this country; our Schools of Design prove our capability in applying Art instruction practically, and a book recently written by Mr. Maguire of Cork shows the pressing claims which this country possesses to such an institution.\*

Mr. Kay, in his work, *The Social Condition of the People*, explains that all continental countries make art instruction a branch of the regular education of those who may exhibit a taste for its pursuit. We claim such instruction for Ireland, we claim a National Gallery for her, and then, presuming ignorance can no longer ape the critic. The *Irish Rogues and Rapparees*, *Pastorini's Prophecies*, and *Don Belianis of Greece*, which formed the library of *Captain Rock*, have given place to the National School books; why should not the wretched pictures which now deface the wall of the poor man's cottage, be cast aside for works of art such as one sees in the humble houses of Germany? why should not our people learn to appreciate paintings as subjects of love rather than of wonder? why should the peasant or the artisan, who shows with pride the noble landscape stretching from his door, be incapable of appreciating the painted beauties of other lands? Because he is ignorant, he cannot experience those feelings now,—the highest branch of art he may have seen is one of the clever scenes placed before him at the Theatre; but give him art training—his National Gallery, and he will no longer walk open-mouthed and listless through the halls of our Academy.

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\* See the preceding paper in our present number. Ed.

THE

# IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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## ART. I.—LIMITED LIABILITY IN PARTNERSHIPS.

1. *Report on the Law of Partnership, together with the Appendix containing Communications to the Board of Trade respecting the Law of Partnership.* Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 14th July, 1837.
2. *Report from the Select Committee on the Law of Partnership, together with the Proceedings of the Committee, Minutes of Evidence, Appendix and Index.* Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 8th July, 1851.
3. *An Inquiry as to the Policy of Limited Liability in Partnerships.* By Henry Colles, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. Dublin: J. M'Glashan, 1853.
4. *Observations on the Law of Partnership.* By P. J. M'Kenna, Esq. Barrister-at-Law. Dublin: Hodges and Smith. 1853.

THE haste of our legislators in rushing upon ill considered and dangerous changes, when pressed by the expression of public opinion, is only equalled by their tardiness in introducing such changes as would be obviously of the most important advantage to the community. No more striking instance of this neglect is presented than by the long called for ameliorations in the existing laws of partnership in these countries. We have under this law, as it at present exists, a clear, almost an insuperable, obstacle to small local improvements—we have a drag placed upon enterprise and industry, and one of the most formidable barriers that could be devised presented to the development of the trade and manufactures

of the nation. This subject has for many years attracted public attention, and we have had more than one Parliamentary Committee inquiring into the evils of the present system, and the propriety of changes in the existing law. Yet an overwhelming mass of authority is to be found in favor of a change: political economists and merchants, traders and officials, theorists and practical men, have given evidence against the present system—and all persons of intelligence who are interested on the point must rise from the perusal of these reports and evidences, agreed as to the expediency of a modification of this law, and indignant at the gross negligence of the legislature. The entire question resolves itself into this—should we have limited or unlimited liability in our partnerships? Should we continue as at present to make every man who has any share in the profits of a concern, liable for the debts of the firm to his last shilling and last acre; or should we, as in France, in Germany, in Holland, in America, in Spain, limit that liability, and say, so far, to such an amount only, shall you be liable? Nothing can be shorter or more explicit than the definition that may be given of the present law of partnership, as to what constitutes a partner. Every person, whether contributing capital or labor to a firm or to a business, and who receives in return a share of the profits, is a partner with all the rights, and subject to all the liabilities of a partner, and as such answerable to the creditors of the concern.

We shall now take a few instances of the working of these laws: instances not rare or uncommon, but such as will strike every man, whether actually engaged in business or not, as of very frequent occurrence. Amongst the most obvious, and concerning equally the individual and the public, is the case of small local improvements, as Waterworks, Gas Works, Market-halls. The undertaking is one which would be of great service to the community, and presents a reasonable prospect of giving a fair, perhaps more than ordinary, return for the money invested. The sum usually required to obtain a private act of incorporation (the only means at present of limiting the liability of shareholders) would perhaps equal the entire fund necessary for the work, and would certainly take away such a disproportionate amount as would render it out of question to look for an Act of Parliament. There are possibly a few large capitalists who would be able, unassisted, to com-

plete such an undertaking, but seldom will one be found either with so much capital unappropriated, or unengaged in trade, or if he were discovered, willing to risk his entire fortune on a very speculative undertaking. But, six or eight men may be found, who can readily spare such sum or sums as when added will be sufficient, but here the law at once interferes. They are prepared to risk whatever sum they invest in the concern, but the law says each and every of you is liable, if any thing goes wrong, for all you possess, even though you invest but £100 and are to get but 100th part of the profits. It may be said this cannot be a reasonable speculation, or they would not dread unlimited liability to third parties, and each partner or shareholder has only to bear his proportion of the loss. True, but that unlimited liability, that unknown, undiscovered and undiscoverable bugbear, will and, as a matter of fact, does terrify. Men may engage small sums in a local speculation because it seems likely to pay, and as it would be an advantage to their neighbourhood;—who would have neither time nor disposition to scrutinize the solvency of each of their co-adventurers, or look narrowly into all the possibilities of robberies by servants, contractors, unforeseen accidents, and those various mishaps to which the safest speculations are liable. If we ask any man acquainted with the vicissitudes of trade to join in a local undertaking and contribute his £100 or £1000, what will be the answer? “I have a little spare capital in the funds which I would very gladly invest in these gas works, they would be a very great advantage to us all, and would I think pay very well, but it appears if I join I am liable to my last shilling, and I certainly will not run any chance of ruining myself and beggaring my family. Limit my liability to the sum I invest and I shall be delighted to join you.”

The injurious interference of the present unlimited liability system more frequently occurs where a merchant or trader who has amassed a competence wishes, from age or some other reason, to retire from trade. If he has been in partnership he is most likely the wealthiest and principal of the firm, and leaves after him junior partners with comparatively small capital. If he has been a sole trader he has in his employment some one or more young men who are intelligent, honest, and possessing capacity for business. In the first case it would be desirable, for both parties, that the retiring partner should in-

vest some of his capital in the business of the firm ; both parties are aware that the resources of the firm will be crippled, and its trade be much limited, if not entirely broken up, by the retiring partner withdrawing his entire capital : he may be anxious to assist those who remain, and have a chance of obtaining better interest for his money than the public funds afford. In the latter it would be advantageous to both parties that the retiring trader should lend to such a young man the means of engaging in trade, receiving a portion of the profits. In both cases the entire withdrawal of his capital by a retiring trader, inflicts a serious injury on the individuals concerned, as well as on the community at large, yet such a withdrawal is almost invariably the result of the present system of unlimited liability. The retiring capitalist, though he may have sufficient confidence in his junior partners, or in his employé, to trust to their management a fourth, or a half, of his capital, with the inducement of receiving a large interest for his money, will not leave himself liable to be beggared, and to have the provision which he has made for his family swept away for the liabilities of the firm in which he is a dormant partner. Limit his liability, and not one out of the hundred traders who, under the present law, withdraw on their retiring, their entire capital, but would continue to contribute to the general extension of trade and manufacture, and to supply to men of known intelligence and probity the means of embarking more or less extensively in business.

But it is said, and with some inconsistency, by the opponents of the limited liability system,—cannot such a retiring trader effect the desired object by lending to his junior partners or employés the money which he would invest with them in case his liability were limited ? True, he *may* do so, but there is no encouragement for him to lend his money at the usual rate of interest, and he will not. He requires, as a stimulus, the prospect of receiving trade profits for the money which he may invest in trade. No man who can secure from four to five per cent for his money invested in land will encounter all the risks of trade for the same rate of interest. It would be un-businesslike to do so. An inducement might be found in his receiving an usurious rate of interest, but this is a course which few mercantile men would adopt, and the odium in which such loans are held is quite sufficient to deter those who have no particular anxiety to leave their capital in trade from so embarking it. The retiring trader, as a shrewd, sen-

sible, man of business, will say, "I should like to assist such a young man, I will not, however, do so unless I get my chance of fifteen or twenty per cent as the profit of the business, as I am running some risk. I am not so anxious for money now as to do what I never yet have done, a disreputable thing, by taking ten per cent for cashing his bills, and I certainly will not leave myself and my family open to ruin by becoming responsible, to my last shilling, for the debts of any man, no matter what confidence I may place in him." The consequence is that his entire capital is wholly withdrawn from trade, and invested in real and other securities.

There is an inconsistency also, as we have already observed, in this argument, for one of the chief objections to limiting liability is, that it would be a fraud on parties dealing with the firm, and that a limited liability would work very great injustice to creditors of one based on that system. Now, it is quite apparent that if the creditors of firms, the public, are to be protected, that object is much more readily ensured by allowing a capitalist to join a firm as a partner, limiting his liability, than by forcing him, as at present, to lend his capital. If he has lent the money, instead of contributing to pay the debts of the firm, he diminishes the partnership funds, coming in for his dividend, if he do not by some friendly hint get twenty shillings in the pound by a timely enforcement of his claim; whereas, had he been a partner of limited liability, (*en commandité*, as it is called in France) instead of obtaining his £20,000, or £200, as the case might be, from the deficient funds of the firm, he would contribute that sum to paying its creditors.

There is another very great hardship resulting from our present laws of partnership, namely, the veto placed by it on an employer's giving a clerk, shopman, or other person engaged in his business, instead of salary, a proportion of the profits, as a remuneration for his services. This is a very great disadvantage to both employer and employed, and, in its moral effect, particularly injurious, removing, as it does, a stimulus to good conduct, attention, care, and industry, on the part of the latter. The clerk, or shopman, would have a direct interest that everything should be well and economically managed; the concern would be carried on with much more attention and zeal than by clerks having a fixed salary, and who may be very indifferent to, if not entirely regardless of, their employer's

success. Such an arrangement, by giving the servant a portion of the profits, must, then, make that business more remunerative, the trade more extensive, and the profits larger, and thus benefit alike the master and the servant.

Before considering the objections which are urged to the recognition of partnerships of limited liability, it would be well, briefly, to state the manner in which such partnerships are organized in France, and the principal rules to which they are subject, as we consider that the French law might, with certain modifications, form the basis of our own legislation on the subject.

Besides *Sociétés en nom collectif*, like our partnerships with unlimited liability; and *sociétés anonymes*, which require, for their organization, permission from the head of the state, and resemble our joint-stock companies, neither of which immediately concern the proposed change, the French law recognizes *sociétés en commandite*, or partnerships of limited liability. In the French Commercial Code we find the following brief definition of partnerships *en commandite*:—"La société en commandite se contracte entre un ou plusieurs associés responsables et solidaires et un ou plusieurs associés simple bailleurs de fonds qu'on nomme commanditaires ou associés en commandite."\* The former of these, the acting partners, are called *gerans*, and the twenty-four following sections proceed to enact that the partners shall execute a deed, containing their names, place of abode, and sums for which they subscribe; that a memorial of such deed shall be duly registered and published, that none of the *commanditaire* partners shall be allowed to take any active part in the management of the business, or be employed in it, under pain of becoming *solidaires*, or liable unlimitedly, as the *gerans*. Such is the system which, with more or less restriction, prevails in Spain, Portugal, Italy, Holland, and Russia. The United States of America, however, present the most favorable example of the working of this system, and the benefits of which it is productive. The latter in one, if not more, of its states, makes a special provision for the last case which we have adduced in instancing the injustice of our present law, namely, of clerks and assistants.

As we find arrayed in favor of the *commanditaire* system all the best known writers on the science of Political Economy,

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\* Code de Commerce, Liv. 1. Tit. 3. Sec. 23.



Mill, Babbage, Senior, Porter, as well as several continental authors, we may, with more readiness, seek to consider for ourselves the merits and demerits of this system, rather than judge the question according to the recorded opinions of treatise writers, no matter to what weight their opinions may be entitled. The actual working of this system in Holland, France, Italy, and especially the United States, has been found of the greatest advantage, and, in the evidence of Mr. Van der Ondermeulen, Privy Councillor of Amsterdam, Mr. Turner Townsend, long and extensively engaged in the import trade of French manufactured goods, Leone Levi, Mr. Mark, Her Majesty's Consul at Malaga, Mr. Bancroft Davis, Secretary to the American Legation, at London, we have the clearest, and most unimpeachable testimony in its favor. We repeat, clearest testimony; as it must be evident from the tone of some of the members of the Committee, and the wording of their questions, that they were unfavorable to any change in the existing law, and, consequently, if any fact opposed to the limited liability system, and throwing either doubt or discredit on the evidence of these witnesses could have been elicited it would, doubtless, have been noted.

We may, however, here observe that the only witnesses, (and they were in a very large minority) who expressed themselves opposed to the introduction of limited liability were some of our greatest capitalists; the sole class likely to suffer from the proposed change. Mr. Cotton's, Governor of the Bank of England, evidence, from its glaring inconsistency, and the steady, unflinching manner in which he denounced any alteration, would justify us in this observation, that though prejudiced (a prejudice which *would not* be enlightened) he opposed the introduction of a law, *per pas atque nefas*, without sufficient cleverness to make a plausible case for his opposition. One or two other witnesses had the hardihood to deny the necessity for any change, inasmuch as no reasonable speculation is at present abandoned for want of means. Now, if we were disposed to admit the correctness of this statement, it meets, as the lawyers would say, but a very small part of the case. It is, however, an assumption, and an unreasonable one. It will be found that there has not been a single great invention, or improvement in machinery, which has not for years lain unknown and undiscovered owing to want of capital; and generally, when such have become public and appreciated, they

have served to aggrandize some millionaire who has been able to purchase, on his own terms, from the wretched man, who may have spent years in perfecting the creation of his intelligence and knowledge. Which of the great discoveries and inventions that have, within the last century, effected so mighty a revolution in human affairs, has not been at first, and some for very many years, regarded as entirely theoretical—mere visionary schemes, and certainly regarded as anything but reasonable speculations. Why, when the legislature, by granting to railway, and other, companies, Private Acts, limiting the liability of the shareholders, recognizes and acts on the principle for which we contend, should this advantage be so confined, and what fair grounds are there for drawing any distinction between limited and extensive undertakings? The reply to this question brings us to the consideration of the two principal, we may add, almost the only reasons which are offered to the proposed change. It is considered that such a system as the commanditaire partnerships would expose both the individuals composing such partnerships, and the general public trading with such firms, to fraud. That small capitalists would be cheated, or, rather, would cheat themselves, by trusting too readily their money to adventurers, and that if they were not robbed by their acting partners, if the gerans did not all turn out swindlers, yet that, induced by the desire of large profits, and knowing their liability to be limited, they would embark their capital in the most desperate undertakings. Further, it is contended that this desperate trading, in cases where it was successful, would be ruinous to the creditors of such firms, whilst under the present law the creditors can sue each of the partners to his last penny, and compel him to answer the engagements of the partnership. It was likewise stated that this very necessary and useful check on rash, or over, trading, could not be removed without endangering the community. For our part, so far as the individuals composing the firm are concerned, we cannot see the necessary consequence that a man will be quite reckless as to losing half his fortune, and in order to render him prudent he must be exposed to utter ruin. We cannot say, unless you make a capitalist liable to his last penny he will chuck his money into the wildest and most extravagant schemes, which must sweep away all that he has invested, and bring ruin on hundreds who have traded with the firm, calculating on his unlimited liability, and know-

ing him to be a man of capital. Such an argument, so far from being reasonable, is opposed to all probability. After setting aside the sum that may be necessary for the support of his family, it certainly appears to us that no man of ordinary sense will rush wildly into every desperate speculation with that sum which is intended as a portion for his children, and which he has realized after years of labor, because, forsooth, he may not be stripped of his last shilling. We are not to legislate as if our traders were so incompetent as to fall victims to the first knavish speculator who presents himself. We must assume that men will exercise, in the investment of their capital, the same prudence necessary in the conduct of all the affairs of life, and any system which would attempt to force them must inevitably fail. If this be so, how absurd is it to allow a determination of attaining this impossible end to stand in the way of a great improvement, the benefit of which cannot be disputed.

We find in the evidence of Messrs. Lietch and Field\* a practical illustration of the manner in which this unlimited liability fails in protecting the partners or shareholders, and imposing on them that caution which, it is argued, is so efficacious in saving men from dangerous speculations, and protecting them from fraud. The former gentleman states that, of his own knowledge, Scotch joint stock banks have proceeded to a frightful extent *re-discounting* bills, being enabled to do so through the unlimited liability of the unfortunate shareholders. The capitalists who re-discounted these bills were well aware that it was not part of the legitimate business of the bank, and that the directors were exceeding their honest course of trade when obliged to ask such assistance. Those discounting, however, looked to the more stable of the shareholders, and depended on their being unlimitedly liable, and, without the slightest scrutiny as to the character of the paper they were taking, they re-discounted the bills freely, and with safety to themselves. Mr. Lietch's evidence is unimpeachable, he gives time, and place, and circumstances. He states,

"I could enlarge to a very great extent upon the evils arising from the unlimited liability of parties in joint stock banks, and the system I have mentioned of obtaining credit improperly: I mean to say credit upon what would be improper bankers' paper. I am, myself, in connexion with the North of England Bank, which stopped

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\* See House of Commons' Report—1851. Query 953 et seq., P. 145.

payment some years ago, and is now being wound up in the Court of Chancery, and I have had opportunities of having interviews with the managers of various joint stock banks both in England and Scotland creditors of that concern, and I have, myself, personally charged the managers with their having improperly extended credit to that establishment upon the re-discount or deposit of paper which, they must be very well aware, was not proper, legitimate, banking paper, and the answer that was given to me by them was, not by one but by many, that it was no matter to them, all they looked at, from time to time, was the composition of the share list. Had it not been for that system of unlimited liability such improper credit would never have been extended, because, when a private banker takes paper to re-discount, which he would very rarely venture to do, except under circumstances which he could explain when he takes the paper to re-discount, the bank, or discounting establishment, taking the paper scrutinizes its character; whereas in the case of the joint stock bank with unlimited liability, they look less to the character of the paper than to the credit of the innocent shareholders who know nothing of what is going on."

So much for the value of the present law in protecting rash, and careless, persons, and fencing them round with safeguards from fraud. We see here that the limited liability system, instead of removing the safeguards which, it is argued, unlimited liability imposes, would extend a much greater protection to the partners, or shareholders. We do not contend that a limited liability would save men from fraud. Limited liability, or unlimited liability, there will be dupes and knaves to the end. Indeed, an instance of the insufficiency of the unlimited liability law to make speculative individuals act with due caution has come within our own knowledge. A small company was recently organized for working a mine in this country on the cost book principle, and in the list of directors appeared the names of one or two men well known as persons of intelligence and character. After a very short period had elapsed the shares were at a considerable premium in the market, and were largely bought by people in this city. Suddenly the shares began to fall, until at length they were at more than fifty per cent discount, and then, for the first time, people began to question as to the constitution of the company. Some had enrolled their names, and made themselves liable as shareholders, but the great majority were merely the holders of the scrip. A call was made, and this, coupled with the extraordinary depreciation of the shares, caused enquiries to be made as to the management of the company. The secretary refused to give any answers until the querist had paid his call, and

had his name enrolled. A meeting was called in Dublin, and one of the shareholders was despatched to London, for the purpose of making enquiries before the scrip holders should commit themselves, or pay their money; and then, and only then, it was learned that the director whose name was principally looked to, in this country, had declined taking any shares, or acting; that the directors had made themselves a present, by the deed of incorporation, of £300 worth of shares each (and this in a very small undertaking). It was further discovered that there was a very serious item for stockbroker's charges in getting off the shares, and one, also, for buying in their own shares to give them a fictitious value in the market. So much of the evil is at present known, and amongst these shareholders more than one has gone to the trouble and expense of visiting the mine personally, to enquire into its prospects, though they never gave one thought to the management until it was too late. What difference would it have made in this case, as far as prudent precaution is concerned, whether the liability was limited or unlimited? None—the parties would have been equally careless.

The second objection, that the public would not be protected in their dealing with such firms, if the liability of its shareholders were limited, and that it is unjust that those who share the profits should not bear the losses, is by much the most specious of those put forward by the opponents of the commanditaire system. We have already shewn, that if the money be advanced by the capitalist in form of a loan to traders as it necessarily is at present, the creditors of the firm are in a much worse position than if that capitalist had been a commanditaire partner: we have not before us now any statistics which would show the proportion between the sums advanced by way of loans to trade, and the sums invested by partners, but we should be within the mark in asserting, that for one man who continues a partner, and thus furnishes a firm with means, there are twenty who advance the money by way of loan. Loans, it will hardly be disputed, in the great majority of cases are the form in which capital is now joined to trade and manufactures: if we had a limited liability law of partnership the partners would be to the lenders in the inverse ratio to that in which they at present stand, and thus in the greater number of cases would a better provision be made for the general public in their dealing with firms organized on this principle. Independent

of this, with proper provisions as to punishing fraud or breaches of faith, and making generally known the capital of the firm, it will be seen that persons entering into contracts with these companies by taking a little reasonable care, will be amply protected. These parties know the amount of the subscribed capital of such a firm; they know what contracts would be within the scope of their finances, and if the firm should become bankrupt they have a safe-guard against suppression of property, as there is a sum registered, and which must be forthcoming or accounted for, to answer the liabilities of the partnership. We must confess that the present system of unlimited liability, supposing that loans were entirely out of the case, seems to ensure, better than any other, third parties in their dealings with partnerships. We cannot, however, see on what principle of equity or justice such a liability as that at present imposed is based; neither can any reason be given why such extraordinary care should be taken for the protection of rash, or careless, or roguish persons, in their dealings with firms, to the very great detriment of the community. With proper precautions the limited liability system would give all reasonable and fair security to honest traders who chose to act with ordinary care and circumspection. It is for such the legislature is to provide; its duty is not to place unnatural and unreasonable power in the hands of men who *will* act rashly and carelessly, even whilst that power is created for their protection. Mr. Commissioner Fane, who from his experience in the Bankruptcy Court ought to be a high authority, speaks most favorably of the introduction of this commanditaire system; and Sir G. Rose, one of the masters in Chancery, in England, in his written reply to the queries addressed to him as to the propriety of limiting the liability of partners, providing at the same time guards against fraud and over-speculation, gives his opinion in the following brief and accurate manner:—"Well guarded by proper regulations, I am of opinion that the measure suggested (the introduction of commanditaire partnerships) would be a great improvement, subject as aforesaid, I see no reason why it should not extend to banking or to any employment of capital. The essence of such an alteration should be, that all persons should have the easy means of knowing the amount of commandite capital invested by the respective contributors, so as to judge of the liability and means of those with whom they may contract."

A great deal of stress has been laid on the fact, that in this country, where the Anonymous Partnership Act, 21 & 22 Geo. III. c. 46 (Irish), has been so long in force, very little advantage has been taken of it, and that the formation of so few firms under that act, which affords limited liability to dormant partners, shews most clearly how very little necessity exists for the general introduction of commandite partnership—twelve only having been formed within the last eleven years. This Act is framed on the commanditaire system of France, providing for the limited liability of the dormant or anonymous partners, and for the conduct of the business of the firm by one or more acting partners, in whose names the business should be conducted, and who were to be liable in solido. It goes on to provide for the taking annual accounts, and registering memorials of the names of the partners, sums subscribed for, &c.; and with the few exceptions, to which we shall presently advert, it seems to us to form a very simple and correct ground-work on which to base legislation on this subject. The provision to which we except, and, which seems to us the principal, if not the sole reason why the public have not availed themselves of this Act, is contained in the sixth section, which enacts, that each of the anonymous partners may receive half, and no more, of his share of the profits, the residue to go to increase the capital of the company until the expiration of the term of the copartnership. Another reason why partnerships may not have been more extensively formed under this Act may be found in the excessive rigor of the fourth section which provides, that any partner who shall not within a year from the formation of the partnership, have paid in the full sum for which he has subscribed, shall forfeit the sum paid in by him on the execution of the partnership deed, such sum being one-quarter of that subscribed, that his liability shall continue, and that in case the trade should have turned out beneficial at the termination of the partnership, he may receive back his one-fourth without interest or profit. We are well aware that very strict measures should be taken, as well for the public protection, as for the sake of the other partners, to compel parties to pay in the sums for which they have subscribed: such a sweeping penalty, however, as the above, for non-compliance, does certainly seem a little stronger than the case requires, and is quite sufficient to damp considerably the ardor of any person seeking to enter

into such a partnership. There is a further reason why a greater number of partnerships have not been formed under this Act which, odd as it may seem, strikes us as possessing some weight, and it is, that this law has been little, if at all, known, and that until very recently—since the publication of Mr. Colles's pamphlet—the existence of the Anonymous Partnership Act was a secret to one out of twenty even of professional men, and to the general trading public nearly as much known as one of the old real property statutes.

It is worthy of remark, that when the propriety of introducing the commanditaire system was considered in 1837, and communications had with some of the first commercial men of the day, the advocates and opponents of the proposed change, were nearly evenly balanced, while on the recent enquiry, in 1851, the great mass of authority and evidence was in favor of limited liability. Amongst the noblemen and gentlemen then communicated with, Mr. S. J. Lloyd (the present Lord Overstone) Mr. Thomas Tooke, Mr. Horsley, Mr. Palmer, and Mr. John Gladstone, were opposed to the change, while Lord Ashburton, Mr. G. W. Norman, the Hon. Francis Baring, and Mr. Senior, were favorable to the measure. From the minutes of the evidence given before the late Committee, 1851, and in the appendix, we find that, of fifteen witnesses examined, all men of considerable note and experience in trade, banking, &c., but two, Mr. Cotton, and Mr. Hawes, expressed themselves unfavorably towards the introduction of commanditaire partnerships. Of those who gave written replies to the queries addressed to them, Mr. Stuart Mill, Mr. Babbage, Mr. Holroyd, Commissioner of Bankrupts, Mr. G. R. Porter, Mr. J. M. Ludlow, Mr. Alderman Hooper, Mr. H. O. Enthoven, Mr. Van der Ondermeulen, Mr. W. P. Mark, Sir George Rose, have all given as their opinion that, with proper care, the introduction of the commanditaire system would be productive of very great benefits; while on the other side we find but two—names, however, of very great weight, and men whose opinion should be listened to with the greatest respect—Lord Brougham, and Mr. Bellenden Kerr. Lord Brougham, in his answer, states that he had formerly been favorable to the introduction of the commanditaire partnerships, but that his opinion since then had been shaken—he might have added, in common with many of his other opinions. We may remark that his Lordship seems, at the time when he



penned this communication, not to have given the matter much consideration, and states his views with a brevity and seeming carelessness which are hardly just, weighing the importance of the subject. In fact, Lord Brougham is to be regarded as undecided in his opinion on the matter, rather than positively opposed to the measure. He states :—" On this very important subject my opinion has undergone a very considerable modification, if not change. I formerly thought the introduction of the commandite would be beneficial, and both my late friend, Lord Ashburton, and myself, frequently broached the subject in the House of Commons, having often discussed it together in private. My own opinion since then was shaken by the able report made upon the subject by Mr. Bellenden Kerr, some fifteen years ago. . . . I do not undertake to affirm that no sufficient checks and guards (against fraud) can be devised. The commandite appears better adapted for a community which has moderate mercantile capital and concerns, than to ours, and would be more wanted, as well as more safe, in such a community."

We agree entirely in this last opinion of his Lordship's, but, unless it is assumed that *we* have reached the acme of trade and manufacture in this country, and that anything further would be like " vaulting ambition," and " fall on t'other side," it does not follow from his Lordship's premiss, that commanditaire partnerships would be *more* useful in a less advanced community than ours, that, therefore, they would not be useful to this kingdom.

Mr. Kerr thinks the limited liability inexpedient as regards trade and small local undertakings. He considers there is always a sufficiency of capital for all ordinary commercial and local enterprises. In this opinion we believe Mr. Kerr is, in most cases, correct, but it is quite another matter to procure the capital for the purpose, and we cannot see how the fact that the capital necessary for all these purposes is to be had, advances his case, if we find that money is not forthcoming.

" In a country where there is not a sufficiency of capital for such purposes, the introduction of this (limited liability) would be beneficial, and it is mortifying to see that no one will bring the matter before Parliament as regards Ireland." We have to thank Mr. Kerr for the above statement, as it helps to confirm the correctness of our views on the Irish Anonymous Partnership Act, and the small number of partnerships formed

under it. Now, it must have either entirely escaped Mr. Kerr's notice, or he thinks with us, that the restrictions and needlessly severe checks which the act contains, are quite sufficient to render it of little or no general utility, and he treats it, accordingly, as a nullity. Mr. Kerr then goes on to express his dislike to meddling with laws unless a very great amount of benefit were to be effected by the change, and he proposes, (admitting thereby, fully, the principle for which we contend) that the Board of Trade, or some Board with similar powers, should have authority to grant charters of incorporation to trading partnerships, on the principle of the joint stock companies. After thus providing charters for trading partnerships, he proceeds to consider the proposed measure as enabling the middle classes to invest their capital profitably,—“I do not think that experience shows that any joint stock company's undertaking on a small scale is likely to be very productive; and I think the probability is, that when capital is used in local enterprises, not considered as hazardous, no great return can be expected.”

As to the latter opinion, from what we see around us, we consider that Mr. Kerr is correct in stating that local enterprises, when not hazardous, do not pay very well. It is not, however, only as a profitable investment for small capitalists that we include local enterprises as amongst those which are to be advanced by the introduction of commanditaire partnerships; but we advocate the application of limited liability to partnerships for such purposes more for the general convenience of the community. A profitable investment for small capitalists is but one of the objects to be effected, and it does not seem to us sound reasoning to select a particular class of enterprise, and say, this may not give good profits to the men who invest their capital in it, it is only useful to the community; or to another class, you are not about affecting any great public good or convenience, you are merely securing trade profits for your money. With respect to the prosperity of those small undertakings, concerning which Mr. Kerr expresses so much doubt, we rely upon the remarkable evidence of Mr. Bancroft Davis, when speaking of America, where this law is in full operation. Mr. Townsend, too, amongst others, tells us, that in France “it works remarkably well.....nearly half the present manufacturers have commenced business having been commandités.....And those firms have been successful in general.”

As we propose returning to this subject, we shall not now enter into the practical details of the question, or consider the checks and safeguards which would be necessary; or whether any, and what, limitations should be applied to the general introduction of commanditaire partnerships. Our object, for the present, has been to direct public attention to the matter, and to discuss the great principle as to the necessity for a change, rather than to dwell upon the particulars, and point out the manner in which such a change should be effected. For those who are anxious to inquire, in the mean time, further into the question, we recommend the perusal of the two pamphlets with which we head this paper. In them they will find very full and careful considerations of the matter, and much useful information and light thrown on this most important subject.

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## ART. II.—DUMAS AND TEXIER ON MEN AND BOOKS.

1. *Mémoires d'Alexandre Dumas. Tomes 14, 15, 16.* Bruxelles: Meline, Cans, et Compagnie. 1853.
2. *Critiques et Récits Littéraires.* Par Edmond Texier. Paris: Lévy, Frères. 1853.

In a recent number of *THE IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW*,\* we analyzed the thirteen volumes of Dumas's *Mémoires*, which had, to that date, been published. The hero, the charming egotist, had conducted us to the outbreak of the French Revolution of 1830; he had made us acquainted with all the failures and successes of his career, and had introduced us to the most distinguished authors, and actors, of his country.

In the three volumes from his pen, with which we head this paper, Dumas is occasionally as gloriously egotistic as ever; and places before the reader the portraits of Charles Dix, Louis Philippe, Thiers, Lafitte, Talleyrand, Casimir Perrier, and the other notables of the Revolution. And very strange portraits these prove, to all who have been accustomed to look

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\* See No. X., June, 1853, pp. 193 to 229.

upon the originals as the guiding spirits of France. They do not excite contempt, but rather a feeling of mingled regret and ludicrousness, like that which we experience when reading *Sully's Memoirs*, or the bizarre recollections of De Grammont. As we read we reflect upon the strange chance that makes some men rulers, and others slaves, whilst amongst these latter are souls worthy to be the rulers of the ruler. But so goes the world, the world of France in particular; and when the tyrant, or the knave, has stepped to the throne upon the corpses of the victims, and has waded to the purple through the blood of slaughtered Frenchmen, gagging remonstrance, and stifling opinion—he can cry with *Caius Marcius*—

“I'd make a quarry  
With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high  
As I could pick my lance.”

We do not, however, dwell upon these passages in the *Memoirs*; we prefer the Dumas of the saloon and the side scenes, to Dumas the politician,—and his success as the author of *Henri III.* opened to him all the literary society of Paris; of these the assemblies at Mademoiselle Georges' were the most remarkable. She had two nephews, and could no more dispense with the services of one of them, Jeune Tom, in every piece she played, than could poor *Vincent Crummles* with the pony and the wash tubs. Regularly there appeared on the play-bills—*Jeune Tom, aged ten years, will sustain the character of So and So*; and during a lapse of eight or nine years, Jeune Tom never grew an hour older; he was always Jeune Tom—aged ten years. To do him justice he hated the stage most cordially, and would frequently mutter between his teeth, when supposed to be rehearsing his part, “Cursed theatre. Oh dear, will it ever catch fire!”

His brother Paul, called Popol, was a genius of a different stamp: confectionary was all he desired, and at the shop round the corner (Rue de Vaugirard) his bill on one occasion reached three hundred crowns. The little rascal could never be induced to learn to say his prayers, until the Cholera visited Paris, and then he was often observed to repeat, with every appearance of fervor, an aspiration which he had composed himself for the occasion. Watching a favorable opportunity, and listening perdue, they found him giving free consent to the demise of his aunt Georges, his uncle Harel, his brother

Tom, his mother Bebelles, and his friend Provost, but urging, at the same time, that little Popol, and the cook, might be overlooked. This prayer though fervent was not successful, little Popol was the 115th carried off in one day by the epidemic.

Victor Hugo's *Hernani* was produced about this period, and we must permit our author to say a few words, apropos to the subject, and to the difficulties which the new school of dramatic literature encountered.

Unhappily the French comedians were thoroughly confirmed in certain habits, and it was nearly impossible to make them pass from tragedy to comedy without some dreadful mistake in the conception or enunciation. Now with Hugo the hues of tragedy and comedy came in contact wanting an intermediate mellowing tint, and this rendered it much more difficult to give a visible embodiment of his ideas, than if he had established an ascending, and descending scale between the grand and the familiar. The English tongue, with its rhythm, its scansion, and its long and short syllables, has a great advantage over ours, and Shakespeare has made good use of these natural gifts; his pieces being written in general, in three divisions, in rhymed verse, in blank verse, and in prose. His inferior characters speak in prose, his intermediate personages in blank verse, and his kings and princes in rhyme. (!) But if elevated ideas arise in the mind of the inferior character, Shakespeare puts at his disposal, the two ascending modes; and if common images are to issue from the mouth of king or chief, he is at liberty to use the dialect of the lower classes, so that no incongruity may be felt between the ideas and the language in which they are presented. But the audience, our judges, knew nothing of these matters; they were indifferent to such nice distinctions; they had made up their minds to hiss or applaud, and they hissed or applauded accordingly.

Many readers have enjoyed the annoyances of poor *Pipelet* in *Les Mystères de Paris*, without suspecting the existence of a real unfortunate prototype; but such a victim there was, who, for his sins, happened to dwell in the Chaussée d'Antin, No. 8, at a time when a parody on *Henri III.* was in full vogue; and in which the hero, bidding a sentimental adieu to his porter, requests a lock of his hair, in this distich—

“Portier, jè veux—de tes cheveux !”

Eugène Sue and Desmares, after a jollification with Dumas, presented themselves to the foredoomed *Pipelet*, and solemnly demanded, on the part of a Polish Princess, who had, they insisted, fallen in love with him, a ringlet from his venerable head. After a parley, he foolishly gave way, in order to rid himself of

their importunity ; but, from that moment, his fate was sealed. Three other formal requests followed on the same evening, one from a Russian Princess, one from a German Baroness, and one from an Italian Marchioness, and on each occasion, an invisible chorus chaunted the cursed and abominable couplet—

“ Portier, je veux—de tes cheveux.”

The persecution continued during the week, though poor *Pipelet* had taken down the inscription, “ Parlez au Portier,” but on the next Sunday, Sue and Desmarests determined to crown his confusion by presenting themselves on horseback in the court-yard, guitar in hand, to indulge him with a serenade. The reader not given to practical jokes, will be glad to learn that the servants, on this occasion, secured the gate, and gave the two tormentors a very good cudgelling, and they retired from the field with no arms but the handles of the guitars, and never afterwards condescended to give the details of the engagement, even to their most intimate friends. All the scribblers of Paris had now entered into a solemn league and covenant against the repose of our unfortunate porter, and the waggery resulted in a brain fever, during which the poor creature continued to chaunt the infernal refrain of his persecutors.

At the representation of Dumas’ *Christine à Fontainebleau*, Soulié, forgetting former coolnesses, brings fifty of his workmen, and uses their hands to carry the piece through its seven hours of agony : it was at last triumphant, and, during the remainder of the night, Victor Hugo and Alfred de Vigny worked like good geni to improve the halting or unsuccessful verses, and the publisher, Barba, gave the author 12,000 francs for the manuscript.

An actress of talent at that time, Madame Dorval, was particularly brilliant one evening. Dumas thus accounts for this instance of success :—

You have, doubtless, seen a Ruysdael or a Hobbema some time or other, and you recollect how sweetly a stray sunbeam lights up a corner of the grey sky, and renders transparent the obscure atmosphere that hangs over the large cattle browsing among the tall grasses and dock weeds.

So when the actor is fatigued, when he has played the same part ten, twenty, or fifty, times in succession, the inspiration is nearly extinguished, his genius goes to sleep, his feelings are blunted, his sky becomes grey, his atmosphere foggy, and he looks out for the sunbeam in the Hobbema. This ray is a friend among the audience—

a brother actor of talent leaning forward on the front row, or a bright eye which sparkles in the shade of a stage box.

Then flows the communion of feeling between the stage and the audience, the electric circle is complete, and the actor, or actress, is restored to the vigor and life of the early representations. All the nervous chords which had gone to sleep are roused, the passion is felt, the tears flow, and the audience claps its hands, cries "bravo," and believes that it is for its special entertainment that the artist is working such prodigies.

Ah, poor audience! you are sadly deceived; it is to one solitary individual among you that these cries, these tears, are offered, though you all share the gift as you enjoy the dew, the light, or the flame.

And what matter who sheds the dew, who diffuses the light, who enkindles the flame, while by this dew, this light, this flame, you are refreshed, you are enlightened, you are warmed.

One evening Madame Dorval had surpassed herself, and for whom? For a woman who had kept the actress' bosom palpitating for three hours under her eagle glance. For three long hours had the whole audience been as nothing to Madame Dorval; it was for this woman alone, that she had wept, spoken, existed; and when this woman applauded, when she cried "bravo," the actress felt her pains recompensed, her fatigue rewarded, her genius appreciated.

The curtain fell, and she retired to her dressing-room, spent and dying with fatigue. From the state of a mighty queen she had sunk to that of a poor victim; and now, completely exhausted, she fell nearly lifeless, on the sofa.

Suddenly the door opened and the unknown lady appeared on the threshold.

Dorval trembled, sprung forward, clasped her hand, as that of a long known friend, and the two women gazed on each other with the tears standing on their eyelids.

"Pardon me," said the stranger, with an accent of unspeakable sweetness, "but I could not retire without telling of the joy, the emotion, the happiness, you have given me." Madame Dorval thanked her with her eyes, her head, and an indescribable movement of the shoulders peculiar to herself, all the while examining her visitor's face, and seeming to demand of every feature of her countenance, "What is your name, dear lady, what is your name?" The unknown divined her thoughts, and, in a voice whose sweetness can never be conceived but by those who once heard the wonderful syren, announced herself as Madame Malibran. Madame Dorval uttered a cry of pleasure, and pointed to the only engraving in her room—it was the portrait of her visitor.

This was the Madame Malibran, the inimitable artist who, in a degree unapproachable, united the qualities of melody and gesture, force and grace, gaiety and sadness.

Alas for her early death! On our horizon she now hovers as a mere shade, the shade of Desdemona, of Rosina, of the Somnambulist, of Norma; a shade still resplendent, melodious, melancholy, to us who have seen her; but a vague phantasm only, to those who never enjoyed that fortune.

She died young, but it was in her full blaze of beauty, loving, beloved, in the midst of triumphs, girt with glory, crowned with success, and beneath the pall of renown.

Alas! the artists of the theatre leave behind nothing that can recall the beauty of their song, the grace of their movements, the passion of their gesture; nothing but the pale ghost which still haunts the memory of their cotemporaries.

We, only we, the painters or poets, can leave some monument behind; we only, the privileged of art, can produce with pen or pencil the enduring image and spirit of perishable and material things. 'Tis to us that God has given the mirror that retains your images, oh brothers and sisters, such as you are, or greater and more beautiful, if that be possible.

Among the writers of the journal entitled *Figaro*, one of the organs to which the Three Days of July may be attributed, were Janin, Romieu, (our old acquaintance) Nestor Roqueplan, Brucker, Vaulabelle, Michel Masson, and Alphonse Karr. Dumas writes:—

Alphonse Karr, that singular genius, who can give to truth all the charms of paradox; that truth which, in the hands of others, is bare and dry as a chip, shines from his page as a fair countenance seen through a gold embroidered veil.

Alphonse Karr is the man who, since 1830, has spoken most truths to the government, to its friends, and to its enemies; and they differ from the truths of other writers in this respect, that they are really true, and the more they are examined the truer they are found to be.

He was at that period a brave young man of twenty-two, with firmly marked features and dark hair. He had adopted an eccentric style of dress, which he has ever since retained. He was well made, and strong, and active at all athletic exercises, particularly swimming and fencing.

In the summer of 1829, while bathing in the Marne, he saved a cuirassier from perishing,—the cuirassier was heavy, and strong, and almost drowned his deliverer. Karr received a medal for this brave deed, but gained only some annoyance thereby, as all his friends made it a source of joke or pleasantry. One day, while dining with a party, several of whom were decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honor, all sorts of witty observations were made upon his unfortunate medal; a certain limit being observed, however, as Karr's courage and skill at arms were unquestionable. With his usual phlegm he called for paper, cut out as many pieces as there were decorations in the room, wrote on them the several causes of the acquisition of these crosses, handed to each individual his appropriate ticket, and there was an immediate suspension of merriment at the table.

He has witnessed the two revolutions, of July and February, without losing his equanimity, but he has latterly taken more interest in such matters; one of his observations made to me lately



was—"The more these things differ, the more they resemble each other."

He wrote verses at that time, 1829-30, and sent them to Bohain, the editor of the *Figaro*. Bohain was a frank speaker, and hated poetry; so he wrote to Karr, "My dear sir, your verses are delightful, but, for goodness' sake, send me some prose instead. I'd rather be hung than let a single couplet into the journal."

Karr did not press the point; knowing that men of genius are rare, he did not choose that Bohain should hang himself, so he sent him the prose demanded.

All his time not passed in his little apartment at the Old Tivoli, Montmartre, or among the ateliers of the artists, he spent in the little wood adjacent to his country lodge, or in a canoe on the river. His first novel was the subject of much remark and censure, as every original work is sure to be. He was accused of plagiarizing Nodier, but as Nodier's novel had appeared a fortnight later than his, the critics were foiled on that occasion.

Then it was a translation from the German, and even the title of the supposed original was given, but on search being made no work of the kind could be found.

He had headed his chapters with scraps of original poetry, and tacked to each a name such as Goethe, Schiller, Uhland, and others. The critics were caught in the snare; they swore the poetry was divine, and the prose execrable, and yet both had issued from the same source.\*

In one or two of his amusing stories he gives graphic pictures of the life he witnessed at this period among the Parisian artists, and their privations, make-shifts, and contrivances to get rid of importunate or tiresome visitors. A standard method is the chaunting in chorus some such affecting ballad as the following, and repeating it till the intruders are put to flight:—

Three geese went out to take a walk,  
And breathe the morning clear:  
The second went behind the first,  
The third brought up the rear.  
(*De Capo*)

If the enemy is of tougher mettle and will not yield, they have recourse, in the last extremity, to another lay, (they call it a *saw*) of which the author gives this pleasing character, that a saint would murder his nearest relative if the latter attempted

\* For some other interesting circumstances relating to Karr, see *IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW*, Vol. II. No. 8. pp. 695, 696.

the fourth repetition in his hearing. The reader will please to repeat every line twice, if he wish to have a true notion of the genuine quality of the article.

There were four young men in our street,  
They all felt queer from head to feet, feet, feet,

But fearing worse luck might befall,  
They sent them to the Hospital, tal, tal,

They wished for broth, that wholesome food ;  
But it was neither warm nor good, good, good.

To comfort well their limbs and joints,  
They made them sleep at heads and points, points, points.

I fear you're weary of this strain ;  
So I'll resume my song again, gain, gain.

And if necessary they fulfil the threat, but few have ever stood out the repetition.

We do not intend to enter circumstantially on the history of the Three Days of July. We shall only introduce a few facts, for the truth of which we refer our readers to Alexander Dumas himself. We may, however, mention the names of the papers to whose writers our author attributes the outbreak. These were *Le National*, *Le Globe*, *La Temps*, *Le Courrier Français*, *Le Constitutionnel*, *Le Courrier des Electeurs*, *Le Tribune des Départements*, *La Revolution*, *Le Journal du Commerce*, *Le Journal de Paris*, *Le Figaro*, *La Sylphe*.

Dumas, at the head of two or three dozen patriots, was making way to the Place de Grève, where some sharp shooting was going on, when turning a corner, they encountered a whole regiment. As thirty men, even though headed by an Alexander, could not reasonably calculate on routing fifteen hundred, Dumas advanced to parley, and coolly requested leave to pass through the troops. Being asked his purpose, he frankly acknowledged the object, and the Captain answered that he had not thought him up to that time such a fool. Dumas demanded his reasons for this opinion, and he gave three. No. 1, Dumas was risking his life, though fighting was not his profession. No. 2, he might well know the regiment would not give passage. No. 3, consisted in a demonstration arising from the sight of the wounded now borne past on litters. As the officer's orders were merely to prevent the junction of the insurgents, he counselled our hero to disband his troop, and began to question him as to the appearance of his next drama.

Dumas resided at this time in the Faubourg St. Germain,

and when the people broke into the Museum beside the Church of St. Thomas, and were seizing all the available fire arms, and would not listen to his exhortations to respect the antiquities, so he himself puts on the veritable casque of Francis I., girds on the sword of the same warrior, braces on his buckler, and snatches up the identical arquebuss used by Charles IX. at the butchery of St Bartholomew. Encumbered by his trophy, he proceeds home to the Rue de l'Université, climbs up four flights of stairs, sinks exhausted on the floor of his room, and expresses his thorough willingness to believe in the feats attributed to Ogier the Dane, Roland, and the Four Sons of Aymon, could he be certain that Francis had borne the same weight, plus the body armour, for fourteen hours, at the fight of Marignan. In a second journey he brings up the mace, the battle-ax, and the cuirass, and in proper time and place, he restores the entire trophy to the Museum again,

At the Place de l'Odeon they procure powder, and are casting bullets, but want paper for the cartridges. The inhabitants of the neighbourhood, on learning the want, fling out of the windows books of all kinds, and Dumas himself is knocked down, and almost killed, by a *Gradus ad Parnassum*. The Louvre was defended by two battalions of the Swiss guards, one of which was posted at the windows, and swept the quays ; the other remained as a reserve in the court yard. The troops stationed at the Place Vendome not being considered trustworthy, it was judged advisable to send one of the Swiss battalions to replace them. Monsieur de Salis, instead of making the corps-de-reserve mount from the yard, and thus relieve the men on duty in the first place, ordered the fighting party to descend, and the assailants, now at the height of their enthusiasm, seeing the windows and balconies deserted, rushed forward, broke in through wickets, and across palings, fired into the court yard on the astonished Swiss, overpowered them of course, burst into the Tuilleries, put all to flight, and the Revolution was effected. Dumas names the chief men of the combat, as Godfrey Cavaignac, Baude, Degoussée, Higonet, Grouville, Coste, Guinard, Charras, Etienne Arago, Lothon, Mellotte, D'Hostel, Chalas, Gauga, Baduel, Bixio, Goudchaux, Bastide, the brothers Lebon, Joubert, Charles Teste, Tasche-reau, and Béranger. He continues :—

I ask pardon of those whom I have forgotten to name, and of some of those I have named, and who would, perhaps, prefer

to be left unmentioned. Those who effected the revolution of July were the ardent and heroic populace, who light the flame of Revolution indeed, but afterwards extinguish it with their own blood. These are the men of the people, who are pushed aside when the work is done, and who, having guarded the treasury while ready to faint with hunger, afterwards behold, from their station in the cold streets, the parasite guests of the ruling power enjoying the good things of the table, in the midst of splendor and magnificence.

The fight is over, General Lafayette is installed at the Hotel de Ville; there is a lack of powder, and Dumas volunteers his services to bring a supply from Soissons, single handed, even though Soissons be a royalist fortified city. Lafayette is not willing to let him rush on certain death, the other authorities concur in the same feeling, but our hero felt, as the man in *Joe Miller*, "and would be drowned, and nobody should save him." He procures an order from General Lafayette, and one from General Gerard, and gets forward at a surprising pace in order to be within Soissons before the gates are locked for the night. A mulish post boy persisting in refusing to mend his pace, Dumas discharges a blank cartridge in his face, stuns him, strips off his jack boots, and plays postilion himself. He obtains admission into the town by means of a friendly citizen, after the gates have been closed, forces a church, and plants the tricolor where hung erewhile the white banner of the Bourbons. In the mean time whilst Hutin and Bard, his associates, are making the exchange of the flags, Alexander scales the enclosed yard where the powder is kept, and finds himself tête à tête with three officers, its guardians: he shows the order with one hand, while the other grasps a carbine, points out the banner on the steeple, and, what with the sight of the republican flag, their own secret wishes, the suddenness of the summons, and, perhaps, a very natural dislike to the contents of the carbine, they pass their word to remain neuter while Dumas, leaving Bard to mind a little love of a cannon, which he keeps pointed to the gate, sets off to mesmerise the Commandant, Monsieur de Linieres.

He finds the Commandant, in company with two other officers, produces his order, discovers that they are more disposed to call in help than to gratify his wishes, pulls out his pistols, and tries the argumentum ad capita. The Governor is resolved to do or die, but his wife, whose nearest relations had been killed by the blacks in St. Domingo, rushing in, takes Dumas for a murderous African negro whom, it appears, he resembled.

strikingly at this moment, owing to his color, and his having neither slept nor changed his clothes for two or three days. Now was the Governor in a pretty dilemma. His lady urging him earnestly to comply, his honor as earnestly forbidding the weakness, and, all the time, the pistols directed at his head. But neither for love nor fear will the brave Governor yield to a single foe, so Dumas considerably walks into the street, and, in a few minutes, returns with two of his friends, just dropped out of the clouds. (Such things often happen in romances.) These friends present their guns through the window, which has been opened from the inside by our adventurer, and the Governor being now provided with a reasonable excuse, signs the order for the delivery of the powder, and a convoy of it is soon on the road to Paris. But after all these wonders, the powder was not needed.

If our readers wish to learn the method by which the Duke of Orleans secured the crown, through the jugglery of Lafitte, Thiers, Talleyrand, and others, and how those who bore the brunt and toil of the great work were neglected, we advise them to read the sixteenth volume of the *Memoirs*. They will there find, also, that Louis Philippe, though wavering and fearful whilst danger was yet at a distance, was as bold as Hercules when brought face to face with it; and that he wrote to Charles Dix the most devoted assurances of loyalty whilst plotting his overthrow. When tired of these grave matters they will be refreshed with an abstract of the expenses of the Orleans household, written by the hand of Royalty itself, and learn, to their great edification, those circumstances which caused a rise or fall in the wages of the water carrier, the quantity of bread, soup, and cold meat, which it befitted each young prince or princess to consume; also, the just price of each ration, and the limit to which indulgence in sugar was permitted. Now, much as we admire our author, we think this is rather spiteful sport. Poor Goldsmiths *Good Natured Man* felt it necessary to apologize for his friend the bailiff, who was not content with beating the French, unless he had the pleasure of scolding them into the bargain.

After the great Soissons adventure Dumas buys a superb National Guard uniform, equips himself therewith, and penetrates into La Vendée, hoping to revolutionize the bourgeois class at any cost, as he despairs of the nobles and their peasant dependants. However, instead of succeeding, he would have

been shot down by some anti-revolutionary peasant, but for the protection afforded by one of the people whom he had preserved from being sent to the galleys. Adding a modicum of discretion to his stock of valor, he then dresses like an ordinary mortal, and penetrates this last refuge of royalty in France. Stopping at Angers, he finds workmen scraping the façade of the venerable cathedral, thus divesting it of the solemn and appropriate hue of eight centuries, to give what they considered a tint of youth; and a sickly jaundiced look, indeed, they managed to produce. He writes:—"Alas! twenty-five years nurture and training are necessary for the perfecting of a human being—a Swiss levels his musket at him, and, in a moment, the living image of God is a lifeless mass. Six or eight hundred years are required to give a venerable look to a cathedral—an architect of vile taste comes and scrapes it off. Would that the Swiss had fired at the architect, or that the architect had scraped the Swiss."

At Tiffauges he visits the ruins of the chateau of the famous Blue Beard, Gilles de Laval. This old vagabond had pillaged twenty churches, had caused the destruction of fifty women, and was a coiner to boot. So, poetical justice for once had jurisdiction in real life, and Master Gilles was beheaded and burnt in the meadow of Biece; but before his execution, he made a speech which was inaudible towards the close, from the cries and sobs of the women. History adds (but being only history it may be believed or not) that the fathers and mothers fasted three days for the benefit of his soul, and whipped their little boys and girls at the place of execution, that they might enjoy the full benefit of the ceremony.

We have not dwelt at any length upon those portions of the volumes which we presume the author would call "historical." He is a partizan, in the worst sense of an offensive term, and is not to be believed whilst writing of his opponents, or when deducing conclusions even from those facts which passed before his own eyes. No man can be more ready, or more willing, than we, to admit, in its fullest extent, the great principle that from a people must spring, and can alone spring, the right in princes to govern; but we do not believe that all the talkers of the popular party must, of necessity, be patriots, and all of the unpopular side "minions" or "slaves," any more than we hold that those who die bravely for the people's cause are more honest, or more heroic, than those who fall in defence of the

old but subverted rule. "History may be," as Bolingbroke states, "authorized romance;" but, if we take history as Dumas would present it, it must be for that class to which Bolingbroke refers when he writes, that some come to the study of history as if it were "nothing more than an amusement, and read the life of Aristides or Phocion, of Epaminondas or Scipio, Alexander or Cæsar, just as they play a game at cards, or as they would read the story of the seven champions."

We prefer Dumas the novelist, to Dumas the would-be historian. He is the man of genius in the former character; in the latter he is but the empty charlatan. The reader will have perceived that these volumes are neither so interesting nor so original and piquant as those thirteen volumes already reviewed by us, and this circumstance may be fairly attributed to the fact, that the author has forgotten his egotism whilst endeavouring to render his book historically valuable. He has too frequently neglected the coulisse and lost the glare of the saloon, in attempting to place before us the scenes in La Vendée, and the reeking horrors of the barricade. We have an old love for our friend Alexander, and hope to meet him on other and more suitable ground, in the future scenes of his life book.

We have placed Texier and Dumas together in this paper, because we believe that each is, in his way, a type of a certain class of French thinkers. Dumas believes that the world may be righted, stopped in its course, and regulated in all its movements, by those who fancy themselves "Regenerators," and he honestly, or for effect, would cry—

"Cursed be the social wants that sin against the strength  
of youth!  
Cursed be the social lies that warp us from the living  
truth!  
Cursed be the sickly forms that err from honest Nature's  
rule!  
Cursed be the gold that gilds the straiten'd forehead of  
the fool!"

This is not the hearty, full-swelling hope that should shine from the pages of a lover of his country. The "eye to which all order festers" is not calculated to gaze honestly upon the weakness and the strength of human nature; and in the method of judging of life and of its ways, lies the chiefest contrast between the teaching and the philosophy of Dumas and of Texier.

The book before us is a collection of essays contributed at different periods, to various periodical publications, and Texier seems to have employed his pen on subjects of the most opposite nature. Thus we have mechanical directions for the concoction of a feuilleton; the complete economy of the claqueur system; a dissertation on the early printers; the history of criticism, ancient and modern, and a complete exposé of Fourierism, Proudhonism, and the other give-every-thing-to-every-bodyisms which disturb French society. Texier not only chastises the modern Infidels, and Socialists, and Anarchists, for the rashness and wickedness of their projects, but likewise strips them of all claim to originality of conception. He points out Plato, Sir Thomas More, and Campanella, as the source of such ideas, but shows that these great spirits, influenced by genuine love for their kind, and sympathizing with the sufferings inflicted on the masses by their selfish rulers, indulged in these cloudland visions, without a hope or expectation of seeing them realized. "Plato," Texier observes, "in composing his *Republic*, knew well the judgment and acuteness of the people for whom he wrote, and little dreamed, good easy man, of generating such heroes as Cabet or Pierre Leroux, after the lapse of two thousand years."

To prove his case Texier cites a work printed at Lyons, in 1578, having for title, *The Celestial, Terrestrial, and Infernal Worlds*, translated from an Italian author, Dona, a pupil, probably, of Campanella.\* This book not only contains Fourierism in the germ, but enters into the details of his Phalansterc system, and as there was no great probability of his copying Fourier by anticipatory inspiration, Fourier to a certainty must have copied him. In the plan of Dona there was first laid down an immense temple, eight times as high as the cupola of Florence. It had a hundred doors, each door commanded a street, and these streets were so many radii ending in the circular boundary wall of the great city. Every one followed the trade or calling to which he was inclined, (*the Passionelle attraction of Fourier*) and people of the same occupation lived together. The women had a street or two to themselves, family ties being discarded; no child knew his own father,

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\* The whole of Dona's theory may be found in Campanella's "De Monarchia Hispanica."—Ed.



and as soon as each little foundling was able to leave the women's abode, he was set to that particular business for which he had a fancy. For instance, if he was devoted to painting eyes, he painted nothing but eyes, another rubbed in the nose, and the whole countenance was achieved, well or ill, as skill, or luck, prevailed. Under this blessed state, no man was troubled with scolding wives or crying children: no man was jealous, why should he! or beat his wife, (there being no wife in question) or her paramour, and no one was distracted with the fears or anxieties of love, the essence of which is the desire of an object not attainable for the time!!

Some of Fourier's more brutal speculations are also derived literally from this wicked old philosopher, the only point of consequence not copied is the existence of a pit, in the elder scheme, into which deformed children were thrown when born. It is curious that in the worlds of these prose dreamers there are to be no poets. These unfortunate beings may do a bit of verse for their own amusement, and at their own expense, if they please it, but they must follow some trade—make nets, or herd the goats, or do some other thing for their bread. Fourier improving occasionally on his original, propounds his truths something in this guise. Christianity has merely established a war between our passions and our so called duties. Duty, as an armed sentinel, keeps watch on the passions, and the moment one attempts to stray out of bounds he fires on him. Sometimes duty prevails, and sometimes passion, but in the new order, the passions all lead to the rightful discharge of duty, every man being allowed to follow his natural bent. At present the arrangement of cities, crowds, and communities, is all a matter of chance, consequently one of discomfort and misery; but, bye and bye, the world will be an immense chess-board where groups, series, and phalansteries will fill the squares with *passionel* individualities, every one obeying his own proper instincts, and the world itself will experience a wonderful change for the better.

The present earth will endure eighty thousand years, forty thousand of infancy, youth, and manhood, and forty thousand more going down hill, and with a tendency to decay. We are now in the seventh chilliad, consequently, only in the world's infancy, but as we proceed, a permanent, genial Aurora-Borealis will burn over the North Pole, and melt the ice of ages; the Northern Seas will be navigable, and oranges indigenous to

Nova Zembla, whilst Petersburg and Marseilles will be in the same climate. The ocean, deprived of its salt, will be an immense bowl of lemonade, from which men will draw those fabulous properties offered now in the Balsams of Curtis, Perry and other advertising "Friends to Suffering Humanity and Human Frailty." All destructive animals will disappear, and give place to a new, powerful, and domestic, race, and the Ouran-Outang will make himself useful in washing the kitchen utensils. The traveller, mounted on the Anti-Lion, having set out early from Brussels, will breakfast at Paris, dine at Lyons, and sup at Marseilles, yet feel no more fatigue than if he lay quietly in his bed.

These are the chief characteristics of the modern schools of French philosophists, as shown in their various gospels—for they have gospels of their own whilst refusing to receive that upon which Christianity is founded. And here we may remark, that, to the student of mental progress, a strange phase of life is presented for inquiry by the French and English unchristian (we cannot write of the latter, infidel) books of our day. French authors of the rationalistic school seem to place the whole integrity of life in an opposition to all the teaching of history and of experience. They will not desire their disciples to become Epicureans of the low hoggish order, but they make life a farce and futurity a fable. They have some vague idea of a superior power, their faith may be called the dilettanteism of deism. In England, however, our free-thinkers have assumed the German phases of belief. They consider that there is a something—who may be a God, but at all events it is right to obey that something, in all the dictates of the moral law, and of the law of nature, because these are rational principles of morality, and tend to the happiness of man, whether they be binding in conscience or not—and thus our *philosophers* resemble Shaftesbury, who would be moral for his own happiness' sake if there were no God, just as he would be clean for his own comforts' sake though he lived alone in a desert. This class of English free-thinkers are becoming every day more important; they have engrafted German mysticism on the Church of England doctrine and on Saxon common sense—their evangelist is Professor Newman.\*

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\* Those who desire to understand this subject more fully, we refer to 'The Eclipse of Faith.' London: Murray. 1853. 4th Edition.

Our author, Texier, who has led us into this digressive disquisition, is fully aware of all the follies and all the crimes, against God and against human freedom, of which this class of writers in his own country have been the sources. He briefly points out the conduct of the demagogues who for the last sixty years pretended to be the defenders and friends of the people, but who were only their flatterers, and who confounded in the minds of the same people the ideas of right and wrong. He writes—

They ever held forth on the rights of the people, but were dumb as to their duties. They said, "You are great, you are strong, you are sovereign," but they never added, "I am sorry to say that you are ignorant, passionate, and unjust." As savage tribes adore the elements which they wish to render favorable, these fathers of their country have treated it as an idol to which, among other victims, the very social basis of society is to be sacrificed. Instead of appealing to its generosity, or the nobleness of its sentiments, they have never attempted aught but to exalt its pride, and deify its carnal appetites. Christianity, in laying its mild yoke on the world, had done all it could for the people; Christian art spoke to it in a language it could understand; for it, cathedrals were raised, palaces for God, and for the people also, wherein it spoke to them of virtue, of charity, and of glory—the glory of the world to come. If the road it indicated was rough, it was also the surest and shortest to heaven. Were the people poor, they saw their Redeemer occupying a manger: they saw him scourged and crowned with thorns, and still these consoling words fell on their ears, "*Blessed are they that weep.*" Monuments, pictures, statues, every production of art, gave echo to the heavenly promises; and instead of this, what have our modern teachers done? They have sent astray and demoralized their pupils; and now by way of result, the masses throwing off all restraint, and not content to sit at the steps of your palace doors, take their places at your tables and share your feasts.

And why should they not? You have long impressed on them the fact of their sovereignty, and could not hope that they would rest content with royalty in rags. And you, oh followers of Rousseau and Voltaire, and the unworthy and infidel nobility of last century! socialism is less a form of Government, than a protest against your pagan and egotistical spirit: as you, the great geniuses of the age, have broken down the dyke of Christianity, which alone could restrain the evil passions of human nature, it is only fit that you should suffer the penalty: as you have preached the cultus of riches and passion, give some indulgence to those proselytes you have made. You have taught the people not to believe in God, and in return they will make you believe in Him despite your philosophy.

And now only let our government, instead of assuming a hostile attitude, take seriously in hand the interest of the masses; let it introduce reasonable reforms, and combat envy by means of its opposite genius, good will: in a word, let it rout evil socialism, by a good socialism, and then will disappear the dreamers, the utopians and the

anarchists who lead the people astray, and ever talk of battle and barricade when the discourse should be of concord and union. When some indispensable reforms are made, let a solid and religious system of education be organized; a new generation will arise, better instructed than their fathers, and the world will be saved.

The government that is hearty in this good cause would soon establish public credit on a solid base, and found asylums for the worn out and aged industrious poor. But above all, let the young be taken in hands, instruct them, watch them, let the new ideas of progress be based on Christian Faith, and let it be felt that the children of to-day will be the French People a quarter of a century hence; all this will be more profitable to the mass than the possession of universal suffrage, of which it knows not the use. Alas! this is the mode we always adopt; we give into the people's hands a sharp tool, and when it has cut its fingers, and is bellowing with the pain, we are beginning to think that we may as well commence to teach the poor awkward laborer how to use his implement.

Texier reprints some very valuable criticisms on the descriptions of scenery by Lamartine and Victor Hugo. He declares them to be so idealized, that he never could perceive the slightest resemblance between the sketches and the several scenes which they assume to present. Yet it may be that this very power of idealization, is that which has given so great a charm to the descriptions of old Paris, in Hugo's *Hunchback of Notre Dame*.

He also analyses the works of Sainte Beuve, Balzac, Bossuet, Jules Janin, Alfred de Musset, Mignet and others. Referring to the English Press he relates some particulars which will probably be new to a few of our readers. For instance, he states—The influence of English newspapers on the English people is very limited:—the number of copies printed is much smaller than that of the corresponding journals in Paris, the Paris papers striking off 14,000 copies, the London only about four or five thousand each, the *Times* excepted.\* There are only thirty thousand purchasers of the different London papers, the *Times* always excepted, which prints every morning ten thousand copies more than all the other daily papers put together. The *Times* is the most colossal machine of publicity in the universe:—it has its correspondents in all parts of the known world, and a dozen officials, with salaries varying from three to four thousand pounds each, every writer attending to a single subject only. One of the staff who was devoted to the study of sewerage, enjoyed a yearly salary

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\* The daily circulation of the *Times* is about 40,000 copies.

of £3,500 while dawdling through the cities of the continent on a tour of inspection during two years, but in all that time he did not write a single word for the paper. One day the question of dust-heaps, and salubrity in general, came before the House of Commons, when he at once laid pen to paper, and in a series of twenty powerful leaders, so simplified the science of the matter, that at once the public, and their representatives, were forced, as it were, into the proper course to be adopted. Texier further states that—The British press never addresses itself to the populace, it only seeks to influence the gentry and citizens of standing. The people do not read the papers, and hence the moderation of all the journals, and the absence of exciting appeals to passions and prejudices.\* There are two causes for this state of things, namely, the high price of the papers, and the indifference of the people. So great is this indifference, that the larger portion of the London populace never dream of possessing a House of Commons in *Parliament-street*, or that the House of Lords is open every night at Westminster. Texier writes, that while in London, he asked a gentleman what subject was to be discussed that day in Parliament, and he was answered with the most phlegmatic air, "*I cannot tell you, Sir, that does not concern me.*" The only sign of life given by the London lower class is the chalking of NO POPEBY on their walls. You must not suppose, however, that literature is unknown among the lower orders. In spite of their proneness to drunkenness, eight out of every ten have their little shelf of elementary and religious works. By the care of the gentry, every one of their dependants receives a scientific and religious education, from which all political matter is carefully excluded, and when the people grow up they are not lost sight of. Still they are supplied with good books, (political tracts always excepted) and they are thus guided, without seeing the reins, or feeling the spur, as the upper classes wish, and think they are only following their own impulses.

Texier then lectures the powers in France, for not forming a stricter union with the people, and studying their ways and wishes, and for not looking closer after their education, or furnishing them with abundance of good books, and thus winds up the article :—

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\* We wonder if Texier ever read an Irish weekly newspaper of "the popular side."—Ed.

In this singular country over the water, where the greatest liberty, and the most outrageous inequality of ranks reign side by side, the office of Journalist is completely destitute of *respectability*, that dreadful and tyrannic word of the British Isles. The members of the Newspaper Press are well paid, but their existence is ignored, and a reduced gentleman who has recourse to his pen for support hides his profession as if it were a crime. In France, on the contrary, where equality is at home, but where liberty may struggle long before she gets on a level with her English sisters, every man gets credit for his talents, his character, and sometimes for his faults.

A Thiers or a Guizot is known as an eminent Journalist, and so he becomes president of Council, and since the establishment of our constitutional government, political Journalism is in some sort an anti-chamber to the parliamentary saloon. Beyond the strait you live and die a Journalist, as you would live and die in the army, Sergeant or Corporal. A man belonging to a newspaper loses caste, he is a mere writer, he is well paid and indifferently respected: a drawing-room in Baker-street or in Belgravia receives implicitly his decisions on men and matters, but to send him an invitation—Ah ha! that's quite another thing. Monstrous anomaly, repeated in a hundred forms in English society.

We want space to indulge ourselves with notes of admiration, and a running commentary on parts of this picture of the English, not drawn by themselves, but the witty and judicious reader may supply them tastefully, on the margin of his copy.

Our author next proceeds to describe the concoction, or hashing, or cooking of that most disreputable of literary swindles—a *feuilleton*. We have already\* stated our own opinions upon, and objections to, the system of the *feuilletonists*, and in many points, our views, we find, are in accordance with those of Monsieur Texier; he writes:—

For fifteen years, the intelligent French people have been the slaves of an association of writers of ill digested and improbable stories. For fifteen years the public has read every morning at the same hour, the same story, re-hashed, re-arranged, re-modified, and constructed with the same aids of composition, invention, emotions, and combinations. There is no variety but in the names of the hero; yesterday he was called Arthur, to-day he is Octavius, or Frederiek. Last week his body was exposed at the Morgue, this week he has taken a wife—two tragic ends, as the Vaudeville says.

The Parisian public is the most inconstant public in Europe, yet it never takes any interest except in the stories it knows already: it always applauds the same Vaudevilles, always admires the same heroes, and always laughs at the same venerable jokes.

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\* See IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW. Vol. III., No. XI., p. 498.

There are nine combinations in the composition of a feuilleton, neither one more, nor one less. Could you discover a tenth, you would make a Napoleon or a Rothschild out of the Feuilletonist.

Since we have begun to neglect the productions of genius—the painting of the feelings, and the study of character; since we have deserted the mysterious sphere of the existence and operation of human passion, we have had the feuilletonist's combinations, and nothing but his combinations. The journeyman romancer has counted them, they are exactly nine in number: they are ticketed in his brain, and classed in compartments. The combination of adultery pinned to pure love—combination of crime tacked to virtue—combination of hate modified by passion, &c., &c., &c. The romance writer is a mere apothecary keeping on hand drugs united in a certain proportion, preserving them in labelled boxes, and selling them to a long-eared and distrustful public.

You, sir, want an involved, sombre, and *Corsican-Brother* narrative; here is the article—combination No. 4, mixed with combination No. 6, and tinged with combination No. 9; a mixture of these three is always successful with die-away listless women; I will forward to your address, to-morrow, my first dose—I mean feuilleton.

Besides the grand combinations, there are the lesser, called *truc* (we will call it *trick*) imparting a knowledge of the power of details; thus we say of a writer, he spins his scenes with difficulty. Dumas has great power of trick, Mery has none: algebraically we would say, "a romance is a mere equation, we seek the  $x$  of the heart, we disengage the unknown sentiment, we extract the square root of a passion."

Opening a romance of Lamartine's, Texier observes, we find a beautiful, but rather long winded, description of the valleys which descend like so many beds of torrents, from Savoy towards France and Switzerland, and among these the broader and more verdant valley which opens towards Geneva and Annecy, between the Mountain of the Cat and the mural ramparts of Beauges. The Cat Mountain spreading like a tremendous wall towards the East, and the side of the valley decorated with pine forests, steeples of retired villages, towers of feudal castles, now gone to ruin, &c., &c., &c.

This description may be true and grand enough, but it is destitute of trick: hear how a practised feuilletonist would improve it:—

It was on a fair evening of Autumn, (*trick of an interesting opening*) the leaves touched with frost were falling from the cherry and chesnut trees, &c., &c. The fog descending from the mountain heights, formed apparent oceans and seas in the valleys, &c., &c., &c. Nature seemed dying of inanition, as die youth, beauty, love, &c., &c., &c. (*Trick of dramatic description*) Suddenly a human form was defined on the ridge of the Cat Mountain: he was follow-

ing a wild path, narrow, stony and precipitous: whence did he come, whither was he going? (*Trick of preparation*) no one knew: (*Trick of mystery*) he was clad, (*three columns on his dress, his appearance, his hair, his staff, and his portmanteau*) but in contemplating this dark outline so well thrown out by the back ground of white-rock, (*trick of antithesis*), the beholder would be struck with terror: was it a human being after all? *To be continued in our next. (Trick of suspended interest.)*

This is the substance of the first feuilleton, and with these six tricks, the writer has secured his asinine public. The trick of the second will be to speak of everything but the dark form on the Cat Mountain. The reader will be anxious, for the length of twenty chapters, to know if the form was a man, a woman, or a fairy; so, finally, in the twenty-first chapter he finds, to his great disgust, that it was only a Savoyard with his marmots, or a pedlar going to sell his wares at Chamberry.

And will this ticketed mechanical literature endure long? We think not. Everything of the kind wears out at last. When the good-natured public, by dint of reading the same story, has found out the trick of the combinations, it will guess the sequel from the opening of the tale, and fling away the worthless rubbish.

Already have our Balzac, our Karr, our Gozlan, and others, tired of dragging the roller of the combinations, and of immolating their genius on the procrustean bed of the daily feuilleton, betaken themselves to flight. "Take all Bœotia, occupy even Peloponnesus," say they to the barbarians, "as for us, retired to this quiet corner of Attica, we will continue to drink the wine of Syracuse, and praise the immortal gods, while waiting for better times."

Do you think that Jules Janin, that genius so varied, that eternal spring, in a word, would have still preserved his wonderful charm of style, if, at his outset, he had thrown himself, head foremost, into the cavern of the combinations and truca.

No, but instead of that tone, clear and ravishing, which now enchants the world, we should hear but the squeak of the mouth-piece from behind Mr. Punch's curtain.

And now no one has survived the self-ruined feuilleton but Dumas alone; and he does the romance still, for he can do everything, even write a tragedy when he wishes it particularly. He resembles the courier of St. Petersburg at the circus, and can drive four steeds at a time. As for poor Sue, it is hard to say whether he has died by the visitation of Socialism or the newspaper romance.

And now for the advantages of this sort of literature. The pen has given place to the paste and scissors; the masons have routed the architects. The public could formerly count a few gold pieces; now they may jingle copper sous in their pockets; while young and old scholars divert themselves in killing, defiling, burying, unearthing, and poisoning their readers with their extravagant and villainous combinations.

Texier predicted the downfall of this idol, and Louis Napoleon has endeavoured to fulfill his prophecy by taxing its priests and show-men.



With the following sketch of a banker, peculiar to Paris, we close our extracts, hoping to encounter our talented, and versatile, and right-thinking, critic on some future occasion :—

Monsieur X. has gained a town and country house by trading on the wants of managers, authors, actors, and others connected with the drama. All his days resemble each other. In the morning he visits needy managers, and purchases, for a certain sum in hand, the evening's receipts, offering less or more, according to the state of the weather, the names of the artists, and the appearance of the play-bill. X., we will say, offers 1,400 francs for a particular evening. *Manager.* 'I must have 1,600.' X. 'If it threatened rain I would not hesitate, but the weather is fair, and there will be a fine starlight night at the opening of the doors.' *Manager.* 'I'm sure it will rain, look at the barometer.' X. 'Your instrument is not worth a far-thing, I won't advance the 200 francs.' *Manager.* 'We will play a piece of D——'s' X. 'There are not enough of women in your piece, what do the public care for one that has only two women in it? Now, if it was only the vaudeville of N., where a whole swarm of young girls appear.' *Manager.* 'Well, well, the vaudeville must be played.' X. 'Very well, here are your 1,600 francs, but I won't make 100 sous by the transaction'; and off he sets to another hard-up manager. At two o'clock he is at home, sitting before his desk in his dressing gown, waiting for his numerous clients. *Enter dramatic author.* X. 'My dear friend, I am glad to see you, how are we getting on?' *Author.* 'Famously; I have just got a drama accepted at the Porte St. Martin.' X., *smelling a bargain.* 'A poor theatre just now—wretched actors—scenery of the last age. Why did you not take your piece to *La Gaîté*?' *Author.* 'They are rehearsing one for me there this moment.' X. 'But, as I was going to say, *La Gaîté* has declined very much too: it is not a great deal better than Porte St. Martin: nothing will do now but the Vaudeville.' *Author, getting impatient.* 'We are not speaking of the Vaudeville, but of a drama. What will you give me for my five act play?' X. 'Eh, eh, money is scarce, and the public lazy. Is it a modern play?' *Author.* 'Certainly, not older than yesterday.' X. 'Modern fashionable black clothes?' *Author.* 'Yes.' X. 'Bad idea. Black is the devil's own color to draw a house: the women hate it. Now, if it was only a costume piece.' *Author.* 'Your price, if you please, Father X?—I am in a hurry.' X. 'Ah, what fellows these authors are! They think we have only to stoop down to pick up gold. Is this play an ear-tearing one, has it clever points, terrible situations?' *Author.* 'It is as Corsican as the *Bell-Ringer of St. Paul's*.' X. 'Ah, so much the worse; nothing but the sentimental will go down now; witness *La Grâce de Dieu*, and *François le Champi*. Hugo's drama is gone to the dogs, Dumas beats the air with one wing, even Bouchardy is as used up as an old cord.' *Author.* 'Well, then, you do not care for my play?' X. 'Indeed, I am not in a fright about it: what do you expect?' *Author.* 'Three thousand francs.' X. 'Three thousand francs! do you wish to drive me to the mendicity, do you intend to take my life?' *Author.* 'Father X., you know you gained six thousand by my last.' X. 'Oh, dear, none but authors would say

such things. I might have lost instead of gained. Will you have 1,200 francs for your coat and waistcoat play?' *Author*. 'Impossible: 2,500 francs is the lowest sous. The fifth act is superb, pure Shakespeare.' X. 'Well, then, some other time. Now, if 1,500 francs would tempt you.' *Author*. 'Come, Father X., shell out 2,000.' X. 'No.' *Author*. 'Well, nothing can be done, I'll be off.' X. '1,800 francs.' *Author*. 'No, I have said my last word.' X. 'Let it be the 2,000, but you must give a one act vaudeville into the bargain.' *Enter an Actor*. 'Good morning, my boy, what's the matter; are you ill?' *Actor*. 'No, but I'm not in good humor.' X. 'What has happened?' *Actor*. 'You know well enough what has happened: your people neglect my entries and exits both, the clap resounds no more, and yesterday I was hissed.' X. 'Oh, my goodness!' *Actor*. 'Oh, how astonished you are, and I only in arrear a day or two.' X. 'Regular accounts, my boy, should be kept between friends, that's my maxim.' *Actor*. 'Here are your 150 francs for the month: I hope you'll condescend to remember me.' X. 'Depend on me. This very evening you shall get a reception of the first class, two salves at your entry, and applause at the proper times during your whole performance.' *An Actress appears at the threshold*. 'Ah,' cried X., 'ever young, ever handsome, ever charming,' putting his hand to his Greek cap, 'by my faith, Mademoiselle, you'll never grow old.' *Actress*. 'Listen, Father X., they are going to give one of my parts to Evelina.' X. 'Ah ha, that is a serious matter.' *Actress*. 'You may say serious, but Evelina plays this very evening, and she must be hissed to death.' X. 'But she is one of my best customers.' *Actress*. 'What does she give monthly?' X. '200 francs, paid on the nail, the first day of each month?' *Actress*. 'Well, then, once and away, you must be faithless to her.' X. 'Eh, eh!' *Actress*. 'Suppose I mention a 500 franc note?' X. 'I can refuse you nothing, Mademoiselle, Evelina shall be extinguished this very evening.'

At night X. goes from one theatre to another, to see that his people, the claqueurs, perform their duty, does business with the authors whom he meets in the green room, and with the actors in the coulisses. At midnight he returns home, and resumes negotiations next morning. At this moment he is a millionaire multiplied by three, and does not spend 20,000 francs (£400) in the year.

For sketches of the Bohemian life of a large class of authors and artists in Paris, so pleasantly depicted by Henri Murger; for the abuse lavished by Paul Leroux and Proudhon on each other, and for a mass of very agreeable and interesting matter, we refer the reader to the original.

There is also an excellent article on late books of travels, written by gentlemen who never went outside the Banlieue in their lives,—but the duty placed on the feuilleton extinguished this branch of industry for several writers of the truc and nine combination orders.

We have now introduced our two French friends to the reader, and so leave them to his judgement. Texier is well deserving of all the approbation that can be extended to him, but our friend Alexander has given us considerable trouble in placing him in an English dress. One can suppose that he, years ago, commenced to keep a diary, and then, finding it too troublesome, neglected it, feeling with Marmontel—"Rediger un journal c'est-a-dire condamner au travail de Sisyphe ou à celui des Danaïdes." We can fancy that the chapters written at various times were placed in a hat, shaken well, drawn forth, printed, connected by a few words judiciously introduced, and then published as *Mémoires d' Alexandre Dumas*.

#### ART. III.—MACKLIN, THE ACTOR AND DRAMATIST.

IN the tenth chapter of the third book of *Joseph Andrews*, where the *Poet* and the *Player* discourse upon the decay of genius in their time, the reader may have observed the following words, spoken, sneeringly, by the disappointed *Player* :—"What do you think of such fellows as Quin and Delane, or that face-making puppy, young Cibber, or that ill-looking dog, Macklin, or that saucy slut, Mrs. Clive?" We are about to write the memoir of our fellow countryman, the "ill-looking dog, Macklin."

The life of an actor which reaches the ordinary span of human existence, cannot fail to afford many scenes of interest and variety. It is often adventurous as that of the soldier, and it has been selected by two of the most remarkable writers of modern times, as furnishing incidents best calculated to excite laughter by its drollery, or as likely to cause sympathy by its pathos. Who has not enjoyed the perplexities and equivoques in the career of *Deputy* and his companions, in Scarron's *Romances*? Who has not wondered at the marvellous power of genius, as displayed by Goethe, in *Wilhelm Meister*, when *Philina* and *Laertes*, and the other actors are introduced, and when that pensive child woman, so loving and so sorrowing—*Mignon*—the German *Fenella*, is a thing of life, coming back upon the memory in after years, like the remembrance of children seen in the vision of a dream? Who has not smiled at Hogarth's picture of the *Strolling Players*? These are fictions

founded upon the adventures of those who reach the average years of men, but in Macklin's life the period over which his fortunes extended nearly doubled that enjoyed by others—at his death he was aged one hundred and seven years, two months, and ten days, and seventy-three years of his existence had been devoted to his profession. He was the associate of all the brilliant, and witty, and famous, of these years. Pope and Johnson; Bolingbroke and Loughborough; Garrick and open-hearted, out-speaking, Kitty Clive; Cibber and Coleman, and the elder Sheridan; the charming charmer, the Vestris of our great grand-fathers, Peg Woffington, and the laughing, joyous, Dora Jordan, all these were his intimates. In the study he created *Macsarcasm* and *Mac Sycophant* for himself; and the other characters in *Love-a-la-Mode*, and in the *Man of the World* were formed from his observations of real life. On the stage he was the restorer of *Shylock*; he rescued it from the rôle of the low comedian,\* and made it, by his acting, as Pope's lines express,

“ —————the Jew  
That Shakespeare drew.”

This is the man, actor and dramatist, whom we are about to describe to our readers.

William M'Laughlin, the father of our subject, was one of those who, in the darkest hours of the well merited adversity of the false house of Stuart, clung to the standard of James the Second. He was of an ancient Irish family, and his faith and his feudalism incited him to support the King against the Prince of Orange. Events crowd onward, and all who backed the cause of the King rallied towards the North of Ireland. William M'Laughlin was accompanied to the camp by his wife, who was regardless of her own comfort, provided she could be beside her husband, and amid the din of warlike preparations a son was born to William M'Laughlin, on the 1st of May, 1690. The child was named Charles, and during two months was nurtured with such care as his mother's position permitted; but, upon the first day of July, 1690, the battle of the Boyne was fought, and in the flight of those who supported the beaten “pious fool,” young baby M'Laughlin was carried away, transported in a turf kish

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\* It had been represented as a low comedy character by Dogget. See IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. 6, Vol. II., p. 305, for a sketch of Dogget.

to the house of a friend at Shinglass, in the county of Westmeath.

After the state of the kingdom had become somewhat regular, M'Laughlin, finding that his property was confiscated, removed his family to Dublin, in the hope of improving his condition ; but he was broken in fortune, and dispirited in heart, at the overthrow of his party, and died in Dublin in the month of December, 1704, leaving his son Charles, and one daughter, to the care of their mother. She lodged during three years in Barrack-street, and in February, 1707, married Luke O'Meally, a trooper, who had fought under the standard of King William at the Boyne, and who, at the period of his marriage, kept The Eagle Tavern, in Werburgh-street.\* O'Meally was kind to his step-children, but, being subject to fits of violent passion, he, on one occasion, excited such terror in the breast of his step-daughter that she was attacked by convulsions, and died from their effects. Charles was sent to a boarding school at Island Bridge, kept by a Scotchman named Nicholson, and as the pupil was in the habit of breaking all the rules, and of increasing his guilt by mimicing, and by teaching a parrot to mimic, the voices and expressions of the schoolmaster and of his wife, the boy's life was one series of punishments. He loved boxing, hurling, and all open air games, and whilst in his fifteenth year was noted as being the boldest of those who leaped from the Old Bridge into the Liffey—indeed, so notorious had he become that he was known amongst his acquaintances as *Wicked Charley*. Our actor always attributed his dislike to Scotchmen to his early quarrels with Nicholson, but from him he also first acquired the life-long passion for the stage.

Nicholson, like the well known Samuel Whyte†, was a lover of theatrical performances, and his pupils were carefully instructed in elocution. In the year 1706, he arranged that Otway's tragedy, *The Orphan ; or the Unhappy Marriage*, should be represented. The boys were all anxious to perform, and the male characters were quickly cast, but for the rôle of *Monimia*, the heroine, there were no candidates. An old lady

\* For a detailed account of this ancient street, and its former occupants, see IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, Vol. II., No. 5, pp. 48 to 75.

† See Memoirs, Journal, and Correspondence of Thomas Moore. Vol. I., pp. 6 to 21. And see IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, Vol. III., No. 9, pp. 20 to 34.

named Pilkington, who occasionally visited at the school, had observed young M'Laughlin's quickness of mind, and requested that the part might be committed to his representation. After many refusals the master consented; Mrs. Pilkington instructed her willing pupil, and partly through gratitude to her, and partly through an anxiety to disappoint Nicholson's expectations of a failure, he studied the part carefully, and the result was a complete and undisputed triumph. But this triumph was the foundation of his theatrical career. He resolved to be an actor, and in the year 1708, he left his home, in company of two friends, and commenced his struggle of life with nine pounds stolen from his mother's till. The three companions sailed from Dublin for Parkgate, and landing safely continued their route to London, but upon reaching the metropolis commenced a course of life that soon reduced them to their last shilling. In this extremity one of the three adventurers proposed that they should cry, "Stand, to a true man," and become, as glorious *Jack* says, "Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon"—in common language—highwaymen. This, M'Laughlin, and his other companion, refused to do, and the parties separated, each being resolved to work his own way in the world. He who proposed the purse-taking plan was some years afterwards hanged at Tyburn; he who refused to join in the scheme died a commissioned officer in the service of his country; what M'Laughlin's fortunes were we shall hereafter discover.

Many of our readers must recollect that exquisite passage in *The Confessions of an English Opium Eater*, where De Quincy relates the manner in which his life was saved by the charity of the outcast street-walker. So it was with M'Laughlin. Having quitted his companions, he wandered around those "stony-hearted stepmothers"—the streets, weary and worn, and wretched, when he was addressed by a woman who had lived for some years in his mother's service. He told her his melancholy story, she led him to her wretched room, gave him such food as her means could afford, and secured a bed for him in a neighbouring public-house. This house was kept by a widow, one who did not, like the famous lady of Ephesus, "weep her husband dead," but who was equally willing, with the Ephesian dame, to be sought and won, or, failing in this, to seek and take. She was fat, fair and—sixty; our hero was tall, dark, handsome, and eighteen. He drew

crowds of customers to the house by his powers of mimicry, and by his humorous songs, and perceiving all these advantages, incited also by inclination, the landlady proposed to M'Laughlin that he should marry her, and after a courtship of one month, this union of January and May was celebrated by a "Couple-Beggar."

Mrs. O'Meally discovered the residence of her son, and endeavoured to induce him to return to his home, and abandon his spouse. To this he consented, disgusted, probably, by his mode of life, and the deserted landlady drowned her grief in gin—like that classically jilted damsel Ariadne—consoling herself with Bacchus for the loss of Theseus.

M'Laughlin remained at home for some months, and the tavern kept by his mother being frequented by many of the College students, his humor and ready wit were soon made public. Trinity College now became his haunt, and being unable, as a Roman Catholic, and being unwilling from his unsettled disposition, to enter as a student, he became a habitu   as a "skip." In his twenty-first year he grew tired of this menial life, and his mother's brother, James O'Flanagan, a captain in the German service, being about to return to Germany from a visit to his native country, young wicked Charley resolved to accompany him. The uncle and nephew proceeded to London, but the latter was not fated to make one of those who have rendered our country illustrious in deeds of martial daring—he stole away from Captain O'Flanagan, and forming an intimacy with some strollers who then fixed their quarters at Hockley in the Hole,\* he commenced his theatrical life as *Harlequin*, *Scaramouch*, and characters of the like class, and wrote to inform his uncle that he had formed a plan of life for himself, more satisfactory than that of a German trooper—so the Captain continued his route to Germany, whilst Charles luxuriated in the dirt and fun of his temporary quarters at *The Cat and Bagpipes*. Again he returned to Dublin at the solicitation of his mother; he found that she had changed her residence from Werburgh-street to Cloncurry, about eighteen miles from town, but he remained in Ireland during the five succeeding years, and became again a College "skip," and subsequently a porter. He contrived to spend the Sundays with his mother, and on these occasions,

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\* Now Clerkenwell Green.

after having accompanied her to and from Mass, listened patiently to a lecture from the old woman, on the superiority and truth of her, the Roman Catholic, religion. However, Luke O'Meally, the Williamite trooper, his step-father, had seen too much of the bad effects, in a worldly point, of a man's being in that age, too warmly devoted to the tenets of either Roman Catholicity or of Protestantism, and he generally succeeded in laughing away the moral of these discourses, and poor Mrs. O'Meally was but too often forced to cry to her husband, like Tom Moore's mother, Anastatia, to honest John, her spouse—"I declare you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

Charley M'Laughlin at length became weary of his Dublin life, and in the year 1715, he left his home, determined to seek his fortune in England. He had seen enough of a young player's prospects in London, and resolved to push his way first in the provinces. He sailed from Dublin, in a Bristol bound vessel, and, after a tedious passage, landed in that City, of which poor Cook some years afterwards told the citizens, "every brick was cemented with the blood of a murdered African". Our young stroller had beguiled the long hours of his voyage by the study of a volume of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays—and some few days after his arrival in Bristol we find he made his first appearance on any stage, as *Richmond*, in Shakspeare's *Richard the Third*. His life, during the succeeding five years, was a complete romance in reality. The company roamed through the country, and the young Irishman was the life and soul of the party. He wrote prologues, and epilogues, songs, and addresses, frequently played, the same night, *Antonio* and *Belvidera*, in *Venice Preserved*, and was the *Harlequin*, sung three comic songs between the play and farce, and danced an Irish jig in the latter. Whilst performing in Bristol he found that the Irish brogue was a disadvantage in most characters, and he placed himself under the tuition of a clergyman named Davis. His progress in acquiring an English pronunciation was any thing but satisfactory, as Davis was a Welchman; and the result of all his trouble was a mode of utterance peculiar to no known district of the kingdom.

The circuit of the company embraced the towns of Hereford, Worcester, and the county of Gloucestershire; in all these places M'Laughlin became a public favorite, not only from his clever acting, and humorous singing, but likewise



owing to his skill in all athletic sports. He was particularly noted for his dexterity as a hand-ball player, and on one occasion three of the Bath Fives Club being matched to play, for a wager, against a like number of the Bristol Club, an incident occurred which displayed the independence, and the manly cast, of the young actor's character. He attended the ball-court, as a spectator, and perceived that after some play, one of the Bath champions had sprained his arm, by an over stroke. It was evident that the game could not proceed unless another member of the Bath Club could be at once procured to take the place of the disabled player. No such player could be found, the money staked was about being withdrawn, when M'Laughlin, from pure love of the game, stepped from the gallery, and offered to represent the Bath-player, but was objected to by both sides, each fearing that he might be friendly to their opponents. The young Irishman, however, was a genuine son of the green old land, and pulling his purse from his pocket he said, "Gentlemen, I have four guineas in my pocket, I stake them on whatever side I take, and I am ready and willing to take either side." This manly way of treating the affair, cleared away all difficulty, he was assigned to represent the disabled player of the Bath Club, his party won, he left the ball-court richer by four guineas than when he entered, and his conduct and play had so much pleased the members of the Bath and Bristol Clubs, that they promised to attend his benefit, and kept their words so faithfully that his night produced eight pounds—a large sum to him in those days.

He left the Bristol party some months after this incident, joining a company performing at Stratford-le-Bow, and at the fairs held in the neighbourhood of London. Whilst playing as *Harlequin*, at Southwark fair, he attracted the attention of the manager of Sadler's Wells Theatre, then and long years afterwards, even to honest Joe Grimaldi's time, noted for the excellence of its Pantomimes. He was engaged as the *Harlequin* of that establishment, and loved, in later life, to describe to his friends the delight with which he gathered the pence thrown upon the stage, as the impromptu offerings paid to his agility, by his audience of link-boys, sweeps, and cobblers.

In the year 1788 a dispute arose between the actors of Drury-lane Theatre, and the manager, Highmore, which ended

in the withdrawal of many of the most distinguished of the company, who commenced playing at the Haymarket, under the management of Theophilus Cibber. Highmore was thus forced to keep his Theatre open by the aid of those of the old company who continued with him, supported by actors from the provinces and minor Theatres. M'Laughlin had married, some months before this period, a widow whom he had met during a visit paid to his mother in Ireland, and having instructed his wife in stage business, she had become a very clever actress in such characters as *The Nurse*, in *Romeo and Juliet*. He was fulfilling an engagement in Portsmouth when offered terms by Highmore, and, accepting them, returned to London with his wife and infant daughter—that daughter who was afterwards so much admired, as a singer, as an actress, and as a dancer. He appeared on Drury Lane stage on the 31st of October, 1733, as *Captain Brazen*, in *The Recruiting Officer*; as *Teague*, in *The Committee*; and as the *Drunken Colonel*, in Fielding's *Intriguing Chambermaid*—all passing off with very considerable applause.

Being now secure of a London position in his profession, and with a salary sufficient to enable him to live in comfort, M'Laughlin endeavoured to extend his circle of acquaintances, and in doing so found that the pronunciation of his name was difficult to his English friends—the best attempt made by them at the utterance of M'Laughlin being Macclottin; he accordingly changed the name to that by which he is now known—Macklin. This change, however, was attended by a rather amusing circumstance. Macklin had not informed his Irish friends that he was no longer M'Laughlin, and an old Dublin acquaintance, with whom he had often “heard the chimes at midnight,” and waked the echoes of Winetavern-street in trolling some rollicking chorus of Tom Durfey's, called at his lodgings in London, some short time after he had assumed his cognomen. The Irish friend's name was Flanagan—Phil Flanagan—he was on his first visit to London, and resolved to see all the sights of the city, from the dog-fights of Hockley-in-the-Hole, to the “Drabs and Bloods of Drury Lane.” Macklin and Anthony Boheme lodged over a shop in the Strand, and Phil having discovered the house, entered the shop, and asked the landlady, “Is young Charley M'Laughlin at home, mam?” “Charley *who*, Sir?” exclaimed the astonished Englishwoman. “Charley M'Laughlin, from Dublin.” “Charley

Maclotlin, Maclottin ! I really don't know any such person, Sir." Phil could not endure this, as he considered it, attempt to impose on an Irishman in London, patiently, so pulling a letter from his pocket, he held it towards the astonished landlady, exclaiming, "Arra don't be joking, misses, d'ye think I don't know my own cousin Charley M'Laughlin's writing, and isn't this letter from him, and didn't he tell me he lived three doors from Temple Bar, and isn't this house three doors from them big gates. Don't be playing tricks upon travellers, good woman." The landlady, after many protestations that she had no intention of deceiving, or slighting her visitor, was able to explain to Phil that she did not really know the person for whom he enquired, that there was an Irish gentleman lodging in her house, whose name, however, was Macklin. Phil felt, although he did not say, with young *Malcolm*—

"My countryman ; but yet I know him not."

He thought, nevertheless, that this Irish gentleman might be able to assist him in discovering the abode of the unpronounceable M'Laughlin, and accordingly desired the landlady to inform Mr. Macklin that Phil Flanagan, from Dublin, would be happy to meet him that evening at *The Pine Apple*, in New-street. Upon Macklin's return from the theatre, where he had been at a rehearsal, the landlady delivered the message. "Why, bless my soul," said he, "I am the person for whom Mr. Flanagan inquired." "You, sir," almost screamed the astonished woman, "you, sir. Well the sooner Mr. Maclottin, Maclugton, or Macklin, you leave my house the better ; I'll have no people with two names stopping here," and the good woman was only appeased in her suspicious wrathfulness by a reference to Rich, the well-known manager. Phil Flanagan was enraged, and disgusted, to find that his friend Charley could change a name which had been borne by Irish chieftains. About this period Macklin's fame was becoming established, and he introduced his wife to a London audience as *Mrs. Quickly*, in *Henry The Fourth*. Her success was most cheering, but Macklin's happiness was clouded by a very melancholy accident.

In the month of May, 1735, Colley Cibber's, *Love Makes a Man, or the Pop's Fortune*, in which Macklin performed the Spanish Servant, *Sancho*, was produced at Drury-lane. At

the same time, Fabian's farce, *Trick for Trick*, was enacted, and a performer named Hallam, played a servant in the latter piece. On the second or third night of the representation of the farce, Hallam got possession of the wig worn by Macklin, in representing *Sancho*, which gave very great offence to the latter. He abused Hallam, and accused him of being impertinent; but Hallam replied that the wig was a stock-wig, and as much his property as Macklin's. Macklin being dressed for his part, and feeling, probably, that his "make-up" was not so perfect as on former occasions, owing to the loss of the wig, was particularly open to offence, and many of the other actors having, in his hearing, advised Hallam to give up the wig, which the latter refused to do, making at the same time, some irritating remarks, Macklin struck him with a cane, which he carried as part of the equipment of his character. The blow was most unfortunate; the cane was pointed, it entered Hallam's eye, forced it from its socket, and owing to the severity of the injury, the unhappy man died the following day. Macklin was tried for wilful murder, and found guilty of manslaughter; the following is his defence, spoken by himself, prisoners tried for capital crimes not being then allowed advocates:—

My Lord, and gentlemen of the jury,—I played *Sancho* the night before, and the wig I then used was proper for the new farce, and *absolutely necessary* for my part, as the *whole force of the poet's wit* depends on the *lean, meagre looks* of one that is in want of food. This wig being, therefore, so fit for my purpose, and hearing that the deceased had got it, I said to him, "*You have got the wig that I played in last night, and it fits my part this night.*"—"I have as much right to it as you," says he. I told him that I *desired it as a favour*. He said I should not have it. "You are a scoundrel," says I, "to deny me, when I only ask you *as a favour that which is my right.*"—"I am no more a scoundrel than yourself," says he; and so he went out of the room, and I went to the prompter's door to look for *Mr. Cumber*; meanwhile, the deceased went into the scene-room, and said I had used him like a pick-pocket. The author persuaded him to let me have the wig, and the property-man brought him another wig. Upon this he threw the first wig at me. I asked, "Why he could not have done so before?" He answered, "because you used me like a pick-pocket." This provoked me, and, rising up, I said, "D—n you, for a puppy, get out." His left side was then towards me, but he turned about unluckily, and my stick went into his eye. "Good God!" said I, "what have I done!" and threw the stick into the chimney. I begged of the persons who were present, to take the deceased to the bagnio; but *Mrs. Moor* said that she had a room, where he should be taken care of. I had then no idea that it would prove his

end; but feared that his eye was in danger. But the next morning I saw *Mr. Turbutt*, who advised me to keep out of the way, or I should be sent to gaol. I begged of him to get the advice of a physician, and gave him a guinea, which was all the money I had about me. From the beginning of the quarrel to the end, it was but ten minutes, and there was no intermission.

His first character, after his trial, was *Ramilie*, in Fielding's *Miser*; but he was now upon the path of fame and fortune. He was the *Peackum*, of *The Beggar's Opera*; *Scrub*, in the *Beaux Stratagem*; the *Marplot*, of the *Busy Body*, with all the full round of other important parts, and his crowning triumph and success occurred on the 14th of February, 1741. For many years Lord Lansdowne's *Jew of Venice*, altered from Shakspeare's *Merchant of Venice*, had been performed, and the latter entirely neglected. It seemed to Macklin a very great error, that this fine tragedy should be forgotten, and the great poet's design completely perverted by making *Shylock* a low comedy part; he accordingly resolved to adhere closely to Shakspeare's text, to take the character on himself, and placed the piece in rehearsal. At the rehearsals he merely repeated the words of his part, leaving the actors in entire ignorance of his intended mode of representation. The performers, the manager, nearly all the friends of the theatre, predicted a failure, but when the appointed 14th of February arrived, Macklin was resolute: not so, however, his brother actors, and he was forced to endure the frowns of *Portia*, Mrs. Clive, and the lamentations of *Antonio*, Quin. The house was crowded from the opening of the doors, and the curtain rose amidst the most dreadful of all awful silence, the stillness of a multitude. The *Jew* enters in the third scene, and from that point, to the famous scene with *Tubal*, all passed off with considerable applause. Here, however, and in the trial scene, the actor was triumphant, and in the applause of a thousand voices the curtain dropped. The play was repeated for nineteen successive nights with increased success. On the third night of representation all eyes were directed to the stage box, where sat a little, deformed, man; and whilst others watched *his* gestures, as if to learn his opinion of the performers, he was gazing intently upon *Shylock*, and as the actor panted, in broken accents of rage, and sorrow, and avarice—"Go, *Tubal*, fee me an officer, bespeak him a fortnight before: I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for were he out of Venice, I

can make what merchandize I will: go, *Tubal*, and meet me at our synagogue; go, good *Tubal*; at our synagogue, *Tubal*—the little man was seen to rise, and, leaning from the box, as Macklin passed it, he whispered—

“This is the Jew,  
That Shakspeare drew.”

The speaker was Alexander Pope, and in that age, from his judgment in criticism there was no appeal.

Thus were genius and discrimination triumphant, and so they ever triumph. Thus, Mrs. Pritchard, the great *Lady Macbeth*, had ever, in the sleeping walking scene, held the lamp in one hand, and touched its palms with the fingers of the other, and so represented the washing of the “damned spot:” but great Siddons resolved that she would depart from this conception, and though Sheridan wept, and prayed, and entreated, that she would return to the established mode of representation, she was immovable in her resolution—she laid the lamp upon the table, passed hand over hand in the strong will, yet despairing hope, to cleanse that stain which “all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten.” Did the audience hiss, or laugh—no—night was around them—the chill of the tomb was upon all—the great Demon woman, yet the poor criminal, conscience-driven, was before them, she who was, even in sleep, pursued by fiends, and in the—

“What, will these hands ne’er be clean?”

they knew the secret of the sleeper’s gesture—and sat in stony silence—wondering at the genius of the poet—the genius of the actress. Thus too, when Edmund Kean resolved to play this same Shylock, as man never played it before, they all told him it could not succeed—he attends the last rehearsal—goes home to his poor lodgings—dines on the beefsteak and pot of porter which his fond, true, long-suffering wife had procured—returns to the theatre, carrying his wig, his collar, and his old black silk stockings in a pocket handkerchief—he goes on foot through the snow, enters upon the stage—plays out his part—leaves the theatre amidst the shouts of all, and glowing with his triumph, rushes to his home,—wild with joy, cries to his wife—“Oh, Mary! my fortune’s made: now you shall ride in your carriage”—and snatching little Charles from his cradle, he exclaims, whilst

rapturously kissing him, "Now, my boy, you shall go to Eton." Thus does the "Aut Cæsar, aut nullus" of genius triumph.

Macklin's fame was now so fully known and acknowledged, that he had arrived at the dignity of a "star," and many provincial managers were anxious to secure his services, but he continued, during the succeeding seven years, to increase his London reputation. At length, in the spring of 1748, he accepted a Dublin engagement of two years, at £800 per annum for Mrs. Macklin and himself, from Thomas Sheridan. Macklin was very soon the chief favorite with his fellow-countrymen, and *Shylock*, *Scrub*, and *Sir Paul Pliant*, were frequently "desired," thus proving the truth of an observation made by Tate Wilkinson, that, "Dublin is remarkable for doing a great deal for the actor, or nothing; and if one particular part by a performer, happens to please their fancies and judgement, once a week to the end of the season it will fill the house."\*

The engagement, however, was not a fortunate one; indeed Sheridan, like his illustrious son, was not calculated to manage a theatre, and although at that period the attraction of a "Command night," and the fascinations of the red coats of the garrison, were not required to secure a full house, Sheridan was unable to pay the company, and the Macklins left Dublin for England, receiving but £300 for their services. After his return from Ireland he was much employed in teaching elocution, and in instructing those who wished to partake in the then fashionable amusement—Private Theatricals. He prepared all the performers who appeared in Drury-lane Theatre in the representation of *Othello*, in the year 1751, of which occasion, we read in Lord Orford's *Memoirs*—"The 7th was appointed for the Naturalization Bill, but the House adjourned to attend at Drury-lane, where *Othello* was acted by a Mr. Delavil and his family, who had hired the theatre on purpose. The crowd of people of fashion was so great that the footmen's gallery was hung with ribbands."†

He had devoted much time and care to preparing his daughter for her debut; she appeared at Covent Garden, in

\* See "Memoirs of His Own Time," by Tate Wilkinson. Vol. II., p. 222.

† The expense of this single entertainment was £1,000. For a sketch of Private Theatricals, in France, England, and Ireland, see *IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW*, Vol. III., No. 9, pp. 89 to 100. And in "The Streets of Dublin," see many descriptions of these entertainments.

the year 1751, as *Athenais*, in Nat Lee's tragedy, *Theodosius*, with very great success, and being a sweet singer, increased her reputation, by a clever performance of *Polly*, in *The Beggars' Opera*.

Macklin now determined to retire from the stage, and to devote his time to study, to writing for the theatre, and to preparing young actors for the profession. He had written four pieces which met but a cold reception; however, he thought that after sixty-four years of active, observant, life, he might yet distinguish himself as a dramatist. We have stated that he wished to retire from active life, but he may really be considered to have "retired to the bosom of private life to open a public house," as, after his farewell benefit, he opened a tavern and coffee house in the Piazza, in Covent Garden, upon the spot now occupied by the 'Tavistock Hotel; at the same time he opened a lecture room in Hart-street. He announced an ordinary every day at four o'clock, the charge for which, without wine, was three shillings; and at the lecture room he delivered discourses on the English dramatists and poets, twice every week: the admission to the lectures cost one shilling. He spent large sums in these speculations, but all ended in heavy loss, although his reputation as a humorist and social companion drew many to the ordinary, at which he always presided. Thus situated he returned to the stage, and paid a visit to Dublin, but soon went back to England, where his wife died in the year 1758.

In the year 1759, Macklin's farce, *Love-a-la-Mode*, was produced. The plot is simple. A young lady possessed of large fortune is courted by three suitors, *Beau Mordecai*, a Jew broker; *Sir Archy Macsarcasm*, a Scotchman; *Squire Groom*, an Englishman; and *Sir Callaghan O'Brallaghan*, an Irishman. The lady's guardian resolving to test the affection of the lovers, tells them that the fortune of his ward is lost—when all the suitors, with the exception of Sir Callaghan, abandoned the fair one: he exclaims, that "the lovely person of the lady is a sufficient fortune for him." The guardian then explains the ruse, and Sir Callaghan is made happy. George the Second was in his seventy-seventh year when the farce was first performed, and being unable to attend the theatre he sent for the manuscript; it was read to him by one of his attendants, and the plot afforded him considerable amusement: he expressed the greatest satisfaction at the Irishman's success.



There is much credit due to Macklin for his conception of the character of Sir Callaghan—he was the first who drew an Irish gentleman for the stage. The following is the scene in which the plot is developed, and where the denouement occurs:—

*Enter Sir Archy and Mordecai. Morde.* Pr'ythee, what is the meaning of all this, Sir Archy? the house seems to be in the possession of bailiffs, and Sir Theodore looks and speaks as if an earthquake had just happened. *Sir A.* Yeer conjecture is vary reeght, Mr. Mordecai, 'tis aw over wi' him—he is undone—a baggar, and so is the girl. *Morde.* You astonish me. *Sir A.* It is an unexpected business; but 'tis a fact, I assure yee; here he is himsel, poor deevil, hoo dismal he leuks. *Enter Sir Theodore and an Attorney. Sir T.* You are the attorney concerned for the creditors, Mr. Atkins? *Attor.* I am, Sir Theodore, and am extremely sorry for the accident. *Sir T.* I am obliged to you, sir, you do but your duty; the young lady is that way, sir; if you will step to her, I'll follow you. [*Exit Attor.*] I hope you will excuse me, Sir Archy—this is a sudden and unhappy affair; I am unfit for company; I must go, and open it myself to poor Charlotte. [*Exit.*] *Morde.* But pray, Sir Archy, what has occasioned all this? *Sir A.* Faith, Mordecai, I do no ken the particulars—but it seems—by the word of Sir Theodore himsel, that he and a rich merchant in Holland, his partner, and joint guardian over this girl, are baith bankrupts, and, as the lawyer that is withoot there confirms, have failed for above a hundred thoosand pounds mair than they can answer. *Morde.* But how is this to affect the young lady? *Sir A.* Why, sir, the greatest part of her fortune was in trade, it seems, with Sir Theodore and his partner; besides, the suit in Chancery, that she had wi' the company, for above forty thoosand poonds, has been determined against her this very day, so that they are aw undone. Baggars! baggars! *Morde.* I understood that the affair was clearly in her favour. *Sir A.* O, sir, yee do no ken the law—the law is a sort of hocuspocus science, that smiles in yeer face, while it picks yeer pocket: and the glorious uncertainty of it is of mair use to the professors than the justice of it—Here the parties come, and seemingly in great affliction. *Enter Sir Theodore and Charlotte. Charl.* Dear sir, be patient, moderate your sorrow; it may not be so terrible as your apprehensions make it; pray, bear up. *Sir T.* For myself I care not. But that you should be involved in my ruin, left fortuneless, your fair expectation of a noble alliance blasted! your dignity and affluence fallen to scorn and penury—*Charl.* It cannot prove so bad, sir; I will not despair, nor shall you,—for though the law has been so hard against me, yet, in spite of all its wiles and treachery, a competency will still remain, which shall be devoted to mitigate your misfortunes. Besides, Sir Archy Macsarcasm is a man of honour, and on his promise and assistance I will rely. *Sir A.* Wool ye! ye may as weel rely upon the assistance of the philosopher's stone;—what the deevil! would she marry me to make me tinker up the fortunes of broken ceetezens?—But I will speak till them, and end the affair at once.—I am concerned to see you in this disorder, Sir Theodore. *Charl.* O, Sir Archy, if all

the vows of friendship, honour, and eternal love, which you have so often made me, were not composed of idle breath, and deceitful ceremony, now let their truth be seen. *Sir A.* Madam, I am sorry to be the messenger of ill teedings, but aw our connection is at an end; oor hoose hai heard of my addresses till you; and I hai had letters frai the dukes, the marquis, and aw the dignataries of the fameely, remonstrating, nay expressly proheebiting my contaminating the blood of Macsarcasm wi' any thing sprung frai a hogshead, or a counting hoose. I assure yee my passion for yee is meeghty strong, madam, but I cannot bring disgrace upon an honourable family. *Charl.* No more—your apology is baser than your perfidy: there is no truth, no virtue, in man. *Sir A.* Guid truth, nor in women neither that has nai fortune. But here is Mordecai—now, madam—a wandering Israelite, a casualty—a mere casualty, sprung frai annuities, bulls, bubbles, bears, and lottery tickets, and can hai nai family objections;—is passionately fond of yee; and till this offspring of accident and Mammon I resign my interest in yee. *Morde.* Sir, I am infinitely obliged to you;—but—a matrimony is a subject I have never thoroughly considered, and I must take some time to deliberate, before I determine upon that inextricable business. Besides, madam, I assure you, my affairs are not in a matrimonial situation. *Charl.* No apology, sir. Begone—I despise them and you. *Enter Squire Groom.* *Groom.* Haux! haux! What's the matter here? What is all this? What, are we all at fault? Is this true, *Sir Theodore*?—I hear that you and the filly have both run on the wrong side of the post. *Sir T.* It is too true; but, I hope, sir, that will make no alteration in your affection. *Groom.* Hark ye, *Sir Theodore*, I always make my match according to the weight my thing will carry. When I offered to take her into my stable, she was sound, and in good case—but I hear her wind is touched; if so, I would not back her for a shilling. I'll take her into my stud if you please.—She has a good fore hand, sets both her ends well, has good paces, a good deal of fashion, some blood, and will do well enough to breed out of—but she cannot carry weight sufficient to come through.—Matrimony, *Sir Theodore*, is a cursed long course, devilish heavy, and sharp turnings;—it won't do—can't come through, my dear, can't come through. *Sir A.* I think, squire, you judge vary neecely. Noo, in my thoughts, the best thing the lady can do is to snap the Irishman. *Morde.* Well observed, *Sir Archy.* *Groom.* Macsarcasm has an excellent nose, and hits off a fault as well as any hound I ever followed. *Sir A.* It would be a deevilish lucky match for her.—The fellow has a guid fortune, is a great blockhead, and looves her vehemently; three as guid qualities for a matrimonial bubble, as a lady in her circumstances woold wish. Snap him, snap him, madam. *Morde.* Hush! he's here. *Enter Sir Callaghan.* *Sir A.* Ha! my guid freend, *Sir Callaghan*, I kiss yeer bond; I hai been speaking till the lady in yeer beholf, wi' aw the eloquence I hai; she is enamoor'd o' yeer person, and yee are just come i' the nick to receive her heart and her hond. *Sir C.* By the honour of a soldier, madam, I shall think that a greater happiness than any that fortune can bestow upon me. *Sir A.* Come, come, madam, true love is impatient, and des-

pises ceremony ; gi' him yeer hond at once. *Charl.* No, sir, I scorn to deceive a man who offers me his heart : though my fortune is ruined, my mind is untainted ; even poverty shall not pervert it to principles of baseness. *Sir C.* Fortune ruined ! Pray, *Sir Theodore*, what does the importance of all this language mean ? *Sir T.* The sad meaning is, *Sir Callaghan*, that, in the circuit of fortune's wheel, the lady's station is reversed ; she, who some hours since was on the highest round, is now degraded to the lowest : this, sir, has turned the passion these gentlemen professed for her into scorn and ridicule ; and I suppose will cool the fervency of yours. *Sir C.* *Sir Theodore*, I assure you, I am heartily glad of her distress. *Sir T.* Sir ! *Sir C.* When she was computed to have a hundred thousand pounds, I loved her 'tis true, but it was with fear and trembling, like a man that loves to be a soldier, yet is afraid of a gun ; because I looked upon myself as an unequal match to her : but now she's poor, and that it is in my power to serve her, I find something warm about my heart here, that tells me, I love her better than when she was rich, and makes me beg she will take my life this instant, and all I have, into her service. *Sir T.* Generous indeed, *Sir Callaghan*. *Sir C.* Madam, my fortune is not much, but it is enough to maintain a couple of honest hearts, and have something to spare for the necessities of a friend ; which is all we want, and all that fortune is good for. *Sir T.* Here, take her, sir ; she is yours ; and, what you first thought her, mistress of a noble fortune. *Groom.* What ! *Morde.* How's this ? [*aside.*] *Sir A.* Gently ! hush ! softly ! he is ainly taking him in—he is taking him in—the bubble's bit. *Sir T.* And had she millions, your principles deserve her ;—she has a heart, loving and generous as your own, which your manly virtue has subdued, and tempered to your warmest wishes. *Sir C.* Pray, *Sir Theodore*, what does all this mean ? Are you in jest, or in earnest ? By my honour, I don't know how to believe one word you say. First she has a fortune, then she has no fortune—and then she has a great fortune again ! this is just what the little jackanapes about town call humbugging a man. *Sir T.* Sir, I am serious. *Sir C.* And pray, what are you, madam ? Are you in serious too, or in joke ? *Charl.* Such as I am, sir, if you dare venture upon me for life, I am yours. *Sir C.* By the integrity of my honour, madam, I will venture upon you not only for life, but for death too, which is a great deal longer than life, you know.

The farce had very great success—Macklin played *Sir Archy Macsarcasm*. The Irish public were anxious to witness the representation of *Love-a-la-Mode*, and Barry, the manager of Crow-street Theatre, formed an engagement with Macklin, but before leaving England the latter was married to a young lady named Jones, and our actor and his bride reached Ireland in safety, where *Sir Archy* was as favorably received by an Irish audience as he had been by an English one.

After a residence of some months in Dublin, where he introduced the celebrated singer, Nan Catley, to the play-goers,

Macklin returned to England, and was engaged by Coleman to play at Covent-garden Theatre. His life, for some months after this period, the Spring of 1773, was most unhappy, owing to a dispute regarding the performance of *Richard the Third*, and *Macbeth*. Smith, an actor of some reputation in his day, had induced the manager to make certain terms, by which the former contended that he had obtained the right to an exclusive representation of the chief tragic characters. Macklin insisted that all these parts were open to himself, and accordingly played *Macbeth* with great success. All Smith's friends were dissatisfied at the applause bestowed upon his rival, and when Macklin appeared some few nights afterwards in *Shylock*, the house being packed for the occasion by Smith, so great a clamor was raised, that it was impossible to hear a word spoken upon the stage. Macklin was dismissed by Coleman, and brought an action in the King's Bench against a Mr. James, and several of the other ring-leaders. The case was tried before Lord Mansfield, and reported by Gurney, whose notes were fully corrected by Dunning, who led for Macklin. The case is of great length and of some importance, as it shows that disapprobation in the theatre, like criticism in the press, must be the fair expression of just opinions, not factious, or false, or envious. A verdict was entered for Macklin, and as the costs were heavy, in fact exceeding £400, very many appeals were made to him, with the hope of inducing him to forego some portion of his claims. At length he proposed, in open court, that the defendants should take one hundred pounds worth of tickets for his daughter's benefit, one hundred pounds worth for that of the manager, and one hundred pounds worth for Macklin's own benefit: for these £300, and £400 costs, he agreed to relinquish all right to £1,200 damages, which had been awarded to him. So pleased was that great judge, Lord Mansfield, with his conduct, that as Macklin was leaving the court, his Lordship addressed him, and said, "You have met with great applause to-day; you never acted better." Through that love for literature which always distinguished Lord Mansfield, he appears to have devoted considerable attention to the case, and thus delivers his opinion upon the rights of the public and of the actor:—

Every man that is at the Playhouse, has a right to express his approbation or disapprobation *instantaneously*, according as he likes

either the acting, or Piece—that is a right due to the Theatre—an unalterable right—they must have that.—The gist of the crime here is, coming by conspiracy, to ruin a particular man—to hiss, if they were ever so pleased—let him do ever so well, they were to knock him down, and hiss him off the Stage. They did not come to approve or disapprove, as the sentiments of their mind might be, but they came with a black design, and that is the most ungenerous thing that can be. What a terrible condition is an Actor upon the Stage in with an Enemy, who makes part of the Audience! It is ungenerous to take the advantage; and what makes the black part of the case is—it is all done with a conspiracy to ruin him: and if the Court were to imprison and fine every one of them, Mr. Macklin may bring his action against them, and I am satisfied there is no Jury that would not give considerable damages; but it is better for both sides to refer them to the Master, and I shall direct him to make a liberal satisfaction.

Macklin now devoted all his time to the completion of his comedy, *The Man of the World*, which was rehearsed and brought out at Covent Garden, under his immediate inspection, on the 10th of May, 1781. It had been originally produced in Dublin, in 1764, under the title of *The True Born Scotchman*, and was very successful. At its revival under the new title, Macklin, then ninety-one years' old, played the long and arduous character—*Sir Pertinax Mac Sycophant*, and the representation was only equalled by his *Shylock*. The plot of the comedy is simple. *Sir Pertinax* is a Scotchman, of low birth, and almost devoid of education; but he is crafty and patient, and by his meanness, and flattery of the weaknesses of other men, arrives at wealth and station. He has one only son, and feeling in his own person the disadvantages of ignorance, he resolves that his child shall possess all the power which knowledge can give, and sends him as pupil to a clergyman of learning and integrity. The young man becomes a scholar, but he also becomes a high-souled and honorable gentleman, and instead of marrying a wealthy lady selected for him by his father, he weds the poor, but lovely, daughter of a penniless widow. In the following scene *Sir Pertinax* explains to his son, *Egerton*, the means by which he, himself, had risen in the world, and by which he expects his heir should also advance:—

*Sir Pert.* Zoonds, Sir, I will not hear a word about it.—I insist upon it ye were wrong—ye shaid'd hai paid your court till my Lord, and not hai scrupled swallowing a bumper or twa, or twanty, till oblige him.

*Egert.* Sir, I did drink his toast in a bumper.

*Sir Pert.* Yas, ye did; but how? how?—Just as a bairn takes pheeys, we aversion, and wry faces, whach my Lord observed—Then to mend the maiter, the moment that he and the Colonel got intil a drunken dispute aboot religion, you sliely slunged awa.

*Egert.* I thought, Sir, it was time to go when my Lord insisted upon half-pint bumpers.

*Sir Pert.* That was not levell'd at you, but at the Colonel, in order till try his bottom—but they all agreed that ye and I should drink out of small glasses.

*Egert.* But, Sir, I beg pardon—I did not chuse to drink any more.

*Sir Pert.* But zoonds, Sir, I tell you there was a necessity for your drinking more.

*Egert.* A necessity! in what respect, Sir?

*Sir Pert.* Why, Sir, I have a certain point to carry, independent of the Lawyers, with my Lord, in this agreement of your marriage, about which I am afraid, we shall hai a warm squabble, and therefore, I wanted your assistance in it.

*Egert.* But how, Sir, could my drinking contribute to assist you in your squabble?

*Sir Pert.* Yas, Sir, it would hai contributed, and greatly hai contributed till assist me.

*Egert.* How so, Sir?

*Sir Pert.* Nai, Sir, it might hai prevented the squabble entirely, for as my Lord is prood of you for a son-in-law and of your little French songs, your stories, about the Popes and Cardinals, and their mistresses, and your bon mots, when ye are in the humour, and guin you had but staid and been a leetle jolly, and drank half a score bumpers we him, till he got a little tipsey, I am sure when we had him i' the mood, we might ha settled the point amoug ourselves before the Lawyers come; but noo, Sir, I donna ken what will be the consequence.

*Egert.* But, when a man is intoxicated, would that have been a seasonable time to settle business, Sir?

*Sir Pert.* The most seasonable—the most seasonable—for, Sir, when my Lord is in his cups, his suspecion is asleep, and his heart is aw jolity, feen, and gude fellowship—and, Sir, can there be a happier moment than that for a bargain, or till settle a dispute we a friend? What is that you shrug your shoulders at, Sir?—and turn up your eyes to heaven, like a duck in thunder?

*Egert.* At my own ignorance, Sir—for I understand neither the philosophy, nor the morality of your doctrine.

*Sir Pert.* I know you do not, Sir—and what is worse, ye never weel understand it, as long as ye proceed.—In yean word, Chairles, I hai often tauld ye, and again I tell ye, yeance for aw, that the manœuvres of pleabeelity are as necessary to rise i' the world, as wrangling and logical subtilty at the Bar—why, you see, Sir, I hai acquired a noble fortune—a princely fortune—and how d'ye think I raised it?

*Egert.* Doubtless, Sir, by your abilities.

*Sir Pert.* Doobtless, Sir, ye are a blockhead—Nae, Sir, I'll tell you how I raised it, Sir—I raised it by boowing—by boowing, Sir, I never i' my live could stand straight i' the presence of a great mon; but was aw ways boowing, and boowing, and boowing—as—as—if it were by instinct.

*Egert.* How do you mean by instinct, Sir?

*Sir Pert.* How do I mean by instinct, why, Sir, I mean by—by—by the instinct of interest, Sir, which is the universal instinct of mankind, Sir; it is wonderful to think what a cordial, what an amicable, nay, what an infaleable influence, boowing has upon the pride and vanity of human nature—Chairles, answer me sincerely, hai ye a mind till be convinced of the force of my doctrine, by example and demonstration?

*Egert.* Certainly, Sir.

*Sir Pert.* Then, Sir, as the greatest favour I can confer upon you, I will give ye a short sketch of the stages of my boowing, as an excitement, and a land-mark for ye till boow by, and as an infaleable nostrum for a man of the world, till thrive in the world.

*Egert.* Sir, I shall be proud to profit by your experience.

*Sir Pert.* Vary weel, Sir—sit you down then (*both sit*) and now, Sir, you must recall till your thoughts, that your Grandfather was a man whose penurious income of Captain's half-pay, was the sum total of his fortune; and, Sir, aw my proveesion fra him, was a medium of Latin, an expartness at areethmatic, and a short system of worldly counsel, the chief ingredients of which were, a persevereing industry—a reegid economy—a smooth tongue—a pliabeelity of temper—and a constant attention till make every great mon well pleased we himself.

*Egert.* Very prudent conduct, Sir.

*Sir Pert.* Therefore, Sir, I lay it before ye.—Now, Sir, wi these materials, I set out a rough rawboned stripling fra the North, till try my fortune we them here i' the sooth—and my first step intull the world, was a beggarly clerkship in Sawney Gordon's coonting house here in the city of London, which you'll say afforded but a barren sort of a prospect.

*Egert.* It was not a very fertile one, indeed, Sir.

*Sir Pert.* The reverse—the reverse—weel, Sir, seeing my sel in this unprofitable seetuation, I reflected deeply. I cast aboot my thoughts, and concluded, that a matrimonial adventure, prudently conducted, would be the readiest gate I could gang for the bettering of my condition, and accordingly I set aboot it; now, Sir, in this pursuit—beauty—beauty—ah! beauty often struck mine een, and played aboot my heart—and fluttered, and beat, and knocked—and knocked—but the deel an entrance I ever let it get—for I observed, that beauty is generally a prood, vain, saucy, expensive sort of a commodity.

*Egert.* Very justly observed, Sir.

*Sir Pert.* And therefore I left it to the prodigals and coxcombs, that could afford till pay for it, and its stead, Sir, mark—I luocked out for an antient, well jointered, superannuated Dowager—a consumptive, toothless, ptisical, wealthy widow—or a shreeveled, cada-

verous, neglected piece of deformity, i' the shape of an eezard, or an appersand—or in short, anything—any thing that has the siller—the siller—for that was the North star of my affection; do you take me Sir, was nai that right?

*Egert.* O doubtless, doubtless, Sir.

*Sir Pert.* Now, Sir, where do ye think I ganged to luock for this women we the siller? Nai till court—nai till play-houses, nor assemblies—nai, Sir, I ganged till the kirk—till the anabaptist, cende-pendant, bradleonian, muckle-tonian meetings—till the morning and evening service of churches and chapels of ease—and till the mid-night, melting, conciliating love-feasts of the methodists—and there, at last, Sir, I fell upon an old, rich, sower, slighted, antiquated musty maiden. She was as tall as a grenadier, and so thin that she luocked ha! ha! ha! she luocked—just like a skeleton in a surgeon's glass-case—Now, Sir, this meeserable object was religiously angry wi herself, and aw the world—and had nai comfort but in a supernatural, vicious, and enthusiastic delirium; ha! ha! ha! Sir, she was mad—as mad as a bedlamite.

*Egert.* Not impossible, Sir—there are numbers of poor creatures in the same condition.

*Sir Pert.* O numbers, numbers—now, Sir, this cracked creature used to pray, and sing, and sigh, and groan, and weep, and wail, and gnash her teeth constantly, morning and evening, at the *Tabernacle*, in Moor-fields, and as soon as I found she had the siller, aha!—in gude truth, I plumpt me doon upon my knees close by her, cheek by jole, and priad, and sighed, and groaned, and gnashed my teeth, as vehemently as she could do for the life of her—ay, and turned up the whites of mine een, till the strings awmost crackt again—Weel, Sir, I watched her motions—handed her till her chair—waited on her home—got most reelegiously intimate we her—in a week married her—in a fortnight buried her—in a month touched the siller—and we a deep suit of mourning, a melancholy port, a sorrowful voesage, and a joyful heart, I began the world again—and this, Sir, was the first effectual boow I ever made, till the vanity of human nature.—Now, Sir, d'ye understand this doctrine?

*Egert.* Perfectly well, Sir.

*Sir Pert.* Ay, boot was it not right? Was it not ingenious, and weel hit off?

*Egert.* Extremely well, Sir.

*Sir Pert.* My next boow, Sir, was till your ain meether, whom I ran away wi fra the boarding school—by the interest of whose family, I got a good smart place in the Treasury—and, Sir, my vary next step was intill Parliament—the whach I entered we as ardent, and as determined an ambection as ever agitated the heart o' Cæsar himself!—and then, Sir, I changed my character entirely.—Sir, I boowed, and watched, and harkened, and lurked for intelligence, and ran aboot backwards and forwards, and attended, and dangled upon the then Great Mon, till I got intill the very boowels of his confedence; and then, Sir, I wriggled, and wriggled, and wrought, and wriggled till I wriggled myself among the vary thick o' them, till I get my smack of the cloathing, the foraging, the contracts, the lottery teickets,



and aw the poleetical bonuses—till at length, Sir, I became a much wealthier Mon, than one half o' the golden calves I had been so long a boowing to—*(he rises, Egerton rises too.)* And was not that boowing to some purpose, Sir?—Ha!

*Egert.* It was indeed, Sir.

*Sir Pert.* But are you convinced of the gude effects, and of the uteelity of boowing?

*Egert.* Thoroughly, Sir, thoroughly.

*Sir Pert.* Sir, it is infaleeble—but, Chairles, ah! while I was thus boowing and wriggling and making a princely fortune—ah! I met many heart sores, and disappointments, frai the want of leeterature, ailoquence, and other popular abeelities. Sir, guin I could hai but spoken i' the hooose, I shou'd hai done the deed in half the time, boot the econstant I opened my mouth there, they aw fell a laughing at me—aw whace deefeencies, Sir, I determined at any expence till hai supplied by the polished education of a Son, who, I hoped, wou'd yean day, raise the hooose of Mac Sycophant till the highest pannicle of meeneesterial ambeetian.—This, Sir, is my plan. I hai done my part of it, nature has done hers—Ye are ailoquent, ye are popular—aw parties like ye—and noow, Sir, it only remains for ye to be directed—completion follows.

We have on record that Colley Cibber wrote his comedy, *Love's Last Shift*, in which he performed *Sir Novelty Fashion*, at so early an age, that the Duke of Dorset observed to him, "It is the best first play that any author in my memory has produced, and for a young fellow to show himself such an actor, and such a writer in one day is something extraordinary." We know too, that Congreve wrote that wonderful comedy, *The Old Bachelor*, before he was one-and-twenty years old, and composed it, as he afterwards stated, when replying to Jeremy Collier, "having little thoughts of the stage, but did it to amuse myself in a slow recovery from a fit of sickness." And remarkable as these instances are, they in no respect strike us as so extraordinary as that afforded by Macklin—remodelling and rewriting his comedy, superintending its rehearsal, and performing its leading character, in his ninety-first year.

Some few weeks after the production of *The Man of the World*, Miss Macklin died, in the forty-eighth year of her age. Her death arose from white swelling, produced in the following manner. She frequently appeared in what was called "*prièces de pantaloons*," or "*breeches parts*," and for the purpose of giving a full, graceful, shape to the calf of the leg, it was her custom to buckle her garters extremely tight. This caused a congestion of the veins, and consequent swelling, which, from

delicacy; she concealed until beyond the power of surgical aid.

The success of the comedy, and Macklin's superior acting in it, proved that the old man was still valuable as a star, and Daly, the manager of the Theatre in Smock Alley, Dublin, engaged his services for a short period, and as this was his last visit to Dublin, we may remark that on the occasion of his first appearance in this engagement he played *Shylock*, and *Sir Archy Macsarcasm*; at his benefit he played *Sir Archy*, and *Sir Pertinax Mac Sycophant*. The house was crowded, the Lord Lieutenant attended—but amidst one of the most splendid assemblages ever gathered in an Irish Theatre, Macklin for the first time experienced the weakness of age; he became nervous, forgot his part, and they were forced to help him from the stage. He recovered, however, after some few days of quietude, and was enabled to return to London; but from this period August, 1785, we may date the decay of his powers. In January, 1788, he appeared at Covent-garden in *Shylock*, but his memory failed him in the second act. In the November of the same year he played *Sir Pertinax Mac Sycophant*, but forgot his part, and was obliged to retire. In February, 1789, he performed *Shylock*, and *Sir Archy*, with great power, and appeared for the last time upon the stage, on the 7th of May, 1789, as *Shylock*, for his own benefit. He played through the first act, but was not satisfied with himself, and stepping to the foot-lights, begged that Mr. Ryder might be permitted to finish the part.

Though retired from the stage, he still loved to linger about the old haunts, and generally seated himself, three or four times during the week, in the front row of the pit. His few years of life, however, were embittered by the loss of his only son, who died at Macklin's house, in April, 1790. It had been Macklin's ambition to see this son take an honorable position in the world; he succeeded in obtaining for him an Indian appointment, and had him earnestly and warmly recommended to the notice and patronage of Warren Hastings. All efforts, however, seem to have been vain—he was a disappointment to the heart, and a drag upon the resources of his father to the last. It has been well observed, by Alexander Dumas, that the player lives only in the recollection of his cotemporaries, and that when they pass away, the memory of those hours in which he strutted and fretted upon the stage is lost for ever. It too often happens, however,

that he who made weary hours pass lightly, is left to linger out his years of retirement in penury and in pain—and so it was with Macklin. He, however, possessed the copyrights of his farce *Love-a-la-Mode*, and of his comedy *The Man of the World*, and it was suggested that he should publish them by subscription. Arthur Murphy was always willing to do a kindly act, and he undertook to edit the publication, which produced the large sum of £2,000; this money was invested in the purchase of an annuity of £200 for the life of Macklin, and, after his decease, of £75 for that of Mrs. Macklin.

For some few years from this period he continued in health sufficient to enable him to visit his old haunts; he had seen younger men die around him, and he delighted to recount all the events of his life, and to relate the various changes which he witnessed in the world about him. He had been the instructor in elocution of many eminent men, amongst others of Wedderburn, Lord Loughborough, whom he had taught in conjunction with Thomas Sheridan.\* These, and others, were still his friends, able and willing to assist him. He lived at this period as he had for many years been accustomed; that is, he eat and drank those things only which he knew by experience would not be injurious. To his seventieth year it had been his habit to drink tea, porter, wine, and punch, and to eat fish, flesh, and fowl. He was moderate in his meals, and whenever he exceeded his usual quantity of wine—a bottle—he always took *Anderson's Scotch Pill* when going to bed. At seventy years of age he found that tea was unfit for him, and that meat caused his teeth to pain him, and he then began to use fish, stews, and jellies. He always slept upon a mattress, his head raised to a considerable height, and without curtains to the bedstead. For the last twenty years of his life he never undressed, except to change his linen, or for the purpose of

\* We have already seen that Macklin was instructed in English pronunciation by a Welshman; and J. W. Croker remarks, in a note to Boswell's "Life of Johnson," referring to the fact that Wedderburn was taught by Sheridan and Macklin:—"This is an odd coincidence. A *Scotchman* who wishes to learn a pure *English* pronunciation, employs a preceptor who happens to be an *Irishman*, and afterwards another, likewise an *Irishman*,—and this Irish-taught Scot becomes, and mainly by his oratory, one of the chief ornaments of the English Senate, and the first subject of the British Empire." Lord Brougham, however, in his "Statesmen of The Reign of George III." observes that Lord Loughborough's "vernacular tones returned as his vigour was impaired in the decline of life."

having himself washed or rubbed with napkins dipped in warm brandy or gin. He endeavoured by all means to induce perspiration, but he was careful on these occasions to change his clothes, and when performing he frequently changed his shirt four times during the stage business. He was anxious to prolong his life, and even in his hundredth year he seldom spoke of death as near, because his mother, who had taken little care of her health, lived to the age of ninety-nine. During his theatrical life he wrote eight dramatic pieces, the first in 1746, the last in 1781. Of these only two, *Love-a-la-Mode*, and *The Man of the World*, were printed. He performed five hundred different characters.

The closing months of his life were made happy by the devoted attention of his wife, and he lingered on until Tuesday, the 11th day of July, 1797. That morning he arose at his usual hour but shortly afterwards retired to his bed, and lying down, exclaimed—"Let me go, Let me go"—and so expired. He died at his residence in Tavistock Row, and was buried in a new vault under the chancel of St. Paul's church, Covent-garden, where he lies with many of his brother actors, and beside Butler, Wycherly, Southerne, Sir Peter Lely, Dr. Arne, and Peter Pindar.

He was, at the period of his death, one hundred and seven years, two months, and ten days old, and the friendship of his acquaintances was exhibited to the last.—The funeral service was read over his grave by the Rev. Mr. Ambrose, a former pupil, who came from Oxford for the special purpose of paying this last tribute to his memory.

Of Macklin, as a tragic actor, we have, from his cotemporaries, the most convincing evidences of excellence. As a comedian his success in his parts is a sufficient proof of his ability, and in the varied round of his characters we can trace his gradual, but surely progressive, advance in his profession. Thus, in 1734, we find him playing *Poins*, in *Henry the Fourth*. In 1737, he plays *Peackum*, in *The Beggars' Opera*, and *Sir Hugh Evans*, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. In the succeeding year we find him playing *Lord Foppington*, *Old Mirabel*, *Fondlewife*, *Malvolio*, *Sir John Brute*, *Touchstone*, and *Iago*. These prove his versatility and his genius, whilst his conduct in private life renders him, as a father, as a husband, and as a friend, entitled to our deep respect, and enables us to apply to him Johnson's words, spo-

ken of old Thomas Sheridan—"Were mankind divided into two classes of good and bad, he would stand considerably within the rank of the former." He was an honest, true-hearted man, and we may well claim him as our best and most natural actor. His fine figure added considerably to his success.

And now, having related the chief events in the life of Charles Macklin, we conclude this paper by recommending his plays, *The Man of the World*, and *Love-a-la-Mode*, to all who love genuine comedy and genial humor.

#### ART. IV.—THE TAXATION OF IRELAND.

1. *An Act for Granting to her Majesty Duties on Profits Arising from Property, Professions, Trades and Offices.* Sixteenth and Seventeenth of Victoria. Chapter the Thirty-fourth. Royal Assent, June 28th, 1853.
2. *Hansard's Parliamentary Debates.* Vol. CXXV. 3rd and 4th volumes for the Session of 1852. Debates in the House of Commons on the Chancellor of the Exchequer's Financial Statement, and Proposition for Extending the Income Tax to Ireland,—April and May, 1853.
3. *Financial Management of Ireland, and other Publications on Fiscal and Financial subjects.* By Michael Staunton, Esq. Dublin: 1841.
4. *Account of Ireland in 1773.* By a late Chief Secretary of that Kingdom. London: 1773.
5. *The Commercial Restraints of Ireland Considered. In a Series of Letters to a Noble Lord, Containing an Historical Account of the Affairs of that Kingdom, so far as they relate to this Subject.* Dublin: William Hallhead. 1779.
6. *Sketch of the Revenue and Finances of Ireland, with Abstracts of the Principal Heads of Receipts and Expenditure for Sixty years, and the Various Supplies since the Revolution.* By R. V. Clarendon. London and Dublin: 1791.

To write upon the injustice done us in taxation matters must certainly seem a little like shutting the stable door after the steed is stolen,—now when the Income Tax is upon us, and

no longer "looming in the future!" But he mistakes very much, indeed, who shall imagine that the attempts upon our purse will stop even with this last grievous and unjust infliction, if we remain silent and passive. The whole history of England's conduct towards us, will be found to establish the fact, that our quiescence has uniformly encouraged her aggressions and encroachments, and that Ireland is never treated with consideration or fairness, except at those periods in which she has made herself troublesome.

We propose in this paper not merely to argue against this last robbery—as in fact, and in truth, the infliction of an Income Tax on the people of Ireland, most unquestionably is—but, in the course of reviewing it, and dealing with the statements and arguments it elicited during the progress of the debates in Parliament upon the Budget of this last session, to glance incidentally at the condition of our country, at other periods besides the present. It may be advisable, for instance, to touch briefly upon her state at different periods since the legislative Union between Great Britain and Ireland; as also to discover how she managed her own affairs, and prospered, or otherwise, while she was legislatively independent, and when the Union was yet undreamed of, or, at the utmost, was but the rude, uncertain, outline of a half formed project, jotted down roughly upon paper, and carefully kept from light and air in the deepest recesses of some ministerial pigeon-hole in Downing-street. It cannot fail to be of interest and utility to collate and bring to mind anew, some of the leading facts (from public records, and other acknowledged sources of accurate information) illustrative of her former state, and of the results of former measures and modes of government, and thereby furnish reliable material for forming a judgement on the degree of wisdom, or want of it, shown in the present management of our resources.

At the very outset of this undertaking there is one giant to be encountered—a very Goliath of Gath in formidableness of appearance—but like that doughty Philistine, easy to be overthrown by a small missile aimed directly in the front!

The enormous disproportion between the amount of English, of Scotch, and of Irish revenue respectively, in the public accounts—that of Great Britain never being less than from nine to eleven times the amount credited to Ireland—while her population has never quadrupled ours—is proclaimed and

taken, even by a great number of Irishmen, to be proof positive, that we have been lightly and most indulgently treated in matters of taxation.

This is demolished in the simplest manner, and at once, by bringing the principle involved in the argument—if argument it can be called—to the test of the most ordinary experience, in reference to the comparative consumption of any article subject to taxation, by the wealthy and the poor respectively. It is, of course, necessary to premise that the great bulk of the revenue returns, in either country, is supplied by the duties, whether of Revenue or Excise, that are levied upon articles consumed, or otherwise made use of, by the inhabitants, and hence the case we are about to state will exactly apply. We will take, for instance, the consumption of tea. Before the recent changes certain teas paid 1s. 6d. per pound in taxation. Such of our readers as are versed in the details of housekeeping will know exactly, how many pounds of tea might be required to supply their establishments for any fixed and definite period. Let us suppose that ten pounds may be the quantity required, and purchased accordingly. The purchaser will thus have paid ten times the sum of one shilling and sixpence—or a total of fifteen shillings, towards the Public Revenue. Now, his, or her, country-women, or other humble dependants, having, we will suppose, the same number in family to provide for, will have been obliged to content themselves with three pounds during the same period; simply for want of the means wherewith to purchase more. This humble family, then, have paid only three sums of one shilling and sixpence, or a total of four shillings and sixpence, while the richer family have paid, as we have seen before, more than three times that amount, or fifteen shillings. Yet will any one pretend to say, that the tax—the burthen of the tax—is not equal in both cases? Or, if there be a difference, that the tax is not in reality a good deal more of a grievance and a burden to the poorer family—inasmuch as it encroaches more upon their general means of purchasing the requirements of life.

Precisely similar is the case between Great Britain and Ireland. The latter is so wretchedly poor that she cannot purchase taxed commodities in anything like the same proportion as her richer neighbour. But the actual *amount of the rate* of taxation is the same with both—at least upon the articles that produce the great bulk of the Imperial Revenue,

(the exceptions having been in a few instances decreased, and, after this year's Budget, nearly altogether ceasing)—while Ireland being so much inferior in wealth and resources, the burthen of each tax must, on that account, indisputably be heavier upon her.

Contenting ourselves, for the present, with this brief, but, we trust, sufficient, notice and demolition of the utterly unsound, yet frequently employed argument, against Ireland, on the score of small Revenue-products, we turn, without further preface, to the details of our subject.

The taxing-clause, of the Income Tax Act, enacts the following rates and duties :—

“For and in respect of the property in any lands, tenements, or hereditaments, in the United Kingdom, and for and in respect of every annuity, pension, or stipend, payable by her Majesty, or out of the public revenue of the United Kingdom; and for and in respect of all interest of money, annuities, dividends, and shares of annuities, payable to any person or persons, bodies politic or corporate, companies or societies, whether corporate or not corporate; and for and in respect of the annual profits or gains arising or accruing to any person or persons whatever, resident in the United Kingdom, from any kind of property whatever, whether situate in the United Kingdom or elsewhere, or from any annuities, allowances, or stipends, or from any profession, trade, or vocation, whether the same shall be respectively exercised in the United Kingdom or elsewhere, and for and in respect of the annual profits or gains arising or accruing to any person or persons not resident within the United Kingdom from any property whatever in the United Kingdom, or from any trade, profession, or vocation, exercised in the United Kingdom; for every twenty shillings of the annual value or amount thereof: For two years, from April 5, 1853, 7d.; and for two years from April 5, 1855, 6d.; and for three years from April 5, 1857, 5d.; and that on April 5, 1860, except as to the collection of moneys then due, the said rates and duties shall cease and determine. And for and in respect of the occupation of such lands, tenements, or hereditaments, (other than a dwelling-house occupied by a tenant distinct from a farm of lands), for every twenty shillings of the annual value thereof, one moiety of each of the said sums of 7d., 6d., and 5d., for the above named times respectively.”

It may be a want, on our part, of a due appreciation of high fiscal ability and statesmanlike arrangement, but we cannot help thinking that the provisions in the foregoing section, for the gradual reduction, and final cessation, of the Income Tax therein enacted, are puerilely ludicrous. Some men are said to have a microscopic turn of mind, and certainly the ingenuity that presided at the framing of the provisions in question,



could not be judged to have connexion with any very grand, or very comprehensive, view of matters.

After two years' payment of this new and most oppressive tax we are to be relieved to the extent of one penny in the pound. In two years more, another mighty boon of similar amount is to be conceded to us; and in three years after, the remaining five-pence in the pound is to cease and determine. Such is the *promise*—how it will be kept—let the fiscal records of England, during the past eleven years bear testimony. Her Income Tax was to have lasted only three years. It still endures; being, in fact, for the fourth time renewed by the act of this last session. And so far has it been from any chance of remission, or even reduction, in the interim, that no less than three attempts have been made, by the financial ministers for the time being, to increase and, in one case, to double the rate. With these circumstances vividly in our recollection, the small ingenuity of the provisions for reduction, &c., in the section just quoted from this year's Income Tax Renewal Act, becomes practically something very like a wanton insult to our common sense.

We shall have presently to show (and undertake to show, and to prove, irrefragably,) that, great as the hardship undoubtedly is upon England and Scotland, of having the Income Tax again saddled upon them, and for a really *indefinite* period, the hardship is ten times greater in the case of Ireland. Its imposition upon her we shall have to show, and we shall *prove*, to have been a most unjust proceeding—most cruel in her present condition, when, she is for the first time, in seven long bitter years, beginning to give some evidence of improving circumstances—but even still more unjust than cruel!

Ere entering upon the proof we thus undertake, it will convenience our subject to trace out here at once, the outlines of the whole scheme of new taxation to which we have been subjected in the session just expired, but we wish the reader to bear in mind that we object to an Income Tax at any period, and we believe most firmly in the truth of the sentiments expressed in the year 1816, by Lord Brougham, in his speech on the Committee of Supply:—"I cannot impress too deeply on the public mind the unequal manner in which this tax operated; nor can I reprobate sufficiently the inquisitorial mode of its collection. It injured in a greater proportion than it oppressed; it injured in a higher degree than it produced revenue. The

very circumstance of its being so productive a tax, formed one of the strongest grounds of objection to it. It did so because such a productive tax was likely to render Ministers more profuse and extravagant. I hope such a tax will never be agreed to by Parliament. I hope the country will rise as one man against it."

In treating of Mr. Gladstone's financial scheme it would, at first sight, appear the best plan to quote the exact words of the right honorable gentleman when introducing it in May last. But on looking to Hansard for the purpose, his statement of the fiscal arrangements for Ireland, appears so intermixed and closely interwoven with that of the arrangements for Great Britain, that the literal quoting of them would only tend to embarrass and, perhaps, confuse the reader. The following is, therefore, a sufficient abstract of that portion of his speech which most concerns us.

By the Income Tax he expects to raise from Ireland an annual sum of £460,000. By additional duty on her Spirits, a further annual sum of £200,000, (after deduction of the allowance for waste in bond, viz., £60,000). By the legacy duty an amount of probably £200,000—estimating Ireland's proportion of the £2,000,000 expected from this source, as, possibly, one-tenth. All these sums together make a total of new taxation imposed, amounting to about £860,000 per annum.

The relief of taxation provided for us as a set-off, consists of a sum of £245,000 annually paid under the head of what are called Consolidated Annuities—a charge hitherto upon us on account of the monies advanced from the Treasury for the relief works, &c., of 1847 and 1848.

The other remissions require a little, and but a little, more extended notice. We put in columns the stated amounts of relief under each head, and Ireland's share is as follows:—

Soap duties	£1,126,000	No duties in Ireland to be
Assessed taxes	290,000	Do. [remitted.
Post horses	54,000	Do.
Stamps	418,000	£40,000
Customs duties	3,466,000	340,000
Colonial postage	40,000	3,000
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	£5,394,000	£383,000

Adding the asserted relief of Ireland under the head of Consolidated Annuities, amounting to	£245,000,
to the amount just given of her share of other relief, viz. :—	388,000,
	<hr/>
we have as the total amount of relief for her which, deducted from the new taxes imposed, viz.—	£628,000,
	860,000,
	<hr/>
leaves an excess of the latter, amounting to per annum.	£232,000

This statement, however, by no means gives an adequate idea of the disadvantages, in our regard, of the Budget. In the first place, out of the sum of £245,000, remission on the score of Consolidated Annuities, £118,400, representing the advances under the Labor Rate Act of 1846, should have been very speedily remitted in any case. Leading men of both Houses of Parliament, and the recommendations of an influential Committee of the Upper House, had proclaimed the utter unfairness of charging Ireland any longer with the payment of these particular advances. In the second place, as we have seen, Ireland, in the mere excess of new taxation over the amount taken off, will have to pay within £13,000 a year of the whole amount of relief given her by remitting the Consolidated Annuities.

In the third place comes the very grave, and entirely justifiable objection to the imposition of an Income Tax upon her. The main point of its injustice we shall deal with presently, when necessarily having to touch upon the general state of the fiscal arrangements between the two countries. Here we shall confine ourselves to recalling Sir Robert Peel's declaration, when proposing his Budget of 1842, that the additional stamp duties then placed on Ireland by him, were a part-equivalent for the Income Tax at that period imposed upon Great Britain. In any subsequent *remission* of stamp duties *Great Britain has had the larger share* ; therefore, account should have been taken this year of Ireland's yet existing equivalent for at least a portion of the Income Tax ; and the gross sum in the present year put upon her ought to have been diminished to the full extent of that equivalent.

The gravest of all objections against her been subjected now to the Income Tax is, that she is but recovering

from a state of prostration, and that her slow returning strength ought rather to have been fostered than pressed upon so unsparingly. When the urgencies of the famine season first really revealed to English statesmen Ireland's internal weakness, nothing was more justly deplored than the want of that useful class, the small dealers and petty traders, in vast districts of the South and West. The cost of relief, and the difficulties of administering it, in those extended and fearfully impoverished regions, were enormously increased by the absence of this humble, but most valuable body of industrious dealers. Now, the certain and inevitable operation of an Income Tax, will be to diminish and cripple that class, when the directest interest of English as well as of Irish tax-payers, is, that it should rather be encouraged and stimulated, than depressed and ruined.

The objections on the score of the vexatious and harassing nature of an Income Tax, its inquisitions and waste of proceeds and of its victim's precious time, together with those on the score of the perjuries, and other gross immoralities and frauds, to which it has been found to give rise, are common to both countries, and can be noted in the discussions of our separate case only in so far as they supplied an additional reason for more caution, and more careful weighing of the justice on other grounds, of imposing such a tax upon so necessitous a people as the Irish.

The Spirit duty increase has the damning fact against it, that Sir Robert Peel's similar attempt, in 1842, was found to be productive only in occasioning a great increase of illicit distillation, with its fearful consequences of outrage and demoralization.

As to the Soap, Assessed, and Posthorse Duties, remitted, this is of course a gain to England and Scotland, but inasmuch as those duties did not exist here, we have no share in the matter. "But then," the advocates of taxation for Ireland will say, "in that case it is evident that Ireland has been hitherto favored." We shall have something to observe in especial on this point presently: meantime we answer that the taxes in question now remitted, were but a small and very insignificant remnant of the separate taxation for which England, according to the terms of the Act of Legislative Union between her and Ireland, was bound to provide separately.

This opens at last the general question of the fiscal arrangements between the two countries; and as the knowledge of

these arrangements is indispensable for a right understanding of our subject, we proceed to afford as succinctly and as clearly as possible, a view of their nature and condition.

For this purpose the readiest means may be, by giving an example to illustrate the respective positions and acts of the two countries in fiscal and financial matters, at and since the Union; and proceed from that point to a plain recital of the facts of the subject in their due order.

We will then, in the beginning, suppose that we have to give a brief statement of financial arrangements between an English and Irish trading company; instead of between their respective countries. What then think our readers of the following abstract of the relations between two such companies?

At the period of their proposed junction, we will say that the English company owed £42,000, on which the paid £1,600 per annum interest; and the Irish company was indebted £2,400, with £120 interest. The debts being so dissimilar, it was provided that each should pay the interest of its own debt *separately*—that is to say, the English company paid £1,600 per annum—the Irish company £120. All other and future expenditure, whether for the ordinary outgoings, or for payment of debt thereafter jointly contracted, was to be met by a joint contribution in the proportion of their respective amounts of capital. The English company having secret influence among the directors of the Irish company, had this proportion estimated as 1 to 7½, or 2 to 15, whereas, in reality, the English capital was at least 12 times that of the Irish. Nearly one-seventh, then, instead of one-twelfth, was thus imposed upon the latter company, as their proportion of contribution to the joint or common expenditure.

Sixteen years afterwards this fact forces itself upon all—that from the pressure of the unduly high proportion of one-ninth, the Irish company has increased its debt more than 300 per cent, while the debt of the English company increased only 70 per cent. What is the obvious remedy? Either to dissolve the partnership, or to lessen the rate of contribution from the weaker party. What is the plan actually adopted? The English company having, ever since the former arrangement, obtained the supreme direction of the partnership, puts an end, indeed, to the existing proportionate rates of contribution, but takes, absolutely and entirely, the whole control of the affairs of both companies into its own hands; thenceforth extracts

from the property and resources of the Irish company, every possible penny beyond that which barely enables the latter to exist.

The infliction of the Income Tax upon us would be represented in the instance of the supposed companies, by a new extortion practised upon the weaker by the stronger, under cover of the unjust arrangement last noted. The English company, not having acted up to the provision of the original compact for separate payment of its own sole and still excessive debt, unjustly endeavours to supply for its own default by increasing the charges of the Irish.

Such is, in brief, the state of things that has occurred between Great Britain and Ireland. Perhaps, we should not neglect to add one qualification, viz., that in the case of trading companies, the aggrieved and oppressed party might have recourse to Chancery, to restrain the usurped power and grasping propensities of the stronger party; or to dissolve the junction altogether, upon equitable terms. No such remedy, however, remains to Ireland. *She* has no human court to which she can appeal. Her people are too weakened and scattered, her representatives are too few and too divided,—and from the circumstances of their inevitable absence from the country, and contact with English prejudices, and (shall we not write it) English seductions, must ever, under the present system, continue too divided to secure adequate redress for her from the Imperial Parliament. She has but the hope that Providence, which works out ends of good in its own inscrutable ways, and in its own good time, will, at length, see fit to remove its chastening hand, and upraise a fallen people, and give success to their efforts to secure prosperity for their regenerated native land.

In proclaiming, however, our conviction that justice in fiscal matters is little likely to be done to Ireland by the Imperial Parliament, we do not deny a just credit to the good intentions and speeches of several English members. We write good intentions and speeches, because there were several good English votes given during the Budget debate, without speeches to tell the faith that was in the parties giving them. And, on the other hand, there were, of the five or six excellent speeches made by English members, against the new taxation for Ireland, two or three which were currently, but, we would hope, unwarrantably, attributed to other motives than any great zeal for Ireland's immunity. Content to accept vote and

speech, either or both, without examination of motives, we will now call attention to a few expressions of English members, fully supporting the views taken in Ireland of that portion of the Budget which has been directed against her.—

“ Sir FITZROY KELLY opposed the resolutions, because they formed part of a scheme of taxation pregnant with an enlarged and intolerable burden upon the already oppressed landed interest; because the income tax was, without justification or political necessity, extended to Ireland in time of peace, and with a financial surplus in hand; because, without any ground, it was proposed to continue the income tax unmitigated and unchanged; and because—and this was his main objection—the resolutions sought to perpetuate the injustice and inequality which had brought discredit on the legislature, and under which so many persons suffered severely. It was a remarkable feature in the budget, that the whole of the reductions, amounting to something like 2,500,000*l.*, were to be made up by new taxes upon the owners of land and upon the people of Ireland. (Hear, hear.) He thought it was not without reason that honourable members more immediately connected with that country complained of the course which had been adopted by the government. He had not heard it suggested why at this particular time a tax, possessing such odious inequalities, should for the first time, without any proper machine for levying it, be imposed upon Ireland. (Hear, hear.) When in 1798, and again in 1803, the tax was imposed—at a time when the nation was engaged in the most extensive and terrible conflict in the history of the world, and when no man could foresee the end or the consequences of the war, Ireland was spared. In 1806, when the prospects of the country had become still more dark and threatening—when the victory of Austerlitz had laid all Europe prostrate at the feet of Napoleon—at that time, when the income tax was increasing from six and a half to ten per cent., no statesman thought of extending the tax to Ireland. The tax was continued until the termination of the war, when it ceased for many years. He now came to the year 1842, when Sir Robert Peel proposed the re-imposition of the tax. At that time there was a deficit in the Exchequer, the result of repeated deficiencies during a series of years, amounting to no less than 10,000,000*l.*, the deficiency in the year next preceding that in which Sir Robert Peel made his proposition being rather more than 2,000,000*l.* With that great exigency on the one side, and with a view of effecting a vast improvement in the financial and commercial policy of the country, Sir Robert Peel proposed the income tax. But at that time, as during the time of war, Sir Robert Peel never suggested the extension of the tax to Ireland. (Hear.) After an experience of the operation of the tax for eleven years, the government, admitting its inequality, and with a surplus in the Exchequer, proposed not only to continue it, but to extend its operation to Ireland, and that without any inquiry to ascertain the ability of that country to bear it. (Hear, hear.) Looking to the condition of Ireland—looking to the fact

that the land of Ireland was groaning under its local burthens—he did hope that some gentleman more immediately connected with that country would move for a committee to enquire into and report upon the capability of Ireland to bear this tax. (Cheers.)”

In the same debate Mr. Disraeli, who had, as our readers are of course aware, himself filled the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer, under the preceding Ministry, expressed himself as follows:—

“Four months ago I had to consider, in the responsible situation in which I was then placed, the extension of the income tax to Ireland, and, after a mature consideration of the subject, we unanimously came to the conclusion that it would be unwise and inexpedient to extend it to Ireland. We not only thought it unwise to extend it to Ireland at the present moment, but for the considerable period which we proposed to parliament to entrust us with this tax we had no immediate intention of changing our policy in this respect. It was our opinion for reasons which I need not give, but it was arrived at after ample and anxious consideration by the late government, that it was quite out of the question to extend the income tax to Ireland. Sir, I am prepared to support the same policy now that I advocated on the other side of the table. (Hear.) It is not true that I was not prepared to make a proposition upon the Consolidated Annuities. I say that these two subjects ought not to be mixed up with each other, and that they have no necessary connection. On the contrary, I said that I would take the earliest day to submit a resolution to the house on the Consolidated Annuities. I said that, after I stated that the government did not intend to extend the income tax to Ireland. (Hear.) The proposal I was prepared to bring forward with regard to the Consolidated Annuities was certainly not that which the right hon. gentleman has made, but it was one founded upon equity, which would, I think, have given complete satisfaction to all those who were interested in the affair.

\* \* \* And now what is the fate of Ireland? Sir Robert Peel did not propose an income tax for Ireland, though he proposed one for England. Sir Robert Peel thought that there were constitutional and local grounds which should forbid him, even if he wished it, to apply the income tax to Ireland; but he said, ‘I must have some substitute, and that substitute shall be a duty on spirits. The Irish shall have a duty on spirits instead of the income tax,’ just as the English were to have, if the policy of the noble lord had prevailed, a legacy duty instead of an income tax; but now England had got the legacy duty as well as the income tax; and Ireland is to have the spirit duty and the income tax too. (Cheers.)”

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\* Speech in Debate of May 20th, 1853, on the Budget.



A very important declaration of opinion, to the same general effect, was also made by Sir Francis Baring—himself a former Whig Chancellor of the Exchequer, and still a supporter and ally of the Whig Ministry. He said that,—

“ Having, on previous occasions, had to express his discomfort at the large amount of income that hung on the income tax, he felt great satisfaction that the government had decided that it ought not to be permanent in times of peace. A heavy direct tax in peace was very difficult to keep, and the best condition of a tax was that it could be kept. He was well aware of the difficulties connected with the remodelling the tax, and was prepared to vote for its continuance on the condition of its ultimate abolition. As regarded the guarantee for that abolition, no absolute pledge could be given, but the ministers in 1860, would find it difficult to persuade the country that its re-imposition would not be a breach of faith, and he expressed his opinion that, with the means which had been proposed, the abolition at that time would be practicable.”

He did not assent to all the details of the scheme, and was opposed to extending the Income Tax to parties who had not hitherto paid it. Was it wise to place a tax, admitted to have a demoralizing influence upon the higher classes of tradesmen, upon the lower? He objected also to the extension of this tax to Ireland. If they thought Ireland should be further taxed, they would have acted more wisely

“ If they had followed the course adopted by Sir R. Peel, to lay on some other than an income tax (cheers). The income tax had never touched Ireland. It had never undergone the demoralising effects of that tax, which, no doubt, had been exerted upon the traders of England (hear, hear). Look at the machinery they would have to create. He thought it would be infinitely better to meet the question in some other way than to impose an income tax. The right hon. gentlemen had urged as the ground why Ireland should pay, that the two taxes imposed by Sir Robert Peel as an equivalent had been repealed. But the right hon. gentleman had put on two-thirds of the spirit duties again—one of the taxes which Sir Robert Peel considered an equivalent to the income tax. It was said that the stamp duties also had been taken off; but that could not be considered a special boon to Ireland, as it was taken off the whole of the United Kingdom. What was the compensation which the right hon. gentleman was about to offer to Ireland—the abandonment of the consolidated annuities. He was bound to say that he could not consider the abandonment of the consolidated annuities as a gift to Ireland, or any compensation to Ireland, after the evidence that had been given on that grant before the select committee, and he maintained that was a reduction they were entitled to, without having an equivalent tax imposed. The legacy duty on land was placed on Ireland as well as on England, and, therefore, it might be struck out. In the same manner the tea duties, which,

however, gave England a greater benefit than Ireland. The income tax and the spirit duty conjoined gave a total of £668,000 per year; while the remission of the consolidated annuities was only £245,000. This left a balance of £423,000 of new taxes assessed upon Ireland. But what were the old taxes remitted and the new taxes imposed upon Great Britain? The first was the remission of the soap tax, amounting to £1,126,000; then followed the assessed taxes, amounting to £290,000; and next the post-horses duty, amounting to £27,000—in all £1,443,000. The new taxes imposed, however, were only £403,000, giving a benefit to Great Britain of £1,040,000; while Ireland was called upon to pay £423,000 additional or new taxes. The relief to Ireland was the interest on the consolidated annuities, £245,000, but the spirit duty was £198,000; so that in point of fact the peculiar relief to Ireland at the end of 1860 would be only £47,000 a year. Whilst England, on the contrary, when the scheme of the right hon. gentleman would be completed, in the same year would gain a remission of £6,993,000, including the income tax, minus the Scotch spirit duty, in all a relief to the extent of £6,715,000. He (Sir F. B.) should not be astonished if the right honourable gentleman was able to reduce the Irish consolidated annuities without imposing an Irish income tax, and at all events he hoped he would reconsider his decision, and not extend that tax to Ireland."

To these testimonies in support of our case, we shall, for the present, only add that of another member of the Derby Administration—Mr. Henley, member for Oxford County, and late Secretary of State for the Home Department. In reference to the Budget he—

"Asked was Ireland now in a better position than she was in 1842, to bear the £460,000 income tax, and a further sum for spirit duties? (Hear.) In addition to the income tax, she would have to pay £350,000 for succession duty, and the proposition, therefore, with regard to that country he could not admit to be just. (Hear, hear.) He not only thought it a bad bargain for Ireland, but an unjust one. He had always been disposed to deal out equal justice to England, Ireland, and Scotland; but equal taxation did not mean the same amount of taxation. (Hear.) *In 1800 the two countries started from a particular point of view, which ought to be steadily regarded. The present tax certainly did not keep up the distinction.* He disapproved of the injustice of saddling Ireland with the tax. (Hear, hear.) It was not wise to set up a machinery in that country for seven years, even though it was intended to get rid of the tax at the close of that period. (Hear, hear.)"

The "*particular point of view*," from which, according to Mr. Henley's well-founded remark, "*the two countries started in 1800, and which ought to be steadily regarded*," it is now incumbent upon us to place before our readers.

By the Act of Legislative Union Ireland was *protected* from ANY liability on account of the then previously contracted

National Debt of Great Britain ; and *also protected* from the raising of her taxation to the high standard then existing in Great Britain, until the occurrence of two out of the following three contingencies.

First—In the case that the respective National Debts of the two kingdoms should both be fully paid off and discharged. This was a case at, if not beyond, the extremest boundaries of probability, or possibility, and, indeed, was never seriously contemplated at all—being merely, and only, a claptrap. The other two contingencies involved the real matters for consideration.

These were so connected with each other that, perhaps, they should rather be described as two divisions of the same contingency, than as separate and distinct. At all events they were not independent, or alternative in their conditions, but, in legal phraseology, *cumulative*—that is to say, the one was additional upon the other, and *equally necessary as the other*, to give any force at all to the provision of the Act of Union that contained them.

It may be well to insert here that part of the Act of Union which embodies these contingencies. The reader will thus be enabled to judge for himself whether we are over-stating, or, in any way, *mis-stating*, the provisions in question.

*Sections 7 and 8 of the 8th Article of the Act of Legislative Union between Great Britain and Ireland.*

“That if at any future day, the separate debt of each country respectively shall have been liquidated, or if the values of their respective debts (estimated according to the amount of the interest and annuities attending the same, and of the sinking fund applicable to the reduction thereof, and to the period within which the whole capital of such debt shall appear to be redeemable by such sinking fund) shall be to each other in the same proportion with the respective contributions of each country respectively, or if the amount by which the value of the larger of such debts shall vary from such proportion shall not exceed one-hundredth part of the said value, and if it shall appear to the Parliament of the United Kingdom that the respective circumstances of the two countries will thenceforth admit of their contributing indiscriminately, by equal taxes imposed on the same articles in each, to the future expenditure of the United Kingdom, it shall be competent to the Parliament of the United Kingdom to declare that all future expense thenceforth to be incurred, together with the interest and charges of all joint debts contracted previous to such declaration, shall be so defrayed indiscriminately, by equal taxes imposed on the same articles in each country, and thenceforth, from time to time, as circumstances may require, to impose and apply

In what cases the Imperial Parliament may declare that future expenses shall be defrayed by equal taxes on same articles, subject to particular exemptions in Ireland and Scotland.

such taxes accordingly, subject only to such particular exemptions or abatements in Ireland, and in that part of Great Britain called Scotland, as circumstances may appear from time to time to demand.

After such declaration, no specific proportion of contribution, but separate interest and charges remaining shall be defrayed separately.

"That from the period of such declaration, it shall no longer be necessary to regulate the contribution of the two countries towards the future expenditure of the United Kingdom according to any specific proportion, or according to any of the rules herein before prescribed; provided nevertheless, that the interest or charges which may remain on account of any part of the separate debt with which either country shall be chargeable, and which shall not be liquidated or consolidated proportionably as above, shall, until extinguished, continue to be defrayed by separate taxes in each country."

It will now be seen that (passing the, what we may as well at once call, very *impossible* case, of the liquidation and final discharge of the two National Debts) Ireland was to be guarded from any liability to the English *ante-union* Debt, and from having her taxation increased, until the then (A.D. 1800) enormous disproportion between her Debt and that of Great Britain, should, some how or other, be reduced, until they came to bear to each other the proportion of *two parts to fifteen*,—that being the (wrongfully) assumed proportion, as we shall presently see, of their respective fiscal abilities—or, in common English, their abilities respectively of bearing taxation. And that not even the occurrence of this proportion was to justify Ireland's being subjected to England's ante-union load of debt and the consequent increase of taxation; but that there also should be a distinct recognition, and declaration by Parliament, that the circumstances of the two countries would thenceforth admit of their contributing indiscriminately, by equal taxes, to the future expenditure of the United Kingdom.

Now, the required point of reduction of the enormous disproportion of the two Debts at the time of the Legislative Union, was certainly attained in 1816, when the proportion of two to fifteen was, indeed, arrived at, but *solely by the increase*—the *enormous* increase—of the Irish debt, and by no decrease at all of the British debt. Yet Lord Castlereagh—the prime mover and advocate of the Union in 1799 and 1800—had assured the Irish House of Commons, that the reduction of the disproportion should be by *the decrease* of English debt, or, in the ultimate case, partly by its decrease, and partly by any *increase* that might chance to occur in the *Irish* debt. Undoubtedly he took care that no such specific limitation of the manner in which the two debts were to have their relative

proportions altered, should be set down and fixed in terms, in the Act of Union; and so far he could plead in 1816, that that occurrence was legitimately enough brought about by the sole increase of Irish debt. Still, there was a breach of faith,\* and the matter was rendered infinitely worse, by the direct, open, and undeniable *violation* of the terms of the 7th article of Union, (7th section, as already quoted) in the declaration by the British Parliament in 1816, (and the enactment founded upon that declaration) that the case provided for by the Act of Union for consolidation of the Debts, Exchequers, &c., of the two countries, had arrived; when the ministry themselves, and all who took part in the debates of 1816, proclaimed and declared in the strongest language, and the most explicit terms, the poverty and approaching insolvency of Ireland!!

If she then were in the state of poverty and approaching insolvency, which they thus declared and confessed, how was it possible, consistently with common justice, or *common reason*, that they should declare the time to have arrived when—according to the words of the Act of Union—"the respective circumstances of the two countries would thenceforth admit of their contributing indiscriminately, by equal taxes"?

That is to say—that they themselves having recognized and admitted, even on the face of the Act of Union, in 1800, that Ireland was then *too poor* to bear equal taxation with England, or any higher relative proportion than as two to fifteen, they should, in 1816, when confessing that she was much worse off in pecuniary circumstances, abrogate the protecting clauses of the Act of Union in her regard; and subject her thenceforward to be taxed and taxed again, at the will and pleasure of the Ministers of the day, to an amount great as that of rich England herself!

Plainly, the 7th article of Union was grossly violated in this respect.

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\* Lord Castlereagh's words were: "Before this" (i.e. the assimilation of the Taxes and consolidation of the Debts of the two Countries) "can take place, the Taxes of Great Britain must be reduced by the amount of ten millions a year. . . . It may however, happen, that if war should continue, and Ireland find her supplies, while England raises a great part of hers within the year, and mortgages her Income Tax to their rapid reduction in time of peace, that the proportion of the debt of Ireland may rise."—See Speech of Lord Castlereagh, 15th March, 1800, in the Irish House of Commons. Printed by Rea, 57, Exchequer-st.

We have, in the provisions of that article, "the particular point of view" which Mr. Henley, in the extract we have given some pages back, from his speech of the 20th of May in the present year, upon the Budget, most justly said "ought to be steadily regarded, and the distinction it involved kept up." That point of view was *not* "most steadily regarded" in 1816, nor regarded at all; and "the *distinction*" in question, (namely, the exemption of Ireland from equal taxes until the occurrence of the contingencies before alluded to) has never been observed, at least in anything like its integrity, since 1816.

That "*distinction*" was, however, in *some slight degree* regarded until this last Session and this last Budget, and it is to its final abandonment and abrogation by Mr. Gladstone's fiscal scheme of this year, that Mr. Henley more especially alludes. The distinction was kept up, not by reason of any late remorse on the part of the British Legislature—remorse for its unconstitutional and most unjustifiable violation in 1816, of the 7th article of the Legislative Union. It was simply to some degree "*kept up*" to the present year, by the *tried* and *proved impossibility* of increasing the taxation—or, more properly, the *product of taxation*—in Ireland beyond a certain point. Clamor in England, and the hand-to-mouth necessities of a new Ministry, composed of men who had never come together before, and who had opposition-combination, even more strange than their own, to encounter and repel, have driven Mr. Gladstone and his associates into the tempting, but shoal and rock invested waters upon which they have entered in essaying to tax Ireland; and they will ere long find themselves high and dry if they persevere, and do not, in the very next session, retrace their course, and repair the gross injustice which they have, for a temporary purpose, unscrupulously inflicted.

How Lord Castlereagh—the framer, as we have before observed, and as, of course, is generally known—of the Act of Union—looked on matters in 1800, or (again to quote Mr. Henley) what was *his* "point of view," can be gathered, from the provisions of that Act; but more fully and clearly, at least to the general reader, from his own words, quoted from an authentic, and, indeed, authorized, version of his speech in the year 1800.\*

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\* Published by J. Rea, 57, Exchequer-st., Dublin—as quoted in the preceding note.

“In respect to *past* expenses, Ireland was to have no concern whatever with the debt of Great Britain; but the two countries were to unite as to future expenses, on a *strict measure of relative ability*. He should have considered it a most valuable circumstance in this arrangement, if the countries could have been so completely incorporated as not to have had distinct revenues—a part of the system of the Scotch Union, which had been felt to be of such importance, that a great effort was made to equalize the circumstances of the two countries for that purpose.—England had a large debt—Scotland had none charged upon her revenues—an accurate calculation was made of the sum to be paid to Scotland, to justify her in accepting her share of the debt, and the sum was paid accordingly by England. The taxation of the two countries was accordingly fixed at the same scale, except in the article of land tax, which was fixed at a different ratio, because the land tax in England was imposed so unequally, that had Scotland paid in the same rate as the nominal land tax of England, she would really have been taxed much higher than her just proportion. He mentioned this to shew the pains taken to incorporate the two countries; and lamented that the two circumstances of Great Britain and Ireland did not at present enable the measure of identity to be pursued with equal strictness.....Such, however, was the disproportion of the debts of the two kingdoms, that a common system was then impossible—nor could any system of *equivalent*, as in the case of Scotland, be applied for equalizing their contributions. It was therefore necessary that the debts of the two kingdoms should be kept distinct; and that, of course, their taxation should be separate and proportionate.”

Referring to the supposed case of a junction-agreement between two trading companies, which we have given as an illustrative instance, it will be seen to be a perfectly parallel case to that of the legislative union “*treaty*,” as it was called, between Great Britain and Ireland. The 1 to  $7\frac{1}{2}$  (or 2 to 15) proportion of joint contribution, was thus laid down by Lord Castlereagh in the speech from which we have first quoted:—

“In order to find the sum which Ireland should contribute to the imperial expenditure, let the relative commercial wealth of both countries, and the relative expenses of both in articles of luxury, be examined; and if it be found that these two proportions very nearly coincide, it ought to be fairly pronounced that the best means of judging of the relative ability of the countries had been discovered. Taking, then, the exports and imports for the last three years, those of Ireland would be found to be £10,925,000, and of Britain, £73,961,000; that is, in the proportion of seven to one.

“The next part of the proportion was to be found in excised articles of consumption; such as malt, beer, spirits, wine, tea, tobacco. The average of these for the last three years, has been—Ireland,

£5,954,000 ; Great Britain, £46,891,000 ; being in the proportion of  $7\frac{1}{2}$  to one.

"These two proportions coming so close, he would take  $7\frac{1}{2}$  to one, as the just ratio of the ability of Great Britain to that of Ireland."

The appropriateness of the bases he had taken for this calculation was strongly contested at the time, as well as the relative amounts he deduced from them, for the respective proportions of contribution thereafter, on the part of Great Britain and of Ireland to their future common expenditure. It is unnecessary, (and indeed would be unsuited to our limits,) to delay upon the objections then made to his scheme, but we shall now proceed to quote the confessions of English Ministers themselves, that these proportions inflicted injury and injustice upon Ireland.

The late Lord Fitzgerald and De Vesci, when Chancellor of the Exchequer for Ireland, in 1816, (up to which year there was a separate officer of that designation for either country,) was the mouthpiece of Lord Castlereagh's Government, in proposing the measure of that year, whereby, the Consolidation of the Exchequers, Debts, &c. of both, was accomplished. In introducing the subject just mentioned, he himself denounced the injustice of the Union-rate of contribution imposed upon Ireland—viz: that of 1 to  $7\frac{1}{2}$ , or 2 to 15, and proceeded to remark:—"I hope it will not be said that Ireland throws a great burden on the empire to save herself. Oh, no! The necessity of reviewing the act of Union has been caused by the sacrifices she has made, doing her best to keep pace with you. *You contracted with her for an expenditure she could not meet.* She had been led to hope that her expenditure would be less when united to you than before. She has absolutely paid more in Taxes since the Union than seventy-eight millions, being forty-seven more than her revenue in the fifteen years on which her contribution was calculated."

The only mistake in the foregoing was in his saying that England "*contracted* with Ireland, for an expenditure she could not meet." The expression should have been, that England, taking advantage of Ireland's weakness after the insanity of the rebellion, and making use of the powerful engine of corruption, with the boroughmongering and dishonest Irish Legislature, "*imposed upon*" Ireland, that excessive rate of contribution.



In the preceding year, 1815, a Finance Committee had borne its indisputable testimony—*indisputable* not only from the figures it quoted from the public accounts, but from its being a reluctant testimony; inasmuch as the facts it embodied bore against the main object of the Committee's constitution—(namely, to prepare the way for a Consolidation of Debts and Assimilation of Taxation,) to the evil operation of the unjust rate of contribution imposed upon Ireland at the Union. The report of the Committee in that year contained this striking paragraph:—

“Your Committee cannot but remark, that for several years Ireland has advanced in permanent Taxation more rapidly than Great Britain herself, notwithstanding the immense exertions of the latter country, and including the extraordinary and war Taxes. The permanent revenue of Great Britain increased from 1801, when the amounts of both countries were first made to correspond, in the proportion of  $16\frac{1}{4}$  to 10,—the whole revenue of Britain (including war Taxes,) as  $21\frac{1}{4}$  to 10, and the revenues of Ireland as 23 to 10.”

And on the occasion of Lord, (then Mr.) Fitzgerald's speech before quoted, Mr. Leslie Foster, (the late Baron Foster of the Irish Bench,) a Member connected with Government, followed Mr. Fitzgerald in ascribing the bankrupt condition of Ireland to the oppressiveness of her rate of Taxation. He said. “The Taxation of Ireland at the Union was £2,440,000. In 1810, it had risen to £4,280,000—in 1816, it was £5,760,000. In fact, Taxation in *that country had been carried almost to its ne plus ultra*”!!

We shall on this point, make but one more quotation, and that from a *living* financier, and former Finance Minister;—Mr. Goulburn, speaking in 1822, on a motion of the late Sir John Newport's, said: “The Union Contribution of 2-17ths for Ireland, (i.e. 2 to 15, or 1 to  $7\frac{1}{4}$ ) is *now allowed on all hands*—to have been more than she was able to bear.”

The rate of contribution being then “*allowed on all hands*,” as Mr Goulburn says, to have been unjust, what would have been the fair and proper remedy? In this case, as in the suppositious case of the two trading-companies before assumed, the natural answer must be—either dissolve the junction (*Union*,) or lessen the rate of contribution from the weaker party—Ireland. But what was the plan actually adopted?

The English Parliament (*Company*—see the case before put) having ever since the former arrangement obtained the supreme direction, put an end indeed to the then existing proportionate rates of contribution; but taking absolutely and entirely the whole control of the affairs, (*monetary* as well as other,) of both countries into its own hands, thenceforth has extracted from the property and resources of Ireland every possible penny!

And the land of Ireland, the trade of Ireland, the industry and resources of Ireland of every description, are mortgaged indefinitely, to the security of more than 400 millions of *English Debt, contracted before the Union*, and with the incurring, or expenditure of which we had no more to do than had the people of Japan!!

This point of the injustice done us in 1816, by consolidating the Exchequers, Debts, &c., &c., of the two countries is the very keystone of our case. If that Consolidation were rightly and constitutionally effected in 1816, then we have no valid argument against subsequent Taxation. The Union Act plainly and distinctly prescribed that we were to be subjected to equal Taxation with Great Britain when the disproportion of their previous debts should be reduced to a certain point, and when, in addition to the foregoing, the circumstances of the two countries should appear to warrant indiscriminate Taxation:—that is to say, when there should be something like an equality of wealth and resources between them. Had this been attained, the Union condition would have been fulfilled, and we left without any further case.

No doubt a point might still have been raised on the question, whether it were fair to make Ireland liable for *any* portion of the *Ante-Union-Debt* of Great Britain; and whether the Consolidation-measure ought not rather have been postponed till the *debts*, as well as the economic circumstances of this country, should have nearer approached the desired equality. But if the Union could have been proved to have conferred such a vast benefit upon Ireland as to have increased her wealth so much in fifteen years, as to bring her on an equality with rich England, we could have maintained no further protest against a measure, that had conferred so paramount a benefit upon the country.

But the reader has seen that the grand condition without which there could be, (as there *has* been) no equity in subject-

ing us to English Taxation—the condition that we should have become equally able as England to bear that Taxation, had not been fulfilled. Nay, that on the contrary, *we had grown poorer*—on the confession and plain acknowledgment of the very ministerial advocates and proposers of the Consolidation-measure themselves—a confession supported and verified by the incontestable and irresistible fact, that we had run most enormously, and out of all proportion into debt!!

The Consolidation-measure being therefore, plainly and undeniably an unconstitutional—(unconstitutional—as the Union-act was declared to be a solemn treaty between two nations, fixing irreversibly their future constitutional status respectively, save in such points as change was expressly and under certain specified and well defined conditions, provided for in the treaty itself)—England ought to have paid yearly since 1816, *by separate taxation*, the annual interest of her *Ante-Union-Debt*, instead of having, in the thirty-seven years since 1816, extracted from Ireland every farthing that could be grasped, to be applied in aid of her own payments towards that *Ante-Union-Debt*.

A few figures are now required to complete the exposure of this injustice.

The annual charge of English debt contracted before the Union, was, in 1800, when that measure was passed	£16,575,000
And the annual charge of Irish Debt was	1,100,000

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Excess of English charge . . . £15,475,000

Both countries were to provide separately for these particular charges; and there is no doubt that Ireland, with the commonest justice extended to her, could have continued to defray her *Ante-Union-Debt-charge* and at the same time have paid a fair quota towards the Post-Union general or common expenditure. But we have seen that unfair means (the confessedly unjust rate of contribution) were taken to swell her liabilities, so as to render her nearly bankrupt in 1816. The means being unfair, the enormous increase of her liabilities which they occasioned was of course also unfair (namely from one to four millions Debt-charge—that is to say three millions increase—300 per cent!!!) and that increase ought rightly to have been charged for the greater part against Great Britain, its occurrence been due to her having—in the before quoted words of one of her own Ministers in her own Parliament in 1816, “con-

tracted with Ireland for an expenditure, (*imposed upon Ireland an expenditure?*) which she could not meet; and to endeavor to keep pace with you, in which she has made such great sacrifices!"

The Consolidation Act being unjust, the provisions of the Union-Act ought still to have prevailed; and, had that been the case, England or Great Britain would have since 1816, as before that year, to provide separately for the £16,575,000 Ante-Union Debt-charge before stated, and she therefore ought to have been under the infliction of separate taxes calculated to produce that amount. But what is the fact? Ever since 1816, her successive financiers have been reducing, more and more, her separate payments—by now taking off portions of it without equivalent relief to Ireland, and again extending other portions of them to the latter country; so as to compel her to assist in bearing the burden. The ultimate consequence is, that in no year since 1816, did England comply with the terms of the Union: for so early as the year 1817, she commenced the unfair process just described, relieving herself from *two millions of Malt Tax*, independently of smaller matters, without any corresponding, or equivalent relief to Ireland.

It would not be easy, even were it necessary for our subject, to set down with particularity and in detail, every step made in this process, or to calculate with any approach to exactness the actual amounts of Taxation, under their respective heads, that were paid by Great Britain separately, and by Taxation exclusively bearing upon her, from the year 1816. Such an attempt would only add enormously to the length of the present paper, and tend utterly to weary the reader, without any compensating utility whatever. A general idea upon the subject is all that will be found necessary to follow the thread of our argument; and those who wish to study the details can consult them in the Annual Finance Accounts. There were Taxes of Excise which Ireland was not called upon to pay; as for instance, the Excise-duties on Hops, Bricks, Soap, Post-horse and Post-carriage duties and licences. These produced, upon an ordinary average, about a million and a half in England and Scotland. With reference to the duty on Soap, a curious arrangement made it really a burthen upon Ireland, for a large portion of the amount. The manufacture of Soap in Ireland has, for a number of years, been nearly

altogether, if not altogether, extinct. Consequently this country drew its supplies of that article from Great Britain, or indeed from England alone. The English manufacturer, when exporting his Soap to Ireland, obtained a *drawback* of the full amount of the Excise Duty paid by him on that quantity—but he charged, in the price he put upon it, that duty precisely as if it had never been remitted to him !

English and Scotch Spirits were taxed much higher for inland consumption, than Irish ; and the excess of duties paid thus, upon British Spirits was about two millions. But the English distillers had several advantages in detail, such as not being compelled to make a declaration—to which they were limited—of the degree of strength up to which they meant to work—as was the case with the Irish distiller. Further, they were allowed to send their spirits into consumption, with, from six weeks to three months *law*, for paying up the duties, whilst the Irish distiller should pay his duty before sending out one gallon.

Under the head of Stamps, Great Britain paid on newspaper supplements, medicines, cards, dice, stage and hackney licences, &c. £560,000 ; and by higher rates than the Irish on other items of Stamp Duties, a further sum of nearly the same amount. By land and assessed Taxes she paid an average of about four millions seven-hundred thousand pounds : but Ireland had, in some small measure, a set off against the Land Tax, in the £70,000 or £80,000 a-year of "Quit and Crown Rents," which, as the fiscal ability of Ireland was rated by Sir Robert Peel, to be about one-ninth of that of England, would be equivalent to upwards of £700,000 of the Land Tax paid by the latter.

All these sums together will be found to make up an amount of a little more than nine millions of separate Taxation paid by Great Britain *upon the average of years* from 1816 to 1842, when the Income Tax was passed. This general average was then a good deal disturbed in various ways. The Income Tax added at once five millions and a half to her separate Taxation. But on the other hand several duties of excise which she paid exclusively, were taken off ; and the Irish Stamp Duties were raised until they were nearly altogether assimilated to those of England. A Spirit Duty too—that is to say, an *increased* Spirit Duty, was put upon Ireland, and for the time it continued in force the latter's disproportion of payments under that

head was of course diminished. In these ways, and by the operation of the new tariff, which, by increasing in both countries the consumption of certain foreign articles, Ireland's share of which was imported through England and the duty paid upon them credited to the English Revenue, (whereas, it ought rightly to have been credited to Ireland,) the *real* amount of English exclusive Taxation after 1842, was for some years altered to about eleven millions instead of the fourteen millions and a half, to which it would have been brought up from its previous amount of nine millions, had the fiscal operations of 1842, been limited to the imposition of the Income Tax.

From that period to the present year, the changes, modifications and repeals have all been of Taxes exclusively or mainly paid by England. But ere we proceed it is to be observed, that even had she paid annually ever since 1816 the sum of fourteen millions and a half, which we have now seen she has paid at no time since that year—not even when the Income Tax was exclusively upon her—it still would be *less* than the amount which, according to the already quoted 7th article of Union she should have paid—the amount of her *Ante-Union* Annual Debt-Charge, or, (in the figures we have given from the public accounts,) £16,575,000 per annum !

Instead of having complied with the ordinances of the Act of Union in this respect she paid from 1816 up to 1842, an average of at most not more than £9,250,000 ; and since 1842 an average of not more than eleven millions. In the first of these periods then, viz from 1816 to 1842, or 26 years, she *unjustly* relieved herself of an *annual* charge of £7,325,000, or an aggregate of £190,000,000 in 26 years. And in the second period viz., eleven years from 1842 to 1853, she relieved herself of an annual charge of £5,500,000, or £60,500,000—making, with the other aggregate sum, altogether 250,000,000 in the 36 years since 1816 !

These 250,000,000 were thrown upon the general Taxation of both countries, instead of having been, as the Act of Union enjoined, separately paid by Great Britain. Ireland was therefore compelled, in addition to her *just* liabilities, to contribute by equal rates of Taxation to the payment of these 250,000,000, and, taking her fiscal ability as it was estimated by Sir Robert Peel, in 1842, to have been about as one to nine, compared to the fiscal ability of Great Britain, it remains evident that to the extent of one-ninth of the 250,000,000 just referred to,

she has been defrauded in the 36 years last passed,—in money to an amount of £27,700,000 ; an amount greater than her annual revenue for six years !

We deliberately and confidently assert that there is no misstatement or exaggeration in all this—at least in favor of Ireland's case. We have *understated*—indeed a good deal understated—rather than overstated her case. And we are prepared, should the facts be called in question, to go over, statement by statement, and account by account, the public documents from which we have deduced these facts, and point out the page and the line.

In the present year there is another, and in so far as any favor or fairness to Ireland is concerned, a final alteration. The Income Tax is now at last put upon us, and there being several remissions of duties which exclusively bore upon Great Britain, and an increase to our spirit duties, the exaggerated amount of eleven millions which we set down as Great Britain's exclusive Taxation (and which indeed was much reduced two or three sessions ago by the considerable changes and reductions then made in the Assessed Taxes) disappears in great part, leaving the Taxation of the two countries substantially the same.

Thus we see that the Act of Union has been deliberately, and openly, and constantly violated in our regard, and to our pecuniary (as well as *other*) disadvantage, ever since it was passed, and most notably so since 1816,—while the conditions, securities, and promises it held out to us, remain to this day disregarded, or broken, or unfulfilled !

The unscrupulous manner in which we have been treated in fiscal respects, being thus laid before the reader in its main points, it may be interesting to him to be shewn a little of its working in detail. The “felonious intent” was evident from the first, and was carried out from the earliest. Even twelve months were not permitted to elapse—indeed scarcely half that space—from the passing of the Act of Union, when already the liabilities of Ireland were found to have been enormously swelled. This will be shewn by a comparison of the amounts of debt charged against her in the public accounts for the years 1800 and 1801 respectively. That for 1800 has been already quoted ; yet we set it down here to facilitate the comparison ; and we give for each year the capital sum of the Debt, both funded and unfunded, as well as the combined Debt Charge on both heads :—

Total Debt of Ireland, Funded and Unfunded,	
A.D. 1800 . . . . .	£23,100,784
Total Debt Charge on same in 1800 . . . . .	1,029,271
Total Debt of Ireland, Funded and Unfunded,	
A.D. 1801 . . . . .	28,545,134
Total Debt Charge on same in 1801 . . . . .	1,250,000

The enormous increase of seven millions of the capital of her Debt, and £220,000 interest in so brief a space as less than twelve months, was mainly owing to her being charged with the whole of the lavish and most profligate expenditure in bribery and corruption, for the purpose of carrying the Legislative Union—she was thus made to pay for her own degradation.

We have already seen how monstrous was the increase of her annual debt-charge up to 1817. The capital of her debt, at the beginning of the latter year, had been run up from twenty-three millions in 1800, to nearly one hundred and thirteen millions in 1816-17! We have also noted and recorded the confession of the Finance Committee of 1815 as to Ireland's prodigious increase of taxation—that Committee declaring that since 1801 Ireland had "increased in permanent taxation more rapidly than Great Britain herself, notwithstanding the immense exertions of the latter country and including the extraordinary and war-taxes"! We have further set down the expressions to the same effect of the late Lord Fitzgerald and of Mr. Foster—the one a Minister, and the other closely bound up with the ministerial party. And to these we now add the strong and striking testimony of another British Minister at a much later period,—the late Lord Sydenham—when yet known as Mr. Poulett Thompson, and speaking in the House of Commons in the year 1830. He said:—

"A case is established in the instance of Ireland, which is written in characters too legible not to serve as a guide to future financiers,—one which ought to bring shame on the memory of its authors. The revenue of Ireland in 1807 was £4,378,000. Between that year and the conclusion of the war, taxes were successively imposed, which, according to the calculations of Chancellors of the Exchequer, were to produce £3,400,000, or to augment the revenue to £7,700,000. The result was, that in 1821, when that sum—less about £400,000 for taxes repealed—ought to have been paid into the Exchequer, the whole revenue of Ireland amounted to only £3,844,000,



being £533,000 less than in 1807, previous to one farthing of these additional taxes having been imposed. Here is an example to prove that an increase of taxation does not tend to produce a corresponding increase of revenue, but, on the contrary, an actual diminution."

There can be no doubt, whatever, of the fact, that every effort was made to screw up Irish taxation to the very highest pitch, and that the attempt was only abandoned on the occurrence of such results as those described by Mr. Poulett Thompson—namely, the positive failure of the new exactions to produce a return. On this score the assessed taxes, amongst others, had to be taken off Ireland finally in 1823, after a seven or eight years' trial. The last receipt upon them was under £300,000, and the expense of collection nearly *half a million*—whilst notices were served in increasing quantity each year, from parties who had hitherto paid these taxes upon their carriages, horses, number of servants, number of hearths and windows, &c. &c., that they were about to give up their carriages, sell the horses, discharge the servants, block up hearths and windows, in order to relieve themselves from these rates.

Such is the true history of the assessed taxes in Ireland; both as to their imposition and their withdrawal. In ignorance of such facts as these, and of others which we shall presently state, many Irishmen are disposed to underrate our case as against an increase of taxation; and to suffer themselves and their country be overborne by the clamorous assertions of Englishmen—themselves either ignorant, or wilfully forgetful of the real state of things.

Further we may observe upon the assessed taxes—Great Britain, when thus compelled by their sheer unproductiveness in Ireland, to repeal them here, took care to give herself relief under the same heads to a much larger amount. We quote from a Parliamentary Return, Number 305, of 1842, moved for with the view of ascertaining the real state of the case in this regard, by one of the then Irish members, and with some difficulty conceded by the Treasury of the day:—

Assessed taxes, Ireland, reduced 1818,	£240,090
Do. do. repealed 1816 to 1823,	296,000
Total relief under these heads to Ireland,	<u>£536,090</u>

Assessed taxes, Great Britain, reductions since 1816,	£2,584,514
Total repeals of various kinds since 1823,	2,594,654

Total relief to Great Britain . . . £5,179,202

These figures shew a relief nearly ten times greater than that granted to Ireland !

The perennial and enduring want of ability of Ireland to bear English taxation, can be established even without any of the details into which we have gone, by citing the naked fact deducible from the first two pages of the Annual Finance Accounts, where he who runs may read it, that the amount of her annual revenue has fluctuated only by a few hundred thousand pounds either way, throughout the last 30 or 35 years, rarely even approaching five millions, and being more commonly under four and a-half. While, on the other hand, the revenue of England has steadily mounted up from under forty to nearly fifty-five millions !

And the degree to which Ireland has been deprived of the benefits of any surplus of her monies, after paying government expenses here, will be seen from the following account, taken from a Parliamentary paper moved for in 1847, and made up to the 23rd of February in that year.

Remittances from the British Exchequer to the Irish, and vice versa, from the period of the Union up to 1846 :—

From the British Exchequer to Ireland, £7,495,862.	From Irish Exchequer to Britain, £27,335,453.
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As a final quotation on this portion of our subject, demonstrative of the unfairness of our treatment, we subjoin here a brief statement (taken from a Parliamentary Paper, No. 652, of 1845, continuing former returns of the same nature) to show the aggregate amounts of relief and of imposition of taxation, for Great Britain and Ireland respectively, since the Union.

Taxes repealed or reduced since 1800.	Taxes imposed since 1800.
Great Britain £47,114,574	£37,000,000
Ireland 2,664,090	5,560,000

Excess of relief to Great Britain £10,114,574.

Excess of taxes imposed on Ireland £2,895,910.

The subsequent alterations in these respects since 1845 up to the present time, have tended to increase the unfair disparity of Irish relief ;—according to the admissions of Sir Charles

Wood, late Chancellor of the Exchequer, and several other English ministerialists themselves, and according to the plain facts, these changes are estimated to have given so much as two millions of additional relief to Great Britain, over and above taxes imposed, and also beyond the amount of relief extended to Ireland. And as out of the £5,400,000 of relief of taxation by this last Session's Budget, Great Britain clearly acquires £3,500,000, over and above taxes imposed, while Ireland does not receive £300,000, or (including her relief since 1846) not at any rate more than half a million at the most—the proportion in the table of figures last given, must really stand, at present, much about as follows:—

Taxes repealed or reduced since 1800.		Taxes imposed.	
Great Britain	£52,500,000	...	£40,500,000
Ireland	3,160,000	...	6,200,000
Excess of " <i>Relief</i> " over " <i>Imposition</i> of taxes" for Great Britain			
			£12,000,000
Excess of " <i>Imposition</i> of taxes" over " <i>Relief</i> " of the same, Ireland			
			£3,000,000

Having reviewed the speeches and arguments of English members in our defence, it is in a manner incumbent upon us to cast a glance over the similarly directed efforts of our own representatives; it is in fact but an act of simple justice towards those gentlemen, considering not only the ability they have shown, but the difficulties and many unpleasantnesses attending the part they were bound to adopt. It is true that they were a good deal better off in this respect than their Irish predecessors of former years, in such discussions, inasmuch as English members of weight and position, and to whom the House was accustomed to lend an ear, entered the lists for Ireland; whereas, on former occasions, an Irishman attempting to speak for his country on fiscal matters, had not only no such assistance from Englishmen, but was, at best, but faintly supported by his brother Irish members, and sometimes left altogether alone, to encounter the sneers, the contempt, the interruptions, and the utterly intolerant clamor of the overwhelming majority of the House. Still the task was a heavy one, and manfully discharged, and therefore honor to the men who shared in its difficulties and in its toils.

Mr. Fagan, the member for Cork city, spoke first and as follows:—

"Cork, Limerick, Waterford, Drogheda, Kilkenny, and other cities and towns, had but a few hundreds to pay towards these Consolidated Annuities; the struggling tradesmen there would now have to pay thousands. (Hear, hear.) No doubt this country had derived immense advantages from the use of the Income Tax as an instrument of great commercial reform; 'the springs of industry' had been set free, and the food of the people cheapened; but had Ireland benefited in the same proportion, or any thing like it? The exports of manufactures from this country had risen since the Income Tax was imposed from 47,000,000*l.* to 78,000,000*l.*; but as for Ireland, her only great manufacture, the linen trade, had declined since 1846. (Hear.) The Taxes repealed by reason of the Income Tax amounted to 12,695,053*l.*; and he calculated that out of that sum Ireland had only benefited to the amount of 400,000*l.* a year. England, then, had gained an advantage over 12,000,000*l.* a year, for which an Income Tax of 5,500,000*l.* had been imposed on her; and 180,000*l.* would be about the just imposition in proportion on Ireland for the advantage she had gained. The proposed increased duty of 8*d.* on Irish Whiskey, which would produce 180,000*l.* a year, would be then, a sufficient imposition, if they thought one necessary on Ireland for the benefit that country had derived by the operation of the Income Tax. But if Ireland at present contributed beyond the proportion fixed by the principles of the Act of Union, which was a great and solemn treaty between the two nations, then she ought not to be called on for any additional contribution at all. By that treaty it was stipulated that Ireland should not pay a greater proportion to the general expenditure of the empire than her ability allowed, on a comparison between the Income of Ireland and that of England. Now, in 1849 the then Chancellor of the Exchequer, upon the debate on the burthens on lands, distinctly stated the income of England at 250,000,000*l.*, and he believed that everybody would admit that the amount of the income of Ireland as compared with that of England was such as showed the power of Ireland to contribute to the Imperial Exchequer as 1 to 12½. Taking the income and the power of consumption together, the ability of Ireland to contribute as compared with that of England would be found to be as 1 to 12; and that, then, was the proportion they ought to call on Ireland to contribute according to the treaty of Union. Let them recollect it was not Ireland that was anxious for the Union, for every true-hearted and unbribed Irishman was against it; but according to the treaty of Union they ought not to charge Ireland a greater proportion than 1 to 12. The revenue receipts of the empire amounted to 52,000,000*l.*, and he would take the expenditure at that sum, and then the proportions to be paid by the two countries, England and Ireland, should be 48,000,000*l.* and 4,000,000*l.* But the amount paid by Ireland for years had been 4,500,000*l.*; and even now, notwithstanding her misery, she paid not much less. Therefore, Ireland without the Income Tax already contributed her proportion. (Hear, hear.) Then there were besides covered and unacknowledged Taxes paid by Ireland, such as the Taxes on tea and sugar, which, after being imported

into England and the duty paid in England, were sent to Ireland for consumption; so that in reality the duty was paid by the Irish consumers. They amounted to over 1,000,000*l.* a year. He had therefore shown that, without the imposition of the Income Tax, which had been kept up for the purpose of carrying out for England a new commercial policy, Ireland paid her just proportion towards the expenditure of the country. (Hear, hear.) Again, with regard to local taxation, Ireland paid 5*s.* in pound, and England not more than 2*s.* 4*d.*; and now, just as Ireland was recovering—if she could be said even yet to be recovering—from her calamities, would they seize upon the present moment to lay a new burthen on the people."

In this most creditable speech there appears to be one historical mistake—that of calling the Legislative Union a great and solemn treaty between the two nations. But it is evident from a subsequent passage, where Mr. Fagan reminded the House, of Ireland's disinclination to the Union, and the opposition to it of every true-hearted and unbribed Irishman, who had the means and opportunity of showing hostility, that the expressions in question were only used by the speaker as we have used them more than once in this paper, namely, to strengthen the argument against the Income-Tax-Violation of the Union Act—by accepting the formal designation of that measure most in favor with the English supporters of it, when they, from time to time, seek to *repel* our accusations against it on the score of the violent and corrupt means employed to bring it about, and the shameful manner in which its provisions have been broken.

Mr. Fagan's estimate of the unacknowledged, or "uncredited Taxation" of Ireland—viz: first that portion of Taxation which is paid by Irishmen in the duties on foreign articles of commerce, imported to us through England, and charged with duty there; second, the quit and crown-rents of Ireland, and one or two other lesser items—is too high, and should be reduced by probably one half. This, however, is a comparatively trifling error, especially where there is so much general accuracy.

The next speech was that of Mr. Maguire, M.P. for Dungarvan. After some allusions to preceding speeches from Mr. Hume, and from his financial double, Mr. William Williams, M.P. for Lambeth, Mr. Maguire said,—

"The hon. member for Cork had proved that Ireland paid her full share of the imperial burthens, and he could show that Ireland was not in a situation at that moment to bear any addition to her

Taxation, and that it would be wise and prudent in the financial minister of England to reduce the burthens of that country instead of imposing further burthens upon her. It was said that Ireland contributed only 4,000,000*l.* to the imperial Taxation, but were there not many local burthens upon her? Ireland had, in 1851, paid in Poor Rates not less than 1,300,000*l.*; in county-cess nearly 1,000,000*l.*; in tithe charge 600,000*l.*; or, including other burthens, which he would not enumerate, and those which had been mentioned by the hon. member for Lambeth, not less in the whole than 7,000,000*l.* sterling. The rental of Ireland had been gradually falling off; so that whereas, in 1842, that rental was 13,000,000*l.* sterling, in 1852 it had fallen to between 10,000,000*l.* and 11,000,000*l.*, by reason of the misfortunes under which the country had been suffering. In this condition of things, which, instead of inviting oppression, should have excited commiseration, the Chancellor of the Exchequer remitted with the one hand 409,000*l.* of annual payment to Ireland, but, with the other hand, he imposes upon her new Taxes to the extent of 916,000*l.*, leaving a balance against Ireland of more than 500,000*l.* sterling. In 1842, Sir Robert Peel declared that nothing but the most absolute necessity could justify an Income Tax upon Ireland, relying, that in the event of any great national emergency, Ireland would contribute her fair share. On the same occasion the noble member for London was equally decided in his opinion that Ireland ought not to be called upon to pay this Tax, any attempt to collect which in that country he ridiculed as not less futile than an attempt to Tax moonshine. Ireland, said the noble lord, in 1842, could not afford any additional Taxation; if that were the case, how much more strongly was it the fact now, after Ireland had, in the course of the last ten years, undergone such heavy calamities. The member for Lambeth had referred to the repeal of the duty on glass as a boon to Ireland, but the imposition of the duty in 1825, had effectually demolished the manufacture in that country. Let him state a few figures to show how her exports to England had fallen off:—In 1845, Ireland sent to England 93,000 quarters of wheat; in 1851, these exports had fallen off to 44,000. In 1845, she sent 2,358,000 quarters of oats to England; in 1851, only 1,141,000. Nay, more, Ireland, which had never before been an importing country, imported, in 1851, 1,600,000 quarters of grain, and, in 1852, 2,500,000 quarters. Again, look at the falling off in the exports of swine from Ireland:—In 1847, 480,000 head, whereas, in 1851, the exportation had fallen off to 136,000; so in sheep and lambs the exportation in the same years had fallen off from 324,000 to 151,000 head. In 1847, Ireland built thirty-three ships, having a total tonnage of 3,000; in 1851, thirteen ships, with 900 tonnage. The inhabited houses diminished 21 per cent., the houses in progress of erection 16 per cent. Was it a sign of prosperity that no less than 8,700,000*l.* worth of property had changed hands in the Incumbered Estates Court, and that there were petitions in that court at this moment representing property of the gross value of 20,000,000*l.* or 25,000,000*l.*”

None of the arguments contained in these two excellent

speeches were met, either by anticipation on the part of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, when introducing his measure, or by any of the advocates of the Budget. The next Irish speech proved equally unanswerable—it was from the Hon. Senior Member for Mayo County, George Henry Moore, Esq.

After very ably disposing of the absurd, and really insulting, pretence, that the Income Tax would be only a brief and temporary infliction, he said :—

“I undertake to show, first, that the budget before us will add 350,000*l* to the burthens of Ireland, and one way will be a loss to Ireland of little short of half a million of money annually. I have not relied upon my own knowledge and judgment for the figures which I shall lay before the house. I have submitted them to the judgment of some of the most distinguished statistical and financial authorities; they have borne the criticism of some very critical opponents, and I have every reason to believe them to be substantially correct. But, I wish to allude to a view of the question which the hon. member for Carlow expounded on Monday last. Admit, says the hon. member, that we are to pay a paltry 350,000*l* of additional Taxation for seven years, that, multiplied by seven, gives less than two millions and a half; at the end of the seven years there will be an end of the Income Tax, and we shall have struck off 4,000,000*l*. of Consolidated Annuities, leaving us a clear gainer of a million and a half by the transaction. The fact is, that the extinction of the Income Tax at any time, has nothing whatever to do with the question at issue. The question is one of the readjustment of the balance of Taxation between England and Ireland. If the Income Tax be extinguished at the end of seven years, it will doubtless be supplied with other Taxes applying to both countries alike. But even if it were not so, the alteration in the proportion of Taxation between the two countries would be still continued. (Hear, hear.) Whatever may become of the Income Tax, the loss to Ireland that that readjustment may involve will be permanent. I find that Ireland will gain, through remissions or reductions of Taxation—by the tea duty, 365,540*l*; by apples, cheese, lemons, raisins, &c., 5,000*l*; by 133 other articles reduced, 3,500*l*; by 123 articles abolished, 2,650*l*.—amounting to 376,690*l*. To this must be added 28,894*l*. on stamps; and say, 4,000*l*. on colonial postage. This will make in all 409,584*l*. To this must be added the interest of the famine debts at 3½ per cent., amounting to 154,703*l*. I say the interest of the famine debt, for, regarding this as a permanent alteration of the balance of Taxation, I must put down the sums that represent remissions permanently made, and not the equivalent annuities which of themselves extinguish the debt. (Hear, hear.) Adding this sum, therefore, I find that the remissions made to Ireland amount to the sum total of 564,287*l*. The additions to the Taxation of Ireland are—Income Tax (nett) 451,182*l*; spirits, 198,000*l*; legacy duty, 267,508*l*.—making in all, 915,690*l*. I am

aware that the sum set down for legacy duty somewhat, indeed considerably, exceeds the sum calculated by the Chancellor of the Exchequer; but it is calculated, as I believe, on a sound basis—as I believe I could prove to the committee, but that I fear to weary it with an unnecessary calculation—but even allowing for a trifling error in that part of the account, there would remain to the loss and debit, and, as I think, the wrong of Ireland, 350,000*l.* of annual Taxation under the provisions of the present budget. (Loud cries of ‘Hear, hear.’) To this must be added the loss to Ireland by the alteration of the butter duties, which, on the authority of my hon. friend the member for Cork and other good authorities that I have consulted, I cannot fix at less than 150,000*l.* I do not complain of this remission; on the contrary, I think it is only carrying out the principles of a commercial policy which the country has deliberately adopted; but surely the circumstances of the loss sustained should be taken into consideration in Taxation added—(‘Hear’ and cheers)—so that Ireland will lose altogether, as nearly as possible, half a million annually by the present proposition of her Majesty’s ministers.”

The occasional discrepancies of calculation between the able and convincing speeches we have quoted, are but the natural incidents of an intricate subject, especially where, as in all matters of accounts between the two countries, the authorities at the other side rather endeavor to confuse than to clear the question.

Next in order, though not on the same day, came Mr Butt, Q.C., M.P. for Youghal. He declared himself ready to consent to Ireland’s being taxed, if a fair Committee fully enquired and deliberately decided that she ought to be so burthened.—

“He believed that no man would come out of that inquiry without being convinced that Ireland was overtaxed already. He did not sue for Ireland *in forma pauperis*, but if men in Ireland, with incomes of 100*l.* or 150*l.*, were to be subjected to Income Tax, he for one believed that they would not object to the burthen, if they saw that it was to be made the means of affording relief to the poorer portion of their fellow-countrymen; but if it was to be imposed as an instrument of extorting from Ireland the means of relieving the Taxpayers of England, he was willing to incur the odium of resisting the measure. The plain truth should be told—that there was no man in Ireland the owner of an estate except the mortgagee or the landholder, who was not at this moment in the receipt of a reduced income as compared with his position ten years ago; and he asked was it fair to choose this as the period at which they would extend this Tax to such a class of struggling families, and compel them to expose their wounds and disclose their impoverished condition.”

“The right hon. gentleman calculated to raise from Irish Income Tax, 460,000*l.* a year. At 6*d.* in the pound it would require 18,000,000*l.* of Irish income to make up that amount. But her rental



in good times was only 13,000,000*l.*; and the whole value now rated to the poor was 11 millions, of which a great proportion belonged to absentees; who as such already paid the English Income Tax."

Mr. Butt very carefully guarded his expression of readiness to see Ireland taxed in case of an imperial emergency, by requiring a previous Committee of Enquiry to ascertain whether she were not already paying more than her just proportion, as undoubtedly she has been. It is much to be wished that other Irish speakers, had, upon occasions of public meetings, and in former debates in Parliament, been equally cautious and guarded in their language. Unhappily, however, a kind of mania seemed to rage among our country gentlemen during the earlier days of the famine years, to make boast of a willingness to have an Income Tax imposed upon their country! What the necessity for this proclamation was, we never could discover; nor can we attribute it to any other cause, but an over-anxiety to be praised in England for their candor and fairness. The consequence might have been easily foreseen; and now we have it unmistakably, in the Income Tax. England is never slow in taking a hint likely to turn to her own advantage, and here was not only a hint, but in fact a kind of invitation. And now that she has graciously accepted it, and done that for which so many of these gentlemen clamored, they do not seem to relish the result at all, although it was brought about by their own folly.

Mr Conolly, M.P. for Donegal, who certainly was not one of these ill advised gentlemen, consistently opposed the Tax last May. He said that its imposition

"Upon Ireland was unjust, and denied the right of government to treat the Consolidated Annuities as a just debt. Statistics would show that that country already paid her full share of Taxation. The gross income of Ireland was calculated at 20,000,000*l.* a year, whereas the gross income of Great Britain, according to the authority of an ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer (Sir C. Wood), was stated at 250,000,000*l.* He took that to be the proportion which the Taxation of Ireland ought to bear to that of Great Britain, or 1 to 12½. The gross revenue of the empire was 52,000,000*l.*, of which Great Britain contributed 47,840,000*l.* and Ireland 4,160,000*l.* Now, the nett produce of the Irish revenue, on an average of ten years, from 1835 to 1844, was 4,164,000*l.*, so that Ireland had been paying a small amount above her quota, in proportion to her gross annual income. (Hear, hear.) Were they now to set aside the principle of the treaty of Union, as enunciated by its authors, without any ground whatever, and impose a much heavier weight of Taxation in Ireland than that country could in justice be asked to bear? As to the remission of the Consolidated Annuities, he looked

upon that charge as a debt ungenerously thrown upon Ireland, resulting in the ruin of the landed gentry, and the demoralisation of the labouring classes. Where, he asked, was the justice of removing the debt from the shoulders of those who incurred it, and placing it on those who had not incurred it? According to the plan, the landlords of Limerick, Galway, and Clare, would gain at the expence of the hardworking population of the north and east. Had the same thing occurred, and the same compromise been proposed as to Scotch or English matters, the people of Scotland or England would have risen to a man against the attempt to bind them to a low and degrading bargain."

Neither to Mr. Connolly, nor to Mr. Butt was any answer attempted,—in fact the Ministry were too secure of support in this, or any other fiscal iniquity against Ireland, to trouble themselves with its defence.

We regret that our limits have not only compelled us most reluctantly to abbreviate, or omit much valuable and indeed irrefragable argument in the speeches already given, but we are forced to shorten still more our notice of other equally honorable and powerful efforts. Mr. Serjeant Shee made a speech second to none, and brought out the leading points of our ill treatment in fiscal matters with a clearness and correctness that proved he had made himself master of the case of Ireland, in these most important and really patriotic questions.

On the disputed point of the just proportions to be observed between the Taxation of Ireland and that of Great Britain, he well remarked,—

"The present Chancellor of the Exchequer proposed to reduce Taxation upon many articles of mere luxury, and then he did what all his predecessors had been ashamed to do—he threw the Income Tax upon Ireland. (Hear, hear.) Now, he would ask the Chancellor of the Exchequer whether he was quite sure, according to his own estimate of the ability of Ireland, that that country did not pay as much Taxation as she ought to pay? The Chancellor of the Exchequer proposed to levy an Income Tax of 460,000*l.* upon Ireland. The present amount of the Income Tax in Great Britain was 5,550,000*l.*, to which the right honourable gentleman proposed to add 250,000*l.* by extending the Tax to incomes of 100*l.* a year. The total amount of Income Tax derived from Great Britain would, therefore, be 5,800,000*l.*; but the Chancellor of the Exchequer proposed, by extending the Tax to Ireland, to raise an additional sum of 460,000*l.* He seemed, then, by that proposal, to estimate the relative abilities of the two countries in the proportion of 1 to 13. Now, the entire revenue of the two countries was

53,000,000*l.* of which Ireland contributed 4,000,000*l.* Deducting that amount, the revenue of Great Britain would be 49,000,000*l.* and one-thirteenth of that sum would be less than the 4,000,000*l.* now paid by the Irish people."

Another compulsory abbreviation which we make with the greatest regret, is that of the closely reasoned speech of Mr. Fitzstephen French, M.P. for Roscommon County, a gentleman thoroughly versed in these subjects, and always forward on such occasions to defend Ireland. Mr. French showed how Irish financiers in the last century managed so successfully the national resources as to pay off Irish Debt, a point to which we shall presently advert; correcting one or two not very important inaccuracies in Mr. French's statement. He then pointedly proved how unjustly England has relieved herself from taxation, rightfully due from her, according to the terms of the Union, and continued thus,—

"At the Union England led Ireland to suppose that her expenses would greatly diminish, as there was to be but one executive; but the expenses, which were but 41,000,000*l.* in the fifteen years preceding the Union, were run up to 148,000,000*l.* in the next fifteen years. At the rate of expenditure incurred in Ireland while her affairs were under her own management, the increase of Irish revenue would have paid her current expenditure and the 28,000,000*l.* of debt. The hon. member had alluded to the proposed remission of the consolidated annuities; and (Mr. French) acknowledged the vital importance of that remission to certain districts. But in justice to other districts, and to his own constituents (and he believed that it was not anything like a fair price that was asked for the favour held out, but that the demand made upon Ireland was three times the amount of the boon offered,) he must resist this budget to the utmost (hear, from the opposition.) He protested against the two subjects of the Consolidated Annuities and the Income Tax being mixed up together; each of them ought to stand upon its own merits and its own justice. If it was just and politic to impose the Income Tax, let it be done, but not as an equivalent for remission of those demands. It was only saying, you would take a burden off one party and place it upon another (hear, hear)."

A very effective speech was also made by Mr. J. D. Fitzgerald, Q.C., the honorable member for Ennis borough—a gentleman who had already achieved in Parliament not a little of that credit which has so markedly attended his forensic efforts, and who has proved a most valuable addition to the body of Irish members. The merely fiscal part of the question having been already, and most completely, exhausted by the scarcely varied repetitions of the same arguments and

figures of preceding speakers, Mr. Fitzgerald had only general points with which to deal and did so in his usual calm, effective manner. Other Irish speakers, like him deterred by the same consideration from going over again the beaten ground of fiscal arguments, we think it unnecessary to quote their speeches—besides—it is with the merely fiscal and financial points of the case of Ireland that we are here to deal.

In the beginning of this paper we met, by anticipation, any charge of arguing too late against an injustice now perpetrated and established. We ventured to warn our readers, that although a so-called equality of taxation was, at length, imposed upon Ireland, there was by no means any degree of certainty or security that taxation would stop there, and not be increased still further, if Ireland were silently submissive. Once more re-iterating this warning, we now call attention to a matter that is certainly still in our hands to remedy, namely, the disproportionate expenditure of the public monies in Great Britain and Ireland respectively.

In Great Britain the far larger amount of the whole sum raised by taxation in the three countries is expended; she enjoying not only the benefit of having her own taxes spent at home, but whatever can possibly be gleaned from, or *screwed out of, Ireland*, after payment of the indispensable cost of her government. This is a far more serious matter to us than at first sight it may appear. It affects us doubly:—in depriving us of what the people of every country paying tribute to its Government have a right, namely, that the money thus levied off its tax-payers should, as far as possible, be spent at home, and so return, in some measure and indirectly, to the pockets of those who pay it. In Ireland, especially, afflicted as she is and has long been, by the perennial drain of absenteeism, it is too unjust that there should be an addition made to that drain, by what may with sufficient accuracy be called "*absentee taxes*." The second of the grievous injuries that this system inflicts upon us is, that from the continual reductions and contractions of the Public Offices in Ireland, made with a view of economizing more and more the expenditure here, several of these offices are fast becoming plainly inefficient for the satisfactory discharge of the particular services entrusted to them. No amount of personal exertion, or ability, or both, on the part of the staff in several of them, can make up for the want of sufficient numbers to share the labor

according to the due requirements of an efficient discharge of duty. And the salaries given are miserably inadequate in many instances—inadequate to a degree that renders it in no way wonderful if the persons employed lose heart, and all stimulus to zealous exertion.

No doubt it is of great importance, abstractedly speaking, that economy should be enforced and pushed as far as possible, in all the departments of the public service. But when that economy injures efficiency, and still more, when, as has most commonly happened, that economy is only apparent, while the loss of the expenditure is positive—as in the case of the “consolidation,” as it is called, of public offices, when the business of several of the latter is removed, either partly or wholly, to the head establishments in London, whereby Ireland loses a certain expenditure, but *does not pay one fraction of a farthing* the less in her revenue contributions—then it becomes a pernicious and disastrous extravagance, and a heavy and ever increasing grievance to Ireland.

No man who has had any experience—as which of us has not had it to some extent or other—of the delays, disappointments, and annoyances to be encountered in matters under the jurisdiction of the Post Office authorities, the Board of Works, and other important Boards or Offices in Ireland, can fail to be struck with the evidences of the evils this system has inflicted upon us, and is still daily inflicting.

We shall now give, from the Finance Accounts of the present year, 1853, (that is—the “financial year,” as it is called, namely, from the 5th April, 1852, to the 5th April, 1853) the respective amounts of Public Expenditure, in Great Britain and Ireland.

Premising that in the present year, no less a sum than twenty-eight millions of the produce of the united Revenue was spent upon the interest and management of the Funded Debt, and the interest upon the Exchequer Bills, which constitute the unfunded, or floating, debt; and premising too that we now in no respect refer to, or complain of, the manner, or mode, in which this vast sum of money was expended, we place the figures, showing the outlay, before the reader, and beg that he will observe, closely and carefully, the vast inequalities there made indisputably patent:—

	<i>Great Britain.</i>	<i>Ireland.</i>
Civil list, annuities, pensions, salaries, allowances, diplomatic salaries and pensions—courts of justice, and miscellaneous charges on the consolidated fund . . .	£2,100,000	£400,000
Army and ordnance . . .	8,510,000	1,000,000
Navy . . .	6,524,000	1,900
Civil services chargeable on annual grants of Parliament . . .	3,250,000	540,000
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	£20,484,000	£1,941,900

These two sums, together with the expenses for the twelve-months ending fifth of April, 1853, of the Kaffir war, constituted the whole expenditure of the empire, clear of the payments on the Debt, and also of the six or seven millions of public money which does not find its way into the Exchequer at all, being expended under the heads of repayments, allowances, discounts, drawbacks, bounties in the nature of drawbacks, charges of collection, and what are called "*other payments*"; prominent among which, we may incidentally remark, there is a sum of £12,000 a year set down for expenses and grants to the *Scotch* fisheries, £17,000 to the Scotch clergy—likewise an annual payment—and £130,276 for "*civil expenses*" in Scotland.

These payments on the Debt were as follow :—

	On Funded Debt.	On Unfunded Debt.
Great Britain	£26,023,735	£403,652
Ireland	1,447,612	

The proportion in which the £403,652, annual charge on "*unfunded debt*" is shared between the two countries, cannot be estimated without a special return. Taking it at the excessive estimate of one quarter, Ireland's share of the annual charge for twelve months ending April, 1853, on debt funded and unfunded, was . . . . . £1,548,000

Add to this her previously stated payments  
to the general expenditure . . . . . 1,941,900

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£3,489,900

But her nett payments into the Exchequer, after all manner of deductions under the various heads we have given, when writing above of the six or seven millions paid out of the

united Revenue in *its progress to the Exchequer*, was £3,816,357, which would leave a surplus over the expenditure, as also stated before, of £320,000, at the most unfavorable calculation. This sum of £320,000 ought, in a right state of things, to have been mainly spent in Ireland; but owing to the Consolidation Act of 1816, England has had the power (and has used it) of transferring the sum in question to her own coffers.

Now, why should this be? If the money be wanted for imperial purposes, why should not such of those purposes as can equally well be subserved in Ireland as in Great Britain, be so dealt with? As a notable instance, why should England have the benefit of more than six and a half millions of expenditure upon the navy of the empire, while Ireland does not get two thousand pounds of the amount? Why should not a division of the fleet be stationed permanently upon the Irish coast? Why should not Cork have a dock-yard, and a large naval establishment? It is a far better harbor, and more suited for the purpose in itself and in its position than any of the English ports in which there are such establishments. Our minds would be much reconciled to the new taxation if we could hope that it would be spent amongst us. But what makes the grievance and the injustice of that new taxation still less tolerable is, that supposing the Minister to realize all that he hopes to *screw* from Ireland—supposing that he even succeeded in doubling that amount, or that, by an additional *miracle*, the returns were to prove *treble* what he expects, not *one additional penny*, over the present amount of public expenditure, would be given to us—not one farthing more would be spent here—but all—all must be carried off to the Exchequer of England—and be there as much lost to us as if cast into the sea!

Here, then, is a matter to which our representatives might most legitimately apply themselves in the next session. Here is matter not like the Income Tax, past remedy, or at all events past remedy for some years to come. In the very next session, and, taking time by the forelock, at the very beginning of the next session, before the Public Accounts (for the current twelve months to April, or the "financial year") are made up, and the bases of the new Budget finally arranged, Irish Members, by rendering themselves thoroughly masters of the subject—no very difficult task—in the interim, might make a most important move for Ireland, and compel the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in very shame, to forego his projects of the fur-

ther centralization in London, of Government Offices and establishments, if not to restore to us some of those establishments of which—to the decided injury of the Public Service, as well as to that of the individual taxpayers in Ireland, we have already been deprived.

Whenever this division of our case is mentioned in England, or to English ears, there is always an immediate outcry against entertaining it, and we are instantly reminded (in no very courteous terms generally) of the sums of money given “by way of Grant or Loan” to us, through the beneficence and generosity of the British Parliament! If it *were* the case that any very great largess had been extended to us by that body, there would be nothing extraordinary in it, considering the depressed condition of our country, ever since she was taken under the fostering care of that Parliament. Besides, by the 9th Section of the 7th Article of the Act of Union, the British Parliament was positively *bound*, to make considerable advances to Ireland. The words of the Section are:—“That a sum not less than the sum which has been granted by the Parliament of Ireland, on the average of six years immediately preceding the first day of January, in the year one thousand eight hundred, in premiums for the internal encouragement of agriculture or manufactures, or for the maintaining institutions for pious and charitable purposes, shall be applied for the period of twenty years after the Union, to such local purposes in Ireland, in such manner as the Parliament of the United Kingdom shall direct.”

The exact facts as to the amounts so advanced, and whether by way of grant or of loan, as also, whether they were in a due proportion to similar advances for similar purposes in England and in Scotland respectively, are enveloped in the same petty mystery or mystification, with which all these subjects are surrounded—purposely surrounded we do believe—with a view to discourage and impede enquiry, and a full exposure of the injustice done to Ireland in these matters. We can do no more here than set down those facts which *are* ascertainable, and those which are fairly presumable from the data which the Finance Accounts, and such Parliamentary Returns as Irish Members have been enabled to obtain. The following is from the Finance Accounts, deducting of course the Famine Advances, of which, by the way, Ireland has repaid much, though now saddled with the Income Tax in lieu of the remainder.



We present this statement as by it we clearly prove, so far as the Government will permit, many of the injustices and inequalities to which, in the course of this paper, we have so frequently referred. The return is as follows:—

IRELAND.—AN ACCOUNT of the Sums of MONEY advanced from the Exchequer for the Promotion of various NATIONAL OBJECTS; for PUBLIC WORKS and EMPLOYMENT of the POOR; improving Post Roads; building Gaols, Bridewells, Lunatic Asylums, Support of Lunatics, Police, &c.; and of the REPAYMENTS made on Account thereof; distinguishing each Service, showing the Total Amount issued, and the Amount paid into the Exchequer in Repayment of Principal.”

## PURPOSES FOR WHICH ADVANCES WERE MADE.

## TOTAL ISSUED.

TOTAL PRINCIPAL  
REPAID.

		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Boards of Health for preventing Con- tagion	58 G. 3, c. 47 (Fever Hospital).	41,375	19	7	40,335	1	2
Boards and Officers of Health for pre- venting spread of Cholera	2 W. 4, c. 9	193,213	2	10	183,269	14	7
Post Roads	45 G. 3, c. 43	490,847	7	6	489,840	8	6
	6 G. 4, c. 101; 4 & 5 W. 4, c. 91; and 6 & 7 W. 4, c. 116; & 1 & 2 W. 4, c. 33	254,561	10	9	231,694	10	7
Roads and Bridges, &c.	45 G. 3, c. 43 (in Debentures)	41,037	15	3	12,588	10	9
Turnpike Roads	50 G. 3, c. 103; and 7 G. 4, c. 74	721,678	5	0	589,539	13	2
Gaols and Bridewells	57 G. 3, c. 106; & 1 & 2 G. 4, c. 33	237,641	5	5	212,078	19	3
Lunatic Asylums { Building	6 G. 4, c. 54	434,640	0	21	404,070	7	0
{ Support	7 G. 4, c. 62; and 6 & 7 W. 4, c. 84	156,767	1	4	127,332	14	5
Valuation of Lands and Tenements.							
Special Sessions of the Peace,							
Police { Insurrection Acts	54 G. 3, c. 130; and 3 G. 4, c. 1	37,715	15	10	27,533	1	10
{ Peace Preservation	54 G. 3, c. 131	433,758	15	2	433,664	1	5
{ Old Constabulary	3 G. 4, c. 103	1,578,770	3	8	1,575,533	13	8
{ New Constabulary	6 W. 4, c. 13	1,581,604	13	7	1,367,972	13	8
Building Schools	53 G. 3, c. 107; and 3 G. 4, c. 79	10,398	4	7	8,418	4	1
Tithe Composition	4 G. 4, c. 93, and 3 & 3 W. 4, c. 119	279,451	2	7	51,724	6	6
Public Works and Employment of the Poor	57 G. 3, c. 34 & 124	363,774	10	6	284,115	2	1
Ditto, ditto	6 G. 4, c. 35; and 7 & 9 G. 4, c. 12	300,000	0	0	35,830	11	10
Public Works in Ireland	1 & 2 W. 4, c. 33, Principal and Interest of Exchequer Bills	965,363	11	6	675,592	7	5
Public Works (Loan Fund for Ireland)	6 & 7 V. c. 44	81,327	15	0	18,968	4	5
Improvement of the River Shannon	2 & 3 V. c. 61	239,179	16	8	101,064	12	7
Dunleary Harbour	56 G. 3, c. 62	213,769	4	7	21,822	4	5
Commissioners of Wide Streets in Dublin	40 G. 3, c. 60, a. 15; & 6 G. 4, c. 123	363,624	3	11	12,631	14	5
Loan to the Grand Jury of the County Tyrone	6 & 7 W. 4, c. 116, aa. 132 & 138	3,000	0	0	3,000	0	0
Relief of Trade	1 G. 4, c. 39	178,976	7	7	126,228	12	8
		£2,067,171	2	2	£7,048,164	10	5

Some years ago an Irish member essayed to procure a similarly drawn return for Great Britain ; but after several efforts could not succeed in any nearer approach to it than the following :—

Return in detail of all sums of money voted, or applied, either as loans or grants, in England and Scotland.—( <i>Sessional Paper 305 of 1842, including Paper 152 of the same session.</i> )	Account for Great Britain similar to the Account for Ireland, in the Finance Accounts.—( <i>Sessional Paper 652 of 1845</i> )
£	£
Communications with Ireland,.....	.....
1,014,679	.....
Canals,.....	Canals, Rivers, and
1,004,461	Drainage,.....
Harbours, Docks, and	1,310,600
Light-Houses, .....	.....
2,072,144	493,600
Roads, Bridges, and	.....
Ferries,.....	905,650
1,203,250	.....
Fisheries, .....	33,000
84,828	.....
Improvement of Cities	.....
and Towns,.....	616,800
1,242,958	.....
Churches, .....	128,600
1,704,111	.....
Colleges, .....	108,000
164,750	.....
Prisons and other	Law Courts, Gaols,
places of Confine-	& Lunatic Asylums
ment,.....	302,000
781,497	.....
Relief the Poor,.....	Work-Houses & Emi-
56,557	gration,.....
Advances by Exche-	1,734,700
quer Bills, Com-	Water-works,.....
missioners for Pub-	27,600
lic Works, &c.....	Compensation for Da-
6,332,150	mages during Riots
.....	80,750
£15,661,385	Thames Tunnel,.....
.....	250,500
.....	Sundries,.....
.....	21,600
.....	£6,012,800

The member in question was unable to discover what portion of the sums stated in the latter account, that is to say, in the Paper No. 652 of 1845, is to be added to the returns in the Paper 305 of 1842, upon the respective items in each. It is certain, however, that a large proportion may be so assumed.

And independent of either of the returns already quoted, the following are to be added from other returns :—

British (i.e. <i>Scotch</i> ) Fisheries, 1809 to 1830	£927,000
Do. since .....	120,000
British Museum and National Gallery, &c.	2,000,000
Royal Palaces and Houses of Parliament ...	4,300,000
Scotch <i>Union-Compensation</i> (still paid !) per	...
annum ... ..	4,500

To these must be subjoined some other sums, which we have not the means at hand of setting down with accuracy. With regard to repayments of loans, Ireland has repaid, according to the Finance Account of the present year, more than eight millions upon the items in the account we have just quoted of her advances;\* and certainly some of the amounts in that account ought *not* to have been made exclusively *Irish* charges, but should have been partly defrayed out of the Imperial Exchequer, as they subserved Imperial purposes. Thus, for instance, the three millions and a half for Constabulary expenses—because the Irish Constabulary supply the place of so many soldiers, and thereby lighten the Army-charges in the Public Balance Sheet. Again, Kingstown or Dunleary Harbor, as it is styled, has been of far more value to the trade of Liverpool and Glasgow, than to that of any Irish port, and ought to have been made an Imperial Work. And these observations apply to several other items.

It is also to be remarked, as revealed in the Devon Commission Report, that loans to Ireland have always been charged five per cent—even when Government obtained the money for the purpose, at  $3\frac{1}{2}$  or 3 per cent! and that more than £250,000 were first lent without any interest at all to Scotland to make “Roads and Bridges” in the Highlands, and afterwards absolutely remitted and given to her,—as was also a sum of about the same amount to the constructors of the Thames Tunnel!

We have now to glance at that incidental part of our subject which relates to Ireland’s condition, under what may be called native management. At the very first step we find that in the last century Ireland’s Revenue exceeded her expenditure at different periods, and for several years each time—notably from 1717 to 1757: during these years she paid off, for the second time in the century, the whole of her National Debt, and had still a surplus applicable to national objects. This fact will be found in the *Irish Commons’ Journals*,—and notices of it appear in Clarendon’s *Sketch of the Revenue and Finances of Ireland*, written in 1790, and various other similar treatises of previous dates.

And here we may observe that the native Parliament of Ireland has been grievously, or perhaps we should write, with grievous flippancy, accused of utter and most abandoned pro-

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\* Repayments in Great Britain have been only nine millions.

fligacy in dealing with the public money. Passing the plain proof to the contrary, which the merest inspection of the *Irish Commons' Journals* in any of our public libraries unquestionably affords, in the unremitting efforts made, year after year, to diminish the public burthens, we come to a particular and very favorite instance long and frequently relied upon in support of the charge. It has been a constant matter of quotation and comment with English writers and speakers, before and since the Union; it was dwelt upon with especial unction by the present Lord Monteagle, whilst a member of the Lower House, in one of those attacks upon his own country, which have been recompensed by his own snug office of Teller of the Exchequer, and the handsome provision for his son as a Commissioner of Customs.

The instance in question was that of what came to be called "The Scrambling Committee"—namely—the Irish House of Commons itself sitting in Committee of Supply, and voting away with great haste and profuse hand, large sums of money to a multitude of Public Works in Ireland, undertaken with little judgment in many cases, and, in not a few, meriting the title of absolute jobs. The following description of these proceedings is from the pen of a Government partizan, and one who had been in office in Ireland a few years later.—“Instead of guarding this money (the surplus in the Exchequer) as a sacred deposit, to be employed when the real necessity of the state should require, they (the Irish parliamentary leaders) encouraged all their friends and dependants to apply to Parliament for a share of it, under the specious pretences of promoting public works and manufactures: but which, as I have observed in another place, were mostly mere private jobs and interested projects. It was no longer the petition of modest merit for reward or encouragement, it was the confident demand of powerful connexion, a compact among individuals to support each other's pretensions and to vote for each other's jobs, or an indecent scramble for the public spoil!”\*

Now what was the real state of the case, admitting that the money was not judiciously spent, and that there may have been some truth in the imputations of *jobbery* and favoritism,—mischiefs but too rife among the members of the English House

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\*“Account of Ireland. By a Late Chief Secretary.” This book was written by Sir George, afterwards Earl, Macartney.

of Commons at more than one period of last century, as the scandalous records of its own journals abundantly testify,—was there no impelling cause for this hot haste in disposing of the surplus? There was. The Irish Parliament, to say nothing of similar struggles before the revolution of 1688—9, had from that time until its extinction in 1800, to fight a constant battle against the attempted encroachments by the English Parliament and the upholders of the exaggerated prerogative of the Crown, upon the Revenues of Ireland. In 1690, and again in 1709, and 1729, they had to reject the money bills of the Session, because altered in England. In 1751 the great struggle began. We shall quote indisputable English authority to describe its nature and result—the speech of the British Minister, Lord North, who in the English House of Commons, in May, 1785, when, referring to the subject, attributed the commencement of the dispute to the very liberal grants made to Charles the Second immediately after his Restoration by the Cromwellian settlers, in return for his having secured them in possession of the Forfeited Lands of his own Irish adherents. Lord North said, in continuation:—

“ These grants were so liberal and so productive, that Parliaments ceased to be necessary in Ireland, and Charles the Second never held another there during his whole reign. The Irish felt the error they had been guilty of in settling so great an income on the crown as rendered it independent of Parliament; and the hereditary revenue soon became an object of jealousy, not to say detestation, to the people. The debt contracted at the revolution afforded them an opportunity of proving this; in providing for the payment of that debt, they laid on additional duties of customs and excise, but they would not impose them for more than two years, in order that the crown should be under the necessity of calling the parliament together again, before the expiration of the two years: this policy had the desired effect, and the commons have persevered in it from that day to this, with a difference of late, that the session being annual, the grants of money are only from one year to another. The hereditary revenue had, since the revolution, been a subject of jealousy and terror to the parliament, insomuch that so far from endeavouring to improve it, they never missed an opportunity to throw charges upon it, to bear it down: however, in 1751, there was in the exchequer of Ireland a surplus of 400,000*l.*; this, instead of being matter of joy, was the cause of general consternation throughout the kingdom: it was feared the crown was become so rich, that it could pay off the debt that was then on the nation, and having no farther occasion for the annual grants, would call no more parliaments. There was a question in that year of disposing of this surplus of 400,000*l.*; and a bill was brought into parliament

for that purpose; the preamble was to this effect: 'Whereas His Majesty has signified his consent, that the surplus now in the exchequer, &c. be disposed of,' &c. The zealous patriots took fire at the word consent, though it had been inserted in two other acts before that on similar occasions: they said the King had a right to give his assent to that bill as well as to any other; but that he had no right to give his consent; which latter term implied, that the subject could not be so much as discussed, or made the substance of a bill, without the previous consent of the crown, as in the case of private grants. This was the ground of a great struggle in the commons, where the most formidable opposition ever known in Ireland, was made against this word consent: the opposition triumphed; the word consent was struck out of the bill, which dropped on that account, its friends having no regard for it after it had lost the magical word. The triumph of opposition set Ireland in a blaze; nothing but bonfires and illuminations were to be seen from one end of the kingdom to the other, and the glorious 122 (the number upon the winning side upon the division) was the first toast at every table."

The result of which Lord North speaks did not occur until 1753. In 1751 there was certainly a dispute of a similar nature, but the Government insisting on retaining the word "consent," the Irish party of the day, "not being ripe yet for effectual opposition," (to use the words of a writer of the period)\* the bill was permitted to pass without further demur, the more especially as it contemplated only a portion of the surplus. In 1753, however, the division in question took place, on which, as we read in the *Account of Ireland in 1773*,—

"Though the crown was defeated, yet its opponents might say, with Pyrrhus, that such another victory would undo them. ....Notwithstanding the rejection of the Bill, *the King was resolved that his prerogative should not be defeated*; he therefore sent over his letter for the payment of the remainder of the debt out of the balance in the Treasury; and thus *solely*, and in his own right, *exercised that prerogative*, in which he had *graciously intended to have permitted* the Irish Parliament to participate"!!!

What the Irish Parliament did in this conjuncture is thus narrated by another Secretary for Ireland, Mr. Hutchinson, who writes:—

"They wished to avoid any future contest of that kind, and were flattered to grant the public money from enlarged views of national improvements. The making rivers navigable, the making and im-

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\* Campbell's "Historical Sketch of the Constitution and Government of Ireland."

proving harbours, and the improvement of husbandry and other useful arts, were objects worthy of the representatives of the people; and had the faithfulness of the execution answered the goodness of the intention, the public would have had no reason to complain. Many of these grants prove the poverty of the country. There were not private stocks to carry on the projects of individuals, nor funds sufficient for incorporating and supporting companies, nor profits to be had by the undertakings sufficient to reimburse the money necessary to be expended. The commons, therefore, advanced the money for the benefit of the public; and it can never be supposed that they would have continued to do so for above twenty years, if they were convinced that there were not funds in the hands of individuals sufficient to carry on these useful undertakings, nor trade enough in the kingdom to make adequate return to the adventurers.”\*

The “poverty of the country,” noted in the foregoing extract, was simply owing to two causes—first, that stated in the following declaration of Mr. Pitt, in 1785:—“From the Revolution till within these few years (1779 to 1785), the system has been that of debarring Ireland from the use of her own resources, and making her subservient to the interests and opulence of the English people”!

The second cause was the unwise and unstatesmanlike (as well as unchristian) denial by the Penal Laws, to more than two-thirds of the nation of their civil rights—whereby they were fettered in the prosecution of industry and enterprise, and restricted in the enjoyment of property. Yet, notwithstanding this “poverty,” Ireland contrived to pay off her debt, and to possess a surplus in the Exchequer—a feat impossible to rich England.

The extraordinary progress that Ireland made in the eighteen years from 1782 to 1800, during which period alone, her Parliament, her Industry, and her People, were really unrestricted, and delivered from English encroachments and interference, has been most abundantly attested. Mr. Staunton, late owner of *The Morning Register*, Dublin Newspaper, and an Alderman of Dublin, and now Collector-General of Municipal Taxes, in one of his truly valuable and elaborate treatises,† thus writes of this period:—“When the Legislative Union was effected there was a great difference of financial circumstances between the two countries. The Irish debt was not more than one-sixteenth of the English. There was necessarily a proportionate

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\* See “Commercial Restraints of Ireland.”

† “The Financial Management of Ireland.”

difference as to taxation. One of the 'Papers relating to the Income, Expenditure, Commerce, and Trade of Ireland,' presented to Parliament in 1834, shows that certain articles, as tea, wine, sugar, &c., yielded in 1801, a revenue of £1,531,446; but if they had been subject to the British rate of taxation, they would have produced £2,882,370. Thus Ireland had been saved up to that time an increase of taxation on those articles amounting to £1,350,924. Lord Grey, in debating the Union question, said there was nothing in the advancement even of Scotland, comparable with the increase of commercial wealth in Ireland.....Lord Clare, chief agent with Lord Castlereagh in carrying the Union, stated of Ireland, that 'No nation of the habitable globe advanced in cultivation, in commerce, in agriculture, in manufactures, with the same rapidity in the same period,' (1782 to 1800)."

We have, in a former part of this paper, referred to the small increase of our revenue since 1800. The following table, from Parliamentary Returns of the years 1815, 1828, and 1840, will shew how different was the case whilst Ireland was unincumbered by any Debt or liability save her own:—

Revenue of Ireland from 1760.		Revenue of Great Britain.
Year 1760	£667,311	£10,000,000
1790	1,633,292	—
1800	3,445,718	34,800,000
1840	4,102,285	47,402,223
Add 1853	4,400,000	54,460,000

These figures are from the Finance Accounts of 1853.

Thus in 40 years, while under native management, the revenue of Ireland increased nearly six-fold; and in 53 years, under the management of Englishmen, it barely increased one-fourth, although the taxation was *nearly two-thirds greater* in the second period than in the first! Meanwhile England, being always under native management, increased her revenue something more than three-fold in the first period, and more than one-half in the second:—*her taxation diminishing during the latter period.*

We are not arguing the question of Repealing the Legislative Union; our's is simply a fiscal question. Our references to "native management" have, at least in this paper, no further scope than to suggest, that since there are such irrefragable proofs of the better administration in Ireland of that important department of Government, the *financial*, by Irishmen, they should



no longer be so entirely debarred as they are at present from all share in the management of that department, at least so far as regards their own country—an alteration that would involve no revolution or revision of the Constitution, but simply a larger and freer admission of Irishmen to the higher offices of State. One fact is quite certain, that Irishmen could not mis-manage their own affairs worse, at any rate, than after fifty-three years experience of English guidance, we find them to have proved.

But the mere infusion of Irishmen into the Cabinet, and prevalence of Irish counsels in Irish matters, though undoubtedly calculated to make a most beneficial alteration in Ireland, as regards her resources and well being, could not do everything. Something else is wanted to supply a real and permanent stimulus. Something is required that will check, or mitigate in great measure, the wasting drains to which she is subject. No country can really prosper when under the influence of large out-goings without return. Of the thirteen or fourteen millions of rents of land, not less than one-fourth is estimated to be taken away from Ireland, without return, by absentees. Other countries are, no doubt, subject also to the drain of absenteeism, but none to this extent, as compared with the total of their rental; and the drain in their cases is often more than compensated by indraught from other quarters. But Ireland is out of the gangway of nations, situate, as she is, at the extremity of Europe; and accordingly nothing comes in to supply the place of that which goes from her. The mortgages on land, which are a consequence of our general impoverishment, and the power which the consolidation of the Exchequers in 1816 gave, as we have seen, to the English Minister of the day, to carry off every shilling of our revenue—these two causes combine with the monster-drain of absenteeism, to run up the total amount of our annual out-goings, without return, to, perhaps, more than seven millions! And this in a country where the entire revenue receipt is not quite four millions and a half; and where the final extension of the whole high standard of English taxation, by this year's imposition upon us of the Income Tax, is not estimated by the most sanguine, or the most *deluding*, as likely to raise our revenue-contributions within £200,000 of five millions!!!

How this drain is to be stopped, or mitigated, is another matter, with which we are not now to deal. Unless it be

checked, and that in time, all appearance of prosperity in Ireland must be fleeting, or delusive. The human body cannot maintain its vigor if the circulating fluid, to which it owes that vigor, be allowed to issue from its veins,—the body politic must equally lose strength and vitality, when money, which is its life-blood, is constantly being drained away. True, there remains in the country *some* capital—for argument's sake let it be assumed that a good deal remains; but this furnishes no reason why more should not be kept at home if possible; and surely few will contend that it is better for a country to lose six or seven millions without return, than to enjoy the advantages of having them spent at home?

We conclude with earnestly recommending the consideration of these matters to our representatives, and to all those who have in any way a share in controlling and directing our fortunes. The first thing to be attempted is, to stop all further taxation of the country. Let no false security delude our Members on this point. The total violation of compact which we prove to have been committed by England in our regard since the Union, ought to preach trumpet-tongued, that no reliance is to be placed upon the right and reason of our case, or upon Imperial assurances. The next matter is, to insist that a fair proportion of the National expenditure should be given to Ireland. This is quite within the scope of immediate action, at the very beginning of the next session; and perseverance and obstinacy, and the "*making-me's-self-troublesome*" system, may effect much. The third, and more difficult and laborious task—the attempt to undo some portion at least of the fiscal injustice that has been inflicted upon us, although not a very hopeful effort in the British Parliament, is yet *a duty*; and though its own end may not be accomplished, yet the struggle for it will materially assist and facilitate the two first named objects. The fourth, and greatest of all, would be to check the wasting drains of Irish capital; and revivify her industry, and her whole body politic, by the restored circulation of money at home. To do this something is wanted that will give Irishmen an attraction and an interest to live in their own country.

Did Ireland obtain fair play and justice in these respects, there is abundant ground for believing that her contributions to the burthens and necessities of the empire would, within a few years, be as high as ten, or even twenty, millions annually—paid more surely, and far more easily, than our present miserable revenue of less than five.

## ART. V.—THE STREETS OF DUBLIN.

## NO. VIII.

THE acclivity on which "High-street" stands is stated to have been the commencement of the *Eiscir*, or boundary, agreed upon in the second century, when Ireland was divided into two portions, between Owen, king of Munster, and Conn, surnamed "of the hundred battles." In the ancient Anglo Norman records High-street is styled "*Altus vicus*;" and an old writer, commenting on the name of Dublin, observes: "the Irish called it *Baile atha Cliath*, that is, a town planted upon hurdles. For the common opinion is, that the plot upon which the civitie is builded hath beene a marish ground; and for that by the art or invention of the first founder, the water could not be voided, he was forced to fasten the quakemire with hurdels, and upon them to build the citie. I heard of some that came of building of houses to this foundation: and other hold opinion that if a cart or waine run with a round and maine pase through a street called the High street, the houses on each side shall be perceived to shake."

From the marshy nature of the ground in this locality, it is, even at the present day, found nearly impossible to obtain secure foundations for buildings in High-street, the majority of the houses in which have been consequently erected on piles and massive wooden frames.

The church of St. Michael the Archangel, in High-street, was founded as a chapel by Donagh, bishop of Dublin in the eleventh century, whose successor, Richard Talbot, advanced it to the dignity of a parochial church in the fifteenth century. The fraternity of shoemakers (*fraternitas sutorum*), or guild of the blessed virgin Mary, by their charter, passed in 1404, were authorized to found a chantry of one or more chaplains, for the daily celebration of divine service in the chapel of the Virgin Mary, in the church of St. Michael in the High-street. By another patent, dated 24th January, in the twenty-second year of Henry VI. (1444), at the request of the commons, and with the assent of a parliament held at Dublin in that year, a guild was founded for the daily celebration of divine service in the chapel of St. Catherine in St. Michael's church.

Henry VIII., by charter in 1541, assigned this church,

with those of St. Michan and St. John, to the three principal vicars choral of Christ church, who were likewise constituted members of the chapter. Under this charter John Corragh was made the first vicar choral, and dean's vicar, and received the rectory of St. Michael's as his prebend. In 1544 archbishop Browne constituted the above mentioned churches permanently prebendal, leaving them still attached to the offices of dean's vicar, precentor's vicar, and chancellor's vicar. James I., by a new charter in 1604, changed the vicars choral into three "canonical prebendaries," under which title the then occupants were confirmed in their appointments, and this constitution is continued to the present day.

During the sixteenth, and early part of the seventeenth century, St. Michael's church was one of the most frequented in the city. After the Restoration, however, it was found necessary to repair and rebuild portions of the edifice, relative to which we find the following document enrolled in the parochial registry :—

"Whereas for severall yeares past the severall companies of the Royall regiment\* quartered in this city have made use of the church of St. Michael's, Dublin, every Friday for the service of God, but in all that tyme nothinge hath beene contributed towards the reparation of the said church, or the seates thereof, which now standes in neede of much mendinge, and the parishioners having mett this day and considering of the charge that will repaire the same, doe finde themselves much disenabled to defray the same charge, doe therefore make it theire request that the minister of the saide church Mr. John Glendie and the present church wardens, calling with them some of the parishioners of the saide parish as they thinck fitt, doe waite on

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\* The regiment above referred to was formed by order of Charles II., in 1662, and granted to the duke of Ormond, who, as its first colonel, has the power of naming its officers: it was composed of levies made in England, joined with a portion of the independent companies of which the previous force in Ireland consisted, being thus an English regiment for service in Ireland. It was originally called the "Royal Irish Regiment," subsequently the "King's Foot Guards," and remained in the Ormond family until the second duke of that name went over to William III. when lieutenant colonel William Dorrington was appointed its colonel by James II.; at that period, however, the regiment had been made completely Irish by the duke of Tyrconnel, for the purpose of securing its fidelity to the king's cause in Ireland. As the "King's Foot Guards," the regiment fought throughout the wars of the Revolution and particularly distinguished itself in the right wing of the Irish army at Aughrim, where it stood out longest, its colonel being there taken prisoner, and its lieutenant colonel W. M. Barker, together with its chaplain, Dr. Alexius Stafford, slain. The "King's Foot Guards," served under Dorrington on the Continent till the peace of

the right honble the earle of Arran and acquaint his lordship with theire present necessity, and do entreate his assistance (as coll. of the saide regiment) towards the aforesaide reperation. Dated the 27th November, 1674. John Glendie, minister. Thomas Rayner. Jo Smith. Rees Phillips. Henry Aston. John Coyne. Henry Stevens. William Fisher. Nicholas Hall."

The result of this application is not recorded, but the building appears to have progressed very slowly. A committee appointed to examine the steeple in 1676, reported that they had "viewed and admeasured the foundation next to St. Michael's lane, whereon the old steeple pertayneing to the said church lately stood, and as it is nowe laid open for the building of a new one:"

"And wee doe finde that betweene the said foundation of the old as it formerly stooode and the new steeple next to the streete as is now intended to be erected to the widdow Garland's house on the other side of the streete, there is only nine foote and eight inches. And that from the foundation of the old steeple as aforesaid unto the church wall now newly erected is six feet and eight inches. And we further certify, that for any thing we find or is known unto us, the said foundation of the old steeple hath not been at all removed but is intended to be built upon the old foundation."

In 1678 the minister and churchwardens agreed with Thomas Rayner that he

"Should sett up and affix upon merchantable oake frames the front and the partitions of the pues that are convenient to be to the church of St. Michael's with good merchantable oake workmanlike wrought. The materials and workmanship to be as good as the materials and workmanship of the pues of St. Warbrowe's church in the said city

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Ryswick in 1697, and was subsequently broken up as king James' foot guards, but formed again in 1698, as the "Regiment of Dorrington," which it continued to be until his death in 1718. From that period till 1766, it was styled the "Regiment of Roth," from its two successive colonels counts Roth, of the Kilkenny family of that name. From 1766 it was called the "Regiment of Roscommon," from its colonel Robert Dillon, earl of Roscommon, until 1770, when it became the "Regiment of Walsh Serrant," which it continued till 1792, when it was made the ninety-second infantry regiment of the line, as from that year the various regiments of the French army were numbered, instead of being named, as before, from any particular district, or from the families of their colonels. The 92nd was long known as the royal regiment of Ireland in the service of France, in contradistinction to the 18th regiment in the service of England, which, in recognition of its gallantry at the siege of Namur, was styled the "Royal Irish Regiment" by William III. A detailed account of the Royal Irish Regiment, from its formation, will form a portion of Mr. O'Callaghan's forthcoming history of the Irish in foreign services.

or any other parish church within the said city, at the rate of five shillings six pence sterling for every yard of the front of the said pews, and at the rate of four shillings sterling for every yard of the partitions of the said pews."

They agreed in 1679 for the erection of an altar with two steps, together with a table lackered and painted; also to have the columns, windows and cornices painted in "good and fresh colours." Among various other items of expenditure we find the sum of £2 : 13 : 0 paid for "making and erecting a pair of stocks before the church." The seats appointed for the various parishioners were set out by the minister and churchwardens in August, 1679, and April, 1680; in the latter year the corporation of shoemakers, having paid a sum of £20, were granted a seat, "number seven in the south east corner, in the same manner as they held their former seat." Until of late years, divine service was specially performed in this church, for the Guild of Corpus Christi, on the annual recurrence of the festival from which they received their name.\* In 1694 it was resolved by the parishioners to add thirty-five feet to the steeple, which, in its then unfinished state, was about fifty-two feet in height; and the repairs of the church appear not to have been completed until the close of the seventeenth century.

Among the rectors of St. Michael's church the most remarkable were Daniel Wytter (1662-1664), afterwards promoted to the see of Dromore, who, in 1673, presented to his former church "a silver flagon weighing 71 ounces"; John Francis (1665-1705), father of the translator of Horace; Francis Higgins (1705-1728), a political character, prosecuted in 1712 for disloyalty; Gabriel Jacques Maturin (1734-1735); and Edward Ledwich (1749-1761), the associate of Vallancey.

Towards the close of the last century the building fell to decay, and the baptisms, marriages, and other ceremonies of St. Michael's parish, appear to have been solemnized in St. Mary's chapel, Christ church, from the year 1787, and so continued until the church was rebuilt in 1815. The new church differs in form materially from the old building, of which an engraving is preserved on a portion of the parish plate. The

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\* The parish received a yearly payment of fifteen shillings from "Corpus Christi Guild;" also one shilling annually for "Conran's tomb, a vault on each side of the church."

original aisle of the church ran parallel with High-street, from which it was separated by a row of three houses; in the course of the re-edification the various old monuments disappeared, with the exception of that of chief justice Whitshed, placed in the vestibule of the church; and the site of the ancient churchyard is now occupied by the parochial schools. The parish of St Michael covers an area of only five acres and two roods, containing at present 127 houses, and 1,317 inhabitants.

From the manuscript Doomsday book of the corporation of Dublin it appears that, in 1255, one of the conduits, or public water vases of the city, was situated in High-street, opposite to the Tholsel and near the gate of the convent of the holy Trinity. In the unpublished "Recorder's book" this conduit is styled in 1322, the cistern of the water course of the mayor and commonalty of Dublin, near to the church of St. Michael in the High-street;\* and among the city archives are preserved entries

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\* St. Michael's-lane, contiguous to the church, described in the sixteenth century as "Saint Michael his lane, beginning at Saint Michael his pipe," appears to have been anciently known as Gillamocholmog's-street: it is styled "Vicus de Kyllholmok" in an entry of the year 1288, in the archives of the Corporation of Dublin, and in the ancient laws of the city it is called "Venella Gilmeholmok." The heads of the tribe of Gillamocholmog, who were lords of the territory of *Ui Dunchadha* in Leinster, which included the land on which the city of Dublin stood, descended, according to Dr. O'Donovan, from Dunchadh the brother of Faelan, ancestor of the O'Byrnes of Leinster. The progenitor from whom they took their hereditary surname was Gilla-Mocholmog, i. e. servant of St. Mocholmog, son of Dunchadh, son of Lorcan, son of Faelan, son of Muireadach, son of Bran, son of Faelan, son of Dunchadh, from whom came the name of *Ui Dunchadha* or Descendants of Dunchadha, son of Murchadh, son of Bran Mut, the common ancestor of the tribes of O'Tuathal and O'Byrne. Relative to this family the following entries occur in the native annals: A.D. 1032, Ceallach son of Dunchadh, lord of *Ui Dunchadha* died. 1044, Murchadh, son of Bran, lord of *Ui Faelain*, was slain by Mac Gillamocholmog, taniest of *Ui Dunchadha*. 1133, Conor, son of Murchadh *Ua Maelachlainn*, royal heir of Tara, was slain by Donnchadh Mac Gillamocholmog, royal heir of Leinster; and Donnchadh himself was killed by the men of Meath at the end of a month in revenge of Conor. 1141, Diarmaid Mac Murchadha, king of Leinster, acted treacherously towards Muircheartach Mac Gillamocholmog, lord of *Feara Cualann* (an ancient territory co-extensive with the half barony of Rathdown) who was blinded by him. 1154, Mac Gillamocholmog, lord of *Ui Dunchadha*, was killed by his brethren. Muircheartach Mac Gillamocholmog is styled king of the men of Leinster (*ri Laighean*) in 1103; Donald Mac Gillamocholmog was chief of the Northmen of Dublin from 1125 to 1134, and the details of the important service rendered by a prince of this family to the Anglo Norman invaders of Dublin have been given in former papers of the present series. The history of the family from that period is extremely obscure, and the only particulars to be gleaned

of licences granted in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries to various persons to connect pipes with the city cisterns, for the purpose of supplying their houses with water, it being generally stipulated on the part of the corporation, that the calibre of the tubes so attached should not exceed that of a quill.

At the juncture of Skinners' row and High-street stood the "High Cross" of the city, at which, from an early period, it was customary to read publicly proclamations, papal bulls, sentences of excommunication, and other documents of importance to the citizens.

relative to it are found in the Anglo Irish official manuscripts. In 1207, king John granted to Dermot, son of Gillamochoilmog, all the land which his father held—that is the land of Lymerhim with fifteen carucates in the vale of Dublin, and one burgage in Dublin to be held by him and his heir by service of one knight's fee and two otter skins (*pelles de lutro*) to be paid into the king's exchequer at Dublin on the feast of St. Michael; reserving to the king and his heirs a cantred in the land of Limeric granted by John, when earl of Moreton, to the said Dermot and his brother Rotheric. For a collation of the original enrolment of this grant, now in the Tower of London, we are indebted to the erudite English antiquary, Thomas Duffus Hardy, esq. The word Lymerhim or Limeric is evidently an error, and was probably entered by the enrolling clerk in the reign of John for a locality of a somewhat similar name in the county of Dublin—perhaps Lishoke (*l'or readac*), an ancient townland in the manor of Esker.

Dermot's son John, styled lord of Rathdown by sir William Betham, was one of the Irish magnates who were summoned in 1227, for the first time, to render service out of Ireland to the king of England by reason of their tenures, as appears from the close roll of 13 Henry III., preserved in the Tower of London. Gillamochoilmog is referred to by Luke, archbishop of Dublin, in a deed executed about 1240, conveying to the burgesses of Rathcool (Radcull) a common on the hill of Slescoll (*communam in monte de Slescoll*) together with his men in Newtown, both in the marshy and pasture land, as measured by Gillamochoilmog and other upright men (*probi homines*) in the time of John Comyn, archbishop of Dublin, 1181—1212 (*Alani Regist'*, fol. 159). In the account of the manors of the vale of Dublin ("*Computus maneriorum vallis Dublinii*") recorded on the unpublished roll of the pipe of 1262 (46. Hen. III.), we find, under the returns for the manor of Esker, John, son of Dermot, charged with two otter skins for his rent for that year ("*duo pelles lutrinas de redditu suo hoc anno*"). In the same roll there also appears an entry of forty shillings paid by him for one service, and for the service of one foot soldier for the army at Greencastle ("*Johannes filius Dermot pro uno servicio et servicio unius servientis peditis pro exercitu de Virid' castri, xl. s.*")

From an unpublished plea roll of the year 1292 it appears that king John granted among other lands to Aland Fitzwilliam, the lands of the exchequer near Dublin with all thereto pertaining which had been held by "Gilmeholman," and his hostelry at Dublin in the house of John the bishop. In the manuscript Registry of the abbey of St. Thomas Court, Dublin, there appear two deeds from Dermot son of "Gillemaholmoc:" by the first he grants to Richard de Felds all



The mode in which public penances were performed at the "High Cross," so late as the reign of Elizabeth, is illustrated by the following extracts from the proceedings of the "High commission court" for causes ecclesiastical, now published for the first time, from the original record :—

"29 Martii, 1571. *Officium dominorum versus Henricum Hinchcliffe.*

"Fyrst, that he shall not come into nor kepe nor use the company of Constance Kyng hereafter, and shallbe bounde to the same effects

his lands of Kilrotheri, except that portion which he had given to Ham-mund Ruffo, for free service of two bezants annually; the second deed conveys a carucate of land in Kilrethtran to the same personage, to be held by service of certain gilt spurs (*quedam calcaria deaurata*). From the records of the monastery of All Hallows, Dublin, we learn that John, son of Dermot, granted to that institution for the benefit of his own soul, the soul of his wife Claricia, and those of his forefathers and successors the boat (*batellum*), which he had, by hereditary right for salmon fishing in the waters of Dublin, the canons of the monastery paying during his life half a mark of silver, and two shillings to his heirs after his death. Among the witnesses to this deed were, the lady Claricia, the grantor's wife; William his seneschal; Duvenald Mac Duneg; David, baron of Naas, and William his son. By a subsequent deed, John, son of John, son of Dermot, granted to the same establishment his boat and entire right to take salmon or other fish in the waters of Dublin, on condition that the canons of All Hallows should pray for his own soul and for those of his ancestors and successors, and deliver to him and his heirs, a rose, annually on the festival of St. John the Baptist, in their monastery aforesaid; this document is witnessed by Thomas de Wyncester, mayor of Dublin; and the donor was included among the magnates of Ireland addressed in 1302 by Edward I., relative to the termination of his wars in Scotland. An unpublished Memorandum roll of 1304-5 contains a royal writ to John Wogan, justiciary, setting forth, that John, son of Radulphus, had memoriated the king that his ancestor Gylmeholmok held from John, sometime king of England, certain lands and tenements in Nummerin (Ummery?), county of Dublin, by one knight's fee, which lands by minorities during the reigns of John, Henry III., and Edward I., had always successively been so declared, notwithstanding which he had been charged and distrained for the service of one knight's fee on the various hostings in those parts from the above time. In 1408 we find John, son of Dermot, charged with two otter skins for his rent of Radon (Rathdown), for the same year; five otter skins for the two years and a half preceding, and one hundred and sixty-two otter skins for the arrears of this rent for many years then past, making a total of one hundred and sixty nine otter skins. This, which is the last entry accessible relative to the family of Gillamochohmog, is recorded on an unpublished Pipe Roll of 10 Hen. IV. under the following head—"Comptus comitatus Dublin ab octavo die Februarii anno regni regis ejusdem decimo per Walterum Tyrell, Thomam filium Simonis Cruys, Robertum White et Joannem Derpatrik, vicecomites, et Rogerum Walsh ballivum Libertatis de Sancto Sepulcro."

in a bonde of recognizance for a c.li, otherwise to be committed to prison, there to be kept in such sorte that neyther he to her nor she to him shall have accesse in any wise. Secondlie, That upon Saturdaie next enseweng at ix of the clocke in the mornynge he the said Eyland alias Hincheclyffe shall come unto the Crosse in the Highe streete of Dublin having on a white shete from his sholders downe to the ground rounde about him and a paper about his heade wherupon shall be written '*For adulteri: leaving his wyfe in England alyve and maryeng with another here,*' and a white wande in his hand and then and there goe up unto the highest staire of the Crosse and there sitt duryng all the time of the markette untill yt be ended, and further decreed that Constance Kyng shall not hereafter in any wise resort or have accesse unto him or kepe him company and to performe the same they toke hir othe which she gave upon the holie evangelists, and further after that Hincheliffe hath done his penance as aforesaid, they decreed he shold goe to prison againe, there to remayne and abide untill yt shall please the Commissioners to take further order in this cause." (Fol. 22.)

"26 Junii, 1572. *Officium dominorum versus Constanciam Kyng, civitatis Dublin, viduam.*

"That upon Sondaie next ensewing the date above written the said Constance together with the said Hincheclyffe shall come before mornynge praier unto the cathedrall church of the blessed Trynitie in Dublin barefote and barelegged and having on eyther of them and about them on there uppermost garment a white shete from the sholders downe to the ankles and a white wand in either of ther hands and so come to the church dore of the said church and there from the begynning of morning praier remaine knelyng downe upon there knees untill the service be all ended and then they shall goe and stand upon a stole before the pulpitte from the begynning of the sermon untill yt be ended. And further after the premisses they shall in lyke manner the next markett daie following from ix of the clock untill xi sitte together penytent wise in manner and forme aforesaid, having besides the premises aboute either of there heades a paper hujus tenoris '*This is for adultery and perjurie,*' and this upon the highest stepps of the Crosse in the markette place in Dublin with there faces towards the people." (Folio 70 d.)

"30th Octobris, 1572. *Officium dominorum versus Georgium Bateman de Kilmaynam et Benedictam meretricem quam tenet.*

"That upon Saterdaie come sevennyght next enseweing the date hereof at the pryme of the markett bothe they shall come unto the Crosse of the markette in Dublin with shetes from their sholders unto the grounde and papers on there heades whereon shallbe written '*For adultery,*' and white rodde in their hands and so contynue from the tyme of there comyng untill the market be ended. And after and besides the premysses shall upon Sondaie sevennyght then next following in the church of St. Owen's, within Dublin, where there shalbe a sermon, in manner and forme aforesaid, come to the said church at the begynning of service, and there at the entryng in of the chauncell, openly knele untill the precher goe up into the pulpitte, and then

rysing shall goe and stand before the pulpitte, there faces turned to the greater part of the congregacion, untill the sermon be ended, and then penytently and openly shall acknowledge there faults and ask forgevenes. Et interim Domini comiserunt eorum utrumque Marescallo salvo custodiend.' " (*Fol. 75.*)

The custom of publishing proclamations at the "High Cross," in the presence of the lord chancellor and other officers of state, was continued to the reign of James I., until it was found necessary to remove the monument, which had become an impediment to the thoroughfare in this then frequented part of the city.

High-street appears to have been one of the most important of the streets within the walls of Dublin during the middle ages. Of the flesh shambles which were held in High-street until the reign of James I., a writer in the sixteenth century observes:—"The great expenses of the citizens maie probalie be gathered by the worthie and fairlike markets, weeklie on Wednesdaie and Fridaie kept in Dublin. Their shambles is so well stored with meat and their market with corne, as not onelie in Ireland, but also in other countries, you shall not see anie one shambles, or anie one market better furnished with the one or the other, than Dublin is." The same author gives the following account of a riot in this locality in 1531 :

"In the second year of Skeffington his government, it happened that one Henrie White, servant to Benet a merchant of Dublin, was pitching of a cart of haie in the High-street; and having offered boies plaie to passengers that walked to and fro, he let a bottle (truss) of his haie fall on a souldiors bonet, as he passed by his cart. The souldior taking this knavish knacke in dudgeon, hurled his dagger at him, and having narrowlie mist the princocks,\* he sticked it in a post not farre off. White leapt down from the cart, and thrust the souldior through the shoulder with his pike. Whereupon there was a great uprore in the citie between the souldiors and the apprentices, in as much as Thomas Barbie being the maior, having the king his sword drawne, was hardlie able to appease the fraie, in which diverse were wounded, and none slaine. The lord deputie issued out of the castell, and came as far as the pillorie,† to whome the maior posted thorough the prease with the sword naked under his arme, and presented White that was the brewer of all this garboile to his lordship, whome the governour pardoned,

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\* A pert forward youth, in which sense it is used in the dialogue between Capulet and Tybalt in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act i. Scene v.

† The pillory stood at the junction of Werburgh and Fishamble streets. See the first paper of the present series.

as well for his courage in bickering as for his retchlesse simplicitie and pleasantnesse in telling the whole discourse. Wherebey a man may see how manie bloudie quarels a bralling swashbuckler maie pick out of a bottle of haie, namelie when his braines are forebitten with a bottle of nappie ale."

Among "the places of most publicke note whereunto the priests did resort to Masse in Dublin," particularized in a document of the reign of James I. we find noticed certain back-rooms in the houses of Nicholas Queitrot, Carye, and the widow O'Hagan, in the High street.\*

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† A narrow passage leading from High-street to Cook-street, and thence to the quay, is mentioned by a writer in Elizabeth's time as "Ram lane," alias the "Schoole-house lane," by the latter of which names it is still known. Of the school from which this locality acquired its name, no account has been preserved, but we find, in a local author of the sixteenth century, notices of the following Dublin schoolmasters:—"Patrike Cusacke, a gentleman borne, and a scholer of Oxford, sometime schoolemaister in Dublin, and one that with the learning that God did impart him, gave great light to his countrie; he imployed his studies rather in the instructing of scholers, than in penning of books, he flourished in the yeare one thousand five hundred three score and six, and wrote in Latine *Diversa epigrammata*." "Michael Fitzsimons, schoolemaster in Dublin, a proper student, and a diligent man in his profession, he wrote *Orationem in adventum comitis Essexie Dublinium*, *Epitaphion in mortem Jacobi Stanihursti*, *Diversa epigrammata*." Macgrane, a schoolemaster in Dublin at the same period, is also noticed by the author of "carols and sundrie ballads." From the reign of James I., the name of School-house lane appears to have been applied to that portion of the line of street which extended from High-street to Cook-street, while the appellation of Ram lane was given to the passage since known as "Skipper's alley," running from Cook-street to the Merchants'-quay. In 1613 John Laffan, "a young gentleman, born in the county of Tipperary, was slain at the end of School-house lane near Cook-street, Dublin, by one Edward Musgrave, a quarrelling soldier of the guard, who was therefore apprehended and arraigned in the King's bench, and there condemned of wilful murder, and adjudged to be drawn, hanged and quartered." In the early years of the eighteenth century we find John Brocas (1701), and Elizabeth Sadleir (1719), publishers, residing in this locality; and of the King's bench office, which was held here till 1745, the lords' committee in 1739 reported as follows:—

"The King's bench office is in School-house lane, one of the narrowest in the city of Dublin. The clerk informed the lords' committee that about two years ago a fire broke out very near the office, which gave them a great alarm, and there is now (1739) an old cage-work house, within so small a distance, as to make its situation very dangerous. In this office are kept several outlawries and attainders, those particularly of Papists, on account of the rebellions in 1641 and 1688. If these should be burned, the lords' committees fear, that the Protestant possessors would, at best, be exposed to vexatious law-suits, to defend and establish their titles to many forfeited estates."

The principal inhabitants of this street in the seventeenth century were the aldermen and merchants of the city, as Richard Barry, mayor of Dublin in 1610, father of the first lord Santry; Patrick Dixon (1619); and alderman Walter Kennedy, founder of the Clondalkin family, noticed in our last paper. Tokens are also extant issued by the following residents of High-street:—

Elnathan Brocke, seedman, 1657: Mathew French, 1655; Arthur Harvey, 1656; Gerrard Colley, apothecary at the sign of the red cross; Henry Reynolds; Henry Warren; Ignatius

A passage leading from School-house lane to "Cock-hill" was styled "Bor's-court," apparently from the family of Bor, who, during the first half of the seventeenth century, resided in St. Michael's parish. In 1618 James I. granted a patent to Christian Bor and John Bor, gentlemen, of lower Germany, "that they be freed from the yoke of servitude of the German or Irish nation, and enjoy all the rights and privileges of English subjects," for a sum of £1 6s. 8d. During the reigns of James I. and Charles I., the Bors appear to have been extensively engaged in commerce with Holland, and Christian Bor was one of the merchants interested in the Dutch trade, who contested the right of the corporation of Dublin to levy a tax for harbour dues, of three-pence in the pound on their shipping, which was tried in the exchequer in 1632, and decided in favour of the corporation. In the beginning of the last century one of the Bors was brigadier-general in the British army, and a branch of the family still resides at Ballydoolin, County Kildare. The name of "Bor's court" has, in the present century, been corrupted into "Borris court;" a very large and handsome house which stood on its northern side, has fallen within the last few years, and its ruins are traditionally stated to be those of the "great house" of the personage from whom the court received its title.

"Cock-hill," a narrow passage extending from "Bor's court," across the upper part of Winetavern street, to St. John's lane, is styled in the old parochial documents "Rowen lane" (1528), "Rowning lane" (1572), the "Rounde lane" (1594) and "Rowling lane" in 1674. In 1514 William Chamberlaine, of Kilreske, gent, set to John Rawson, a house in this locality afterwards known as the "Frank house," which he held from the hospital of St. John of Jerusalem at a rent of ten shillings a year. Rawson in 1518 set this house to Patrick Field (or De La Felde) of Dublin, merchant, who acquired considerable property in this vicinity, which he bequeathed in 1522 to the church of St. Michael. In a deed of the year 1537, we find notice of "new houses on the hill;" and in 1569 the "Frank house," otherwise called "Chamerlyn's Inna," was set by the parish to William Fitz Symon, merchant, at a low rent, in consideration of his having defrayed the expence of certain repairs of the church. The locality appears to have acquired the name of "Cock-hill" in the sixteenth century, at which period it is noticed as the fish-market of the city, and in the manuscript book of revenue of the year 1592 in the exchequer record office, we find notice of a house belonging to Nicholas Fitz Symons of Dublin, alderman, in the tenure of John Dillon, on the eastern part of the hill, called "Dock-hill, alias Cock-hill," in St. John's parish.

Browne, pewterer, 1671; John Smith, merchant; John Betson, merchant, at the sign of the white lion; John Warren, tallow chandler; Nicholas White; Richard Greenwood, merchant; Thomas Gould, merchant; Thomas Pagett, tallow chandler; William Hulme; Jonathan Butterton, pewterer, 1663, and William Milles, clothier, 1671.

On the south side of High-street was the residence of Mark

Patrick Naughten, surgeon, resided here in 1592, and among the patent rolls of James I., there appears a grant in 1604 of a messuage lately waste, on the eastern part of Dorchill, otherwise Cock-hill, in the parish of St. Olave. On the rebuilding of the Dublin law courts in 1695, the law offices of the various courts were removed to "Cock-hill," where the office of the Chief Remembrancer was kept in a house held from Eliza Pitt at the annual rent of £44 13s. 4d. The insecurity and inconveniences of the offices here occasioned the following memorial, which is now printed for the first time from the original in the Exchequer Record Office, Four Courts:—

"The humble representation of the Chiefe Remembrancer and the clerks of the pleas office of his majesty's court of Exchequer.

"Humbly sheweth that the former patentees of the said offices were necessitated upon the rebuilding of the Four Courts in Christchurch lane, Dublin, to remove the severall offices from the said Four Courts to the place where they now are, vizt to Cocke hill, Dublin, which was the most convenient place they could finde neare the said Four Courts, that the said offices are in greate danger of fire by reason of the adjacent houses being timber worke, and ale-houses kept therein, and even in the cellar under the said offices there is an ale-house kept and constant fires in the same. That about twelve yeares agoe the beame of the next adjacent house to the said offices took fire and had burnt a good way, but by the timely discovery thereof the same was with difficulty extinguished, and lately the chimney of the adjacent houses took fire, and the next house thereto being a timber house was like to be fired which if it had, the offices had undoubtedly beene burnt. That the said offices are very inconvenient and extremely too narrow and strait and small to laye up the records of the said offices conveniently, and in order as they should be kept, and humbly offer that they cannot find out any convenient and safe place to remove the said offices to, nor indeed can there be any security of the records unlesse offices and repositories be built in some secure and convenient place for preservation of the records of the said offices, which are very numerous.

Thomas Maule, Queen's Remembrancer.  
Arth. Nixon."

The Chief Remembrancer's office was removed from "Cock-hill" to Kennedy's-lane or court in 1716, and although nearly a century and a half have elapsed since the date of the above remonstrance, the great mass of the most valuable Anglo-Irish public records are at the present day in a scarcely better condition as to safety and arrangement than they were one hundred and forty years ago. "Cock-hill" was demolished in the present century by the "Wide street commissioners," who, to carry out their plans, purchased the estate in this locality held by Michael's parish under the will of Patrick Field, referred to at page 947.

Quinn, lord mayor of Dublin in 1667. A branch of the clan of O'Cuinn or O'Quinn appears to have settled in this city in the sixteenth century; Walter Quinn of Dublin published in Edinburgh in 1600, a collection of epigrams, anagrams and poems in Latin and English, entitled "*Serum poeticum in honorem Jacobi sexti, serenissimi ac potentissimi Scotorum regis.*" Thomas Quin, a member of the Society of Jesus, stationed at Dublin in 1642, was untiring in his religious exertions, and used occasionally to attire himself as a soldier, a gentleman, or a peasant, to elude the vigilance of the Puritans in order to gain access to the houses of the Catholics. Father Quin, who wrote a report on the state and condition of the Catholics of Ireland from 1652 to 1656, was subsequently removed to Nantes, thence to St. Malo, and died in 1663. Alderman Mark Quin, of High-street, was one of the most wealthy residents in St. Michael's parish, the plate, money and documents of which appear from the Church records to have been kept at his house, until, in a fit of jealousy at the conduct of his wife, he committed suicide by cutting his throat in Christ Church. He left an estate of about one thousand per annum to his son James Quin, who studied at Trinity College, Dublin, was called to the bar in England, and married a lady whose husband was reputed to be dead, having not been heard of for many years. By this lady, Quin had a son called James, born in 1693, some time after whose birth Mrs. Quin's former husband returned and re-claimed his wife. Quin's illegitimacy having been established, his father's estate passed to the Whitsheds,\* the

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\* In 1619 the churchwardens of St. Michael's parish set to Margaret Staples for 61 years, at the annual rent of fifty-three shillings, a house and back-side on Cock-hill. This house in 1676 was re-set by them for a similar period, at eight pounds per annum, to Thomas and Samuel Whitshed, sons of William Whitshed, late of Dublin, merchant. Thomas Whitshed was an eminent lawyer, and his son William was appointed solicitor-general of Ireland in 1709, chief justice of the king's bench in 1714, and chief justice of the common pleas in 1727, in which year he died, from the effects, it was said, of the virulent lampoons with which he was assailed, for his conduct in prosecuting the printer of the "*Drapier's letters.*" His monument, as noticed at page 943, is in the vestibule of St. Michael's church, and his last representative, as far as we are acquainted, was the late admiral sir James Whitshed. The motto on Whitshed's coach formed the subject of one of Swift's satires, commencing with the lines

*"Libertas et natate solum :*

Fine words! I wonder where you stole 'em."

heirs at law, and the young man, being left on his own resources, appeared in the character of "Abel" in the "Committee" at Smock-alley theatre in 1714, and afterwards became one of the most eminent actors of his day. Smollett declared that Quin was "one of the best bred men in the kingdom," and the satirist Churchill speaking of him says :

"But though prescription's force we disallow,  
Nor to antiquity submissive bow;  
Though we deny imaginary grace,  
Founded on accidents of time and place;  
Yet real worth of ev'ry growth shall bear  
Due praise, nor, must we, Quin, forget thee there.  
His words bore sterling weight, nervous and strong  
In manly tides of sense they rolled along.  
Happy in art, he chiefly had pretence  
To keep up numbers, yet not forfeit sense.  
No actor ever greater heights could reach  
In all the labour'd artifices of speech."

Alderman Mark Quin bequeathed to the wardens of St. Michael's Church in trust for the poor widows of the parish, the sum of fifty-two shillings out of his house in High-street, which at the commencement of the last century was known as the sign of the "Flying horse." Among the taverns here, were the "Swan", kept in 1666, by Dyer Phillips; "Patt's Coffee house, over against St. Nicholas' church," in which the noted John Danton held his book auctions in 1698; we likewise find notice of the "Golden Flagon (1701)" and the "Red Lyon tavern (1714)," a very large establishment on the north side of the street. In High-street also was located the first Dublin Post house of which any record has been hitherto discovered.

A regular postal communication between Dublin and England appears to have been first established during the wars of Shane O'Neil in the reign of Elizabeth, when, according to a contemporary chronicler, "because in these troublesome times it were meet advertisements should go to and from hir majestie

The suicide of his ancestor Quin was recalled in an epigram circulated through the town, beginning,

"I am not grandson of that ass Quin;  
Nor can you prove it, Mr. Pasquin."

And also in the following lines :—

"In church your grandsire cut his throat;  
To do the job too long he tarried:  
He should have had my hearty vote  
To cut his throat before he married."

Scott and the other commentators on Swift appear to have been totally ignorant of the circumstances above narrated in connexion with the Quins and Whittshed.



and counsell to the lord deputie, and so likewise from his lordship to them, order was taken for the more speedie conveyance of letters reciproke, there should be set posts appointed betweene London and Ireland." A writer in the reign of James I., tells us that "Every great man in the country hath his rhymers, his harpers, and his known messengers to run about the country with letters." In 1656, it having been found that the horse of the army were "much wearied, and his highness' affairs much prejudiced, for want of a post office to carry publique letters," the council employed Evan Vaughan, who speedily settled the stages, thereby easing the cavalry horses, who had previously been the only posts by whom public letters were conveyed. Thurloe subsequently appointed Vaughan deputy post master, in conjunction with a Mr. Talbot; previous to this, by order of the commissioners of parliament for the affairs of Ireland, the Irish treasury had been charged with an allowance of about £100 per annum to major Swift, postmaster at Holyhead, for the maintenance of four boatmen added to the packet boats at the rate of eightpence per diem, and eighteen shillings per month to each man for wages. Post houses appear to have been first established in the principal towns of Ireland late in the reign of Charles II., when also, as noticed in a former paper, the general post office of Dublin was removed to Fishamble-street, and the site of the old post house\* in High-street occupied by the buildings still

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\* In 1668 the building is stated to be a "timber house in High-street, with a large backside or garden plott reaching to Back Lane, now called the Post House;" and in the MS. Rule book of the Exchequer (A.D. 1740, page 6) it is described as follows:—"One messuage or tenement slated, commonly known by the name of the old Post Office, situate in High-street in the city of Dublin, extending in front about thirty feet, with yards backside and buildings to Back lane, and two tenements, stable and coach house to Back lane, sixty-two feet or thereabouts. Mearring and bounding on the east part to Mr. Reilly's holding, and partly to a stable and coach house of Mr. (Cornelius) Callaghan's on the east, partly to a concern fronting High-street belonging to Mr. Curtis, and partly to a concern fronting Back lane belonging to Mr. Donovan, on the north to High-street, and on the south to Back lane, and all that house and tenement wherein Mr. Kilburne formerly dwelt, containing eighty-one rooms, situate in Kilburn's alley, between High street and Back lane, and also all that house formerly held by Mr. William Wise, and known by the name of the back-house of the Rose and Crown in High-street. Except the passage that leads from the said house called Kilburn's house, through Timothy Barner's house in High-street." From the proceedings in this case it appears that the old Post Office was purchased in 1732 by Matthew Pagitt, who assigned it to Michael Reeves, gent, the latter was illegally dispossessed of it by James Maculla, against whom the assignee applied for an attachment in 1740.

known as "Mac Culla's court," apparently so called from having been the residence of James Maculla, projector of a copper coinage for Ireland, who, in 1727, published at Dublin :

"Reasons and observations most humbly proposed by James Maculla of the city of Dublin, pewterer, artificer in divers metals, viz., pewter, brass, and copper, &c. For the manufacturing copper halfpence and farthings in the kingdom of Ireland, in order to reduce, and to pay off 50,000*l.* of the debt of the nation, and to circulate 200,000*l.* more in cash, than there is now in the same, and likewise to promote the manufacturing of copper sheets and bottoms of the ore and mine of the kingdom to the profit of many thousands of pounds to the country, all which will prevent the subjects losing at least 500*l.* per cent by the circulation of counterfeit halfpence, and will also stop the exportation of the silver specie to the unreasonable profit of the exporters of 939*l.* ster*l.* per ann. But this will encourage the exportation of the lawful halfpence, to the exporter's profit of 2187*l.* per cent per ann. And also some observations why the nation refused Mr. Wood's coyne, whereby they would probably have lost 383,897*l.* ster*l.* all of which will hereafter more fully appear." 8va. pp. 21.

In the succeeding year he published another treatise on the same subject with the following title :—

"The lamentable cry of the people of Ireland to parliament. A coinage or mint, proposed. The parliament of Ireland's address, and the king's answer thereunto, relating to the coining copper half-pence and farthings for this nation. With several reasons and observations, shewing the great necessity there is for such a coin; and a scheme laid down, demonstrating that the nation will have an increase in cash, as well gold and silver, as copper money, of two hundred and fifty thousand pounds, ster*l.* by means thereof: And that the said sum may be deemed all profit to the kingdom. By James Maculla of the city of Dublin, artificer in divers metals, viz. pewter, brass, and copper, &c. Dublin: printed by Edward Waters, 1728." 4to. pp. 11.

Swift, in 1729, published a "Letter on Mr. Maculla's project about halfpence," in which, addressing Dr. Delany, he says :—

"You desire to know my opinion concerning Mr. Mac Culla's project of circulating notes, stamped on copper, that shall pass for the value of halfpence and pence. I have some knowledge of the man: and, about a month ago, he brought me his book, with a couple of his halfpenny notes: but I was then out of order, and he could not be admitted. Since that time, I called at his house, where I discoursed the whole affair with him as thoroughly as I could. I am altogether a stranger to his character. He talked to me in the usual style, with a great profession of zeal for the public good; which is the common cant of all projectors in their bills, from a first minister

of state down to a corn cutter. But I stopped him short, as I would have done a better man; because it is too gross a practice to pass at any time, and especially in this age, where we all know one another so well. Yet, whoever proposes any scheme which may prove to be a public benefit, I shall not quarrel if it prove likewise very beneficial to himself. It is certain, that, next to the want of silver, our greatest distress in point of coin is the want of small change, which may be some poor relief for the defect of the former, since the crown will not please to take that work upon them here, as they do in England. One thing in Maculla's book is certainly right, that no law hinders me from giving a payable note upon leather, wood, copper, brass, iron, or any other material (except gold or silver), as well as upon paper. The question is, whether I can sue him on a copper bond, where there is neither hand nor seal, nor witnesses to prove it? To supply this, he has proposed, that the materials upon which this note is written, shall be in some degree of value equal to the debt. But that is one principal matter to be inquired into. His scheme is this: he gives you a piece of copper for a halfpenny or penny, stamped with a promissory note to pay you twenty pence for every pound of copper notes, whenever you shall return them. Eight and forty of these halfpenny pieces are to weigh a pound; and he sells you that pound, coined and stamped, for two shillings: by which he clearly gains a little more than sixteen per cent; that is to say, two pence in every shilling."

The Dean suggested that Maculla should give security for the quality of the metal in his tokens, and be required to limit their issue to a reasonable amount; but, on the whole, he recommended that the projector should be rewarded for his ingenious proposal, which he was of opinion might easily be brought to perfection by a society of nine or ten honest gentlemen of fortune, who wished well to their country, and would be content to be neither gainers nor losers, farther than the bare interest of their money. Maculla commenced the issue of his tokens in 1728, and in the ensuing year he issued coins with the following inscriptions: obverse, "Cash notes val received Dublin: 1729. James Maculla. Penny," in seven lines across the field of the coin, and on the reverse "I promise to pay the bearer on demand 20 pence a pound for these," in seven lines across the field; "Cash notes val received: Dublin 1729. James Maculla  $\frac{1}{2}$ ," in seven lines across, the reverse being the same as the former. His last coinage appears to have been in 1731, when he issued a coin containing on the obverse "Cash notes value reced. J Maculla," in the centre a fleur de lis, and on the reverse "I promise 20 shillings pound ster"; in the middle a figure of Justice standing between two pillars, in her right hand a sword and in her left a balance, the date, 1731, above.

The booksellers and publishers resident in High-street were, William Weston, printer and stationer to the lord deputy Tyrconnel, some of whose publications bear the imprimatur of Patrick Tyrrell, Roman Catholic bishop of Clogher; John Ware (1710); William Manning, publisher in 1726 of a newspaper styled "The Dublin Post-man, being the most impartial advices foreign and domestick"; Thomas Fleming at the "Salmon," publisher of engravings; George Golding at the "King's head," near Cornmarket (1740); T. Browne; Edward Hamilton; Richard Bulkely; Luke Dowling, a very eminent Roman Catholic bookseller who died in 1758; and Richard Fitz Simons, 1765.

In High-street resided Humphrey French, who, from his conduct during his mayoralty in 1735, acquired the name of the "Good lord mayor." French died in 1736, and in the succeeding year, Swift, who, in 1731, had addressed to him a paraphrase of the ninth ode of the fourth book of Horace, wrote, from the Deanery house, as follows to George Faulkner\* :—

"Sir, I have often mentioned to you an earnest desire I had, and still have, to record the merit and services of the lord mayor, Humphrey French; whom I often desired, after his mayoralty, to give me an account of many passages that happened in his mayoralty, and which he has often put off, on the pretence of his forgetfulness, but in reality of his modesty: I take him to be a hero in his kind, and that he ought to be imitated by all his successors, as far as their genius can reach. I desire you therefore to enquire among all his friends whom you are acquainted with, to press them to give you the particulars of what they can remember, not only during the general conduct of his life, whenever he had any power or authority in the city, but particularly from Mr. Maple, who was his intimate friend, who knew him best, and could give the most just character of himself and his actions. When I shall have got a sufficient information of all these particulars, I will, although I am oppressed with age and infirmities, stir up all the little spirit I can raise, to give the public an account of that great patriot; and propose him as an example to all future magistrates, in order to recommend his virtues to this miserable kingdom. I am, Sir, your very humble servant, JON. SWIFT."

The proposed biography was never published, and the sole memorial of its hero now preserved is a large mezzotinto portrait inscribed—"The good lord mayor." It may be noticed here that Humphrey French's eldest brother, Matthew French,

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\* For a memoir of George Faulkner, see the third paper of the present series. Notices of William Maple, referred to in the above letter, will be found in the IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, Vol. II. and Vol. III.

of Ballyhubbuck, co. Wicklow, married Elizabeth Lenthal, granddaughter of the famous speaker of the English house of commons.

Henry Tresham, one of our most eminent Irish painters, was born in High-street, and studied in Dublin under the elder West and Ennis, after which he was sent by sir Clifton Winttingham to Italy, where he sojourned for several years. During his residence abroad, the eccentric bishop of Derry, conceiving that he was not sufficiently industrious, induced his friends to withdraw an annual pension which they allowed him of £100 per annum, thus suddenly placing the artist in a very difficult position. On his return from the Continent he finished several pictures, among which was a large picture of Adam and Eve, which became the property of lord Powerscourt. He painted several pictures for the Boydell Shakespeare gallery, and was engaged by the Longmans to edit their great publication of engravings from the works of the ancient masters in the collections of the British nobility and gentry. His drawings with pen and ink, and especially with black chalk, were admitted to possess the highest excellence, and in recognition of his acquirements he was admitted to the academies of Rome, Bologna, and London. Tresham's critical acquaintance with the history of the fine arts was very extensive, and he was generally regarded as the highest authority of his day on all matters of virtù. On one occasion he purchased for £100 a quantity of Etruscan vases, which had been cast aside as refuse by Thomas Hope, an eminent collector; Tresham, however, sold one half of the parcel to Samuel Rogers for £800, and transferred the remainder, with some subsequent additions, to the earl of Carlisle, who, in return, settled upon him a life annuity of £300. Tresham died in June, 1814, having left behind him the following publications:—"The sea sick minstrel, or maritime sorrows," a poem, in six cantos, 4to. 1796; "Rome at the close of the eighteenth century," 4to. 1799; and "Britannicus to Bonaparte, an heroic epistle with notes," 4to. 1803.

At the house of his kinsman, William Dunbavin, no. 65 High-street, was performed, in November, 1798, the ceremony of waking the corpse of Theobald Wolfe Tone. William Dunbavin, according to Dr. R. Madden, was totally opposed to Tone's political opinions.

"He was a member of a corps of yeomanry, and possessed some influence with the terrorists of the day. By means of that influence,

probably assisted in high quarters by the interference of the Hon. George Knox, the body of Tone, and his effects—clothes, uniform, and sword, were given up to his friends. The two Dunbavins, provided with a written order, went with four men to the Provost for the body, and it was given up to them by major Sandys. It was taken to William Dunbavin's house in High-street (where his father and mother were then living), and laid out in a room on the second floor. The surviving relatives state, that the mother bore up astonishingly against the trials which befell her in such quick succession; but the poor father seemed to have been overwhelmed by this last calamity.—

"The body was kept two nights at Dunbavin's. A great number of persons came and sat in the room where the corpse was laid out. At length an order came from government that the interment should immediately take place, and as privately as possible.—The funeral, in conformity with the orders of the authorities, was attended only by two persons, William Dunbavin and John Ebbs, a brazier, who resided in Bride-street: both were members of a corps of yeomanry. The remains of Theobald Wolfe Tone were interred in the ancient cemetery of Bodenstown, close to the wall (on the south side) of the ruined abbey that stands in the centre of the grave-yard, in the same grave where his brother's remains were recently buried, and those of his grandfather and his uncles reposed."

The line of street now known as "Back Lane," at the rear of the southern side of High-street, was in early times styled "Vicus Rupelli," "Rochestrete," and "Rochelistrete," or Rochelle-street. The original cause of these names having been applied to this street is unapparent; and the assertion that it acquired its name from the merchants of La Rochelle by whom it was inhabited, is not supported by any documentary evidence.

We find that Walter de Istelep, lord treasurer of Ireland, resided in this locality in 1322, and his house at the corner of Roche-street in St. Nicholas-street, was granted, in 1345, by the king to Stephen Crophull. In an unpublished memorandum roll of the year 1556, this street is called "Rosipelle-street;" it appears, however, in Elizabeth's reign, to have been more generally styled "Backe lane," or the "Rochel lane," by which latter name it was designated in legal documents so late as the middle of the last century.

On the removal of the flesh shambles from High-street in the reign of James I., a range of buildings was erected and joined to those which formed the north side of Rochel lane, the southern side of which, bounded by the city wall, appears not to have been completely built upon in the year 1610.

In 1629, a Chapel and Roman Catholic University were established in Back-lane by the Jesuits, of whose early history in Ireland few particulars have been preserved. Towards the

end of the reign of Henry VIII., Ignatius Loyola, founder of the order, sent fathers Alphonsus Salmeron, and Paschasius Broet, two of his first companions, with Francisco Zapata, to this country, where they remained for little more than one month. During the generalship of Francis Borgia (1565—1572) the Irish mission began to be regularly supplied with fathers of this order, but until 1620, they were "usually attached to the persons or houses of the gentry: after that period they obtained stations of their own, which increased to eight colleges and residences, some of which counted eight members in community and none less than three. The novitiate was at length established at Kilkenny, but shortly afterwards removed to Galway." Of the Dublin Jesuits in the early part of the seventeenth century the most eminent were, Christopher Hollywood, or "a sacro bosco," who died in 1626, having presided over the order for twenty-three years, although he had been specially denounced by the King in his speech to parliament in 1614; Henry Fitz Simon, for some years professor of philosophy at the College of Douay, subsequently imprisoned as a dangerous controversialist in the Castle of Dublin; and William Malone, who for twenty-four years resided in Dublin, whence he was summoned in 1635 to preside over the Irish College at Rome, from which in 1647 he was dispatched to Ireland as superior of the entire mission there.\*

The establishments of the Jesuits in Back-lane were in 1632 seized and sequestrated by government, by whom the college there was transferred to the University of Dublin. Of those buildings a writer in 1635 has left the following notice:—

"I saw the church, which was erected by the Jesuits, and made use by them two years. There was a College also belonging unto them, both these erected in the Back-lane. The pulpit in this Church was richly adorned with pictures, and so was the high altar, which

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\* In reply to Malone's paper called "The Jesuit's Challenge." Ussher in 1624 published his "Answer to a challenge made by a Jesuit in Ireland," to which Malone rejoined in "A reply to Dr. Ussher's answer about the judgement of antiquity concerning the Romish Religion," 4to. Douay: 1627. Large numbers of Ussher's work were circulated, but Malone's book was not allowed to come into Great Britain or Ireland, to which sir Henry Bouchier alludes as follows in a letter to the primate from London in March 1629. "The Jesuit's reply to your grace; is not to be gotten here; those that came into England were seized, and for ought I can hear, they lie still in the Custom house; that which I used, was borrowed for me by a friend of the author himself, half a year since, he being then here in London, and going by the name of Morgan."

was advanced with steps and railed out like cathedrals ; upon either side thereof was there erected places for confession : no fastened seats were in the middle or body thereof, nor was there any chancel ; but that it might be more capacious, there was a gallery erected on both sides, and at the lower end of this church, which was built in my lord Faulkland's time, and whereof they were disinvested, when my lord chancellor (Loftus) and my lord of Orke executed by commission the deputy's place. This college is now joined and annexed to the college of Dublin, called Trinity college, and in this church there is a lecture every Tuesday."

A writer in 1643, arraigning the earl of Strafford's government of Ireland, states that :—

"When the late lord chancellor Loftus, and the earl of Cork were lords justices, they endeavoured to suppress the Masse-houses in Dublin, and to convert them to pious uses, one of which was in the street called Back-lane they disposed of to the University of Dublin, who placed a rector and scholars in it, and maintained a weekly lecture there, to which lecture the lords justices and state of Ireland did usually resort, to the great countenance of the Protestant religion there. But after the earl of Strafford came to the government the lecture was put down, the scholars displaced, and the house became a Masse-house as it had formerly been."

The ground on which these edifices were erected appears to have been the property of the dean and chapter of Christ Church, by whom they were leased for forty years at the annual rent of twelve pounds to Wentworth earl of Kildare, whence they acquired the name of "Kildare Hall" and "Kildare Chapel." The "Mass-house in Back-lane" which is described as a "fair collegiate building" was subsequently converted into a government hospital, for which purpose it was used till the conclusion of the reign of Charles II. and the present "Tailors' hall" is traditionally stated to have been built on its site.

The tailors of Dublin were incorporated by two charters, dated respectively 20th May, 1417, and 16th July, 1418, addressed to John Talbot, lord Furnival, Thomas Talbot his brother, Laurence de Mereburil, knight, Hugh Burgh, Roger Hawkinshaw, John Wyche, John Gland, Thomas Wallys, Reginald Sueterby, John Corryngham, John Passavant, Thomas Case, John Cruce, John Hynton, John Kyrkham, David Rendyll, William Barret, William Redyard, John Lytyll, and James Yong. The charter authorized the foundation of a guild or fraternity of tailors ("artis scissorum") within the city of Dublin, in honor of God, the blessed Virgin Mary, and St.



John the Baptist; the corporation, comprising both male and female members, was to be governed by a master and two wardens, and to have a chantry of one or more chaplains, to celebrate divine service daily in the chapel of the blessed Virgin Mary in the church of St. John, Dublin, for the benefit of the souls of the founders and members of the guild. This grant is registered on a memorandum roll of the year 1446 (24 Henry VI.) and contains the clause, usual in the charters granted in the middle ages to the Dublin guilds, that no member of the fraternity should take any but English youths ("Anglicæ nacionis") as apprentices.

Notwithstanding their charter, the corporation of Dublin tailors continued to use a seal bearing the arms of the company of merchant tailors of London until the year 1684, when they procured a grant from sir Richard Carney, Ulster king-at-arms, whose patent to them sets forth that

"Now forasmuch as the said corporation haveing much contributed and being signally serviceable in the most happy restauration of our most gracious sovereigne lord king Charles the second, and being requested by Francis Potts, master, William Story and David Hardy, wardens, and the rest of the said corporation of taylors to assigne and confirme unto them theire heires and successors such a coate of armes as may properly be used by them without prejudice to any other corporation whatsoever, I therefore in compliance of this their reasonable request have granted and confirmed unto the said master and wardens and their successors for the use of the said corporation for ever these armes, crest, supporters and motto following, vizt: Argent a tent between two manches gules on a chiefe azure a lamb passant of the first between two Bizants Or; for their crest on a helmet and wreath of their collours St. John the Baptist's head proper in a charger Or mantled gules doubled argent, supported between two camels proper Bizanted standing on a scrowle with this motto (I was naked and ye clothed me) *Nudus et operuistis me.*"

The following accounts, furnished to lord Kingston in the reign of Charles II., and now published for the first time, throw some light on the history of costume in Ireland at that period:—

"April 20th, 1670. For your lordship black shute: for canvass and stiffeneing 3s. 6d.; for 5 yards of callicoe 8s; for 3 peeces of ribon 11s. per peece 33s; for silk and galloone 6s; for pocketts for shute and coate 7s; for six dozen of coate buttones 6 doz vest 10s; for 6 yards of broad ribon 5s; for fine draweing vest and coate 3s; for coallor and bone 1s; for makeing vest coate and breeches 18s; for a pair of breeches for your man 9s;—£5 3. 6. May 28th, 1670. for a peece of ribon 12s; for a sash £1; for a dozen of ribon 8s. £2 : 0 : 0. July 10th, for your two shirts 8s; for canvass and stiffeneing 16s. 8d; for 10 yards of callicoe 16s. 8d; for silk and galloone

12s; for pocketts for 2 shutes and coates 6s; for 16 dozen of coate buttons £1. 12. 0; for 9 dozen of breast buttons roope lase 9s; for buckram and firrett ribon 4s; for two yardes of silver and silke lase £1. 4. 0; for making your 2 shutes and coates £1. 8. 0; —£6. 19. 8. July 11th, for your lordship mourning shute and coate: for 8 yards of cloath at 26s per yard £10. 8. 0; for 20 yards of crape at 3s per yard £3; for one ell and a  $\frac{1}{2}$  of sarsnett 18s; for one paire of woostead stockinges 9s; £14. 15. 0. July 11th, for canvass and stiffneing 3s; for silk and galloone 5s; for 5 yards of callicoe 7s; for 5 dozen of buttons 5s; for pocketts for shute and coate 4s; for making vest, coate, and breeches 14s; for fine draweing your vest 2s; for firrett ribon and buckram 2s; for 2 dozen of ribon 8s; —£2. 10. 0. July 19th, 1670, for your lordship's trumpeters: for 24 yards of serge at 4s per yd £4. 16. 0; for 12 yards of black serge at 3s per yd £1. 16. 0; for 9 yards of callicoe 13s; for 4 yards  $\frac{1}{2}$  of Taby at 9s per yd £2. 0. 6; for  $\frac{1}{2}$  ell of sarsnett 6s; for 30 dozen of lace 12 pds per doz £18; for 16 yds of fringe at 3s per yd £2. 8. 0; for three belts with buckles £1. 4. 0; for 3 paire of stockinges 18s; for 6 pieces of ribon 10s per peece £3; for 10 yards of dyed linen 14s; for 3 paire of pocketts and cotton 6s; for silk and galloone 18s; for make 3 coates and breeches £3; for 3 hats £1. 4. 0; —£41. 3. 6: for 2 peeces of black ribon £1. 6; for a belt 8s; —£1. 14. 0. April 20th, 1670, a blacke suite for my lorde £5. 3. 6; for ribbin and a sash £2. July 10th, for 2 saytes makeing £6. 19. 8; July 11th, my lord's mourningsuite, cloth and materials £14. 15; makeing yesuite £2. 10; July 19th, the trumpiter's clothes £41. 3. 6; black ribbin and a belt £1. 14. 0; —£74. 5. 8.

*"Hatts delivered for the use of my lord Kingstons as followeth:* November ye 20th, 1688, 2 laker hatts delivered for the use of my lord at 12s per hatt £1. 4. 0. January ye 29, 1685, one black beaver and Gould band for my lord, £4. 7. 0. February ye 5, 1685, one laker hatt for John Robinson 12s. February ye 20th, one laker hatt and band for my lord's page, 13s 6d. May ye 13th, 1686, one laker hatt for the rider 12s. April ye 17th, one black hatt and band for one of the grooms by Mr. William Ellis his order 5s. October ye 14th, one black beaver and band for my lord £3. 9. 0. October ye 15th, Mr. John Taylor, one laker hatt, 12s. Ditto Mr. John Taylor two french hatts, one laker hatt for the use of my lord, £2. 6. 0. —£14. 4. 6. Recd from sir Robt King the sum of fourteene pounds in full of ye within bill, this 10th of July, 1688 per Reef Davis."

*"Bought of Rich Nuttall at ye 3 squirrells in Castle-street, 6 yards  $\frac{1}{2}$  of superfine black Spanish cloth at 24s. 6d. £7 19. 3; 2 peeces brode crape ribbin 12s. 6d. £1 5s. 0d; 7 yards brode bumbuzeen 4s. per £1. 8. 0. 1 ell and  $\frac{1}{2}$  fine canvass 3s. per, 4s. 6d; 2 yards and a  $\frac{1}{2}$  silke at 2s. 6d. per, 6s. 3d; 5 yards galloone 4d. per, 1s. 8d; 5 yards callicoe at 14d. 7s. 6d; belt peeces and collar, 2s.; hookes and ys loop lace 10d; 7 doz. newest coat buttons 12d. per doz, 7s; 6 doz of ye same make breasts 4s; 14 yards of 4d. ferrit at 4d. per, 4s; —£12. 10. 8.*

\* In another account, dated 21st September, 1670, the following entries occur:—Two paire of fine black stockings, 8s; two pair of kid and two paire of shammy gloves, 7s 8d; sword for Mr. Robert, 14s.

\* After the Revolution, the Protestant portion of the guild of tailors, anxious to obtain a monopoly by imposing disabilities upon their Roman Catholic fellow tradesmen, petitioned William III. for a new charter, on the grounds recapitulated as follows in the king's reply to their application :—

“ That the papists since the last rebellion have in great numbers repaired to our city of Dublin, out of the country, and do work at the taylor's trade in opposition to the petitioners, to the prejudice of our loyall subjects, and the great scandall and loss of the petitioners, they the said Papists committing many frauds and cheats, which cannot be prevented by the Protestants, unless we would be graciously pleased to grant unto them our royall charter to the like effect of their former charters, leaving out the Popish fopperies and superstitious ceremonies and uses, to which they and their predecessors were by their former charters obliged, that so the petitioners might become a Protestant fraternity or guild. To the end therefore that the petitioners and their successors might for ever commemorate the many and great blessings which they and other our Protestant subjects of that our kingdom, by the blessing of Almighty God on our arms, have enjoyed and still do enjoy, in releasing them from Popery and slavery, and establishing a Protestant government in that our kingdom, they therefore by their said petition humbly prayed that we would be graciously pleased to grant them a new charter, to the interests and purposes aforesaid.”

The new charter, making the corporation exclusively Protestant, was passed at Kensington, on the 2nd of May, 1696, Charles Cox and William Ballance being then wardens of the guild. The Taylors' hall appears to have stood in St. John's parish in the early part of the seventeenth century, and, from an inscription, we find that the present building on the north side of Back Lane was erected in the year 1706. On the 24th of June, the annual anniversary of their patron, the corporation used to assemble at their hall, from which they marched in procession to hear a sermon in St. John's church, Fishamble-street, whence they paraded to a tavern where they dined together. These annual displays afforded a theme to the satirists of the time, in one of whose lampoons in 1726 the following lines occur :—

“ Now the sermon being ended,  
And the minister descended ;  
To the ‘ Castle ’ or the ‘ Rose ,\*  
Or whatever place you’ve chose,  
Be it ‘ Cock ’ or ‘ Lyon yellow ,†  
Each one runs without his fellow,

As in Lent the College scholars,  
Or a regiment without colours,  
Now the dinner’s on the table,  
Each one eats as fast as able,  
Each one eats as much as ten,  
For the Lord knows when agen ;

\* The “ Rose tavern ” in Castle-street, see the second paper of the present series.

† The “ Cock ale-house ” and the “ Yellow Lion tavern,” noticed in the account of St. Werburgh's-street. IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, Vol. II.

Eat as fast as hungry dogs,  
Or as fast as famish'd hogs,  
Eat 'till they are full as leeches,  
And then fill with meat their breeches,  
And perhaps a plate or spoon,  
Found by Butler\* and the moon;  
Now remov'd the cloath and diabes,  
Wine they swallow down like fishes,  
Now it flies about in glasses,  
Now they toast their dirty lasses,


Now they see the candles double,  
Now they give the Drawer trouble,  
Now they throw away their poses,  
Now they break each other's noses,  
Now they make a rabble rout,  
Hats and wigs fly all about,  
Now they're sprawling on the floor,  
Now they give the quarrel o'er;  
Now they part with heavy curses,  
Broken heads, and empty purses."

The Taylors' hall in Back lane, being one of the largest public rooms in Dublin previous to the erection of the Music hall in Fishamble-street, was, in the early part of the eighteenth century, occasionally used for meetings, balls, musical performances, and auctions. We find notice of a magnificent entertainment given here in 1731 by lord Mountjoy to the lord lieutenant and chief nobility of the city; a musical society held its assemblies in 1748 in this hall, which continued long to be the meeting place of various guilds—as the Barber surgeons,† Tanners, Hosiers, and Curriers.

Meetings in favor of the "Octennial bill" were held in the Tailors' hall in 1762; and a writer, some years later in the

\* Isaac Butler, a noted Dublin astrologer, almanac compiler and naturalist.

† The fraternity of the art of barbers, or guild of St. Mary Magdalene, was established in Dublin by royal charter in 1446. A subsequent charter was granted by Elizabeth in 1576, and William Roberts, appointed Ulster king of arms in 1642, granted the guild the following arms:

"Parted by a crosse of England, charged with a lion passant gardant, argent, crowned or; these two coates armour quartered, viz. the first argent, a chevron gules betwixt three cinquefoyles azure; the second coate armour azure, a harpe crowned or; the third as the second; the fourth as the first; the creast, on a helme and wreath argent and gules, St. Mary Magdalene, &c. mantled gules; double argent supported by a leopard proper and an Irish greyhound argent, each gorged with a ducal coronet, and standing on a scrowle with their motto, viz.,  Christi salus nostra." In 1687 a new charter was given to the fraternity by James II. "to renew the guild or corporation of barbers, of which the barbers, chirurgeons, apothecaries, and periwig makers of the city of Dublin were members, to the intent that the severall arts and mysteryes of barber chirurgeons, apothecaries, and periwig makers may be the better exercised."

It is worthy of notice that James Crosby, of Dublin, barber, was one of the witnesses examined on the trial of Charles I., when he deposed: "That at the first fight at Newbury, about the time of barley harvest 1643, he did see the king riding from Newbury town, accompanied with divers lords and gentlemen, towards the place where his forces were then fighting with the parliament's army."

same century, makes the following observations on the multifarious uses to which the building was then applied :—

“ If variety has charms, the Tailors'-hall in Back lane, must be one of the most charming places in Dublin. Other edifices are destined to one use, or two at the most. Theatres serve only for amusement, or to kick up a dust in ; churches are appropriated for the purpose of praying or sleeping ; and the Four-courts are the seats of justice, or chicanery ; but, the Tailors'-hall exhibits a number of contrary scenes : on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, it is a dancing school ; on Thursdays, would-be heroes are taught to fence ; and on Tuesdays it is a swaddling meeting-house, that the students in the science of genteel murder, and those who amuse themselves with dancing, (called by the righteous the merry-go-round of the devil) may have their offences atoned for, and the place sanctified, at least once a week.”

On the 2nd of December, 1792, the general committee of the Irish Roman Catholics assembled at the Tailors' hall, which had been specially fitted up for the purpose. After voting Edward Byrne of Mullenahac to the chair, it was resolved, that the meeting, as then constituted, with the peers and prelates, was the only organ competent to speak the sense of the Catholic body. The committee next determined that a petition should be presented to the king, setting forth the grievances of the Irish Roman Catholics, and praying for their relief. A draft of the petition was read to the assembly and passed unanimously, with the exception of the final paragraph, which was objected to by Luke Teeling of Lisburn, who declared it to be too limited in its demands, and moved, “ that in place of the paragraph then read, one should be inserted, praying that the Catholics might be restored to the equal enjoyment of the blessings of the constitution.”

“ It is not easy to describe the effect which that speech had on the assembly. It was received with the most extravagant applause. A member of great respectability, and who had ever been remarked for a cautious and prudent system in his public conduct, (D. T. O'Brien, esq., of Cork,) rose to declare his hearty and entire concurrence in the spirit of the motion. ‘ Let us not,’ said he, ‘ deceive our sovereign and our constituents, nor approach the throne with a suppression of the truth. Now is the time to speak. The whole Catholic people are not to be called forth to acquiesce in the demand of partial relief.’ The question would now have been carried by acclamation, but for the interposition of a member, to whose opinion, from his past services, and the active part he had ever taken, the committee were disposed to pay every respect, (J. Keogh). He said, ‘ that he entirely agreed with the spirit of the motion, and he was satisfied that they

had but to ask and they should receive. But the meeting had already despatched a great deal of business, the hour was now late, and the question was of the very last importance.' 'Have you,' said the speaker, 'considered the magnitude of your demand and the power of your enemies? Have you considered the disgrace and the consequences of a refusal, and are you prepared to support your claim?' The whole assembly rose, as one man, and raising their right hands, answered, 'WE ARE.' It was a sublime spectacle. 'Then,' continued he, 'I honour and rejoice in a spirit which must render your success infallible; but let it not be said that you took up a resolution of this infinite magnitude in a fit of enthusiasm. Let us agree to retire. We meet again to-morrow. We will consider this question in the mean time, and, whatever be the determination of the morning, it will not be accused of want of temperance or consideration.' This argument prevailed, and the meeting adjourned."

It was subsequently decided here that the petition should be presented to the king in person, and on the 7th of December the committee elected by ballot the following members to perform that office:—Edward Byrne, John Keogh, Christopher Dillon Bellew, John Edward Devereux, and sir Thomas French. The committee, which sat for a week at the Tailors' hall, acquired the name of the "Back-lane parliament," from having been composed of representatives elected from the Roman Catholics of the various counties in Ireland, and their petition, combined with the state of the Continent, procured the partial relaxation of the Catholic disabilities in 1793.

At the same period the grand lodge of Dublin Freemasons used to assemble on the first Thursday of every month at the "Tailors' hall," which, in January, 1793, became the meeting place of the Dublin Society of United Irishmen, the most prominent members of which were, Theobald Wolfe Tone, Archibald Hamilton Rowan, James Napper Tandy, Beauchamp Bagenal Harvey, Hon. Simon Butler, William Drennan, Oliver Bond, Thomas Russell, Henry Sheares, and Henry Jackson.

This society was originally constituted "for the purpose of forwarding a brotherhood of affection, an identity of interests, a communion of rights, and an union of power, among Irishmen of all religious persuasions, and thereby obtaining an impartial and adequate representation of the nation in parliament." Members were elected by ballot and paid one guinea admission fee, together with one guinea annually by half-yearly payments, each member before his admission being required to take and subscribe a test, pledging himself to use all his abilities and influence to carry out the objects of the institu-

tion. The officers of the society consisted of a president, treasurer, and secretary, who were severally elected every three months. The society met every second Friday night—oftener when necessary—the chair was taken at 8 p.m. from 29th September to 25th March, and at 9 p.m. from 25th March to 29th September; fifteen members formed a quorum, and no new business was allowed to be introduced after ten o'clock. Every respect and deference was paid to the president: his chair was raised three steps above the seats of the members, the secretary and treasurer being seated under him, two steps above the seats of the members. On his rising from the chair, and taking off his hat, silence was established, and the members took their seats. The president was the judge of order and propriety, and was empowered to direct an apology, and to fine refractory members in any sum not above one crown; if the member refused to pay the fine, or to make the apology, he was thereupon expelled from the society. There were committees of constitution, of finance, of correspondence, and of accommodation. The committee of constitution consisted of nine, that of finance of seven, and the committee of correspondence of five members. Each committee, in addition to occasional reports, made general reports on every quarterly meeting. The treasurer was under the direction of the committee of finance, and the secretary was under the direction of the committee of correspondence. The election for committees was at every quarterly meeting decided by the majority of votes. The secretary was furnished with a seal presenting a harp, at the top were the words, "I am new strung"; at the bottom "I will be heard"; and on the exergue, "Society of United Irishmen of Dublin."

The society continued to meet at the Tailors' hall until 1794, in which year one of their meetings here was dispersed by the sheriff, who also seized upon their papers. The subsequent organization of the Society of United Irishmen for the purpose of establishing a republic in Ireland, forms an important portion of Irish history.

The entrance to the Tailors' hall is through an iron gate enclosed in a limestone frame, on the entablature of which is an inscription stating that the building was erected by the corporation of tailors in 1706. The gateway, portion of which runs under the drawing room floor of a house, leads to a flight of seven steps conducting to a small oblong open

space, which has been considerably curtailed by the offices of the adjacent houses; in the wall bounding this space of ground to the east is inserted a tablet, now much decayed, apparently containing the royal arms of England surmounted with a cap of maintenance, and bearing the following inscription: "This wall belongeth to the corporation of tailors and was rebuilt by them in the year of our lord, An 1710. John Holmes, master. William Sharman, John Wilson, wardens." The "Hall" is a long brick building, containing seven windows in a line across the front, and over the entrance door, about the year 1770, was placed a large bust of George III., which has been recently removed. On the western side of the building is the board room, a spacious and lofty apartment, measuring about 45 feet in length by 21 in width. This room was decorated with portraits of Charles I., Charles II., William III., Swift, and a curious ancient painting of St. Homohon, a tailor of Cremona, who was said to have "given all his labor to the poor, for which, and his life and miraculous actions, he was canonized in 1316." On a veined white marble chimney-piece in the board-room is engraved the following inscription: "The gift of Christopher Neary, master; Alexander Bell and Hugh Craigg, wardens, 1784." at the eastern end of the apartment, over the door, is a small gallery opening from an upper room, which was used for consultation by the master and wardens of the corporation. This is the only apartment on the second story, the other rooms in the building being next to the roof, from which they are lighted. Underneath the edifice are two kitchens and vaults, but the extent of ground at the rear is extremely limited. The paintings, plate, and other moveable property of the corporation of tailors were hurriedly disposed of immediately previous to the passing of the Reform Act. Some of the earliest meetings in favor of the temperance movement were held in the "Tailors' hall," which since the year 1841, has been used as the school of the corporation of tailors or guild of St. John the Baptist.

A grant of houses in "Back Lane" was made in the reign of Charles II. to Jeremy Donovan, chief of the clan Lochlainn O'Donovan, who was elected member of parliament for Baltimore in 1689, and appointed registrar of the Irish court of admiralty by James II. His residence in this locality was, till the middle of the last century, known as the "Donovan's arms."



Jonathan Gowan, bookseller and printer of the Dublin Gazette, resided in Back-lane at the sign of the "Spinning Wheel," opposite to Maculla's court, from 1734 to 1756; and a noted tavern known as the sign of "Mother Redcap," was kept here by Robert Burrell, from the first years of the eighteenth century till it fell to decay about 1740. Referring to those times, a writer of the day says, "I have frequently thought of our frolicsome rambles in vacation time, and the merry dancings we had at 'Mother Redcap's' in Back-lane; the hurling matches we have played at Dolphin's-barn, and the cakes and ale we used to have at the Organ-house on Arbour-hill."

At the eastern end of the High-street John le Decer, mayor of Dublin in 1308, erected at his own expense a marble cistern to receive water from the conduit for the benefit of the citizens, such, says the old writer, as was never before seen there. The line of street to the westward of this cistern was styled the "Newgate-street," from the city portal called the "New Gate," which formed its westward boundary. And from being the locality where grain was usually exposed for sale, the Newgate-street subsequently acquired the name of the "Corn-market," by which title a portion of the original locality is still designated.

In the Corn-market at an early period was located the "Bull Ring," of Dublin, of the officers connected with which a writer in the reign of Elizabeth gives the following account:—

"For the better training of their youth in martial exploits, the citizens use to muster foure times by the yeare: on 'Blacke Monday,' which is the morrow of Easter daie, on Maie daie, Saint John Baptist his eeve, and Saint Peter his eeve. Whereof two are ascribed to the maior and shiriffs: the other two, to wit, the musters on Maie daie and Saint Peter his eeve, are assigned to the maior and shiriffs of the Bull-ring. The maior of the Bull-ring is an officer elected by the citizens, to be as it were capteine or gardian of the batchelers and the unwedded youth of the civitie. And for the yeare he hath authoritie to chastise and punish such as frequent brothelhouses and the like unchast places. He is tearmed the maior of the Bull-ring, of an iron ring that sticketh in the corne-market, to which the bulles that are yearelie bated be usually tied: which ring is had by him and his companie in so great price, as if anie citizen batcheler hap to marrie, the maior of the Bull-ring and his crue conduct the bridegroom upon his returne from church, to the market-place, and there with a solemne kisse for his *ultimum vale*, he dooth homage unto the Bull-ring."

The mayor of the Bull-ring frequently accompanied the mayor and sheriffs of the city on their military expeditions; the

office, however, appears to have fallen into desuetude in the reign of James I. and the last reference we find to the Bull Ring is in the unpublished "*Liber tenuarum provincie Lagenie*," which mentions Bartholomew Ball as holding a tenement at "Le Bulringe," in 1632.

The date of the erection of the New Gate has not been ascertained, but from the charter of the hospital of St. John it appears to have been standing in 1188, and in the ancient laws of the city we find the following enactment:—"The second watchman (vigilator) shall begin his patrol at the New Gate, and so through the High-street to the new Tholsel, and so far as St. Patrick's gate, including Rochel-street (vicus Rupelle), and the three lanes (venellæ,) namely, St. Audoen's-lane, Gil-lamocholmog's-lane, and the other lane leading to the house of Thomas le Marechal." During the middle ages the New Gate was used as the town-gaol, and the prisoners there confined to appear have been mainly supported by the charity of the citizens. Of the attack made upon it in 1535 by Thomas Fitzgerald, after he had failed in his attempts to take the castle and to obtain ingress to the city, an old writer has left the following account:—

"The greater number of the rebels assembled to Thomas his court, and marched to St. Thomas his street, rasing down the partitions of the row of houses before them on both sides of the street, finding none to withstand them: for the inhabitants fled into the citie, so that they made a long lane on both the sides like a gallerie covered all over head, to shield as well their horssemen as their footmen from gunshot. This done they burnt the new street, planted a falcon\* right against the New Gate, and it discharged, pearsed the gate, and kild an apprentice of Thomas Stephans, alderman, as he went to bring a basin of water from the high pipe, which by reason the springs were damd up, was at that time drie. Richard Stanton, commonlie called Dicke Stanton, was then gailor of the New Gate, a good servitor and excellent markeman, as his valiant service that time did approve. For besides that he gald divers of the rebels as they would skip from house to house, by causing some of them with his peece to carrie their errands in their buttocks; so he perceived one of the enemies leveling at the window or spike at which he stood: but whether it were, that the rebell his powder failed him, or some gimball or other was out of frame, Stanton took him so trulie for his marke, as he strake him with his bullet full in the forehead under the brim of his scull, and withall turned up his heeles. Stanton not satisfied with his death, issued out at the wicket, stript the varlot mother-naked and brought in his peece and his attire. The desperatnesse of this fact disliked of

\* A species of cannon. Camden tells us that pieces of artillery had names given them, "some from serpents or ravenous birds, as Culverines or Colubrines, Serpentine, Basilisques, Faucons, Sacres."

the citizens, and greatlie stomached of the rebels, before Stanton returned to his standing, the enimies brought faggots and fiers to the New Gate, and incontenentlie fired them. The townsmen perceiving that if the gate were burnt, the enimies would be encouraged upon hope of the spoile, to venter more fiercelie than if they were incountred without the wals, thought it expedient presentlie to charge them. To this exploit they were the more egerlie moved, because that notwithstanding Thomas his souldiors were manie in number; yet they knew that the better part of his companie bare but hollow hearts to the quarrell: for the number of the wise gentlemen of the pale did little or nothing incline to his purpose. And therefore, when he besieged the citie, the most part of those arrowes, which were shot over the walles, were unheaded, and nothing annoied them: some shot in letters, and foretold them of all the treacherous stratagems that were in hammering. That espied the citizens, and gathering the faintnesse of his souldiors thereby, blazed abroad upon the walles triumphant newes, that the king his armie was arrived; and as it had been so indeed, suddenlie to the number of four hundred rushed out the New Gate, through flame and fire upon the rebels, who (at the first sight of armed men) weening no lesse but the truth was so, otherwise assured, that the citie would never dare to re-incounter them, gave ground, forsooke their capteins, dispersed and scattered into diverse corners, their falcon taken, an hundred of their stoutest galloglasses slaine. Thomas Fitzgiralde fled to the graie friers in S. Francis his street, there coucht that night, unknown to the citie, until the next morning he stale privlie to his armie not far off, who stood in wonderful feare that he was apprehended. Thomas his courage by this late overthrow somewhat cooled, and also being assuredlie told, that a fleete was espied a farre off, bearing full sail towards the coast of Ireland, he was soon intreated, having so manie irons in the fire, to take eggs for his monie: and withall, having no forren succor, either from Paulus tertius or Charles the fift, which dailie he expected, he was sore quailed, being of himself though strong in number of souldiors, yet unfurnished of sufficient munition and artillerie, to stand and withstand the king his armie in a pitcht field, or a maine battell. Upon this and other considerations, to make as faire weather as he could, he sent James de la Hide, Linche of the Knocke, William Bath of Dollarstowne, Doctor Traverse, Thomas Field of Painstowne, as messengers to the citizens, to treat with them of a truce, who being let in at the New Gate, repaired to William Kellie his house, where maister maior and his brethren were assembled."

The most valuable and accurate description extant of the various gates and towers of the city of Dublin is that contained in the following document, now printed for the first time. The original is preserved in the State Paper Office, London, and appears to have been compiled towards the close of the sixteenth, or in the first years of the seventeenth century:—

*"A note of the whole Circuite of the Cittie walles from the Towre called Bremeghams Towre of the Castell, unto the East Gate called the Dame (h)is gate of the said Cittie, acordinge to the direccion of the Right Honourable the L. Deputie."*

"Inprimis. From Bremighams Towre to \*Stanirste (h)is Towre is one hundred and ninety-six foote distant, whereof there is next the said Bremighams Towre sixty-four foote within the Castell diche not rampered; and from thens to Stanirste is Towre beinge one hundred and thirty-two foote is sufficientlie rampiered and firme grounde, twenty foote hie from the fundacion of the wall; which wall is twenty-eight foote hie, wherof eight foote is abowe the said rampier, besydes the garettes, and seven foote thicke.

"The said Stanirste (h)is Towre is rounde withowte the wall, and skware within, three stories hie with three tymber loftes, and in the loer storie three lowpes,† in the seconde storie one lowpe, and in the third storie twoe lowpes; the wall six foote thicke, nineteen foote square within, and the Towre forty-six foot hie, besydes the garettes.

"From Stanihurst (his) Towre to the Pole Gate‡ is one hundred and sixty-eight foote distant, and the wall and rampier agreeinge in like height and thicknis as the other parte of the said wall, and rampier aforesaid.

"The Towre over the said Pole Gate is a square Towre, with twoe stories, the loer storie upon a vawte with three lowpes, and the upper storie, a timber loft, and the wall five foote thicke and fourteen foote square within, and the Towre forty-six foote hie, besydes the garettes from the fundacion of the wall with a percwilles for the same Gate.

"From the Pole Gate to the Towre called Genevers (Joinville's) Towre nowe in Mr. Parckins pcession is one hundred and eighty-six foote distant, and the wall and rampier agreinge in like height and thicknis as the other parte of the said wall and rampier aforesaid.

"The said Geneviers Towre is rounde without the wall and square within, three stories hie, with twoe timber loftes, and in the loer storie one lowpe, in the seconde storie one lardge lowpe, and the wall eight foote thicke; twelve foote square in one waye and sixteen foote another waye, and the Towre forty-six foote hie.

"From Geneviers Towre to St. Nicholas Gate is two hundred and fifty-two foote distant, and the wall and rampier agreinge in like height and thicknis as the other parte of the said wall and rampier aforesaid.

"St. Nicholas Gate have towre rounde towres without and square within, and the said Gate placed betwixt bothe the Towres.

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\* The Stanihursts, from whom this tower was named, were of considerable eminence as citizens of Dublin in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

† Loop holes.

‡ At the southern end of Werburgh's-street. See an account of that locality, in the first paper of the present series.

every Towre three heightes, whereof twoe loftes, and fowre lowpes in every Towre, the wall five foote thicke, thirty-nine foote in leinthe one waye, and eighteen foote brode the other waye, and the Towre forty-fve foote hie, with a percwiles for the same Gate.

"From St. Nicholas Gate to the Towre in sir Wm. Sarsfeldes\* pocession is three hundred and twelve foote distant, whereof there is seventy-fowre foote nexte adjoyninge unto St. Nicholas Gate, of the wall but sixteen foote hie, and the firme grounde nine foote hie within the said wall, and the reste being two hundred and thirty-eight foote is fowre foote and a halfe thicke, sixteen foote hie besydes the garettes and a rampier within of fifteen foote thicke, and nere as hie as the wall in the insyde; besydes the buttris, which is from the botom of the diche to the fundacion of the wall nineteen foote goode, by estimation.

"The said Towre in sir Willm Sarsfeldes pocession is a demy rounde Towre, fylled with earthe, and nether vawte nor lofte, with fowre lowpes, eleven foote square within, the Towre, and the wall fowre foote demy there, and sixteen foote hie, ewin with the wall before.

"From the Towre in sir Willm. Sarsfeldes pocession to the smalle Towre in the pocession of Mr. Christopher Sedgrave is three hundred and forty foote distant, and the wall and rampier with the buttris withowte the said wall agreinge in licke height and thickenes as the other parte of the said wall, rampier and buttris before mencioned; savinge that there is no rampier within eighty foote neate adjoyninge to the said Towre in Mr. Sedgraves pocession.

"The said Towre in Mr. Sedgraves pocession is a demy rounde Towre, with twoe vawtes, one eqwall with the wall with three lowps, the other with a paire of stayres goinge up into it from the wall an covered for a feue to stand upon, with a garet abowt, and eleven foote longe one waye and six foote another waye, the Towre twenty-six foote hie, and fowre foote thicke.

"From the Towre in Mr. Sedgraves pocession to the Towre in Mr. Richard Fagan (h)is pocession is ninety foote distant, and the wall agreinge in like height and thicknis as aforesaid, and no rampier within the said parte of the wall, but the licke buttris withowt as befor.

"The said Towre in Mr. Fagans pocession is a rounde Towre withowte, and square within, and nether vawte nor lofte, but a waye goinge up unto the toppe; being ten foote square upon the toppe, with a garet, and fyve lowps in the waye goinge up; and the Towre thirty-twoe foote hie and twoe foote thicke besydes the thicknis of the stayres.

"From the Towre in Mr. Fagans pocession to the Sowtheaste Towre of the Neue Gate is one hundred and twenty foote distant, the wall seventeen foote hie and fyve foote thicke, and no rampier

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\* Mayor of Dublin in 1566, in which year he was knighted for his services against Shane O'Neil, and for rescuing lady Sidney from the Irish. He died in 1616, and was the ancestor of the famous Jacobite, earl of Lucan.

within the said wall, but howses joyning close to the said wall within, and the licke buttris withowte the said wall as the other parte of the said wall have before. The Neue Gatte hawe twoe Towres, and every Towre is three heightes, with twoe smale towrettes in the tope, and the gatte howse standes betwixt bothe the saide towres, the loer storie of every Towre is vawted, and the other twoe stories lofted; every towre is twelve foote square within the wall, and the wall fyve foote thicke, and every rowme twoe lowpes. The Gatte Howse is forty foote one waye and fifteen foote another waye, and the height of boethe the said Towres from the pavement to the leads is forty foote, besydes the garettes, and there is a percwilles for the same gatte.\*

"From the North Towre of the Neue Gatte to the Towre in Mr. Nicholas Fitzsimons pcession is one hundred and eighty foote distant, the wall four foote thicke and twenty-twoe foote hie, with a buttris withowte as before, and no rampier within, but howses close joyninge to the wall within. The said Towre in Mr. Fitzsimons pcession is a square Towre, fowre stories hie, with three loftes and no vawte, twoe lowps in the loer storie, three lowps in the seconde storie, fowre lowps in the third storie, and fowre lowps in the fowrthe storie; the Towre thirty-two foote hie, sixteene foote square, and three foote thicke.

\* Between this gate and St. Patrick's gate was the street styled in ancient times "Bertram's court," from Bertram de Verdon, who came to this country with prince John in 1185, and obtained the barony of Dundalk and lordship of Clonmore, and other estates in the county of Louth, together with the office of seneschal of Ireland. Roesia, the only daughter of his son Nicholas de Verdon, was, by the special interference of the king, married to Theobald le Botiller, ancestor of the house of Ormond. The issue of this marriage was John de Verdon, who married Matilda, daughter and coheirress of Gilbert de Lacy, thereby obtaining one moiety of Meath, and the office of constable of Ireland. Their son Theobald de Verdon, from the extent of his possessions, sat as baron in the parliaments of England and Ireland, and on the death of his son the family estates were divided among the husbands of his four daughters and coheirresses, in consequence of the extinction of the direct male line of "one of the most potent families that ever settled in Ireland, and decidedly as illustrious and as ancient a race of peers as ever flourished in England since the Norman conquest." Among the MSS. of the University of Dublin is preserved a grant made by the corporation of Dublin in 1305 to Roger de Asheburn and his heirs, of a certain ditch (*quoddam fossatum*) without the walls of Dublin, near Bertram's court (*curia Bertrami*) extending from the tenements near the new gate as far as the ground near the gate of St. Patrick's towards the south, and lying in breadth between the place where the fairs are held (*locus nundinarum*) and the wall of the city of Dublin. It also appears, that during the mayoralty of John li Waret, Philip de Duraham granted to the monastery of All Hallows, Dublin, to provide wine for divine service, an annual rent of forty-two pence accruing from land held by Adam de Wolbeter in Bertram's-street.

"From the Towre in Mr. Fiszsymons pocession to Gormondes\* Gate is one hundred and forty foote distant, the wall twenty foote hie and fyve foote thicke, and no rampier within, with a buttris withowte, as befor.

"The said Gormondes Gate is a square towre, twoe stories hie, wherof one rowme is upon a vawte, with three loupes, the other rowme is a timber lofte, with three lowps and a slate rooffe. The Towre is square, eighteen foote one waye and fifteen foote another waye, the wall fyve foote thicke and thirty foote hie, with a percwilles for the same gate.

"From Gormondes Gate to a Towre in Willm Harbardes pocession is three hundred and eight foote distant, the wall twelve foote hie, and fyve foote thicke, and no rampier within, but howses close yoyninge to the said wall, with a small buttris of six foote hie withowte.

"The said Towre in Willm Harbardes pocession is a square Towre, twoe storie hie, the loer storie is a timber lofte with three lowps, the other storie is vawted over, with three lowps. The Towre is square, sixteene foote one waye, and ten foote another waye, and the wall fyve foote thicke and thirty-twoe foote hie.

"From the Towre in Willm Harbardes pocession to Mr. Willm Ushers howse is one hundred and forty foote distant, the wall fowrteene foote hie and fyve foote thicke, and no rampier within nor buttris withowte.

"The wall of one syde of the said Mr. Ushers howse to the Bridge Gatte is one hundred and four foote, the wall fowre foote thicke and nineteene foote hie, and the grounde is firme, fyve foote hie within the said wall, and the Liffie goethe hard by, and at every full sea it floes up against the said wall, beinge a springe tyde.

"The said Bridge Gate is a square Towre, towe storie hie, the loer storie is a vawte with towe lowps, the upper storie is a timber lofte and no lowpe. The Towre is square, eighteene foote one waye and fowrteene foote another waye, the wall seven foote thicke and thirty foote hie from the pavement.

"From the Bridge Gate along the marchaunt key to Prickettes Towre is eight hundred and forty-three foote distant, and the key nine foote hie from the channell to the pavement.

"The said Towre in Prickettes pocession is a square towre, with a Towret in the tope on the Easte syde, the Towre thirty foote square one waye and twenty-eight foote the other way, the wall three foote fowre inches thicke and thirty-four foote hie; and no heightes but one timber lofte in the square, and towe small vawtes in the towret, and no lowps but a wyndoe to the Easte syde.

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\* Called also Ormond-gate and thence corrupted into "Wormwood-gate." The name of Ormond is derived from the Irish *Iar Mumhain*, or West Munster, the corruption of which into "Wormwood" is noticed as follows by a Latin writer of the sixteenth century:—"Hæc Latine Ormondia dicitur, Hibernicis Orwown, id est Frons Momoniae, Anglis Ormond, et plurimis corruptissimè Wormewood." The author of "*Cambrensis Eversus*" endeavours to argue that this gate received its name from O'Gorman, an Irish chief.

"From Pricketas Towre alonge the woode key to Mr. Fiandes\* Castell is three hundred and fifty-six foote distant, and the key agreinge in height from the chanell to the pavement, as before.

"The said Mr. Fians castell is a square Towre, fowre storie hie, thirty-eight foote square one waye and twenty foote another waye, towe spickes or lowps in the loer storie, and windoes in every of the other rowmes, the wall fowre foote thicke and forty-towe foote hie, and the grounde firme, eight foote hie from the chanell within the castell.

"From Mr. Fians castell to a small Towre in the pocesession of Fitzsymonds of Balmadroght is one hundred and forty-four foote distant, and the pavement from the channell agreinge in height as the key before.

"The said Towre in Fitzsymons pocesession is a small rounde towre without and square within, one timber loft with towe rowmes and towe lowps in every rowme; twelve foote square one waye and fowre teene foote the other waye; the wall three foote thicke and twenty-two foote hie, and the earthe hie within the said Towre, eight foote as before.

"From Fitzsymons Towre to Issoldes Towre is one hundred and seventy-four foote distant, and the pavement from the chanell agreinge in height as before. The said Issoldes Towre is a rounde Towre towe storie hie, eightene foote square within the wall, and the wall nine foote thicke and forty foote hie from the channell, one timber loft and a plate forme in the toppe, with three lowps in every rowme.

"From Issoldes Towre to an olde Towre called Buttevantowre is one hundred and six foote distant, the wall twenty-two foote hie in the owt syde, and fyve foote thicke, and firme grounde within the said wall twelve foote hie from the channell withowte, so the grounde within is within ten foote as hie as the said wall.

"The said Buttevantowre is an ould square ruenus Towre, with one vawte, and the wall four foote thicke, thirty foote hie from the channell and twelve foote square within the walles, and the grounde eight foote hie within the said Towre from the channell.

"From Buttevantowre to the rounde halfe Towre adyoyning to Mr. Robert Bise is howse, is one hundred and eighty-eight foote distant, the wall and grounde within agreinge in height and thicknis as the other parte of the wall before.

"The said Towre yoyning to Mr. Bise (h)is howse, is a demy Towre with three storie heightes, no vawt, but towe loftes, with three lowps in the loer rowme, and towe lowps in the second rowme, the wall four foote thicke, twenty-six foote hie, and sixteene foote square within the walls.

"From Mr. Bise (h)is Towre to the Easte Gatte called Dames Gate is one hundred and eight foote distant, the wall seventene foote hie, and five foote thicke, and the grounde firme within, agreinge in height with the reste before.

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\* Noticed in the first paper of the present series. A further account of Isod's tower will be hereafter given.



" The depthe of the Liffie from the bridge to over against Mr. Walter Balles howse is six foote demy ; from over against Mr. Balles howse to over againste Mr. John Forsters howse is four foote demy ; from over againste Mr. Forsters howse to over againste Pricketes Towre is six foote ; from over againste Pricketes Towre to over againste Mr. Fians Castell is fowre foote ; from over against Mr. Fians Castell to the West ende of Mr. Brownes building is three foote ; from over againste the West ende of Mr. Browns building to over againste Issoldes Towre is four foote, &c.

" There can be sixe foote depthe of watter at leaste drawn in to all the diches aboute the towne, with chardges done upon cleaning of the said diches, and upon mackinge of slwssis for to staye the watter where the grounde do not meete in height lewell.

" *A note of the severall sorttes of Ordenance at this present belonginge to the Cittie, as apearithe in the Cittie booke thereof.*

" Item. Four Mynions of brase with their cariadges.

" Item. One doble Rabonet and towne single Rabonetes of brase, upon one cariadge.

" Item. Towe doble Rabonetes of brase, not throgghlie fynished.

" Item. One Fauconet of brase, with the cariadge.

" Item. Towe Rabonetes more of brase, with the cariadges.

" Item. One doble Portingall of brase, with the cariadge.

" Item. Fowre peeeces of Iron called Slinges, with there cariadges.

" Item. More towne Slinges of iron, with there cariadges.

" Item. Towe doble Basses of iron, with there chambers.

" Item. Five single basses of Iron."

In the city wall close to the southern side of the New Gate, was a building called the " Watch tower," where a sentry usually stood to guard the prisoners confined in the gaol. In the course of some repairs executed during the Protectorate, the two towers of Newgate next to the city were removed, the other two, on the western side, being allowed to remain. Between Newgate and Wormwood gate, on the northern side, stood a square tower, noticed at page 972, which in the early part of the seventeenth century was styled " Browne's Castle," from its proprietor, Richard Browne, who kept his mayoralty in 1614, 1615 and 1620, in this building, in a backroom of which the proscribed Roman Catholic priests used to celebrate Mass privately in the reign of James I. Browne's castle was subsequently converted into an inn, which acquired the name of the " Black dog" from the sign of a Talbot or hound there suspended. The proprietor, named Barton, was committed by the house of lords in 1661, for having declared in conversation that " the earl of Drogheda was a cheating knave, and that he thought all the lords in

Ireland were no better ;" and early in the eighteenth century the "Black Dog" was used as the marshalsea prison of the sheriff of the city of Dublin.

Dr. Oliver Plunkett, Roman Catholic primate of Ireland, was committed to Newgate in December, 1679, and confined there till October, 1680, when he was removed to London, where he was subsequently executed. Another distinguished inhabitant of this gaol was the Rev. Thomas Emlyn, who having been found guilty in 1704, of publishing a treatise in advocacy of the doctrine of the Unitarians, was sentenced in the queen's courts to pay a fine of £1000, and to undergo a year's imprisonment. For three months he remained a prisoner in the house of the sheriff, whence he was suddenly hurried to Newgate, and placed among the felons in a close room containing six beds, and after having continued there for about five weeks, he procured his removal to the marshalsea. During his sojourn in the "Black Dog," Emlyn wrote a treatise in support of his opinions, and preached on every Sunday to the confined debtors in a large room which he had hired for the purpose, at which many of his former congregation attended, although his brother Presbyterian ministers, with one exception, forsook him during his incarceration, which continued till 1705, when he obtained his release from gaol and a reduction of the fines imposed upon him. Emlyn's writings have been long held in esteem by the Unitarians, and the inscription on his monument records that he was, "to the shame and reproach of a Christian country, persecuted even to bonds and imprisonment, and the spoiling of his goods, for having maintained the supreme unequalled majesty of the one God and Father of all."

Innumerable disorders and irregularities prevailed during the early part of the eighteenth century in the gaols of Dublin, which at that period were no better regulated than other European prisons. The offices of keeper of the gaol of Newgate and that of the sheriff's marshal were generally executed by a single individual, who received a salary of ten pounds per annum from the city, and usually presented the sheriff with a gratuity of twenty guineas, making the "Black Dog" that officer's prison. A great portion of the abuses in the gaols arose from the grants of Henry V., Richard III., and Edward VI., by which the mayor, bailiffs and recorder of Dublin, and their successors were constituted justices of the peace,

and of oyer and terminer; similar powers were also conferred by Charles I. upon the six senior aldermen of the city and other members of the corporation. These functionaries, at the commencement of the last century, committed the entire management of this department of their offices to clerks, who paid their employers a percentage on all fees received. These clerks generally kept dram shops, and were in league with a number of constables, who constantly arrested citizens on the most frivolous pretexts, and the clerks being provided with blank warrants, signed by the aldermen, their employers, committed their victims immediately to the "Black Dog," where they were incarcerated until they had discharged the fees demanded from them. The constables, who were generally men of the lowest grades, committed the grossest enormities in the discharge of their office. They obtained large rewards for apprehending persons whom they pretended it would be extremely difficult to arrest, while at the same time they were privately bribed to forbear by the parties whom they had been paid for pursuing; and after having captured an unfortunate debtor, they made use of every artifice to extort money from him while awaiting the arrival of his bail. The number of constables and sheriffs' bailiffs in Dublin in 1729 being found to amount to two thousand, the lords justices and privy council ordered the several church wardens to return the names of the constables in their respective parishes, and having reviewed them upon Oxmantown-green, reduced them considerably, allowing four to every justice of the peace, twenty to the lord mayor, six to the city marshal for the service of his marshalsea, twelve to the gaoler of Newgate, and three to the master of the house of correction, all to be persons of good behaviour and Protestants, and to have their names and places of abode constantly posted at the Tholsel.

Ashenhurst Isaack, gaoler of Newgate, was discharged from his situation in 1721, on a charge of having permitted a number of prisoners to escape: notwithstanding which, he received £245 for his goodwill of the office from John Hawkins, who also paid the mayor and sheriffs £100, as a gratuity for having secured him the appointment. Hawkins had originally been an attorney's clerk, subsequently practised as a bailiff, and was appointed keeper of the house of correction, whence he was transferred to the gaolership of

Newgate, which, under the management of him and Mrs. Hawkins, became the scene of the most flagrant abuses.

In both Newgate and the "Black Dog," the gaoler carried on an extensive trade by selling liquors to the prisoners, who, on entering the latter place, although for only one night, were immediately called upon to pay 2s. 2d. for what was styled a "penny pot;" if the prisoner refused to comply with this demand, he was abused, violently beaten and stripped; persons not having sufficient money to pay the impost were dreadfully maltreated and their clothes seized and sold to supply the necessary funds. In the "Black Dog" there were twelve rooms for the reception of prisoners, two of which contained five beds each; the others were no better than closets and held but one bed each. The general rent for lodging in these rooms was one shilling per night, for each man, but in particular cases a much higher price was charged. It frequently happened that four or five men slept together in one bed, each individual still paying the rent of one shilling, which at the close of the week was collected by Mrs. Hawkins, wife of the gaoler. Prisoners unable to meet these demands were immediately dragged to a damp subterranean dungeon, about twelve feet square and eight high, which had no light except that which was admitted through a common sewer, which ran close by it, carrying off all the filth and ordure of the prison, and rendering the atmosphere almost insupportable. In this noisome oubliette, called the "Nunnery," from being the place where abandoned females apprehended by the watch were regularly lodged, frequently fourteen and sometimes twenty persons were crowded together, and there robbed and abused by criminals, who, although under sentence of transportation, were admitted to mix among the debtors; and if any person attempted to come up stairs in the daytime, to obtain air or light, he was menaced, insulted and driven down again by Hawkins or his satellite Martin Coffey, the turnkey of the gaol. Among the many instances of the brutality of Hawkins, we may mention his treatment of Edmond Donnelly, a gentleman who was arrested on a sheriff's writ for £400 while confined to bed with a broken leg. Notwithstanding Donnelly's offer to pay any requisite number of bailiffs to guard him until his health was restored, and despite the representations of the surgeon, he was carried at 9 p.m. from Church-street, in his bed supported by chair poles

upon men's shoulders and laid at the door of the "Black Dog," whence he was dragged to the "Nunnery," where his leg was again broken in passing down the winding stairs, and in this dungeon he lay for two months, during which the water frequently rose to the level of his bed, which literally rotted under him. Surgeon John Audouin, of Wood-street, executed in 1729, for the murder of a servant woman, during the six weeks which elapsed between his conviction and execution, was known to have expended three hundred pounds in the "Black Dog," the greater part of which sum was paid to prevent Hawkins from carrying out his daily threat of loading him with irons and transferring him to Newgate. On the night before Audouin's execution his money and valuables were seized by the gaoler, who subsequently demanded one hundred pounds, and received thirty guineas for the dead body.

Persons committed by the judges of the king's bench, the lord mayor, or justices of the peace for the city, were lodged in Newgate, where by the collusion of the gaoler with the constables, they were frequently detained for many days without a committal. From these, 4d. pence per night was exacted for not being confined in the felons' room, and 1s. 4d. for a "penny pot," those who refused being stripped of their clothes by the common executioner, beaten, and, in some cases, chained. The management of this department of the establishment was committed to Isaac Bullard, the under keeper, who exacted his fees in a most merciless manner. When the prisoners' money was exhausted they were stripped and turned into the felons' room, the stench of which was insupportable; and into which persons in violent fevers, were known to have been thrown stripped quite naked, because they could not pay eight-pence for a night's lodging elsewhere. In 1729, the prisoners in Newgate numbered one hundred and sixty: in the felons' room a multitude of malefactors were to be seen lying naked upon the ground, groaning with cold and hunger, and many died there from absolute want, being frequently left without food for several days. An idea may be gathered from the following authentic document of the manner in which the affairs of the gaol were managed by Hawkins and his wife:—

*\* An estimate of the yearly chamber rent, fees, and perquisites, received by John Hawkins, as keeper of Newgate, and the Black Dog prison.*

	Per annum.
	£ s. d.
Chamber rent, at £7 16s. 6d. per week	486 18 6
Fees on persons committed by the watch and staff, at three per night, and 1s. 6d. each	32 2 6
Fees on persons committed on committals from justices of the peace, at least 1000 per year, at 4s. 6d. each	235 0 0
Fees on persons committed on warrants from ditto, moderately computed at a medium of 1000 per year, at 2s. 6d. each	125 0 0
Fees on persons committed by the sheriff, at two per week, many whereof are charged with ten committals; but allowing at a medium three committals to each person	104 0 0
Fees on persons tried for murders, treasons, felonies, assaults, as well in the city as county of Dublin, at 240 indictments in the year, allowing he remits one-fourth of his fees at the king's bench	60 0 0
Fees on persons tried at the Quarter Sessions, at the like number	60 0 0
The benefit of his ale-cellar, at 360 barrels yearly, at 5s. profit on each barrel, not including his profits on wine, brandy, rum and other liquors	90 0 0
Salary from the city at	10 0 0
Total,	£1163 0 6

Besides infinite extortions on all the above articles, and on crown prisoners, for permitting them to lie in the Black Dog gaol, and not turning them over to Newgate, and loading them with irons, premiums for stolen goods, and other private perquisites, peculiar to his employment, not to be computed or valued."

The conduct of Hawkins at length attracted the attention of the legislature, and in November, 1729, the house of commons passed a resolution that "John Hawkins, keeper of his majesty's gaol of Newgate and sheriffs marshalsea of the city of Dublin, has been guilty of the most notorious extortion, great corruption, and other high crimes and misdemeanors, in the execution of his said offices, hath arbitrarily and unlawfully kept in prison, and loaded with irons, persons not duly committed by any magistrate, till they have complied with the most exorbitant demands; and hath put into dungeons and endangered the lives of many prisoners for debt under his care, treating them, and all others in his custody, with the utmost insolence, cruelty, and barbarity, in high violation and contempt of the laws of this kingdom"; Hawkins, with his accomplices Isaac Bullard and Martin Coffey, were consequently committed to the custody of the serjeant-at-arms attending the house.

Although Hawkins was dismissed from his office, the gaol continued in a wretched state, and being generally filled with the outcasts of society, riots were perpetually occurring within its walls. The only prisoner of rank confined in Newgate in the last century appears to have been Henry, fourth lord Santry, of whose trial for murder, in 1739, a description has been given in the fourth paper of the present series.

Wesley preached to the prisoners in Newgate in 1747, but observed that he "found no stirring at all among the dry

bones"; and speaking of another visit in the same year to the gaol he says, "I preached in Newgate at two in the common hall, the jailor refusing us the room where we used to preach: but that is not the worst. I am afraid our Lord refuses his blessing to this place: all the seed seems to fall to the way side. I see no fruit of our labours."

About 1750 Newgate was improved and altered, and a commodious foot path laid out on its southern side. Its internal condition in 1767 may be learned from the report of the parliamentary committee appointed in that year to enquire into the state of the gaols in Dublin, and to whom the petition of surgeon George Doyle was referred:

"Your committee first examined George Roe, keeper of Newgate, who informed your committee that Newgate is in a very ruinous condition, and the walls very bad; has only one pair of stairs in it, by which means there is a constant communication between the men and women prisoners. He further informed your committee, that of late years there have been several virulent fevers in that jail; that your petitioner, Mr. Doyle, has constantly attended there since the year 1750, and that his attendance is absolutely requisite to inspect into the health of the prisoners, both in jail, and preparatory to their trials, and that if a surgeon did not attend, it would be attended with fatal consequences, particularly on their trials. Richard Cushion informed your committee, that the jail of Newgate is not half large enough for the reception of the prisoners, and that the roof is entirely rotten; that the number of prisoners upon an average amount to about one hundred and twenty, and that often one hundred prisoners are lying together in one room. Your committee proceeded next to examine Mr. George Doyle, who informed your committee, that if the gaol of Newgate is not enlarged it may be attended with the most fatal consequences; that the number of prisoners upon an average is about one hundred and seventy, and that it is not large enough to contain more than eighty, and that so great a number lying together infects the air. He further informed your committee, that in the year 1750, he was appointed by the court of King's bench to inspect into the state and health of the prisoners in Newgate, whilst confined there before they were brought to trial, in order to prevent contagious disorders being brought into court; that he has constantly continued in that office from that time to the present, and always examines into the state and health of the prisoners immediately before the commission of oyer and terminer; that by such his attendance he has caught the jail fever four different times, and was in great peril of his life, three other gentlemen, who attended at one time with him, dying at that time of that disorder. That during his whole attendance he had not received more than six guineas, which he got by presentment from the court of king's bench, and that he has often applied since, both to the court of king's bench, and to the city, but could not obtain anything."

Although this committee delivered their opinion that the gaol was in a "very ruinous bad condition," and that it was not "large enough for the number of prisoners usually confined there," no important remedial steps appear to have been taken until the year 1773, when the foundation of a new gaol was laid on the northern side of the city.

In 1775 the prisoners in Newgate laid a plot to escape, in the formation of which they had determined to poison Connell, the turnkey, by infusing rats-bane and aqua regia in some mulled claret, of which they invited him to partake. Their plans were, however, discovered by their intended victim, who, at the risk of his life, deprived them of their fire-arms and other implements with which they had cut their fetters, window-frames, and bolts. Later in the same year, at about 8 p.m., a number of prisoners, who had contrived to remove their irons, attacked the sentries at the outside of the gaol door, and three of the felons effected their escape after a desperate struggle, in which one of the sentinels and a woman were dangerously wounded.

That there was but too much foundation for Wesley's remarks on the impiety of the denizens of the prison, appears from the fragments extant of gaol songs written in the slang peculiar to the Dublin Newgate. A song entitled the "Night before Larry was stretched," is the most celebrated of these compositions, and details how a felon, on the night before his execution, was visited by his friends, who had pawned all the disposable portions of their wardrobe to procure funds for their carousal :—

"The boys they came crowding in fast;  
They drew their stools close round about him;  
Six glims on his trap-case they placed—  
He couldn't be well wak'd without 'em.  
I asked if he was fit to die,  
Without having duly repented?  
Says Larry, 'That's all in my eye,  
And all by the clergy invented,  
To make a fat bit for themselves.'

"Then the cards being called for, they played,  
Till Larry found one of them cheated;  
Quick he made a hard rap at his head—  
The lad being easily heated,  
'So you cheat me because I'm in grief,

Oh, is that, by the Holy, the reason,  
Soon I'll give you to know, you d—d thief!  
That you're cracking your jokes out of season  
And scuttle your nob with my fist.'

"Then in came the priest with his book,  
He spoke him so smooth and so civil;  
Larry tipp'd him a Kilmainham look,  
And pitched his big wig to the devil,  
Then raising a little his head,  
To get a sweet drop of the bottle,  
And pitiful sighing he said,  
'Oh! the hemp will be soon round my  
throatle,  
And choke my poor windpipe to death!' "

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\* This famous song, the authorship of which is not yet satisfactorily determined, has been inimitably translated into French by the Rev. Francis Mahony, under the title of "La mort de Socrate," and to its air the same gifted writer has adapted his admirable version of one of Beranger's best songs—"Brennus, ou la vigne plantée dans les Gaules."



Criminals do not appear to have been executed at the old Newgate, but were generally drawn thence in a cart to the gallows, the punishment of which was styled in the Newgate patois, "dancing the last jig," or capering the "Kilmainham minuet." Thus a song on the execution of Luke Caffrey commences with the following lines:—

"When to see Luke's last jig we agreed,  
We tipp'd all our gripes in a tangle;  
And mounted our trotters wid speed,  
To squint at the snub as he'd dangle,  
For he was de smart on de gap,  
He boozed de bull-dog and pinnars  
And when dat he milled a fat slap,  
He merrily meised de winners,  
To smack wid de boys of de pad.

"In a giffee we blink'd at de spud,  
Where de quod\* ids gum phis did exhibit;  
Wild a facer we coddled our blood,  
For de wind id blows cold from de gibbet;  
De boy he had travell'd afore,

Like rattlers we after him pegg'd it;  
For to miss us would grieve him full sore,  
Bekase why, as a favour he begg'd it,  
We'd tip him de fives 'fore his det.

"When we came to de man-trap, and saw  
Poor Luke look so blue in de gabbard;†  
To save him I tant I could draw  
My toaster from out of de scabbard:  
'Oh! Luky,' ses I, 'do you ses!'  
Be de iron and steel in me daddlea;‡  
If I tant I could once set you free,  
De scarlets should smoke in dir saddles,  
Your gullet to save from de noosa."

Some cases having occurred in which criminals were restored to life by blood-letting immediately after their execution, it became a general practice for the friends of a deceased felon, to have him cut down from the gallows as soon as possible, and to carry him to some adjacent tavern, where they made an incision in his jugular vein, in the hope, as they expressed it, of "cheating Jack the breath-stopper." In allusion to this custom a notorious convict is introduced addressing his friends as follows, at the gallows:—

"When I dance tuxt de ert and de skies,  
De clargy may bleat for de struggler;  
But when on de ground your friend lies,  
Oh! tip me a snig in de jugler:  
Oh! you know dat id is my last hope,

As de surgints of otomy tell us;  
Dat when I'm cut down from de rope,  
You'll bring back de puff to me bellows,  
And set me, once more on my pins."

The song entitled "Larry's stiff," a sequel to the first composition we have referred to, details the proceedings of the confreres of the deceased immediately after his execution:—

"Poor Larry was now a gone chuck,  
De bloody teeves tant for to get him,  
To bring to de College to cut;  
Be de hoky, our boys won't let 'em;  
On our shoulders we hois'd him along,

And won't let one of dem near us;  
Our kebbles we dash'd thro' de throng,  
And made all de slim ones to fear us,  
For in no time we'd flatten dir smellers.

\* The gaol in Corn-market.

† The cart in which the prisoner was placed while the rope was being adjusted round his neck.

‡ Hands.

"When we got to de end of de lane,  
De girls de all gother round us;  
Dey began for to cry and to keen,  
Wid dir damnable clack to confound us;  
But soon dey began to be hush'd,  
As de polis was coming among us;  
Dey tant for to kick up a dust,  
And den to take poor Larry from us:  
But one got a chalk on de phis, anoder a  
hook'm snivy on de back, and den dey  
set to dir pumps, as if dey were pursued  
by de gost of de brave Tommy Fox, for-  
merly de Long Lane\* hero, your soula.

"We den bet de booff until night,  
To kick up de coles for to wake him;  
We left Paddy Foy dere to fight,  
If de black boys should offer to take him:  
But when we all came back again,  
It's den we'd such fun and such faddle;  
If any of de people look'd glum,  
We flattien'd dir y-ear with our daddie,  
To keep up de fun at de stiff."

The failure of the attempts at revivification by phlebotomy was attended by the deceased obtaining what his friends styled "a barbarous long Protestant lease of the sanctified sod," in allusion to the penal enactments which prohibited Roman Catholics from acquiring landed property.

The new prison in Green-street was opened in September, 1780, but the old gaol in Corn-market appears to have been continued in use for some years subsequent to that date,§ and in 1783 sir Jeremiah Fitzpatrick, M.D., gave the following evidence on the state of the "Black Dog":—

"Black Dog, in the city of Dublin, is a most unwholesome situation in New-hall Market, surrounded with every exhalation necessary to promote putrefaction; it has neither yard or necessary, except in the cellar, to which none have access save those on the first floor. The prison is four stories high, wainscoted; and in a most ruinous condition; there is no medical assistant to this jail; there were on the 3rd instant, five venereal female patients, and eight labouring under an inveterate itch in one room, when he visited it."

The evidence of the gaoler of the prison was as follows:—

"Mr. George Pallen sworn, says, he is keeper of the Black Dog prison, takes in all kind of prisoners, is under the appointment of the city of Dublin, and has no salary; his jail is rather at present a reception for debtors than criminals, but he receives both; has been keeper of the said prison one year last August; those that are committed to his care and give bail, pay 3s. 4d., those not sworn against pay 1s., never detained one twenty-four hours for fees due to himself, but has known persons detained for their fees due to other officers, but very few; says the gaol is in a very ruinous condition; thinks there may be forty or fifty prisoners confined in the Black Dog at present; there is no tap room in the

\* The "Long Lane," extending from Malpas-street to Camden-street, was, in the last century, frequently the arena of the faction fights between the Dublin rioters.

† To raise the funds

‡ Scoured the town.

§ A portion of one of the old towers of Newgate is still to be seen built into a house at the eastern corner of "Lamb alley," on the south side of High-street.

prison; he sells no liquors himself, or suffers others to sell the like in the jail; the prisoners are all at liberty to send for necessaries without restriction; never bailed any prisoner out himself, nor enlarged any committed to his care, without an order from a magistrate. There is no back ground to the prison; the necessary is in the cellar; water is supplied plentifully from the main pipes, and also from a pump; admits Doctor Fitzpatrick's state of the prison to which he refers. Commitments directed to him are generally from the sheriff; approvers are sent to him to keep them separate from other prisoners; gives £4000 security for debtors to the sheriff; he charges 1s. per night to prisoners that are able to pay; sets his rooms from 2s. 8½d. to 5s. per week; has many prisoners now in want of medical assistance, there being no person whose duty is to attend them."

In 1794, the erection of a new Sheriffs' prison in Green-street was commenced, and after its completion the use of the "Black Dog" as a marshalsea was finally abandoned.

The Corn Market appears to have been one of the most important localities in the ancient city of Dublin. The Brehon laws demonstrate that corn was cultivated in Ireland from the remotest period, bread having always been one of the principal articles of food used by the natives. King John, by his charter, enacted that no foreign merchants should buy corn, hides, or wool, within the city of Dublin, nor from any but the citizens, and the Irish records show that very large quantities of grain were exported from Ireland, during the middle ages, to England, Wales, Scotland, and more distant countries.

From the account of John le Decer and Thomas Colys, citizens of Dublin, it appears that in 1229 they supplied the king's armies in Scotland with the following articles: Flour, 131 quarters 1 bushel; another parcel, 113 cranogs; Bran, 115½ quarters; Wheat, 1,147 quarters 1 bushel; Peas, 8 cranogs; Malt flour, 1 cranog and 7 bushels; Oats, 501 cranogs 10 pecks; Red wine, 55 hogsheads and 1 pipe; Beer, 55 hogsheads, and that they paid for the freight of the same, £153 : 7 : 2. The crannock, or *cranóg*, was a wicker basket or hamper, generally understood to contain the produce of seventeen sheaves of corn; according to sir William Betham, this measure was equal to sixteen bushels or two quarters.

The most ancient Anglo Irish act of parliament extant is a statute passed in 1268, enacting that the weights and measures of every kind of corn in Ireland should correspond with those of London, and among the manuscripts in Birmingham Tower is preserved the following memorandum, relative to the deli-

very of the standard weights and measures into the exchequer in 1272 :—

“Memorandum, That on the fourteenth day of November, in the first year of the reign of King Edward (I.), William de Balligavoran, late keeper of the king's measures in Ireland, delivered into the exchequer of Dublin, to Roger Smalrys, appointed by a letter of the king from England to keep the aforesaid measures in the place of the above mentioned William, one standard bushel, one brazen gallon, one brazen quart, not yet proved, one rod for a standard, and three seals, namely, one for sealing weights, another for sealing measures, and a third for sealing ella, one wooden beam, with one pair of leathern scales, half of a piece of lead, one brazen weight, two pounds filled with lead, and one brazen pound filled with lead.”

The following particulars of the weights used in Ireland in the fourteenth century are preserved in an abstract of the now missing “Book of Ross” or “Liber Rossensis” :—

“Note that the penny (denarius) weighs 32 grains taken from the middle of an ear of corn.

“Twelve pence make one ounce.

“Twelve ounces make one pound of twenty shillings.

“Eight pounds of corn make a gallon or lagena.

“Eight gallons or lagena make a bushel, which is the eighth part of a quarter of corn.

“Fifteen ounces make a London pound.

“Twelve pounds and a half make a London stone.”

The assize of bread was established in 1204 by king John and his barons, who enacted that every baker should mark his bread with his own stamp, and have a profit of four pence or three pence for every quarter, together with the bran. In 1222 one of the articles of complaint against Henri de Loundres, archbishop of Dublin, then justiciary, was that he assumed a jurisdiction over the bakers, whom on some occasions he had delivered from the custody in which they had been placed for vending dishonest bread (“pro falso pane”), and the annals record that the bakers of Dublin were dragged on hurdles through the streets for their false weights, during the scarcity in the year 1310, when a bushel of wheat sold in the winter for twenty shillings, but this price, we are told, increased but little in the spring, in consequence of the corn imported from abroad. In the same year John Bowet and William Keppok received an order for five hundred pounds, to buy in Dublin, for the war in Scotland, 1500 quarters of wheat, 2000 quarters of oats, 500 pipes of wine, and also 500 quarters of wheat, 500 of oats, and 100 pipes of wine, which were to be sent to Skynburnesse. The cranog of wheat is recorded to have sold for twenty shillings,

and that of oats for eight shillings, during the dearth of 1330 ; in 1332 a peck of wheat at Christmas was worth twenty-two shillings, but in consequence of the temperate weather in the following year, the price fell in the Dublin corn market to six pence per peck.

Edward I. granted to the mayor and citizens of Dublin the assize of bread and beer, and the custody and assays of weights and measures, and of all other matters appertaining to the management of the city markets, authorizing them to punish transgressors against the assize of bread and beer, and to correct and amend defects in weights and measures, under the supervision of the clerk of the market.

By the oath taken upon his entrance upon office, the chief magistrate of Dublin was bound to see the market of the city kept decent and in order, and that no false weights or measures should be used within his jurisdiction. A statute of 1468 enacted that no man having sufficient store of corn of his own, should buy any in the common market, nor should any called "Badgers" buy corn at one market and shortly after carry the same to another market, and then sell it dearer by two or four pence in a bushel, upon pain of being decreed "Regrators" of the king's market. The same penalty was decreed against persons who bought corn in the common market, and sold it again in the same, or in any other, market. In 1472, the exportation of grain, when the price of the peck exceeded two pence, was prohibited, under penalty of forfeiture both of the cargo and of the ship. From a proceeding recorded on a memorandum roll of the year 1433 (12 Hen. VI. m. 21. d.), it appears that long previous to that time it had been usual to hold the market for corn in Dublin on Saturdays, a custom maintained in the reign of Elizabeth, as appears from the documents cited at page 944. In the early part of the last century the usual time for opening the Dublin Cornmarket was twelve o'clock, but during the winter it was opened at ten a.m., to allow the farmers to retire at a seasonable hour.

Among the merchants of the city who resided in the Cornmarket in the sixteenth century, was William Fyan, whose mansion house, near Newgate, continued to be known as "Fyan's house" till the commencement of the eighteenth century. A house called "New Cromblin," erected in Cornmarket about 1612, is noticed in the patent rolls of James I., and at the western end of Keysar's lane, at the commencement

of the seventeenth century, was located the hall of the corporation of carpenters, which appears to have been the building subsequently styled the "New Hall," from which a meat market, extending from Cornmarket to Cook-street, received the name of "New Hall Market." This market was closed about the year 1790, its site being now covered by the houses forming the eastern side of Upper Bridge-street, while the place of the carpenters' hall has been occupied by the widows' alms house of St. Andrew's parish.

The Cornmarket of Dublin was one of the localities where peace or war was formally proclaimed by the Ulster king-at arms. On the entry of the duke of Ormond into the city in 1665, a conduit was placed in the Cornmarket, from which wine flowed in abundance, and at the "New Hall" was erected a scaffold on which were placed "half a dozen antics." Public punishments were also occasionally inflicted here, as in the case of Michael Fitz Simons, a Roman Catholic priest hanged in the Cornmarket in the sixteenth century, for having been implicated in 1583 in the insurrection of James Eustace, third viscount Baltinglass; and in the unpublished official records of the courts martial held in Dublin during the Protectorate, the following entries occur:—

"Major Manwaring informant, John Bayden, souldier, defendant.

The Defendant being found guilty of neglect of duty, it was ordered that he should ride the wooden horse for the space of an howre at Corn-markett with two musketts at each heele, and that he should carry the wooden horse from the maine guard to the place where he is to ride as above said. 23rd June, 1652.

At a court houlden in the Castle of Dublin the 7th of October, 1652, Lieutenant Colonel Arnop, president.

Mabill Archbold being accused for a spie, and thereof found guilty, ordered and decreed that she suffer death at the Corn-markett, and that what goods of hers or hir husbands shall be founde in the parliament quarters shall be disposed of to the Informant."

The Committee of privileges of the house of lords appointed in 1666, to examine into a charge brought against Connell Molloy of counterfeiting the signatures to protections of viscount Ranelagh, and John Keating, deputy clerk of the parliament, recommended that:—

"The said Connell Molloy shall be made exemplary by being put to stand in the Pillory, in Corn-market, Dublin, from the hour of ten in the morning till the hour of twelve, for three market days, and there to have his ears nailed to

the said Pillory, and his crime to be written in paper, to be fixed upon his breast, and to be imprisoned during the pleasure of the house."

A Roman Catholic convent stood in Corn-market at the close of the seventeenth century, and at the same period we find notice of a house here called "the Frying Pan;" also of a large old castle four stories high, the ground floor vaulted, and of "a large timber house, on the ground floor a kitchen and one lodging room, on the second and third three rooms each, and on the fourth two garrets, being the sign of the George."

The Corn-market of Dublin was removed to Thomas-street in the year 1727, some years after which period we find the "Bear tavern" and the "Hibernian chop house" located in the old Corn-market, the former kept by Christopher Geshil, and the latter by Dalton Tench, who died in 1769. The noted James Napper Tandy, in early life, traded as an iron-monger at No. 21, Corn-market; and in 1798 lord Edward Fitzgerald lay for some days concealed at the house of Bartholomew Gannon, linen draper, No. 22, in the same street.

During the latter years of the eighteenth century Corn-market was chiefly inhabited by haberdashers, woollen drapers, and dealers in coarse linens; and it was difficult in passing through the street to evade the importunities of the "Pluckers in," who, as the name imported, were hired to induce purchasers to enter the shop of their employers.

The removal of the old gaol of Newgate, and the consequent opening of the street, together with the extensive alterations on its northern side, have completely changed the appearance of this locality, which, however, still continues to retain its old name, although more than a century has elapsed since it was used as the Dublin Corn-market.

## ART. VI.—OUR ART UNIONS.

1. *Report of Select Committee of the House of Commons upon Art Unions.* London: 1844.
2. *Seventeenth Annual Report of the Council of the Art Union of London.* London: 1853.
3. *Prospectus of The Irish Art Union.* Dublin: 1853.

IN the pages of THE IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW we have, from time to time, deplored the non-existence of Art Unions in this country. It is, however, no longer necessary to raise the lament, for now in good truth we have two—"The Irish Art Union," and "The Royal Irish Art Union;" but as the Italian proverb says,—*"I beni ed i mali non vengono mai che in folla."*

This is pre-eminently a utilitarian age. Any occupation that will not put money in the purse, is universally decried as childish—but be the pursuit what it may, if it only enriches it is, in consequence, noble. Many will, therefore, ask, what is the use of an Art Union? As preliminary to a few observations which we mean to offer upon our Art Unions, we commence by answering this question. The utilitarian will only need to be told, that by investing a pound or so in the speculation, he will have a reasonable chance of winning, by ballot, a picture or statue, worth twenty—forty—aye, a hundred times the value of his investment. This, we opine, will suffice for him. For others, less utilitarian, we would point to the multifarious writings upon Art, which must have, more or less, made the fact apparent, that a love for the ornamental, as well as the useful, is very general amongst mankind. Some races of men evince this much more than others—Southern and Eastern nations particularly—owing, perhaps, to their bright skies, pure air, and also the brilliant colors of the animal and vegetable kingdoms in those regions. Nations with an admixture of Celtic blood also exhibit this admiration for the ornamental and the picturesque, which is at the root of all love for Art, although in its higher manifestations it extends far beyond mere ornamentation. In Ireland there is a very general taste for Art prevailing amongst all classes—notwithstanding that the assertion may seem anomalous, when considered with reference to the present position of the Fine Arts in our island. Never-



theless, persons very competent to arrive at just views on such subjects have been of this opinion ; and it should be borne in mind, that a country in which the Arts can flourish must be both prosperous and wealthy. We would, however, point to the recent Great Industrial Exhibition, as affording an indication of the prevalent taste ; other portions of the display were often thinly attended, but the Fine Arts Hall was always thronged. A portion of the English press, in fact, deprecated this very trait in the Exhibition, and deplored that the useful products seemed to be passed over, and all attention concentrated upon the mere attractive and ornamental ; the Committee even were censured for giving undue prominence to the latter, at the expense of the former ; the feeling was natural enough, for England's great point is her manufactures and useful inventions : she is a little deficient in taste and elegance, and hence some jealousy when these, (which she designates tinsel and frippery), obtain prominence. The love for Art being general, and the gratification of it expensive, Art Unions were introduced as a means of meeting the two requirements—as by numbers subscribing a small sum yearly, the loss of which was individually not regarded, several became proprietors of works of Art, otherwise beyond their means of acquirement. Such associations originated in Germany, whence they gradually extended to other countries. Upon their introduction into England, a new feature was added to them ; the mercantile spirit was not sufficiently gratified by the chance of obtaining a prize picture or statue, and the certainty of possessing an engraving, was, in addition, held out as an inducement to subscribers ; the effect was, of course, to diminish the number of prize works of Art, as the cost of engravings became a very large item—in fact, unless an enormous amount of subscriptions is obtained engravings absorb the greater portion of the sum, whilst their dissemination would appear the primary object of such societies. In the London Art Union, where the average amount subscribed yearly is about £12,000, the sum paid for engravings is, in proportion, less enormous. In the Art Unions heretofore established in Ireland, the largest portion received went for engravings, and in one, the National Art Union, it nearly engrossed the entire fund.

Another advantage arising from Art Unions is, that in addition to being a direct means for the cultivation of public taste, they contribute powerfully to the advancement of the Fine Arts,

in whatever locality established; and in Ireland this latter result is a desideratum, because the state and prospects of Art make the establishment of such associations peculiarly desirable; they are in every respect suitable to our circumstances, and consonant with our inclinations—evident from the support awarded to the Royal Irish Art Union; for no public institution in this country was ever more liberally and universally sustained, until ——— but of this anon. England, Scotland, France, Belgium, Bavaria, Wirtemberg, Prussia, and other European States, have all schools of Art, known and appreciated outside their own boundaries; but Ireland has no school or position for its artists, save that position which several have honorably obtained as belonging to that of England. It is not thus in Scotland, although some years ago Art in that country was sufficiently backward—and to what is the result of its present advantageous position mainly owing?—To the establishment of the Association for the Promotion of the Fine Arts in Scotland—for so their Art Union is designated—they set about the matter with the usual prudence and foresight of Scotchmen. They did not trouble themselves with unmeaning declamations about free trade in Art, or provoke a preposterous competition, like the frog and the ox, as was done in Ireland—but they were anxious to have works of Art to beautify and refine their homes, and if these works were painted by their fellow-countrymen, they felt the greater pride; they were naturally anxious that home productions should not be inferior to those of other countries, and thus their great object became the advancement of Scottish Art. To attain this, a rule was made limiting the purchases to the works of Scotchmen; they did not exclude others from the annual Exhibitions, but rather encouraged contributions from England and elsewhere, as incentives to the emulation of their own artists, and in this they were ably seconded by the Royal Scottish Academy—the Council of which used every exertion to obtain the loan of works, by artists of celebrity, from patrons and private galleries. The Scottish Art Union persevered in the course upon which they had resolved, undeterred by the interested clamor about exclusiveness, which was very loudly raised, and when by the wisdom of this procedure they had brought the Fine Arts of Scotland to a position capable of supporting healthy competition, the rule was rescinded as no longer necessary. What a significant lesson this

might have been for the Committee of the Royal Irish Art Union, but that the body was one upon which all experience was wasted.

The advancement of the Fine Arts, and the consequent cultivation of public taste, are, in fact, the great objects of Art Unions. It was because of their contributing to this, that the Legislature legalised such associations, exempting them from the operation of the Lottery Act, of which, at first, they were a direct infringement, tacitly connived at, however, because of the good they effected, as well as the disinterested views of their promoters; these concessions were abused, and various gambling associations sprung up, having very little connexion with Art. From the Appendix to the Fifth Annual Report of the Committee of the Royal Irish Art Union we extract the following, which sufficiently explains the abuses which led to the interference of the Government:—

“The marked success that attended the introduction of the Art Union system in Edinburgh, London, and Dublin, for national and public purposes, induced several print-sellers and publishers, and others, to advertise schemes professing to be conducted for the furtherance of Art, but with a view altogether to their own private emolument. The principal of these were:—

“Mr. Moon, of Threadneedle-street, who started a grand scheme for 20,000 subscribers, to be called the National Art Union—the able exposure of the substitution of old plates with new titles, and sundry other tricks, by the *Athenæum* and other papers of the day, made the plan fall to the ground, and Mr. Moon shuffled out of the project, throwing the odium on some of his subordinates.

“Mr. Boys, another publisher, got up also a distribution on his own account, purchased works from artists at rates best known to himself, and puffed off at high nominal prices as prizes to be raffled for, the purchasers of tickets getting a choice also of Mr. Boys’ prints on hand.

“The great feature of Mr. Boys’ plan was this—he started his system at 10,000 tickets, at one guinea each, all that were not sold were to count as Mr. Boys’, and being put into the wheel, with those sold, Mr. Boys won all, or most of his prizes back again, to begin a fresh pull on the public, getting rid of his dead stock of prints at the same time.

“A Mr. Gilbert, of Sheffield, bought an old plate, entitled ‘May Day,’ by Lealie, got it electrotyped, and set up an Art Union on his own account.

“A Mrs. Mary Parkes advertised a raffle for an illustrated Bible, on the same principle, giving each subscriber a chance of prints from her large stock on hand.

“This mode of proceeding was not, however, confined to print-sellers—furniture brokers and bird-stuffers, &c., &c., took up the

plan, and brought into discredit the legitimate Societies established for the promotion of Art alone.

"There can be no doubt that sooner or later it would have been necessary for these Societies to require that some line of demarcation should be drawn as to the legality of these encroachments, which were fast bringing their system into disrepute. The jealousy, however, of the *Traders* among themselves, forestalled them, and brought matters to an issue at once.

"Some print-sellers and publishers, of great respectability, who had abstained from getting up such schemes for their own advantage, took counsel's opinion (Sergeant Talfourd), who on a case stated, gave it against the Art Union system generally. The Art Union of London met this by also taking the opinion of eminent counsel, Mr. Fitzroy Kelly and Mr. George Clarke, who made a marked distinction as to the system as carried on for the advancement of National Art, and for private speculation and emolument, and stated that the former did not come within either the spirit or letter of any enactment relative to Lotteries. Matters were in this state when the publishers applied to the Law Officers of the Crown, and they, after some consideration, issued a letter on the 14th of April, 1844, to the Art Union of London, to suspend their proceedings."

We have not hitherto alluded to the different systems upon which Art Unions have been conducted—those of the Money-Prizes, and the Selection Committee. In a former paper\* they have been amply discussed; however, at the risk of some recapitulation we will recur to them, as, at present, the subject possesses much immediate interest. The London Art Union has always been conducted upon the money-prize system, and has been by far the most prosperous and successful of various similar societies established in the United Kingdom. Shortly before the opening of the Annual Exhibitions in May, the subscription list of the Art Union closes; and, at a general meeting, after deducting sums for engravings, management, and other incidental expenses, the residue of whatever has been subscribed is apportioned into various sums, averaging from £400 to £10 each, and distributed by ballot amongst the subscribers. The money is not handed to the winner, but it is understood that the party is at liberty to select from any of the Exhibitions open in London, a picture or statue equivalent in value to the sum named as a prize; and on the party notifying that a selection has been made, the society pay the artist. The advantages of this system become at once ap-

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\* See IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, Vol. I. p. 106. Art.—Irish Art, Artists, and Art Unions.

parent. Most persons, even if they have not taste, at all events have fancy, and like to gratify it ; besides, there are various styles and walks of art almost equally excellent, although different in their attributes, and they all have their admirers, and by this system of choice, patron and artist can both follow their bent. It often happens that the work which has attracted the prize-holder is priced at some pounds over the amount of his prize ; in this case, if the work cannot be had at a reduced price, it is allowable to add the difference out of the prize-holder's pocket, and this has very often occurred ; also, should the picture, or other work which a prize-holder may prefer, be of less price, he is at liberty to select it, but the sum over and above reverts back to the society, and goes in part to form a reserve fund. Neither is it permitted to purchase more than one work of art, a judicious rule made to prevent the larger prizes being frittered away upon several small-priced and possibly inferior productions. Should, however, a prize-holder, either from non-residence in London, or diffidence in his own judgment, be unable to make a selection from the Exhibitions, at his desire the Committee will choose for him.

Another advantage of the Money-Prize system is, that it so nearly resembles in its operation the usual public patronage of Art, indeed of trade generally, as opposed to the hot-house forcing of a Committee of Taste. It is also, in a high degree, educational ; as it necessitates the consideration of relative excellence, and the principles of Art. No system of education is worthy of the name which is not suggestive ; the great secret of teaching is to lead the learner, by the exercise of his own powers, to arrive at the just conclusion ; a little aid must be given, but knowledge so obtained is worth any amount of dogmatism. On the contrary, the dictum of a Committee of Taste (even when correct, which is not always the case), is very like teaching by rote, and fails in its design. Take the instance of a man obtaining a money-prize who has no artistic taste or knowledge, who, we will assume, was never in an Exhibition in his life, he will be tolerably certain to go there now, and will listen to criticisms, and weigh them too. Likewise will he consult amongst his friends, it is hard if some of them do not possess a little knowledge of Art, but suppose the worst, he selects a daub (who permitted its Exhibition ?) even that is a gain ; for, sooner or later, he discovers its value, acquires a better idea of what is excellent and to vindicate his taste becomes a purchaser once more.

We had rather see a bad picture in a house than none at all, of course we should prefer to see a good one; but a picture, however poor its merits, shows that the owner has a taste for Art, even though a humble one. Where there are pictures there is a taste for comfort, for order, for cleanliness, for beauty; all the better parts of man's nature go with artistic feeling; but in the household whence decoration and ornament are excluded, be sure that sensuality and grossness are there instead.

The advocates of a Committee of Selection can see nothing but evils in the system of money-prizes; they are loud in their denunciations of its possible abuse, by the prize-holder and artist arriving at an understanding, so that a portion of the money may be returned to the prize-holder; they wax eloquent upon the subject of jobbing, and seem oblivious of the fact, that committees also can do a little in that line. Indeed it is much more probable that a spirit of jobbing and cliqueism should manifest itself amongst a little conclave, whose members from year to year are nearly the same, than amongst isolated individuals; however honorable the former may be, they are still but human, abuses will be liable to occur in the best devised of man's institutions, and some have occasionally transpired in that of the money-prize system; but very stringent rules exist to guard, as much as possible, against their occurrence. Any such collusion between prize-holders and artists, if discovered, involves the forfeiture of the prize, the subscription is returned, and the artist is in future precluded from disposing of his works to the society. Artists are just the class of men to whom it would be most dangerous to make any such dishonorable proposals. Only two instances of such disgraceful attempts have transpired, and which we fully believe are the only cases of the kind that have occurred; they were both exposed by the two artists to whom such base proposals were made—Mr. Hollins and Miss Sophia Claxton, whose high spirit we sincerely applaud. From motives of charity, and in consideration of the length of time that has elapsed since the occurrence, we will not expose the names of the parties who had the meanness to make the proposition; at the time, 1844, they enjoyed most unenviable notoriety.

The other system is, however, open to an abuse, in effect, nearly similar. We allude to the winners of pictures disposing of them publicly for one-half, and sometimes even for one-eighth, of the price paid for them by the Selection Committee, on the plea

that they do not like the subject ; and certainly, if a man has a particular taste in art, such as for landscapes, marine views, cattle, "genre," or historical subjects, it is a thousand chances to one, supposing the committee to have selected any such, that he wins it. For the members of the Selection Committee to fulfil their trust properly, they should possess a taste in Art as cosmopolitan as M. De Burtin, who expects that "all schools, all masters, all manners, and all classes of pictures, will be matter of indifference to the connoisseur,"—a degree of impartiality almost impossible of attainment, and, indeed, scarcely desirable. All men who possess strength of character have naturally a peculiar bias. Some are more powerfully impressed by form, and others by color ; the sublime, the beautiful, and the sentimental have severally their enthusiastic admirers ; each unanimous in exalting his own ideal, and depreciating all others. A committee, although comprising men of various tastes, soon comes to have an individuality, and the result is an undue exaltation of some particular line of Art, thus made dependent upon an accident, instead of the natural taste and genius of a people. The Committee of Selection possesses but one apparent advantage, it is, that works of high talent and excellence may be produced by artists, which are, nevertheless, not popularly attractive, and might remain unpurchased by prizeholders, especially if large and high-priced ; a committee would be less likely to pass such over. It is one, however, that can scarcely counterbalance the many advantages, both public and private, of the money-prizes. The London Art Union, based upon the latter system, has, for the past seventeen years, been perfectly satisfactory to artists and subscribers. There have been little or no complaints, and this cannot be averred of some committees we could readily name.

The evidence given before the Select Committee of the House of Commons upon Art Unions, was greatly in favour of Selection Committees. Much of the testimony was advanced by those who had been members of such bodies, and they had of course a natural feeling in their favor ; besides, power is dear to man's heart, and when its sweets have been once tasted there is a great disinclination to forego its enjoyment, and it probably made matters appear *couleur de rose* in their eyes : it is to be regretted, that some of the Dublin artists were not examined—their experiences might have been rather different.

Unfortunately, from the representations of some of the

gentlemen examined by the Committee of the House of Commons, it recommended that in legalizing Art Unions, a Committee of Selection should be the only system sanctioned; and this recommendation was carried out. The Committee of Management of the London Art Union, however, feeling convinced, from experience, that the system of a distribution of money-prizes was the best, made most urgent, although, at first, ineffectual remonstrances against this interference with their institution; and it was only when it became evident the Council would dissolve the society, that the Board of Trade sanctioned the system.

In May, 1844, a Select Committee of the House of Commons was appointed to inquire into the system of Art Unions. It consisted of Mr. Thomas Wise, *Chairman*; Viscount Palmerston, Mr. Solicitor General, Mr. Ewart, Mr. Escott, Mr. Baring Wall, Viscount Adare, Mr. Hayter, Mr. Plumtree, Mr. Thomas Duncombe, Mr. Liddell, Mr. Ridley Colborne, Mr. William Mackenzie, Sir Charles Lemon, and Mr. M'Geachy.

The evidence given before the Select Committee, by the deputation from the Royal Irish Art Union, affords the most favorable account of its constitution and practice, and from it we purpose making some extracts, and offering a few comments upon the inconsistencies and evil procedure of that body, even from their own showing. Stewart Blacker, Hon. Secretary, and George Cash, Esqrs., were deputed to give evidence; the latter gentleman was asked to describe the constitution:—

“Will you state to the Committee what is the constitution of the Art Union of Dublin?—The General Committee consists of sixty-three members.

“How are they chosen?—They are chosen by ballot, by voting of the subscribers.

“Are the same persons elected every year, or is there a certain number that go out and others chosen to replace them?—I cannot charge my memory with respect to the General Committee, but there are a certain number go out at stated times.

“At what period do they go out?—At the end of three years.

“And their places are filled up by the election of the subscribers at large?—Yes.

“Is that pursuant to the original prospectus?—It is the original law of the society.

“What is the mode in which the committee of sixty-three exercise their functions?—They meet, I think it is upon the first and the last Friday in every month; from the General Committee of sixty-three there is formed a committee of selection, amounting to twenty-one members. \* \* \* The duty of the Committee of Selection is to



visit the exhibitions, and select the pictures, without regard to what part of the empire the artists belong to, and without distinction of residence. The Committee of Selection proceed to note down and to decide upon such pictures as they imagine carry with them the principles of high art; and before these pictures can be purchased it must be decided to be a good picture by a vote of the Select Committee, twelve of which, I think, form the quorum, and the majority govern the committee in the purchase of the pictures; and to prevent the possibility of any connivance, or undue favour, or application from artists, there is a declaration read at every meeting, by which the members are bound in honour not to disclose out of doors what passes during the conference. We select without any reference to country, or residence, the best pictures, in our opinion. I should perhaps observe that no professional artist can be a member of the Select Committee.

"Do you think there is any risk of favouritism arising from the present organization?—I should say not in the committee.

"Is the committee permanent?—It is appointed every three years.

"Has it changed its constitution much during your acquaintance with it?—A certain number go out every year.

"Are they required by the laws of the society to retire?—They are.

"Can they be re-elected immediately?—Yes.

"What has been the result of this arrangement; has there been a practical change in the constitution of the Committee of Selection?—Yes.

"The same members have not been continued for any longer period?—They cannot continue for a longer period than three years.

"Is a member permitted to be re-elected immediately on his retiring?—No; the rule is this: the committee select from the General Committee. Now we will suppose that six go out, then these are replaced from the General Committee, therefore they could not be re-elected.

"Who replaces them?—*They are replaced by the Committee of Selection.*

"*The Committee of Selection have the power of filling up the vacancies at their own choice?—Yes, from the General Committee.*"

From the above it is evident, that after the first formation of the General Committee very little changes could take place in the body,—the retiring members being eligible for re-election, were, as a matter of course, again elected; and as to the General Committee being appointed but for three years, practically it was as if the members were permanently appointed, as the re-election was a mere form. This was still more the case with regard to the Selection Committee,—as its members had the power of filling up the yearly vacancies entirely from their own choice, out of the General Committee, they naturally would appoint only those who agreed with their

opinions; the result was, that whatever style of Art the Committee fancied, or whatever hobby its members had, became, for weal or woe, stereotyped upon the Art Union; and it must be noted, that although the General Committee consisted of sixty-three, and the Selection Committee of twenty-one, a large section of their members were merely nominal, as they scarcely ever attended the meetings. Mr. Blacker's evidence was nearly similar to that of Mr. Cash:—

“The committee is chosen by the subscribers; is it by a free election of the whole body, or by supplying vacancies as they occur?—The mode of appointment is simply this: it is open to a free election of all the members, but as they are a very large body, the outgoing members of the Committee of Selection, of which one-third retire every year, *have the power of recommending a list of successors*; and we have always found that this list has been made with such care to meet the confidence of the public and the profession, that there has never been any complaint or dispute.

“In case there were abuses of their exercise of the right of selection, there is sufficient power vested in the subscribers at large to deprive the member so transgressing of his situation in the committee, and thus to prevent the recurrence of the abuse in future?—Quite so; *any member can bring forward any subject he pleases at any of the general meetings, and also call for a ballot for any single member, or for the entire committee, if he wishes.*”

We can easily imagine the degree of success a malcontent would have in bringing forward his objection, even if any body could be found thus to cast a stigma on an individual member:—

“What particular qualifications are required to render a person eligible to be chosen either as a member of the General Committee, or a member of the Committee of Selection?—The qualification required for a member of the General Committee is chiefly a strong interest for art, and for the advancement of the society. That for the Committee of Selection is a severer test; the members are required to be either to a certain degree practical artists themselves, though not professional ones, or to hold a public character, either by their collections or by the taste that they have evinced for art, so as to carry with them the confidence of the artists and the public.”

In fact, for the Committee adequately to perform the onerous duties self-imposed, its members would require an amount of practical knowledge and judgment, and a refined taste, rarely met with even in the professional artist, who was, however, rigidly excluded. Amateurs, even the most skilled in art, uniformly adopt a secondary tone on art topics, when in the presence of an artist; even when he does not happen to be a man of supe-

rior ability, a deference is tacitly paid to the practical experience derived from his professional practice. Yet, of amateurs was the tribunal to be composed, which was to decide on professional excellence, and from which there was to be no appeal. Mr. Blacker, in reply to a question as to the patronage of Art in Ireland, states :—

“Is there any demand for religious subjects in Ireland?—*There has been hardly any demand for original modern art at all.* Whatever demand there has been for pictures has been chiefly with regard to copies and works picked up at auctions.

Mr. *M'Geachy*.—Copies of what?—Copies of the old masters, sold as originals—*the greatest rubbish possible*—at some of the sales.”

By this we would judge that the collectors from which the Art Union Committee drew its principal supply of members, must have had bizarre collections, and must have been singularly skilled in modern Art.

Mr. Cash was asked :—

“Could you give the Committee any information in reference to the objects of the Art Union of Dublin?—It is generally for the furtherance of high art ; all purposes connected with art.

*Chairman*.—You stated that the principal object of the Art-Union was the encouragement of high art?—Yes.

“In what way did you propose to encourage high art as the principal object of your institution?—First, by our mode of selection ; by selecting paintings whose merit in the eyes of the Committee of Selection seemed to consist in either the advance or the attempt at perfection in high art.”

Mr. Blacker when examined gave similar testimony :—

“In that state of art your society was organized, for the purpose principally of encouraging high art?—Yes.

“What do you understand by high art?—I mean that which appears to spring from the mind, being exercised in a work of art, as contradistinguished from mere copying of the works of nature.

“Do you not also extend the signification of it to historical subjects, as contradistinguished from landscapes or still life?—Anything that shows high mental exertion, either in the painter, or produces it in the beholder, I should call high art.”

The Art Union was, therefore, most especially to encourage and develop what is termed High Art, defined as springing from the mind, in contradistinction to what we will term low art, which was mean enough to take nature as its model. From time to time it has been our fortune to peruse much eloquent verbiage concerning high art—what it is, and what it is not ;

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which last is easier understood than the former; we confess to not having received much enlightenment from our studies, and indeed incline to the opinion, that the writers are, in the same benighted state. Mr. Blacker thinks it is incompatible with nature, and we are disposed to agree with him. He thinks that if high mental exertion is shown in the work, or produced in the beholder, it therefore is high art. Now this is a quality a picture may possess and yet be a most execrable daub, utterly wanting in manipulative skill; to our mind the head and the hand must go together, guided by much and careful study from nature. The Art Union, at all events, did not confine itself to its "principal object." The Committee purchased a multitude of landscapes and "genre" works, some indifferent enough; it has been even objected, that its members evinced too great a partiality for landscapes, a style of Art that does not perhaps require such high powers as some others.

Mr. Cash was examined relative to the Money-Prize system—the Committee had been always much opposed to it:—

"Mr. R. Colborne.—I understand the pictures which are given as prizes are entirely chosen by the Committee of Selection?—Entirely.

"Do you ever find any complaint about that?—We do not find any complaint from the subscribers.

"You are aware that in the London Art Union they have a different plan?—I am.

"Have you ever had any application made to put it upon the same footing?—No; there have been representations in the newspapers, stating it would be desirable; *but the general feeling in Dublin is, that we are not far enough advanced for the subscribers to be allowed to choose their own pictures.* If they were allowed to choose, they would take that which more resembled nature, such as a broom, or household utensils, rather than a painting where high art is introduced."

People invariably think the opinion of their circle is that of the world, as they know no other. Thus, when Mr. Cash speaks of the "general feeling in Dublin," he means the general feeling in the Art Union Committee. And he speaks of "allowing" the subscribers, as if they were children, or most ignorant persons; yet, when questioned as to the class of subscribers, he describes them thus:—

"Have you many from the higher classes?—Yes.

"Many in the legal department?—Yes, a great many; the Lord Chancellor was among the first to subscribe.

"Do you recollect any other high legal authorities who are mem-

bers of the Art Union?—The Judges, Chief Justice Dogherty, Baron Pennefather, &c.

“Mr. Ewart.—How low do the subscribers go in the society; have you many persons of the shop-keeping class?—I should say we have, but I cannot say absolutely.”

We rather think that the higher classes, the judges, members of the bar; the church, and the army; the professional and wealthier middle classes who, for the most part, form the bulk of the subscribers, are quite competent to make good selections, as good perhaps as the Committee; public taste for Art is both cultivated and general; the best pictures in the exhibition uniformly attract admiring crowds, and the inferior works are speedily detected:—

“Is there any risk, in your opinion, that by the adoption of the course you have specified, the prize-owner may be required to take a painting which is not congenial to his taste and inclination; for instance, a subscriber may wish to have a portrait, and he may be forced to take a landscape, and *vice versa*; has that struck you as an objection?—It certainly has one disadvantage apparently lying on the surface; but a greater advantage attends our plan, which is this, that the best pictures are sure to be purchased. If you leave it to any subscriber placed on the public list, the argument is that it would not always follow that the best pictures would be purchased; I should say quite the contrary.”

We quite dissent from this argument, which is based altogether upon supposition, and we dispute that, under the system of a Committee, the best pictures are sure to be purchased, or in fact were purchased.

Mr. Blacker, when examined upon this branch of the subject, was altogether in favor of the Committee:—

“The great distinction in the constitution of the society in Dublin, as contrasted with that of London, the Committee understands to be in the power of selection being vested in the committee?—Yes.

Has that arrangement, in your opinion, been productive of advantage or disadvantage to art?—We had the example of the London Society, and also the Scotch Society, which was worked by way of a committee; and it was after deliberate inquiry into the advantages and disadvantages of both methods of proceeding, particularly as concerned the state of art and the education of the public mind with regard to art in Ireland, we came to the resolution to adopt the system of selection by a competent committee.

“The object of the society has been the encouragement of high art especially, not excluding other branches of art; is it not so?—Certainly.

“Do you think that the power of selecting being vested in the com-

mittee is more likely to answer the attainment of that object than if that power were left in the hands of the subscribers at large?—Decidedly so; and it was principally with that view that we vested it in a committee. We thought that with the heterogeneous mass of subscribers that are likely to come into such a society as ours, to which there is no limit, no selection by ballot or any other restriction, that the indiscriminate choice left to the multitude would not have a tendency either in promoting high art, nor would it give that degree of fair patronage to every department of the arts that we considered would be due and fair to each.

“The motive for encouraging high art is desired, not merely from the superiority which it commands, but also from the apprehension that in general such branches of art are not likely to meet the most general patronage?—Yes; we tested it ourselves to a certain degree in our first exhibition. Some members of the committee, myself in particular, took friends or acquaintances in different classes of society, and we asked them, ‘Supposing prizes of certain sums of money fell to your shares, how would you expend them in this exhibition?’ and we found that some of the choices were of a kind that would not do much credit to the society.”

Now this was a most unfair test of the relative merit of the Money-Prize system, and proves nothing—only that Mr. Blacker’s taste was dissimilar to that of someone else. He admits that he was instrumental in causing the Committee system to be adopted, and therefore must naturally be a partial witness. There were two Art Unions in active existence, each under different systems, at the formation of the Royal Irish Art Union; and a constitution differing, in fact, from both these was ultimately decided upon; it was very good in theory, but unfortunately in practice it failed:—

“What is your opinion, reasoning upon the subject abstractedly, of the merits of the two different systems, the one vesting the power of selection in the committee, the other vesting it in the subscribers at large, first in reference to the operation upon art, without looking for the present to artists?—I was one of the persons who, at the original meeting of our body, voted for the adoption of the system of selection by committee as it at present stands, and it was chiefly with a view to the advance of high art, and also with a view of allowing each department in art to have a fair degree of encouragement, that I did so. I am strongly of opinion, that unless some uniform principle with reference to the encouragement of high art especially is adopted, and some uniform system of expenditure of the funds appropriated to the purchase of works of art generally is pursued (at all events, with regard to the larger sums expended), more harm may be done than good, that is, as far as high art is concerned. Now, uniformity in either principle or system is perfectly incompatible with leaving the selection open to the mass of subscribers indiscriminately. I do not say that committees of selection, more than any other body of men, are

infallible; ; all I mean to contend for is, that a certain number of well-selected men, influential, independent, and competent from known taste, education, and attention to a particular department, are more likely to act in accordance with a principle, and in uniformity with a well-regulated system, and less apt to be swayed by mere whim or caprice, self-interest, or the importunity of interested parties, than a private individual, who may chance to be not very well qualified by either previous education or attention to the subject, nor indeed with any very strong feelings of public responsibility as to laying out the public money strictly for the advancement of the object intended.

"Does it not occur to you, that the object of the institution being principally to encourage high art, and excellence in art generally, that there is a greater chance of that object being attained when the encouragement and patronage are exercised by persons competent to judge, than if it were left to the chance of its being vested in individuals who by education and position are not qualified in an equal manner?—Certainly; and it is chiefly with that view, and also with the view of inducing the artists to paint for a superior class of men, rather than to paint for what I may denominate the popular taste; men whose mind have been educated to a certain degree by travel and by study in æsthetic principles.

"Do you apprehend that if the choice were left to the subscribers at large, artists would be inclined to consider the existing taste of the many and uninformed, rather than the taste of the few and cultivated, and work with reference rather to immediate pecuniary profit than to the future and permanent, in the improvement and advancement of art?—That is the meaning I intended to convey.

"Mr. *R. Colborne*.—Do you mean that to apply to the Dublin Association?—I should mean it to apply generally, but to Ireland in particular, where the style of education or taste for high art is of course, it being a matter new to them, in a lower degree of culture.

"Mr. *M<sup>r</sup> Geachy*.—But still you would lay that down as a principle of general application?—Yes.

"One of the objects of the Art Union is to diffuse a knowledge and love of art; do you think that such object is accomplished to a greater degree by allowing individuals to choose for themselves, and so to exercise their own judgment, than if they were required to follow the choice of persons appointed to select for them?—I think it so far dangerous, that a person, having a bad taste, is more likely to be confirmed in that bad taste than ever to rise from that one line or taste for art which he has been early imbued with. If a person gets a picture or statue, selected by a competent committee, he may not be able at first to enter into all the beauties of high art, but there is afterwards a chance of his being able to do that; whereas, on the other hand, if he selected a bad picture for himself in the first instance, or a bad statue (and it is but a chance that he would select a good one), there is a almost a certainty of his being imbued with bad taste from his own selection, while there is every chance of his reforming his taste if a work of art, well selected, gets into his house."

Mr. Blacker thinks that uniformity of principle or taste is

the desirable point gained by a Committee—but it is most undesirable; it is calculated to hamper and cripple an artist's powers, and prevent him from following the natural bent of his genius, unless it happens to accord with the Committee's views of Art—a thing very likely not to happen: true genius is original, it generally departs from the beaten track, and is often an innovation against the opinion of the constituted authorities, although, in the end, they are obliged to recognise the heresy as orthodoxy. We altogether dispute that artists will paint down to what they conceive a low level of public taste; an artist, when not painting for any particular patron, will be certain to choose his subject and method of treatment solely according to his own views. And if painting for an Art Union, on the Money-Prize system, he would in fact be working for the broad public, and would not be bound to study the fancy of any little coterie, having its whims and pet theories to nurse. The true artist is to teach, not to be taught, even by "men whose minds have been educated to a certain degree by travel, and by study in æsthetic principles:" who educated them in æsthetic study? Artists:—

"Do you think, when the choice is left to the subscribers at large, the abuse of that choice might not be, in a great degree, corrected by the circumstance of individuals taking better judges than themselves to guide them in their selection?—Decidedly; and I suppose it is often done, but still there is a chance that it may lead to more hurried and indiscriminate choices, and be of less beneficial effect, than if the selection was made on some regular system and principle."

We say "decidedly" also; and the chance of hurried choice is very slight. But Mr. Blacker states subsequently, that there is a great deal of private patronage of Art arising; in the tabular view alluded to in the following extract, it is stated by him that the amount of private purchases in the exhibitions averages £300 annually:—

"Do you ascribe exclusively to the operation of the Art Union of Dublin the result to which you refer, or were there any other concurring causes to produce that result which you can state to the Committee?—The Royal Irish Art Union was the originating cause. It appears by the fact, as given by this tabular view, that there was little or no private patronage before the existence of the Royal Irish Art Union, and that there has been a very considerable increase since; nor does there appear to have been any concurrent or additional cause to account for this great increase of patronage, beyond the impulse given, and the public mind excited by the Art Union in favour of the fine arts.



"There was no call for works of art, either on the part of the Government or individuals, exclusively of the Art Union at that time in Dublin?—None, with the exception, perhaps, of a mere portrait or bust.

"How do you account for the Art Union producing the result you have just stated it produced to the committee?—Simply by acting on the great mass of society, interesting them to view art favourably in their own country. The small subscription required united them in a body, and finding that they could become possessors, at a small rate, of valuable works of art, each picture or engraving issued became the nucleus of a rising collection, and formed the subject round which the family or the circle conversed of art, and became imbued with a taste for it."

Now we wonder that the committee "allow" such a heterogeneous and indiscriminate mass as Art Union subscribers, to form little collections. Surely the Committee must feel most unhappy lest high art be overlooked; and as it thinks the public in Ireland "not far enough advanced to be allowed" to spend their own money when paid into the Art Union coffers, surely equal reason exists for interference when the public attempt to make private selections; especially when there is so much risk of a low style of art being encouraged.

Mr. Cash gave similar evidence:—

"Mr. *R. Colborne*.—Are there not any pictures which are bought that have been ordered on commission; do the committee have the first choice of selection, before the public have the power to purchase?—Decidedly not; so much the contrary, that last year there were several pictures bought, and the year before, by persons not connected with the Art Union. I think that never happened before the establishment of the Art Union.

"Do you consider that there has been an increase of private patronage?—Decidedly; taste is more generally directed into that channel now.

"Mr. *Escott*.—When you say the general opinion in Ireland is favourable to Art Unions, how do you arrive at an estimate of the general opinion?—By the amount of our subscriptions increasing every year, as well as the general opinion expressed by the public, and the interest they take in the exhibition and the pictures of the best masters.

"Will you continue to state what are the instances of encouragement of sculpture in Ireland?—I should mention among others, Mr. Hogan's statue of Dr. Doyle. There are, however, a great number of commissions given by various individuals to sculptors with which I am not acquainted."

Mr. Blacker, also, when questioned on this subject replies:—

"I have seen the productions of Hogan, and they are highly creditable to that class of our fellow-subjects who have contributed so

freely to modern art. The group of the entombment of our Saviour in the convent near Dublin, and the statue of Dr. Doyle in Carlow, and I believe some other works, are highly creditable to modern art.

"Can you state to the Committee the prices that have been given for those works?—I cannot exactly; but merely from hearsay; I believe from 1,200*l.* to 1,500*l.* has been the amount."

When sums such as these are judiciously expended upon works of Art, public taste can scarcely be at such a low ebb, or require to be in leading strings lest it go wrong.

We return to Mr. Cash's evidence:—

"*Chairman.*—There was no complaint on the part of the subscribers?—None whatever.

"Nor any imputation thrown upon the correctness of the decision of the Committee of Selection?—I have known artists grumble a little when their pictures have not been bought, but I do not think there has been a general complaint.

"This dissatisfaction has been principally confined to artists, whose paintings have not been chosen?—Precisely.

"The committee have not, at any time been accused of undue preference of a particular style of art, or of particular artists?—I would not say they have not been; but I should say, if they have been so accused, it was without cause, as far as I have been able to discover."

Artists' complaints, in fact, were always set down by the Committee as the grumblings of disappointed men; it claimed infallibility in matters relating to Art, and from its fiat of condemnation there was no appeal. There was dissatisfaction enough—the Committee could not be unaware of that; artists felt keenly the mortification of their position,—exposed to the censures of a self-constituted tribunal, totally irresponsible,—for the artist could not appeal to the public,—the Committee would not admit of correction from that ignorant mass. Thus the Committee passed its "award," unchecked and uncontrolled, and artists could only "grumble." Some hint of the feelings of artists must have reached the Parliamentary Committee, judging by the following:—

"*Mr. Escott.*—Are you aware what their (the Irish artists) opinions now are with reference to the advantages of the Art Union?—I am not.

"When you stated just now that all the eminent artists whom you have named were favourable to the Art Union, did you mean they had been favourable to the formation of the Art Union?—Yes, to the formation; and since the formation, I have heard them express opinions very favourable to it.

"Has that been recently?—No, not recently.

"Were those favourable opinions expressed only a little while after the formation of the Art Union?—About that time.

"Was it before they had had sufficient experience of the Art Union to judge of its operation?—It would appear so.

"Mr. Ewart.—Are there any eminent Irish artists now in London who could give evidence to this Committee?—Yes; I met one yesterday, but he has retired from the profession; he is an honorary member.

"Is Mr. Rothwell in London?—I should think so.

"Chairman.—Is he a resident Irish artist?—He is resident in London: Mr. Maclise is entirely resident in London.

"Mr. Ewart.—What is the general opinion of the effect of the Art Union in Ireland, as far as you have been able to collect it?—That of exciting, I should say, a very general taste with respect to subjects of fine art.

"Is the general opinion in Ireland favourable or unfavourable to the Irish Art Unions?—I should say quite favourable.

"Is the opinion of the Irish artists, as far as you have been able to collect it, favourable?—I should say so."

This last answer was decisive, whatever doubt might have been entertained, there was no artist at hand to give any other version. Mr. Blacker is subsequently asked:—

"Chairman.—Have any complaints been made on the part of the public of any abuses on the part of the Committee of Selection?—I have heard no regular complaints as to their selection. That occasional strictures will arise in an underhand way by rumour, or in newspapers, there is no doubt, but whenever that has been the case, they have generally been traced to disappointed parties whose demands did not meet with the success they desired, or were obliged to be passed by altogether.

"You are not in possession of any specific instances of complaint made against the committee, collectively or individually, on the subject of their choice of works of art?—No."

Thus, when any complaints were made by subscribers, they were attributed to want of knowledge and discernment relative to Art; and if the complaints came from artists, they were considered interested ones from disappointed men. We are surprised that Mr. Blacker seemed unaware that a small section of the Irish artists were so much aggrieved that they called a public meeting of the profession to protest against the course pursued by the Art Union Committee: it was held in D'Olier-street, in the year 1843, but, although many artists felt strongly opposed to the proceedings of the Committee, and favorable to the objects of the assembly, very few attended—none of the Royal Hibernian Academicians were present. In fact, the Art Union Committee was felt to be too powerful an oligarchy, and artists

hesitated to place themselves in opposition to a body capable of conferring or withholding patronage. The principal point complained of was, the selection of a large number of English and Scottish works, while many, by Irish artists, were left unpurchased. The Committee, of course, said they were all disappointed men, and that their works did not deserve to be bought; but this was not the fact.

We may, perhaps, be accused of making statements that we cannot substantiate; it is difficult, at this period, to call up those matters accurately, and we feel diffident of mentioning contemporary artists' names; however, two have since died, and to these we may therefore allude. W. G. Wall was an artist who painted some very clever landscapes; though an Irishman he had passed much of his life in America, and was a Member of the New York Academy; he found but little favor with the Art Union Committee, and was accused of mannerism; if he was a mannerist he was made one by want of sufficient patronage. The Committee purchased but few of his pictures, and generally at reduced prices; he was, therefore, obliged to paint many works hastily and without much study, for he had a family to support, and was always struggling with disappointments. Had the Committee purchased freely of him, he might have been enabled to study more from nature, and would, unquestionably, have produced high class works, for he had great feeling for his Art, combined with a power of handling, and an excellent idea of color. His pictures, on his return to this country, were greatly and most deservedly admired; but poor Wall felt heart sick and discouraged, when he saw large sums given for English works, which he knew he could equal if only encouraged. The Art Union might have raised him into fame and affluence—it depressed him.

The late Samuel Brocas was another instance; the Committee purchased but sparingly from him. Yet, he was an excellent artist, possessed great power of hand, and of composition, and a cultivated judgment; he, too, was a landscape painter. In the year 1848, he exhibited fourteen pictures, some of large size, and of these he sold *one* for £30, whilst this same year over one thousand pounds were spent on English and Scottish works. But Mr. Brocas was in too secure a position to depend on, or need Art Union patronage; its treatment of him had the effect, however, of discouraging any further efforts; in utter disgust he ceased to contri-

bute works to the Exhibition, and from that time never painted a picture for the Art Union, and his talented brothers followed his example.

Many other instances of deep and bitter disappointments we could mention, but we refrain from publishing what, in some degree, are private details. Individuals appeared to be greatly favored by the Committee, thus rousing professional jealousy, at all times easily excited, and annoyance was felt at the extension of Art Union patronage to amateurs, in competition with professional artists. We will only add, that the mortification entailed upon a deserving and highly sensitive body of men, would require an immense amount of public advantage as a counterbalance.

On the subject of engravings Mr. Cash was asked :—

“ From what paintings do you generally select the subjects for engraving?—From Irish artists; it is the sole exception we make; we purchase the paintings of all indiscriminately, but the engraving must be from the picture of an Irish artist.

“ That is, of a living Irish artist?—Yes.

“ You confine yourself, then, to engravings from living artists?—Yes.

“ Why do you adopt that course, when the object is the encouragement of high art; do you suppose that modern artists furnish you with examples sufficiently adapted to the purpose of advancing high art?—It is the only honour in our power to bestow upon those of our countrymen who have distinguished themselves in art, and we do it not only out of regard for the honour they have conferred upon art and their country, but for the encouragement of such other artists as may come forward and show themselves worthy of a similar honour.”

The Select Committee seem to have been struck with the inconsistency of patronising exclusively one set of Irish artists, and not another, although the same motives and objects would apply equally as a reason; and we think the motive assigned for this practice, “ the encouragement of such other artists as may come forward and show themselves worthy of similar honour,” is as applicable to the selection of works for distribution, as to the selection of subjects for engraving :—

“ *Chairman.*—Do you select the engraver also from Irish artists?—No, we select the best we can get.

“ Why, in one instance, do you confine yourselves to Irish artists, and not in the other; is not the one case equally important with the other?—It is; but we have no Irish engravers equal to the names of

the engravers in London. In fact, there is no gentlemen in possession of a fine picture who would lend it to be engraved by a second or third-rate engraver.

*Chairman.*—Is it the opinion of the Committee of Selection that high art is better encouraged by confining the selection of subjects for engraving to the works of Irish artists, or extending their choice to the productions of the artists of the United Kingdom generally?—I am of opinion that, for the furtherance of art, it would be most desirable to extend it generally; but in the situation in which the committee is placed with reference to national feeling upon the subject of Irish Art Unions, I think it would make us excessively unpopular just at the outset; but there is no rule or regulation by which we are precluded from seeking assistance from every quarter we can, by which we can derive any aid in the furtherance of high art.

*Mr. Escott.*—With whom would it be make you unpopular?—With our subscribers, for whom we provide."

We have here an admission that the popular feeling amongst the subscribers was opposed to the course adopted by the Committee of not extending a full patronage to Irish Art; yet, in the following, it is described as a feeling entirely confined to the resident artists:—

"Does the admission of paintings from other parts of the empire subject you to unpopularity?—There is a little jealousy perhaps with the resident artists, but not with the public."

Mr. B. Wall put the following questions:—

"Do you not think, under such circumstances, it would be much better to confine the Dublin Art Union to giving pictures rather than engravings as prizes?"

"Certainly not; our engravings are a great cause of the prosperity of our society."

"By the prosperity of your society, you mean the number of subscribers which you possess?"

"Yes; and from the care the committee take in the selection of subjects such as would tend to cultivate and improve the taste of the remotest district to which the engraving in Ireland might travel."

"Now if such a regulation as I have hinted at were adopted by the Irish Art Union, in the event of its lessening the number of subscribers, would there be a better class of subscribers, men of more acknowledged taste; and is not the chief object of Art Unions rather to advance art, than to obtain the greatest possible sum of money?"

"Certainly; all considerations are minor ones in comparison with the cultivation of the public taste; that is our high and great object."

Public opinion has changed very much upon this subject since the period in which the above evidence was given. An Art

Union issuing no prints would now be more popular; and, on this constitution, the New Irish Art Union has been founded.

"What is the general tendency of the practice of the committee; is it to purchase few paintings, and of the first merit, but of high price; or to purchase a great number of creditable paintings, of inferior price?"

"We take the names and select the best picture, as we think, of each artist first; one picture of each artist, because an artist may send in several pictures; and we go round the room selecting what we think best of each artist. We give the preference to Irish artists who are resident, in the first instance.

"You go round, and select the best picture, first taking into consideration the circumstance of their being the productions of Irish artists?"

"Yes.

"But that is only in the case of the Irish artists being of equal merit with the English or Scotch?"

"Yes."

The Art Union was established principally to supply the want of public patronage of Art in Ireland—from the want of which patronage Art was in a comparatively inferior position. Clever artists had either left the country, or turned their attention to portrait painting, and teaching, as the only remunerative sources of occupation. To require the artists to possess equal merit with those of England or Scotland, for years in possession of extensive patronage, was, therefore, manifestly unjust, and could not be considered as a preference. The practice of the Committee was not exactly as above described by Mr. Cash, for it was notorious that English, Irish, and Scottish productions, indiscriminately, continued to be purchased from week to week, up to the final closing of the exhibition. The Committee, we must assume, thought all the Irish works purchased equal to those of the English and Scottish artists; if so, how was the preference given—in the first week's selection were usually several English works, and, in the last selections made, nearly two months subsequently, Irish ones appeared. Now it is evident, if a sufficient number of subscriptions had not been received during that interval, those meritorious Irish works, purchased during the last week, must have remained unsold; although several from other parts of the United Kingdom, were already selected. There was, therefore, no preference whatever shown—the truth is, the preference evinced by the Committee was altogether in

favor of English works: except in two or three marked instances there was a disinclination to believe in the possibility of Irish artists producing any works of ability—those selected were purchased grudgingly; and, but for very shame, many more English and Scottish works would have been selected.

We are glad to perceive that the Royal Irish Art Union has at length roused itself from the lethargy which, for those few years back, overcame it; although wishing that a little more information had been given to the public regarding "the very satisfactory state of the society's affairs," which elicited such "loud cheers" from the half dozen members of Committee who were present; and we regret extremely that its managers should have attempted to ascribe its late failure to "famine and insurrection"! when it is patent to all that the failure was altogether owing to the mismanagement of the Committee. The "insurrection" it had to contend against, was an insurrection of its angry subscribers. We regret that this course has been taken, because the covert insinuation it conveys is, that there was nothing wrong in its former management, and nothing to correct. It was not to be expected that the Committee would acknowledge that a mistaken course had been pursued—that is the last admission that human nature can be induced to make; but, by silence as to causes, those would be willing to lend a helping hand to sustain what might be made a valuable institution, who will be now roused into opposition. We, at least, would have readily forgotten former mistakes, to use a mild term, had even the slightest hint been given of the future adoption of a better procedure; but when we find it asserted that the falling off of the subscribers was entirely owing to the famine, we naturally feel indignant. That calamity would unquestionably have caused some diminution in the funds of the Art Union, no matter how excellent might have been the management, but would not have caused its extinction. None of the various literary and scientific societies established in our city suffered such a catastrophe, although equally likely to be affected by the times. The majority of its subscribers was composed of the wealthier middle class, who possessed as much money then as at any former period; but the subscribers ceased to support it, because of the wide-spread dissatisfaction at the course pursued by its managers. Nearly every important rule or principle was either evaded or departed from, and faith was not kept with the subscribers. It sought and



obtained public support, on the grounds set forth in the following Plan, as arranged at a meeting held in Dublin, on the 8th of April, 1839, the Marquis of Ormonde in the chair, and confirmed at a general meeting, held the 15th of April, 1840 :—

“ This Society is established for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts in Ireland, by the purchase of the Works of Living Artists exhibited in the metropolis: A committee, consisting of Twenty-one Members, chosen at a General Meeting of Subscribers, select and purchase, at the Exhibitions from the artists in Dublin, such works of Art as are creditable to the talents and genius of the country; and at the close of the season these Prizes are distributed by lot among the subscribers. One chance of obtaining some valuable prize work of Art, allowed for one Guinea, two chances for two Guineas, and so on, in proportion for every guinea contributed, while *every member* is certain of an impression of the annual Engraving, finished in the highest manner, and published *exclusively* or themselves, for every Guinea subscribed, and in strict order of subscription.”

This was carried out by purchasing a greater number of English and Scottish productions, than of those by artists of Ireland; and finding, at length, the utter absurdity of professing to select “works creditable to the talent and genius of the country,” they made a surreptitious and certainly ingenious substitution in the “plan,” likely, upon a hasty perusal, to escape detection, by which it was completely changed to suit their purposes—although it still professed to be “confirmed at a general meeting held the 15th April, 1840.”

Every subscriber was to have an engraving “published exclusively for himself;”—this rule was carried out by purchasing old engravings from print publishers, and distributing them amongst the subscribers.

The annual engraving was invariably to be from the work of an Irish artist; and this was observed by distributing prints after Coreggio, by Turner, and by E. H. Corbould!

Certain works were announced as forthcoming engravings, and others, comparatively inferior, were afterwards given instead, some lame excuse being alleged for the substitution.

But, to crown all, reports spread abroad that some inferior clerks and local agents misappropriated portions of the funds; which, whether true or false, completed the public dissatisfaction; and now, after an expenditure of over £28,000, the Arts in Dublin are not in a more prosperous state than that in which the Art Union found them. The fact is, the institution was too

well supported—had less funds been placed at the disposal of the Committee, it would have done much better: in the two years immediately following its formation, the management was extremely good, and gave great satisfaction to all parties. The total subscriptions in those years were, respectively, £1,235, and £2,329; as it grew wealthy it became corrupt, as happens sometimes in larger communities.

So much we have felt compelled to write—not angrily, but with some pain. We would gladly see the Royal Irish Art Union, and the New Irish Art Union merged into one institution. We have had too much division in matters relating to Art in this country; and, with such limited encouragement for it, we cannot afford to have men, actuated by similar aims and objects, separated by antagonisms. There are on the Committee of the New Art Union some members who are, we perceive by the late meeting of the older Art Union Committee, members of it also—from which, we would imagine, that few difficulties could interpose. There is nothing to prevent the gentlemen, who fill the office of Honorary Secretary to the one, and Manager of the other, holding the same offices in the amalgamated “union.” It ought not to be forgotten, that Mr. Stewart Blacker was the first to organise an Art Union in this country—that many difficulties and infinite trouble were incurred by him to procure co-operation, and to place the society on an efficient basis—that year after year he devoted both time and energy to the furtherance of its objects—and fully succeeded in bringing it to a highly prosperous financial condition. There are many things to deplore in the course it sometimes pursued; but it is not fair, as has been sometimes done, to identify Mr. Blacker particularly with this, forgetful that he had but a single voice on the Committee. When men come together there must be differences of opinion, and it often happens that a hostile majority sets aside the prudent and politic advice of a more clear-seeing minority. It can serve no good now to inquire particularly who was, or who was not, to blame; but there can be no doubt that the Honorary Secretary to the Royal Irish Art Union was always actuated by a high-minded and anxious desire for the advancement of the Fine Arts in Ireland: therefore, Mr. Blacker has a right to a prominent position in an Irish Art Union.

In the earlier portion of this paper, reference was made to the general taste for, and appreciation of Art, evinced by the

people of Ireland ; and we gave as a reason why the Arts were not more prosperous, the comparative want of wealth : if an instance were required to prove the former, we would point to the recent establishment, and subsequent progress, of the New Irish Art Union. With old experiences and disappointments still fresh in the public mind, yet has there been shown the greatest willingness to co-operate towards the furtherance of a new attempt. We earnestly hope that the mistakes in the management of the Royal Irish Art Union, will be avoided by the committee of the new Society. Very much is not to be expected in the first year ; but there is little doubt that a valuable institution will originate from this effort. It was one of the good effects of the Great Industrial Exhibition, that it gave rise to the Art Union. The many splendid works in the Fine Arts' Hall roused the artistic feeling which had hitherto lain dormant, and excited a wish in the breasts of many to possess similar specimens. Hence, for this year, we do not quarrel with the purchases made from Foreign Schools by the Committee ; but we would impress upon the noblemen and gentlemen who compose it, that if twice the amount of the foreign contributions to the Great Exhibition were annually purchased here, the progress of the Fine Arts in Ireland would not be thereby at all advanced—any amount of enthusiastic twaddle about the cultivation of public taste to the contrary, notwithstanding. The position of Art in any country can only be measured and ascertained by the merits of its artists, and a country depending upon other States for the importation of works, has no Art of its own. The Modern Italian School does not stand very high—and yet Italy contains the finest galleries and works of Art in the world ; this is a suggestive fact, and we submit it to the consideration of the Art Union Committee.

The average quality of the pictures already selected by the New Art Union Committee is not above respectable mediocrity. The painting of the "Interior of a Church at Antwerp," by Gennison and Williams, is unquestionably a high class picture ; and if the majority of those bought were of similar excellence, we could not object to their purchase ; but when they are, for the most part, landscapes of the same degree of merit usually seen in our own Exhibitions, we cannot discover any lasting good to Art likely to arise from the selection. We freely admit that the exhibition of such works as—"Elizabeth of Hun-

gary," by De Keyseer; "The Temptation of St. Anthony," by Gallait; the "Harvest Scene," by C. Tschaggeny; "Pier of Ostende during a Storm," by Achenback; "View of the Ruins of the Cloisters of Walkenrind, Hanover; Sunset in Winter," by Hasenpflug; "View in Inspruck," by Kalkrenth—is in the highest degree advantageous, especially to artists, as nothing conduces so much to produce excellence, and stimulate effort, as an opportunity of comparing superior and high class works of other artists with home productions. We only contend that by creating a market for foreign works of but average excellence, an injury will be done to our artists, who certainly ought to have the prior claim on their own countrymen; and as there is but little encouragement, that little can the less bear to be monopolized by others. The Council of the Royal Hibernian Academy has always exerted itself to procure the loan of high class works from private collectors for the annual Exhibitions, and the Committee of the Art Union would benefit Art more by endeavouring to second such efforts, than by holding out inducements to dealers to import pictures—for this is the inevitable tendency of the regulation of the New Art Union, which allows purchases to be made anywhere in Dublin. The selections should be strictly confined to the Annual Exhibition of the Royal Hibernian Academy, and the obnoxious rule should be at once rescinded. It will be productive of much jobbing, of which the Committee, probably, will never become aware; such a rule is another deviation from the principle of division of labor. A chartered body exists, for the express purpose of collecting works for Annual Exhibition, capable and willing to exercise its function; it ought, therefore, not to be interfered with—certainly nothing should be done calculated to mar its efficiency,—all interested in the advancement of Art, ought rather to assist and co-operate.

In the selections already made, it must cause regret to all well wishers of Art that copies have been purchased. Surely Art is not to be advanced by disseminating inferior copies of works. Are we to understand that if the Committee cannot afford to give, say £100, for an original work, it will be satisfied by giving a beginner some £10 or £20 for a copy of it? This will certainly be economical, and make no lack of prizes, provided there is in consequence no falling off of subscribers—but it will be a singular method of advancing Art. Upon what principle a very

inferior and tame copy of Wilkie's "Village Politicians," painted upon china or some such substance, and executed in the style of works done on snuff boxes, was purchased, we are at a loss to discover; and when we think of all the mystical talk about high Art that we have heard, we are sorely puzzled—better far to have purchased the excellent engraving which has been published of this picture.

One arrangement that has given universal satisfaction is that engravings shall not, in future, be distributed—in fact, people are heartily sick of Art Union prints; very few of them are excellent, and those of sterling merit pall upon the eye from constant repetition—even gold, by being universal, would lose its value. Attempting too much has been the great fault of Art Unions hitherto established in the United Kingdoms. National Galleries—Schools of Drawing—Art Premiums—and print publishing, are matters with which such societies should have no concern. The great feature of modern society is division of labor; classification is, by a steady perseverance, directed to one object, and the grandest results are achieved; all those endeavours are equally praiseworthy and desirable. Let us by all means have a National Gallery, only let there be a separate society to manage it. Drawing Schools are already organized and working efficiently in this city; therefore, no particular reason existed for Art Unions giving premiums; and the print publishers, in the legitimate exercise of their trade, produce far better prints than any that have as yet emanated from these associations, whose object is to advance Art, by inducing its professors to devote their time and talents to the production of superior works, and to enable persons of limited income to possess them. This is the great aim and end of Art Unions; the means however—in Ireland at least—has been so much thought of, that the end is neglected. The mercantile spirit comes too much into play; to have a multitude of subscribers is conceived to be the test of success, instead of looking to the results. It is productive of the additional evil, that the wish to have a great many prizes for distribution occasions the Committee to go peddling and huxtering amongst the artists. This was a proceeding which the late Committee of the Royal Irish Art Union constantly adopted, and it gave rise to much annoyance and ill-feeling. An artist places a price upon his picture commensurate with the time and thought it has cost him, being guided in part by the prices

he usually receives, and those his brother artists ask for theirs; if this price is beyond the means of a purchaser, or the merits of the work, he looks out for some other more in accordance with his views. He does not hurt the artist's feelings by offering half what he asks, nor insult him by the supposition that he asks double what he is willing to take. The former Art Union Committee was constantly deploring, in prospectuses, the fact that there was little or no private patronage of Art in Ireland; artists were told impliedly that if they did not take the reduced offer made, they would lose the sale, for there was no other available means of disposal. The system of beating down an artist's price to the lowest point was productive of much ill feeling, many of the English artists complained of the course pursued by the Royal Irish Art Union, so different from their experience. We have seen a letter from a very eminent London artist, asserting that the price offered by the Committee for his works would have been equivalent to but thirty shillings weekly, whilst he was painting it. There is some difficulty in estimating the value of pictures, as they are not altogether governed by the ordinary rules of commerce. Many, for instance, would willingly give a large price for works that others would feel no anxiety to possess; besides, the artist's name often gives a value to a picture far beyond what another of equal merit will realize. No such difficulty arises when the public are the patrons; prize-holders would have no hesitation in making a reduced offer, nor would artists be likely to over-price their works, if the Money-Prize system prevailed—and if they did, it is an evil that would soon cure itself. On perusing the lists of purchases by the prize-holders of the London Art Union for some years back, we were greatly struck by the number of instances in which additional sums had been given, over and above the amount of the prize, and it is not to be expected but that a demand of abatement would be made in such cases.

We are exceedingly grieved to learn that the New Art Union Committee is pursuing a similar disgraceful course with that adopted by the older Society. Art is not a matter on which to chaffer and drive a bargain; if the price is too high, it would be the better course to make no offer; artists are not generally in the habit of reducing their terms, and a Committee ought to act even more liberally than private individuals, especially if the intention is to improve art. Such a mean system

of cheapening will have quite a contrary effect—it will tend to produce mediocrity—for artists will paint down to the requirement, if not induced by sufficient remuneration to make higher efforts. The reasons given for the adoption of this course make it still worse—the small amount of funds is assigned as an apology for the miserable sum offered, as if limited means were any excuse for seeking to buy what the Committee cannot afford, or a valid reason for obtaining things at half their value. The Committee expect that artists ought to make a sacrifice to advance the great object of the society: what sacrifice is made by others, for them, to justify this reciprocity? Is the individual subscription of ten shillings, by which a chance of obtaining a clever work of art is afforded, the sacrifice to balance which an artist is to forego twenty or thirty pounds, perhaps more? If an artist subscribes to the society, it is all that ought to be expected from him. Gentlemen may say, we are combining for a great public object—the Advancement of the Fine Arts—we are creating a patronage that did not before exist, and opening a new source of income for artists:—assuredly,—but if the remuneration is to be of a miserable kind, calculated to embitter his labor, we say it is a great public object that had better not be advanced.

There is no wide or lasting good likely to accrue from the purchase of £5 and £10 pictures; such, if by really clever artists, usually partake more of the character of sketches; and if by amateurs or students, are rarely worth purchase at all. It may be said that young artists ought to be encouraged; most certainly, if cleverness is shown; but unless talent is very evident, it is apt to engender conceit; and emulation will be sufficiently excited by the hope of future patronage, as a reward of successful effort. It is not desirable to hold out too many inducements to men to become artists; we have a sufficiency of mediocrity in art at present, and need no increase in the stock; where there is genius or talent it will show itself, in spite even of positive discouragement. Most persons subscribe to an Art Union, in the hope of winning a respectable work of Art, and feel more disappointment at receiving a £3 or £5 picture, than if totally unsuccessful; as, in the latter case, they would look forward to being more fortunate next time; besides, any person able to afford the annual subscription of a pound, on the chance of obtaining a prize, could easily purchase a small priced work, if it happened to strike his fancy,

although a £30, or a £50 picture might be quite beyond his means.

It is a singular circumstance, that in all the Art Unions established in the United Kingdoms there have been no artists upon the Managing Committees. It is not, therefore, surprising that mistakes should have been made under such a system of amateur management. There are many reasons which would render their presence upon Selection Committees undesirable, inasmuch as an artist would naturally shrink from adjudicating upon contemporary professional excellence; but upon the General Committee their co-operation would be very valuable, and would prevent many mistakes.

We are most decidedly of opinion that all Art Unions should be based upon the Money-Prize system, the superior public advantages of which we have endeavoured to point out in the foregoing portion of this paper. The Art Union of London, established upon that system, is now in the eighteenth year of its active existence, and has been the most successful of all the Art Union Societies. Since 1842 the annual subscriptions have averaged £12,000; it has given very great satisfaction both to subscribers and artists, and very few complaints have been made. Works of Art, comprising paintings, drawings, statues, designs in outline, bronze casts, porcelain statuettes, and other works, have been distributed, amounting to £100,529, and also various engravings have been yearly given to each subscriber at a total cost of £41,562. The society has also a reserve fund amounting to £5,233, with which it is proposed ultimately to procure a gallery of painting, and otherwise advance the objects of the Society. Such satisfactory results are highly gratifying; and the Council, for their excellent management, are entitled to the thanks not only of the Art Union subscribers, but of all interested in the progress of Art. We make the subjoined extracts from one of the Annual Reports, which admirably exemplify the utility of such associations:

“The Society has admittedly had great effect in directing attention to the arts of design, inducing the public to take an interest in their progress, and acquire a knowledge of their principles, and it is thus gradually cultivating public taste and enlarging the sphere of enjoyments, while it provides funds for the assistance of an important profession. To make a knowledge of art general is a sure way to encourage artists and develop talent. When excellence in art is universally understood, appreciated, and called for, it will be found. When we can say in England—as was justly said of the Athenians,



by one of their own great writers—"that the common people are the most exquisite judges of whatever in art is graceful, harmonious, or sublime," then shall we have our artists producing works which posterity will not willingly let die. We would have the enjoyment of art not a luxury for the few, but a necessary within the reach of all. The cultivation of a pure taste is not incompatible with the most rigorous attention to the most mechanical operations of existence. We may strew with bright flowers the banks between which the stream of life runs, not merely without impeding its progress or lessening its usefulness, but with evident and great advantage. Art may give us fine ideas of natural things, a noble turn of thought, most pleasurable and profitable emotions :

' Who may behold the works of Raphael's hand,  
And feel no mountings of the soul within—  
Find not his sphere of intellect expand,  
And the creation of the pencil win  
His thoughts towards heaven—to which they are akin !'

Our great corporations, as your Council ventured once before to urge, emulating the town councils of Pisa and Florence in years gone by, should enlist the powers of art to teach as well as adorn, and so aid in developing them. They might thus make some return to posterity for the advantages they have received from their predecessors."

This last paragraph alludes to the following, which appeared in the Report for the year 1844 :

"The surplus revenues of a Club or City Company could not be better expended than in portraying for imitation, on the walls of their hall, a noble action, or elevated feeling, in the language of all lands—the language of the painter ; or setting up in marble, memorials of their good and great men. The cost of our city banquet might be made to produce a work which should long remain to advance the best interests of society."

It is most satisfactory to find that those suggestions have not fallen idly ; the Report of the London Art Union for the current year concludes thus :—

"On various occasions your Council have ventured to suggest that our great Corporations should devote some of their wealth to the decoration of their halls with works of Fine Art ; 'that they should enlist the powers of art to teach as well as adorn, and so aid in developing them.'

"The Corporation of London have taken an important step in this direction, and have commissioned six leading sculptors to produce statues in marble from the English poets, for the adornment of the Mansion-house. It is to be hoped that this good example will speedily be followed in other quarters."

We hope so too—and suggest the example set, to the consideration of the corporate bodies and clubs of our metropolis

whose Art patronage has hitherto been manifested by an occasional commission for a big, whole length portrait, which seems to be considered by the British public as the very height and acme of Art—the only pictorial adornment for a public edifice, and the only tribute to contemporary excellence.

The Royal Association for the promotion of the Fine Arts in Scotland, was founded in Edinburgh in the year 1833; its constitution has been described in the forgoing portion of the present paper; through the means of this Art Union a sum of £80,000 has been contributed by the public for the promotion of Art. 1,264 works of painting and sculpture have been purchased, and engravings to the extent of upwards of 100,000 distributed.

The Art Union of Glasgow, established in the year 1841, has also been very liberally sustained, and is yearly increasing in prosperity—last year the total subscriptions amounted to £6,800, showing an increase of over £2,000 upon the preceding year. The Society has also distributed some very good engravings.

There are likewise several Art Union Societies established in various parts of England—one in connexion with the Royal Manchester Institution—one joined with the Suffolk Fine Arts Association, and one in Bristol. Such Societies cannot but exercise a powerful influence on Art throughout the United Kingdoms, in fact the good effects are already apparent. They have created an amount of patronage for, and appreciation of Art undreamed at the time when George III. founded the Royal Academy; a patronage that, without the establishment of such Societies, would never have arisen, as the larger portion of those who now subscribe their annual pound, would most probably have never devoted a larger sum to that object, and thus the expenditure of hundreds of thousands of pounds would have been lost to Art.

Some of the Art Union Committees have turned their attention towards the formation of National Galleries in their several localities—most desirable institutions unquestionably such would be—and though all matters directly or indirectly appertaining to the advancement of Art, come within the provinces of Art Unions, still, as we before observed, it would be better that those societies kept strictly to the particular means by which they endeavour to achieve that object, and not risk

the stability of their Societies by adopting too wide a range: they can, and ought, to assist the establishing of galleries, especially by inducing prize holders to make donations of works, and the Money Prize system would perhaps conduce more to this than the Selection Committee. We would, however, prefer always to see those institutions taken up by a special society, as has been done in this city. We wish every prosperity to the Irish Institution for the establishment of a National Gallery in Dublin, and we rejoice to see, amongst the noblemen and gentlemen who compose the Committee, the name of William Dargan. It has been proposed to erect the building by shares, and a separate company; the Irish Institution devoting the annual subscriptions and donations to the payment of a yearly rent. This proposition exposes the Institution to the liability of occasional embarrassments, or total failure, from a falling off in the annual subscriptions. Such a fate has already overtaken a similar institution, heretofore established in this city. We believe the above arrangement has not been decided upon; and, pending its consideration, would venture to offer a suggestion. Over £4,000 have been subscribed to form a Dargan Industrial Institute, a sum totally inadequate to establish it, even if such were required. There is no immediate necessity for such an Institute; but there is a want of a National Gallery, which, if coupled with the name of Dargan, would afford just as appropriate a tribute of the Nation's appreciation of the public spirit and patriotism of that distinguished man, and would perhaps be as agreeable to him. With a grant from Government of the same amount (which is our right), a sufficient building could be erected—for it is not necessary to be too magnificent in our ideas—and the yearly subscriptions and donations would go to defray expenses of management, and the purchase of works, and thus place the Institution upon a safe and permanent basis.

We would wish to see in that Gallery, and in our Exhibitions, subjects taken from the picturesque phases of Irish history—they are more worthy of the painter's genius than the sentimentality of peasant life, or the pathos of peasant superstitions. Scottish artists have consulted their national annals in selecting subjects, and have been happy in their

execution ; our history, when truly known, as THE IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW has taught it, is equally valuable to the Irish artist, who should, even now, strike boldly into these un-illustrated passages of our records, and no longer suffer Irish Art Exhibitions to display scenes of all lands save Ireland. To this, and the other topics of this paper we shall again return.

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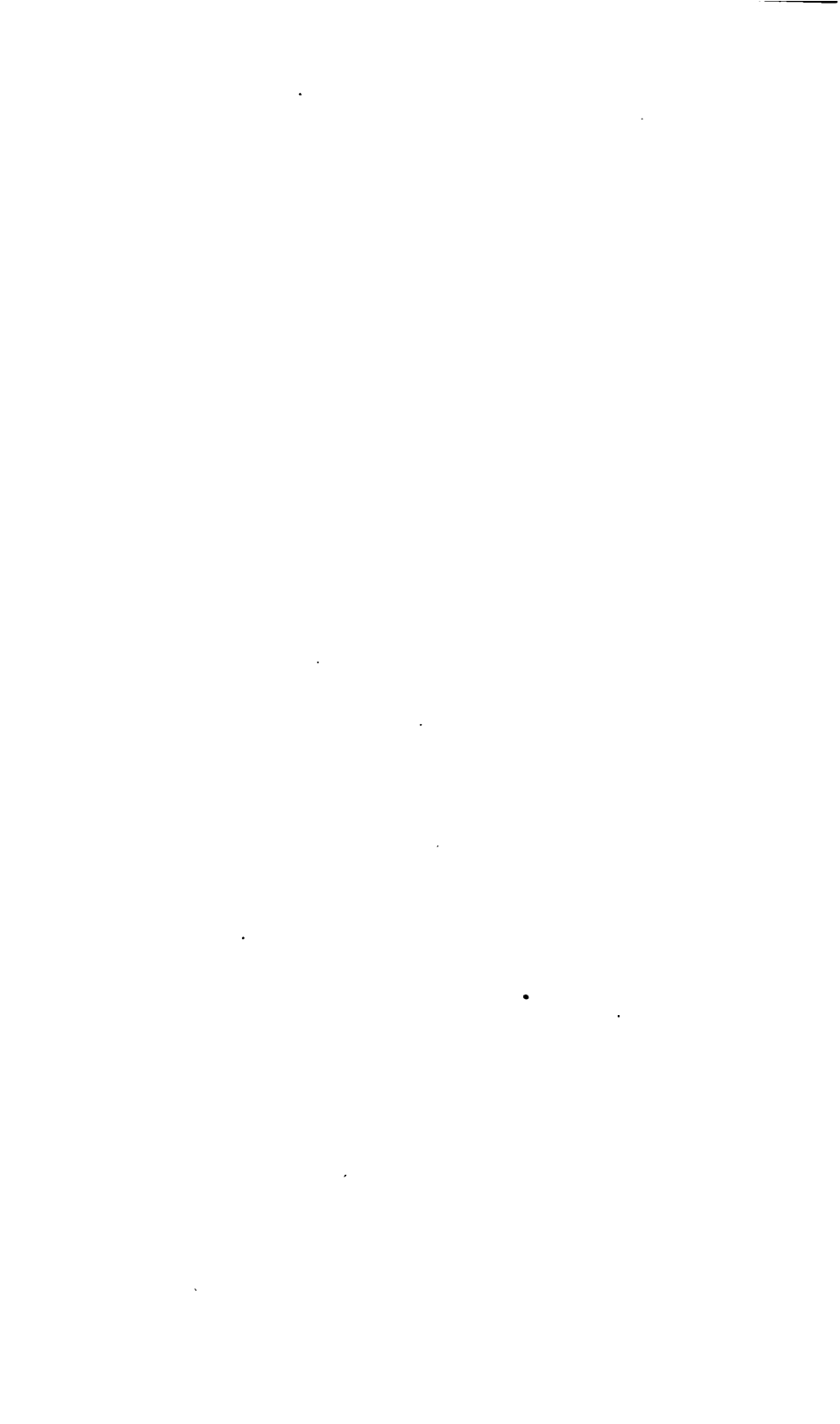
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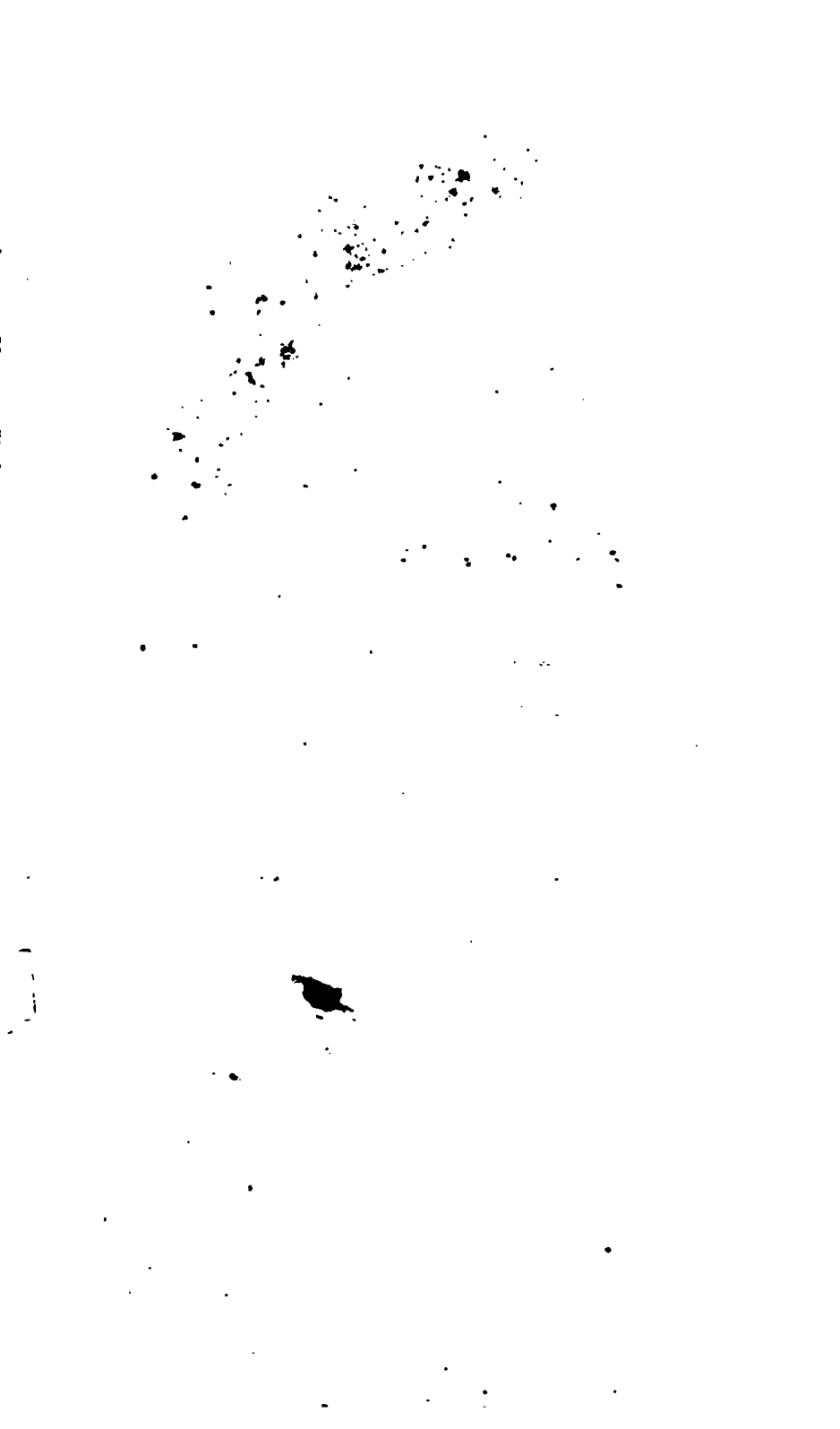
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